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Assisted by A. C. FOLSOM, Associate Editor.

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TELEGRAPHIC.

KANSAS CITY, May 24.—The rain and hail storm which swept over Western Kansas and Colorado, night before last, destroyed a bridge 400 feet long on the Kansas Pacific Railroad, near Wallace, washed away 1,200 feet of the road and turned the track over.

WASHINGTON, May 25.—Republican State Convention held yesterday in the States of Kansas, Nebraska, Missouri and Minnesota favor the nomination of Blaine. Blaine's friends now claim a majority of the Cincinnati Convention already assured for his nomination; some claim he has five hundred.

BOSTON, May 26.—Thomas W. Piper was executed here this morning for the murder of the child Mabel Young, in the tower of the Warren Avenue Church, May 28, 1875.

WORCESTER, Mass, May 26.—Samuel J. Frost was executed here this forenoon for the murder of his wife's brother, Towne, July 4, 1875. As the drop fell a horrible scence was presented to the spectators. The fall was so great that the head of the criminal was jerked off from his body and hung only by the ligaments, the blood spurting in every direction over the scaffold and floor.

NEW HAVEN, May 28.—On Saturday night burglars opened the safe of J. B. Kirby & Son, 316 and 318 Chapel street, and carried away $30,000 worth of jewelry.

OMAHA, May 28.—Company H, 23d Infantry, under the command of Capt. Eskridge, left here this morning for Fort Laramie, and from there will go direct to Custer City, where they have been ordered to protect miners against Indians.

SALONICA, May 28.—Four more Turks who took part in the murder of the consuls have been sentenced to death, and thirteen to various terms of penal servitude, some for life.

CINCINNATI, May 28.—G. M. D. Bloss, one of the editors of the Cincinnati Enquirer, and widely known throughout the country, was instantly killed to-night while walking on the track of the Little Miami Railroad near Branch Hill Station, where he resided.

CHEYENNE, May 29.—The expedition which leaves Fort Patterson in the morning, will encamp in Sago Creek, fifteen miles out. Gen. Crook follows in the evening. Col. Royal will command the cavalry and Col. Chambers the infantry. The supplies are now across the Platte. Indians in considerable numbers are in the neighborhood of Fatterman, though keeping quiet. A man named Murphey came into Fatterman to-day from the Black Hills. He says the Indians are very troublesome in that vicinity, and reports having assisted in the burial of a number of persons killed by them, his companion among the number.

LONDON, May 29.—A Berlin dispatch says the Porte has indirectly notified the powers that it will on no account consent to a two months armistice.

A Berlin correspondent telegraphs that the Servian militia number 100,000 infantry and 100,000 cavalry, with 300 pieces of artillery ready for action. Their hospital utensils have been purchased at Vienna.

The southern Sclavonian journals freely assert that the Servian government supplies the Bulgarian insurgents with arms and amunition, and also sends them experienced leaders.

One hundred tons of gunpowder and a million cartridges have just been dispatched from Woolwich to Gibraltar, Malta and the Mediterranean fleets. This is quite independent of the ordinary supplies.

CHICAGO, May 29.—On Saturday night the body of a woman was found floating in the lake near Lincoln Park. It was at first supposed to be a case of accidental drowning, but subsequently the bodies of two infants, aged respectively two years and five months, were discovered near the same place, and the three were identified as being Frederika Techan and her children. Upon the inquest evidence was given showing that the woman was subject to fits and derangement; that she took the children to the lake, and, after throwing in the elder, jumped in herself, holding the baby tightly in her arms. She was 26 years of age and a German by birth.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 28.—A communication has been received by the President of one of the Chinese companies, dated headquarters San Francisco anti-Coolie Secret Society, May 17th, stating that for the purpose of abolishing Chinese immigration and clearing this city and State of their coolie population, unless a system of emigration is in full force within twenty-one days from this date, and a sufficient number of coolies shipped from this port to satisfy us of your intention to clear this city of the same, it is our decided intention to do so by force of arms.

MEMPHIS, May 29.—Passengers from Hot Springs, Arkansas, report intense excitement there Saturday over the shooting of John C. Hale, a prominent citizen of that place and son-in-law of Ex-Governor Brownlow of this state Tennessee, on last Saturday by Wm. P. Walsh postmaster and a prominent politician. The difficulty grew out of Walsh's building a store on ground claimed by Hale.

NEW YORK, May 29.—The announcement was made yesterday on the Produce Exchange that twenty-six vessels have been chartered to take cargoes of grain to Europe in view of an approaching war. An advance in freights is looked for in consequence.

May 29.—Late last night Commodore Vanderbilt was taken with a sudden chill, and his physicians remained with him through the night. He spent a restless night and this morning was very low, although perfectly conscious. None of the members of his family are permitted to see him.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 29.—Judge Sawyer, of the U. S. Circuit Court, rendered a decision this forenoon in the case of Green vs. Maguire, the plaintiff being the colored man who was refused admission by Maguire into his theatre some weeks ago, who brought suit under the civil rights act in consequence. The decision was oral, and in it Judge Sawyer declared that the portion of the act of Congress providing that any manager of a theatre or similar institution should be guilty of misdemeanor who should refuse admission to any colored person was unconstitutional and void. The Judge quoted and read at some length supreme court actions in similar cases, in which opinions were expressed coinciding with his own. Assistant District Attorney Van Buren, for plaintiff, gave notice of an appeal of the case.

Nineteen cases of smallpox have been reported up to date, two of which were Chinamen. Five deaths have occurred including one Chinaman. The health officers take a serious view of the matter and are taking all requisite means to prevent the spread of the contagion.

WASHINGTON, May 29.—Reports as to what Don Cameron will do with regard to his appointment as Secretary of War assert very positively that he will decline the place. Members of the Cabinet feel certain he will accept although his father says so far as he knows the matter has not been finally settled. The Ways and Means Committee to-day commenced the investigation ordered by the House on the motion of Luttrell last Friday concerning the statement published as a special dispatch to the Baltimore Gazette that $300,000 had been paid to secure the passage of the Hawaiian treaty bill. The Gazett's correspondent, C. A. Preston, being asked to state the authority on which he based his dispatch, said, he desired in the first place to remark that this paragraph did not insinuate that the money reached the House but that it was appropriated by the lobby. He then proceeded to testify that in a conversation with Samuel Ward recently the latter commented on the smallness of opportunity for lobbying this season.

News Items.

One hundred and forty immigrants arrived at Portland, Oregon, on the steamship *John L. Stevens.* They came from the States of Kansas, Iowa, Illinois and Missouri.

The Pacific Coast exported in 1873, 35 per cent. of all the wheat exported by the United States into foreign countries, and the State of Oregon and Washington Territory, furnished over one-tenth of this amount, and the past year a much greater percentage of our wheat exports must be credited to the Pacific Coast, and to Oregon and the Territory of Washington.

Mr. L. C. Harmon is just completing an addition to his hotel—the New England—adding an entire, new building upon the rear. The addition is three full stories in height, with an attic available for lodging purposes above. On the ground floor is a laundry and rooms for the help; on the two middle floors rooms for the guests. The plaster will be dry in two or three more days, when the addition will be fully occupied as at first intended. The New England will then be able to lodge one hundred persons. —*Tribune.*

We learn from a Seattle paper that a 32-pound cannon ball was dug out of the depths of Seattle dirt last week. How it came there is a query that no one can answer. It is supposed, however, to have been dropped from the *Decatur* during the bombardment of the Indians there twenty years ago. A very ignorant —though progressive—man has ventured his opinion that it grew from a musket ball which was shot there during the war against the Indians in Gov. I. I. Stevens' time. Gardens will be good in Seattle this year as the search for cannon balls has fairly begun.—*Bee.*

Sam Booth, a young and well-to-do farmer living about three miles northeast of Island City, met with a terrible accident on last Monday evening. It seems he was making preparations to start up country with a lot of hogs, and had procured a seven shooting revolver, which he was repairing. He had drawn six cartridges, and supposing that was all, as he had been used to handling a six shooter. His wife told him there was another load in the pistol but he carlessly proceeded with a file to repair the hammer with the muzzle pointed toward him and the cylinder clasped between his knees. Suddenly, as might be expected, there was a report, and Mr. Booth lay on the floor shot. The ball entered just below the breast bone on the left side and passed upward and lodged back of the left shoulder blade. Medical assistance was at once summoned, and when last heard from by us it was thought that owing to his naturally robust constitution there were few chances out of many for his ultimate recovery.—*Daily Bee.*

Song of the Fashionable Girl.

Oh! bury me deep with my waterfall on,
And my bonnet so tiny and gay;
Wrap all my fashionable gewgaws around
This form when it turneth to clay.
For I would astonish, long centuries hence,
The learned explorers of tombs;
Would rival the mummy in interest when
Some further Agassiz comes.
To explain to the wondering children of
Then
The puzzling marvels of Now;
Oh! I'll bother their heads with what's on
My own,
If they ever should find me, I vow!

Little Miss Turpin's Fate.

HE WAS A STRANGER, AND SHE TOOK HIM IN.

[From the Three Oaks Echo.]

A little conversation took place one morning, on the top floor of a dingy old lodging-house in the metropolis, that led to strange results. It was in the front room, but made its way very readily through the chinks and crannies in the mortar to the neighboring apartment, where little Miss Turpin was preparing her frugal breakfast. The toasting-fork nearly fell from her hand, and her dimity apron narrowly escaped being seduced by a presumptuous flame from the grate, when the harsh, gruff voice of her landlord fell upon her ear.

"I want my money," said Mr. Shadrach.

"So do I," replied the young doctor, "and more. 'He that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends.'"

"Can I have my money to-night?"

"I think not."

"To-morrow?"

"It is extremely doubtful."

"Then you must get of here. I want my room."

"When do you want it?"

"As soon as possible."

"Will to-morrow do?"

"Yes."

"Then leave me, friend; the room shall be yours on to-morrow morning."

The young medical student was a man of spirit, and would have vacated these not very alluring premises at once, but he had not where to lay his head, and there seemed a vital necessity just then or some such proceeding on his part. He had discovered, two days before, that the faltering and shabby source of his pecuniary supplies had suddenly failed, and the knowledge that he was without money or friends in a strange city, together with an inability to beg, borrow or steal, had robbed him of sleep. The loss of this necessary rest to a tired brain and worn out body rendered him the prey to many different sensations during and after Mr. Shadrach's visit. An iron band seemed to compass his forehead, his knees seemed at times about to collapse beneath him, as he walked to and fro the length of the dreary apartment, for lack of more nourishing food chewing the cud of many a bitter fancy. He asked himself over and over again if this was to be the end of it all, and why had he been such a fool as to fancy he could pursue the study of medicine with the wretched capital of a worn out body, a distracted mind, and scarcely money enough to keep flesh upon his bones. That an indomitable spirit had prompted him to go on hoping for a little desultory practice by the way; that the rose-color with which youth and inexperience are apt to tint those fallacious dreams had been all too vivid in his case—that these and many other excuses could be made for his folly availed little just now. A systematic course of semi-starvation and overwork had broken his indomitable spirit, and turned the rose-colored dreams to an exceedingly greenish hued nightmare.

The only patient he had during his months' stay with Mr. Shadrach was a poor little work-woman in the neighboring room, a washed-out, timid, wretched little creature, with scarcely enough stamina about her to rally after a slight pneumonia. Her little fee had been ready for him after every visit—in fact, obtrusively ready, for it was out of the question, of course, to take the money. "It was merely a neighborly service," he had said, when, upon his fifth visit, he found her up and at work again, and upon his departure she had stammered out something about his bill. "I am only too glad, Miss—Miss—."

"Turpin," she had whispered.

"To be of service to you, and beg you will call me whenever my presence is desirable."

Miss Turpin faltered out her thanks. A burning blush chased the pallor out of her face, as warmly he pressed her trembling hand in his and bade her good-by.

"Poor little devil!" he said, as he strode away to the lecture-room. "It's bad enough for a great strong ox like myself to battle with this grim old grindstone of a world; but for a miserable little waif like that—phew, it's monstrous!"

He thought of her pityingly till he crossed the threshold of the college, then gave himself up to the subject in hand, which so engrossed his mind that he forthwith forgot the existence of little Miss Turpin. But she, upon her part, repeated over and over the words of young Dr. Blake, blushing again when she became conscious of the fact that she really had the temerity to dwell upon this genial but commonplace courtesy.

Miss Turpin's work was delicate and artistic, but not soul-absorbing, like the doctor's. She could tint her photographs all the better for this little episode in her life. The vines and tendrils took tender shapes under deft little fingers; a shy, sweet melancholy helped to make the shadows at least more and more perfect; under the rose-buds grew the thorns; but there seemed to lurk even in their cruelty a subtle, mysterious harm. It was enough for Miss Turpin to dream. The physical and practical reality of the doctor's nearness, perhaps, had its weight, but not consciously so, to the little woman. She never ventured to get up a cough or cramp for the sake of stamping more clearly his shape into these vague but extravagant feats of fancy. In truth, so timid and afraid was she of a pulsation of practical joy, she actually shunned and shrank from its approach.

But more and more imposing, grander and grander, grew this one figure of her fancy, around which revolved the satellites of health and wealth, popularity and fame—all that could render life sweet or desirable.

Perhaps it is detrimental to my heroine to say that she would have been quite content to have lived upon the fruit of her own fancy for the remainder of her natural life. Had circumstances compelled her to change her abode, and had she thus lost sight of Dr. Blake, the dreams would have gone along just the same, the fact of his dying in a neighboring hospital of weakness and want, and the quenching of all her material in a pauper's grave, not interfering in the least with Miss Turpin's airy fabric. It would have been impossible to convince Miss Turpin that he could reach so dire an extremity, had not the knowledge been forced in upon her in a way that she could not refuse.

She absolutely heard the gruff voice of Mr. Shadrach upon the morning in question, and the low, musical, but bitterly-mocking words of the doctor in reply.

She sat down upon the rug, and clasped both her hands. He was going away, then? Until that moment she had not realized the extent of such a disaster. She could have borne, perhaps, to have been compelled to go away herself, because the inevitable for her had become, long since, a matter of course; but to have the iron hand of inexorable necessity grasp this young man was terrible. He of the flashing eyes, the lordly mien, the exultant step—for thus had little Miss Turpin been want to classify the somewhat alluring personal attractions of young Blake—he to become the prey of adverse destiny!

Miss Turpin's breakfast, that morning, was a failure. By dint of long practice, and an exceedingly gracious gift in housewifery, she had always managed to get up extraordinary little meals for herself. It was as if a little sooty angel sat up aloft in the chimney and assisted the culinary efforts of the lone little woman. Her toast was of brown the most golden, her coffee was of Mocha the most delicious, her bit of steak so juicy and appetizing that sometimes poor Blake in the neighboring room, with some chunks of brown bread floating helplessly in a chalky fluid before him, finding this savory odor under his nostrils, raised his clenched hand at the stern wall between them in envy and despair.

But even the little angel in the chimney became impatient with the behavior of little Miss Turpin, that morning. The little woman, usually so practical and capable, while straining her ear to listen to a faltering, stumbling step in the next room, deliberately burned the toast and boiled the coffee, and the sooty wings spread themselves, taking flight in disappointment and disgust.

She held her breath as the familiar footsteps passed her door, and slowly, one by one, went down the worm-eaten stairs. Oh! where was he going? What would he do? She had read sometimes of an evening, when working hours were over, the shaded lamp upon the table at her side, the coals leaping and blazing in the refulgent grate, her little slippered feet upon the fender—she had read of people who, having neither money, means, nor content, had drifted into a moment of frenzy and despair, and thus leaped the awful bar that separates the known from the unknown, content to risk any fate but that which awaited them here. She had read thus of poor, strange unfortunates, and her heart had ached in their behalf. But now? Well, now her heart almost ceased to beat. She put away her work—of what avail was it, all blotted and blurred by her tears, or ruined by her shaking brush? All day she feared and trembled; at night-fall some intuitive hope caused her to brighten the fire, cook a dainty meal, and, placing the table opposite the door, leave the tempting, cozy room open upon the wind-swept, gloomy corridor.

Then she waited and waited and waited. The clock struck at midnight then 1, 2, 3, from a neighboring belfry; the meal was cold; the fire burned low; the chill, gray morning had almost dawned, when at last it came; yes—thank God! faltering and slow, but it was his footsteps; none other could quicken little Miss Turpin's pulse.

He reached the landing, the door of her room. Why, truly, he did pause—yes, and stagger in.

Any other woman but this, perhaps, would have recoiled with disgust and horror, and, above all, with fear, for the young man was evidently not himself. His hair, damp and disheveled, hung in heavy disorder about his face and neck; his eyes, glassy and lurid, blazed upon hers; a red flame burned in his cheek; a slight foam flecked his trembling lips.

He fell into the chair at the table, and looked wonderingly upon the food before him; but that which would have been frantically devoured, six hours before, was like the ashes of bitterness to him now. He had not tasted food for thirty-six hours. But it was not hunger that tortured him; it was thirst—an appalling thirst.

He drank the pitcher of water from Miss Turpin's hand, and looked pleadingly for more.

"Don't be afraid to give the patient water," he murmured, eagerly. "In cases of febrile debility they sometimes suffer—suffer. I recommend, by all means, water—water—water!" Then he fell back with a groan of agony.

Miss Turpin ran out of the room and down the stairs; pounded on the door of the German tailor below, who, with his wife and five children, were enjoying in sleep the only immunity granted them from endless labor and toil; bade him fly for the best doctor in the neighborhood; ran up the stairs again like a deer, and found Dr. Blake insensible, his head thrown back upon the chair, his stertorous breathing audible in the corridor below.

The little German returned with the very best medical aid in the vicinity, even that of the eminent Dr. Havershaw himself.

All this fuss and confusion had aroused Mr. Shadrach, who followed them up the stairs and protruded his long, hairy chin in the doorway.

"It is, perhaps, best that you should know, madam," said the surgeon to little Miss Turpin, "that it is a doubtful case. Your husband is in a very critical condition. If this worthy man will assist me we will get him to bed. Our only hope is a powerful sedative at once."

The worthy man alluded to was Mr. Shadrach, whose eyes almost left their sockets when he found the doctor preparing to put his young lodger in Miss Turpin's bed.

"Why—why," he gasped, looking over at Miss Turpin, "this won't do will it?"

Miss Turpin bowed her head. She could not speak, but it seemed to her that her heart made all the noise that was necessary. Its convulsive throbs moved the shawl she had thrown about her shoulders.

"Don't chatter here," said the doctor, thinking Mr. Shadrach was addressing him. "Just do what I bid you, and the more quietly, the better.

Half an hour after, Miss Turpin was alone again, save for the body of the doctor that lay upon the bed. He was helpless there, perhaps dying; his face was strange and distorted, his eyes half closed. A confused, unintelligible murmur flowed from his lips, his hands clinched and unclinched; at times a groan seemed wrung from his vitals.

Miss Turpin's features were pale and haggard, her eyes streaming with tears. Yet, in the midst of an anguish that partook of despair, with throes of pain and terror unspeakable, there was born to her a solemn and almost sinister joy, the first ever given to that sterile soul.

When the doctor came in the evening, he thought he had never seen so patient and noble a face; there was something in it that went to his heart.

"Be comforted," he said; "let us rely upon the youth and strong physique of your husband."

The incoherent utterings of his patient attracted the doctor's attention. Sharp and strong sentences fell upon his ear, that excited his professional curiosity. When he heard from Miss Turpin of the enthusiasm and zeal of the young student, as much as she dared tell him of his defeated aspirations and hopes, the good doctor's eyes kindled with sympathy.

"Let him only get well," he said, "and we will sweep these lions out of his path."

Miss Turpin smiled through her tears.

"He will get well, thanks to you," she said.

"And to you," he added, looking around the room with approbation. It had been suddenly metamorphosed into the model of a chamber for the sick. The open fire, with its cheering blaze and ventilating draught; the subdued light; the white and warm drapery of the bed; her own little couch near by; pretty shadowy pictures upon the walls, tinted by her own hands—an eloquent silence reigning over all.

"It is lucky for yonder lad," thought the doctor, "that in all this big, wretched barrack, the one little snuggery is his own."

And so the days went by, each one freighted with hope and fear. There came one at last upon which rested the life or death of the young student.

"Some time this evening," said the doctor to Miss Turpin, "he will regain consciousness; be sure you do not leave his bedside. I would not for the world, at that critical moment, that a strange face should meet his own."

Miss Turpin turned pale, and stretched out her hands with a gesture of entreaty. Then she slipped from her chair to her knees, and from thence to the floor. Now had come the supreme moment of torture. Now her labor, her joy, her life, were done.

A strange face! What face could be stranger than her own?

"Tut, child!" said the doctor; "I thought you had more courage. There is every hope for him. Can't you bear joy as you have sorrow? I only want that he shall first see the face of his wife, the dearest to him in the world."

He put down his hands to her, but still she hid her face from his. Her whole frame trembled. She wished at that moment, so happy seemed her fate, that she could die then and there.

"Oh, doctor," said she, lifting her eyes to his, "how can I tell you? how can I make you know? I am not his wife!"

The doctor drew back coldly; but as her frank, earnest eyes caught his own, he could not resist the innocent pleading there. She might be a poor Magdalen even, but he had never seen so child-like and yet womanly a creature.

"We must think of nothing now but our patient," he said gently; your face is at least familiar and dear to him."

"Alas! no," she said; "it is strange, almost unknown. It is far better I should go away."

Then she told the doctor all. And as she went on to confess how she had dared shelter this poor neighbor of hers, without a roof to cover him, without money, without friends, sick unto death helpless and alone—how she had dared at any risk to shelter him and to nurse him back to life—the good surgeon's eyes blinked under his shaggy brows. He put his heavy hand in benediction upon her bowed head.

"Thou good little Samaritan!" he said.

And two big, hollow, handsome eyes upon the white bed in the corner also filled with tears. He was so weak, this poor young Blake, that he could scarcely help sobbing outright at so touching a story.

"Why—why," he faltered to himself, "in little Miss Turpin's room! O thou Merciful Heaven! in little Miss Turpin's bed! With the cheery little fire in the grate to foil yonder biting blast, with all the knick-knack and furbelows about—the little pictures on the wall, her bird-cage at the window, and a neat little medicine-stand, with lots of spoons in various doses, each spoon with little Miss Turpin's name; and to her, then, under Heaven, I owe my life! Ah, may God do so to me, and more also, if I desert little Miss Turpin, or let little Miss Turpin desert me!"

"And now," said the sweet, sad voice of little Miss Turpin, "take me to his bed side. I am foolishly weak; I can scarcely see. Let me look upon him just once more before I go. You will take care of him now, doctor, won't you? But let me say good-by."

The doctor, undecided, scarcely knowing what to say, half carried her to the bed.

"Good-by, good-by," she said, bending over him, her warm tears falling on his pale, sunken face, her hot, trembling hands clasping themselves together.

But suddenly two other hot trembling hands seized hers in a feeble grasp—the hollow, sunken eyes of the student fastened themselves upon Miss Turpin's face with a hungry tenderness.

"Oh, no," he said, "you cannot go from here, not for the world; you see the good doctor has said it will not do to have a strange face at my bed side. Yours is the dearest to me in the world. I love you, Miss Turpin. It is, perhaps, a sad fate I offer you; but, oh! be still more generous—be my wife. I have, dear little Miss Turpin—oh! I have loved you long!"

He didn't say how long; he was too weak to talk. He didn't tell her that perhaps his love dated only a little half-hour back, when he listened to that wondrously touching little story of hers.

What mattered it? Cannot love be as strong as life and deep as the sea, however and when it is borne? Good Dr. Havershaw took care of their future. It began in a neat, two-story brick, with a big brass sign upon the door, to which the worthy surgeon drew attention enough to set the pot boiling.

And now in her stylish brougham, with a liveried lackey at her command, with her rustling silks and dainty laces, with her wildest fancies more than realized, who could find fault with the fate of little Miss Turpin?

After a man has been drilled through an apprenticeship of many years to the art of editing a newspaper, he feels that he has mistaken his calling when some ignorant cuss, who never patronized a newspaper a dollar's worth in his life, travels through wind and weather to point out defects which he alone could tell the editor how to remedy. Why he continues to drudge along through this vale of tears, earning, at some humble calling, a paltry dollar a day, when he might be directing the great minds of the world, is past all human comprehension.—*Turner's Falls Reporter.*

The Year Without a Summer.

The most curious weather of which we have any record, was that of the year 1816. There are but few persons now living who recollect it, but European and American data represent it as having been phenominal in almost every particular. In New England, that year went by the name of "eighteen hundred and starve to death." The winter was very cold in Europe, and comparatively mild in this country, but the following summer was the coldest ever known in the United States.

January was mild, so much so as to render fires almost needless in parlors. December previous was very cold.

February was very cold; with the exception of a few days it was mild like its predecessor.

March was cold and boistrous during the first part of it; the remainder was mild. A great freshet in the Ohio and Kentucky rivers caused great loss of property.

April began warm but grew cold as it advanced, and ended in snow or ice, with a temperature more like winter than spring.

May was more remarkable for frowns than smiles. Buds and flowers were frozen, ice formed half an inch thick, corn was killed, and the fields were again and again planted until deemed too late.

June was the coldest ever known in this latitude. Frost, ice and snow were common. Almost every green thing was destroyed. Snow fell to the depth of ten inches in Vermont, seven in Maine, and three in Central New York and Massachusetts. Considerable damage was done at New Orleans in consequence of the rapid rise in the river; the suburbs were covered with water, and the roads were only passable in boats.

July was accompanied by frost and ice On the 5th ice was formed to the thickness of common window glass throughout New England, New York and some parts of Pennsylvania. Indian corn was nearly all destroyed; some favorably situated fields escaped. This was true of some of the hill farms of Massachusetts.

August was more cheerless, if possible, than the summer months already passed. Ice was formed half an inch thick. Indian corn was so frozen that the greater part was cut down and dried for fodder. Almost every green thing was destroyed, both in this country and Europe. Papers received from England stated that it would be remembered by the present generation that the year 1816 was a year in which there was no summer. Very little corn ripened in New England and the Middle States. Farmers supplied themselves fr m the corn product of 1815 for the seed of the spring of 1817. It sold from $4 to $5 per bushel.

September furnished about two weeks of the mildest weather of the season. Soon after the middle it became very cold and frosty, and ice formed a quarter of an inch thick.

October produced more than its share of cold weather, frost and ice particularly.

November was very cold and blustering. Snow fell to make good sleighing.

December was quite mild and comfortable.

The above is a brief summary of 'the cold summer in 1816,' as it was called, in order to distingnish it from the cold season. The winter was mild. Frost and ice were common in every month in the year. Very little vegetation matured in the Eastern and Middle States. The sun's rays seemed to be destitute of heat throughout the summer; all nature seemed to be clad in a sable hue, and man exhibited no little anxiety concern ing the future of his life.

The average wholesale price of flour during that year was $13 per barrel. The average price of wheat in England was 97 shillings per quarter.

Three or four Detroit girls were the other day discussing the character and standing of a certain young man, and an old lady was a close listener. One of the girls finally remarked: "Well I guess he's rich, for I saw him coming out of a bank the other day." "And I guess he drives street cars," put in the old lady, "for I saw him jump off a car one day last week.—*Free Press.*

This line fl s this column.

Truthful Words.

Hon. O. Jacobs, Delgate in Congress from Washington Territory, made a long and excellent speech in the house committee of the Whole, on the 18th of April, in opposition to the bill proposing to transfer the Indian Bureau into the control of the War Department. We give his closing remarks, endorsing them to the letter:

A word or two for pioneers and border men and I am done. I know that there is a popular belief that there is a settled hostility on the part of the pioneer toward the Indian—that he values the Indian only for his scalp; but, sir, this is a great mistake. Every consideration of protection and safety to himself, his family, and his property prompts him to live on friendly terms with the Indians. He knows the Indian's mode of warfare, he knows that the Indian recognizes no non-combatants, but that he slays alike women and children as well as man. Under these circumstances it would be madness for him to provoke a contest that would imperil the lives of his wife and little ones and consign his property to the flames. Whenever Indian wars have sprung from the wrongful acts of white men those acts were not perpetrated by pioneers, but by the parasites of civilization coming in their wake. They were the individual acts of bad men resented by the Indians on their principles of justice, which were satisfied not by the punishment of the offender, but upon some other white man. But, sir, most Indian wars sprung from no individual act of injustice perpetrated by the whites, but were the result of matured plans among the Indians to check the encroachments of the whites, into what they deemed their own country, and to preserve to themselves the domane of their fathers.

GEMS.

The greatest prayer is patience.—*Buddha.*

The art of life consists in being well deceived.

As if you could kill time without injuring eternity.—*Thoreau.*

All good theories are made corrupt by passing through defective souls.—*Swing.*

Truth is too simple for us; we do not like those who unmask our illusions.—*Emerson.*

A lie is like a brush-heap on fire; it is easier to let it burn out than try to extinguish it.

Man alone is born crying, lives complaining, and dies disappointed.—*Sir W. Temple.*

The utmost that severity can do is to make men hypocrites; it can never make them converts.

The most lovable heart is that which loves the most readily; but that which easily loves, also easily forgets.—*Goethe.*

There is nothing more frightful than for a teacher to know only what his scholars are intended to know.—*Goethe.*

Nothing makes love sweeter and tenderer than a little previous scolding and freezing, just as the grape-clusters acquire by a frost before vintage thinner skins and better flavor.—*Richter.*

Oceans of horse hair, continents of parchment, and learned-sergeant eloquence, were it continued till the learned tongue wore itself small in the indefatigable, learned mouth, cannot make the unjust just.—*Carlyle.*

Love is like a hunter, who cares not for the game once caught, which he may have pursued with the most intense and breathless eagerness. Love is the strongest in pur-uit; friendship in possession.—*Emerson.*

Love is indeed heaven upon earth; since heaven above would not be heaven without it; for, where is not love, there is fear; but, "perfect love casteth out fear." And yet we naturally fear most to offend what we most love.—*William Penn.*

The regular way is to hang, kill crucify your gods, and execrate and trample them under your stupid hoofs for a century or two; till you discover that they are gods; and then take to bragging over them, still in a very long-eared manner.—*Carlyle.*

NEW ENGLAND

HOUSE

Main St. Olympia, W.T.

E. T. YOUNG and J. BROWN,

Proprietors.

The NEW ENGLAND is eligibly located, its accommodations for families unsurpassed.

The House is kept open allnight.

MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS

Charges very moderate.

—o—

The New England coach will be at the Wharves on the arrival of STEAMERS.

PASSENGERS AND BAGGAGE TO AND FROM THE HOUSE FREE OF CHARGE.

All stages leave the door.

v1n1

Hall & Paulson

Manufacturers of and Dealers in

Furniture, Bedding,

Window Curtains,

Picture Frames,

Windows, Doors, and blinds.

Seattle, W. T.

v1:4

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MANUFACTURERS OF

C. W. B. Reeder's

Wire--suspension,

Vibrating spring

BED BOTTOMS

Patented July 1, 1873,

WARRANTED FOR FIVE YEARS.

AWARDED

FIRST PREMIUM,

With Diploma

At the California State Fair, 1871. Also First Premium, with diploma, at the Santa Clara County Fair, 1873. And

Special Diploma

At the San Joaquin County Fair, 1873.

JOHN PIKE, *Agent, for Snohomish.*

v1 n4.

SALOON,

T. F. MARKS

PROPRIETOR.

SNOHOMISH CITY, W.T.

The best of wines, liquors and cigars. always on hand at THE OLD STAND.

v1 n10

LOWELL HOTEL!

E. D. SMITH, Prepritor.

THE HOUSE AND FURNITURE ENTIRELY NEW

THE BAR ROOM

is the largest in the County,

Furnished with a BILLIARD TABLE, and the best brands of

Wines, Liquors & Cigars,

to be found in the market

THE TABLE

Will be supplied with the best that can be obtained in this market

v1 n7 **CHARGES REASONABLE.**

DOLLY VARDEN SALOON

FRONT STREET, NEAR THE PAVILION

SEATTLE. W. T.

At the DOLLY VARDEN.

WINES, LIQUORS, BEER AND CIGARS,

Of the BEST QUALITY, will always be served to our customers.

CUTTER'S OLD BOURBON WHISKEY

AND THE BEST CIGARS IN SEATTLE,

Are the specialties at this house.

SMITH & JEWETT.

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—DEALER IN—

DRUGS,

Medicins and Chemicals.

PURE WINES and LIQUORS

FOR MEDICINAL PURPOSES.

PERFUMERY,

Fancy Toilet Articles, Cigars, &c. &c.

Prescriptions carefully compounded at all hours.

ALL ARE INVITED TO CALL.

v1 n1

Mrs. ADA BLACKMAN,

DEALER IN

MILLINERY & FANCY GOODS,

CORNER OF CHERRY & SECOND STREETS.

SEATTLE, - - - W. T.

My stock is the largest in Washington Territory

AGENT FOR

Singer Sewing MACHINE.

Sold on the Monthly Installment PLAN.

LADIES READY MADE UNDER WEAR A SPECIALTY.

Call and examine my STOCK.

v1 n8

PINKHAM & SAXE,

DEALERS IN

CLOTHING AND GENTS FURNISHING GOODS,

SEATTLE, W. T.,

Our Stock Consists of

Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, & Under Clothing of all kinds.

We sell the best goods for the least money of any place on theSound.

Give us a Call.

PINKHAM & SAXE.

The Northern Star.

SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1876.

County Centennial.

We call attention to the advisability of a plan of celebration being elaborated for the Fourth of July next and presented at Monday's meeting so that all parts of the county can be *fully* represented, and a reunion of all our interests secured.

Next week we shall commence a careful examination of the County Records, for documents of historical value, shall publish all we find of real interest.

We hope the meeting will not fail in electing a County Historian, as well as selecting an Orator, &c.

From conversations had we are certain there will be a very large turn out and general good will manifested, so that if a good series of exercises are adopted, the celebration can not fail of success.

Remember Next Monday.

The laying of the Atheneum Building corner stone is a work of greater importance than it at first sight appears to be.

It is institutions that mold character, this work is the establishment of an institution for the accumulation of materials designed to be used expressly in molding character.

It is organized so as to make failure almost impossible. It will grow with the growth of the community, and shape the mental life of all within its sphere of influence. Let us, by the interest we manifest show that we feel duly the importance of the occasion, and that each one is ready to do his or her share in forwarding so good a work. Independent of the interest in the work. We expect that the exercises will be of sufficient interest to well repay an attendance next Monday.

Puyallup Valley.

From Our Regular Contributor.

This beautiful and fertile valley is situated about eleven miles back of New Tacoma. As we reached the brow of a long, winding hill, which commanded a view of this lovely place, we paused; charmed with the beauty of the scenery before us. A bold, sweeping outline of distant hills, here and there swelling into mountains, and crowned with a deeper, mistier blue, divided the rich green of the earth from the azure of the heavens. Far as the eye could reach, it beheld the wildest luxuriance of nature, refined and subdued by the hand of cultivation and taste. The farmers have turned their attention principally to the cultivation of hops for the last few years. We can not think of any thing more beautiful than those immense Hop Yards are, just before they commence the picking. Last season there was between five and six hundred Chinamen and Indians employed in gathering in the harvest

Owing to the low figures that hops are selling for, some have invested in hundreds of plum trees expecting in a few years to see them paying from two dollars to two fifty per tree, as they intend to turn their attention to drying them for the market. This Spring a road was surveyed through the valley, and the prospect of having a railroad built as far as the coal mines, this Summer, is very encouraging. When we were there last, the Surveyor General had completed his task, and men and impliments had arrived for the purpose of commencing work out at the coal mines. Coal in great quantities has been discovered in that section of the country. It has been tested, and pronounced a superior quality by competent judges. The timber in the valley is hard wood chiefly; the soil rich, and very productive, grain, vegetables and small fruits, have been successfully cultivated. If they succeed in getting a railroad this Summer we think the valley will improve very rapidly. The people as a class, are well educated and industrious. There are five schools in the valley, and we believe they are all well supported. At the Lyceum they have a small but well selected Library. They have also quite a collection of Geological specimens. The Society meets every Friday evening we are told, for the investigation and discussion of some scientific subject. An effort is to be made this Summer we believe to increase the interest in this Society. We wish them well.

The New Austrian Minister.

A Washington dispatch says Beale, the newly appointed Minister to Austria, was in early life an officer in the navy and took part in the series of actions which resulted in the capture of California, and for his brilliant services was made bearer of the dispatches which first announced that event to Polk, and brought over the earliest specimens of gold from California to the East. He was afterward employed with Kit Carson and others in public surveys, and crossed the continent several times to lay out the 35th parallel wagon road He was Superintendent of Indian Affairs in California and New Mexico, where he won his first success in managing Indians. He was commissioned Brigadier General of California to complete the Indian war, and was detailed by the Treasury Department to report upon the efficiency of camels upon the Western plains: In 1861 he was appointed Surveyor General of California and Nevada, and sent his resignation to Lincoln with a request for active service in the army, but his resignation was not accepted. Beale is a scholar and accomplished man, speaks several languages, and is a man of large wealth. He is a grandson of Commodore Truxton and graduated from the Naval Academy in 1841.—*Bee.*

FIRE.—About 1 o'clock on the night of the 30th inst., most of the town was awakened by the ringing of the church bells, and on looking out saw the heavens lit up with the lurid glare of a large fire. The scene of the conflagration was the old "Collar and Elbow Saloon" in the Seattle Lava Beds. An incendiary undoubtedly had set the place on fire, and it and the two buildings adjoining were soon a mass of smouldering ruins, ashes and cinders. Though the wind carried the sparks directly over the business portion of the town, no other buildings were ignited, and Seattle escaped very narrowly what at one time threatened to be a most sweeping visit of destruction. No attempt was made to extinguish the fire in the burning buildings, as it would have been utterly futile; but hundreds of men stood by with ladders, buckets and axes, to keep it from spreading to the buildings near by. The buildings were unoccupied save by one man as a lodging place, and being flimsy structures in an undesirable portion of the town, the entire loss would not exceed in amount $750.—*Tribune.*

Rather Huge.

One of the citizens of Danbury who had just returned from the West was telling of a narrow escape he had from a terrible death. He was crossing a long railroad bridge on foot when he was surprised to see a locomotive coming around a curve and tearing toward him at a terrific speed. The bridge was too narrow to allow of escape at either side, and he did not dare to jump into the yawning abyss below. In a flash he took in the situation and formed his plan of action. He started on a swift run toward the oncoming locomotive, and when within a few feet of it he concentrated all his nerve and muscle into one effort and leaped straight up into the air. The fearful monster shot under him, and he came down on the bridge, saved from death, but seriously shaken by the descent. There was a moment of deep silence upon the close of this narration. Then one of the company sighed, and shut up his knife, and unexpectedly said: "What's the use of presence of mind when a man can lie like that?"

Notwithstanding the many notices published condemning Chinamen, the following little paragraph reads strongly in their favor: A committee was appointed to solicit subscriptions for the Centennial Fund among the Chinese in this city. Yesterday the attempt was made, and resulted in collecting over $500 from these people. An example which some of our patriotic citizens might follow without loss of credit.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FORT WRANGEL, ALASKA, }
May 8th, 1876. }

FRIEND MORSE:

I was very agreeably surprised to receive by last months mail a goodly packet of NORTHERN STARS, with your own unique chirography on the wrapper, and better yet, *gone* name as EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. I have read them all pretty thoroughly, even to the "advertisements," by which I generally form my best ideas of the value of any section. And I must say that I am very favorably impressed with the *Snohomish* in general, and its people in particular. The names of Dr. Folsom and the Shone Bros., are quite familiar, I having been somewhat acquainted with those gentlemen in California. Your directory shows that as a community, you are alive to all the real intellectual, living topics, of the times. Your Atheneum, reminds me very vividly of the palmy days of the old "W. P. Atheneum," were you won't to hold forth in opposition to the "Baltimore Cobbler" and the other brilliant lights of those other days, when we were younger than we are now. I have one fault to find with your town, however, which I boldly set forth right here, that is: your hotels advertise the "best wines and liquors, etc," and "saloons" seem to receive patronage enough to warrant their maintenance in the community. Now just what use, an intelligent, free thinking, law loving, sensible lot of people can have for "bars" supplied with such stuff, as those hotels have on hand, rather *beats* me. But 'tis a free country I suppose, and a "license" makes it all right. So they have a *right* to do it, and I suppose, my "growl" is out of place. But I presume you would like to hear a little something about this section of our great domain. Fort Wrangel, is an increasing little hamlet, with five general merchandise stores, one notion store, one blacksmith shop, four restaurants, one dance house, and a multitude of shanties, huts, &c. A stockaded garrison, manned by one small company of U. S. Infantry, maintain order and quiet, and have an eye to the interests of Uncle Sam, generally in the absence of all civil law. A considerable village of Stickeen Indians are permanently located about a fourth of a mile from the town, and innumerable ranches of other tribes are generally located promiscuously around, Cake's Chilcat's Tarcoc, Klawak's, Hyda's, Tougass and British Columbia Indians all are represented. Our situation, is on Wrangel Island, facing West on Etoline Harbor, Latitude 56° 31' 30" N. Longitude 132° 23' 30" W. Distant from Sitka 180 miles, the mouth of the Stickeen river lies six miles due north. All the supplies for the Cassiar gold fields of B. C., are shipped from this point up the Stickeen river, which is just now getting free from ice, and the river steamers are making active preperations for the summers trade. Two boats arrived from Victoria on the 6th inst., well laden with passengers, a large number of which are Chinamen, all bound for the diggings. Several hundreds, went up on the ice two months ago, and another large crowd are expected the present week, on the *California* and *Otter*. Somebody will be pretty sure to make money during the summer, but I apprehend it will not be the majority of the miners.

During the past ten days there has been a small "war cloud" in the horizon, which luckily has not spread. Some two weeks ago, Capt. Jocelyn, Commanding the Garrison, sent Lieut. Williams, Officer of the Day with two soldiers of the guard, over to the Stickeen Village about nine o'clock P. M., to arrest some drunken Indians, and search for "Hoochinoo," the Lieut. found the drunken Siwashes, and upon searching the house of one "Shugans," a big Tyee, he met with opposition and threatened violence, the following day "Shugans" and his accomplice were arrested, and put in the guard house. Shackles were riveted on their legs, and they were required to saw wood for the benefit of the garrison. Scowls and threats loomed up from the Stickeen camp, at the indignities these put upon their chief. So things were quietly prepared, our Gatling gun cleaned, etc., in readiness to hold the prisoners at all hazards. On the morning of the 27th ult., between five and six o'clock "Shugans" took a towel a neckerchief and his belt, and by fastening one end to a rafter, and the other around his neck managed through pure cussedness to strangle himself to death, with his knees on the floor, without making a particle of noise, and there he was a good Indian sure enough, but an unpleasant carcass to have on our hands, evidently his proud spirit could not bear his disgrace longer, and he preferred death to dishonor through life. (What a pity *Belknap* was not as high strung.)

The Stickeen's were furious and for a time things looked dubious. The other chiefs were called up and Capt. Jocelyn explained the matter as clearly as possible to them, and took all necessary precautions to guard against an outbreak, and the matter is now quietly dying away. The garrison consists of *less than thirty* fighting men, with two twelve pounder howitzers and one gatling gun, and would be able to whip off all the Indians that might get around the stockade.

Our greatest inconvenience here is, mail only once a month, and sometimes that fails to connect. So you can easily perceive we are an isolated community, and although our climate is not nearly as cold and harsh as many believe it to be, still it would hardly compare with Los Angeles for sunshine and fruits. Certainly we can't complain about a lack of rain, and a fair supply of snow, but at no time last winter was the mercury more than 5° below zero. And during the past six weeks we have had as pleasant Spring weather as one could wish to enjoy.

But I am wearying your patience. So will close this friendly scrawl, and perhaps before the mail comes and goes again, this month I may enclose a business scrap.

Yours in Friendship.

J. S. BROWN.

P. S.—May 10th. Since writing the above, the steamers *California* (with mail) and the *Otter*, have both arrived, bringing near five hundred more miners for the up river diggings, there must now be nearly one thousand people in Wrangel, and the river is reported still strongly blocked with ice. The merchants are making money in all kinds of weather. Liquors are tabooed. So peace and quiet reign, though considerable muttering goes on against the "Heathen Chinee." It seems to me to be ignorance "bucking" against its superior, and the ignorance can't be said to be on the side of the Chinamen either. The *California* has sailed for Sitka, and I presume the *Otter* will leave for Victoria to-morrow. It rains to-night for a change.

Au revoir.

J. S. B.

STEILACOOM, W. T. }
May 30th, 1876. }

EDITORS OF THE STAR:

I arrived here at four o'clock P. M. per steamer *Zephyr*, I had no trouble. At five o'clock, put my patient, Jas. Riley in charge of Hill Harmon of the Asylum. He did not seem to realize his situation, notwithstanding its being his old stamping ground where he had once lived before.

Dr. Ballard of the Asylum examined him and pronounced his case general paralysis. In company with Capt. J. F. Carnnick and Miss Harmon, we were kindly shown through the different departments by Warden Brining, where we beheld many a peculiar phase of the variations and liabilities of the human family.

There are about sixty inmates in all, which according to population of our Territory is far above the average; but taking everything into consideration it is easily accounted for. One thing in relation to the Asylum and its management. I have visited many Hospitals and Asylums in the United States, and will say, I have never seen one kept so neat and the inmates treated with so much kindness as at the Insane Asylum at Steilacoom.

Respectfully Yours,

H. C. VINING.

The officers of the local land office at Olympia, say the past month has been the dullest ever known at their office.

The First Fuchsia.

The following sprightly story is going the rounds of foreign papers:

Old Mr. Lee, a nurseryman and gardener near London, well known fifty and sixty years ago, was one day showing his variegated treasures to a friend, who suddenly turned to him and declared.

"Well, you have not in your whole collection a prettier flower, than I saw this morning at Wapping."

"No, and pray what was this phœnix like?"

"Why the plant was elegant, and the flowers hung in rows like tassels from the pendant branches, their colors the richest crimson, in the centre a fold of deep purple," and so forth.

Particular diregtions being demanded and given, Mr. Lee posted to the place, when he at once perceived that the plant was new in this part of the world. He saw and admired. Entering the house, he said:

"My good woman, this is a nice plant, I should like to buy it."

"Ah, sir, I could not sell it for any money, for it was brought me from the West Indies by my husband, who has now left again, and I must keep it for his sake."

"But I must have it."

"No, sir!"

"Here," emptying his pockets "here is gold, silver, copper, (his stock was something more than eight guineas)."

"Well-a-day, but this is a power of money, sure and sure!"

"'Tis yours and the plant is mine; and, my good dame, you shall have one of the first young ones I rear, to keep for your husband's sake."

A coach was called, in which was safely deposited our florist and his seemingly dear purchase. His first work was to pull off and utterly destroy every vestige of blossom and blossom-bud; it was divided into cuttings, which were forced into bark-beds and hot-beds. Every effort was used to multiply the plant. By the commencement of the next flowering season, Mr. Lee was the delighted possessor of three hundred fuchsia plants, all giving promise of blossoms. The two which opened first were removed into his show-house. A lady came;

"Why, Mr. Lee, my dear Mr. Lee, where did you get this charming flower?"

"Hem, 'tis a new thing, my lady—pretty is it not?"

"Pretty! 'tis lovely. Its price!"

"A guinea, thank your ladyship," and one of the plants stood proudly in her ladyship's boudouir.

"My dear Charlotte! where did you get that elegant flower?"

"O, 'tis a new thing; I saw it at old Lee's; pretty is it not!"

"Pretty! 'tis beautiful! Its price?"

"A guinea; there was another left."

The visitor's horses smoked off to the suburb; a third flowering plant stood on the spot whence the first had been taken. The second guinea was paid, and the second chosen fuschia adorned the drawing-room of her second ladyship. The scene was repeated as new comers saw and were attracted by the beauty of the plant. New chariots flew to the gates of old Lee's nursery ground. Two fuchsias, young, graceful and bursting into healthful flower, were constantly seen on the same spot in his repository. He neglected not to gladden the faithful sailor's wife by the promised gift; but ere the flower season closed, three hundred guinees clinked in his purse, the produce of the single shrub from the window in Wapping; the reward of the taste, decision, skill and perseverance of old Lee.

A woman of the strong-minded sort arrived here yesterday on the Idaho stage. She took a position in the passenger depot, protected on one side by a revolver and on the other by a flat-iron, and thus defended, awaited the arrival of the train. When the locomotive bell announced the coming of the cars, she took the revolver in one hand, walked up to the ticket office, purchased her pasteboard, and then, taking her flat-iron, boarded the train immediately it came to a stop. She was evidently determined to protect herself, and seemed disappointed when nobody attempted to molest her.—*Nevada Silver State.*

The Northern Star.

SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1876.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Read the advertisements in to-day's issue.

Strawberries and salmon berries are now almost ripe, and are reported to be in great abundance in this vicinity.

The absence of both editors will account for the lack of editorial matter in this weeks issue. Full supply next week.

We have thus far failed to chronicle the neat, cozy little cottage now being built by Mr. W. F. Eddy. It is already enclosed and presents a very pretty appearance.

Mr. H. D. Morgan has broken ground and commenced the erection of his building directly across the street from the NORTHERN STAR office. The upper story will be occupied as a Masonic Hall.

SINGING.—All who are willing to assist in singing, on Monday, the day the corner stone of the Atheneum is to be lain, are requested to meet at the residence of E. C. Ferguson, Sunday evening at half past seven o'clock.

W. H. WARD, *Chorister.*

Call in the neighbors and rejoice. Remember that on next Monday the corner stone of the Atheneum building will be laid with ceremonies suitable for such an occasion. Let all well-wishers of the Atheneum try to be here and lend a hand, or at least a smile, in favor of the future success of the institution.

PARTY.—The party last Saturday evening at the Riverside, composed principally of young people, passed off very pleasantly; dancing was kept up till "old time" announced the near approach of the Sabbath. Alas for human happiness such halcyon hours are few and gone—busted.

ARRIVED.—Monday, May 29, Str. *Fanny Lake*, at four o'clock P. M., with 10 000 ft. of lumber for the Atheneum. May 30, at 9 A. M., took load of freight up river for Elwell & Son, returned at 5 P. M., and left for Seattle and way ports.

May 29th, the *Zephyr* arrived at one o'clock P. M., bringing six passengers, and freight as follows: To Shone Bros., Packard & Jackson, I. Cathcart, J. Hilton, E. C. Ferguson and E. D. Smith. She loaded with shingles and left for Seattle and way ports at 4, P. M. .

June 1st, steamer *Fanny Lake* with freight as follows: E. C. Ferguson, 10 pkgs., 1500 lathes and 300 ft. lumber R. Stearnes, 93 pkgs., Elwell & Son, 4, S. Hazzard 6, S. W. Harrington 5, Blackman Bros. 7, J. H. Masterson 2, J. Richards 2, Mrs. Sinclair 7, J. & A. Ross, 1, S. Hogan 1, L. Wilbur 3, J. Pike 3, F. Johnson 2, Bennet, Flattau & Co., 37, E. D. Smith 1, Chas. Potter 5000 ft. lumber, and 15 passengers. We are indebted to Capt. Hill for courtesies for which he has our thanks.

June 2nd, Str. *Yakima*, arrived at 11 A. M. with a number of passengers. She brought freight for Packard & Jackson, and various parties down river; and returned at 12 M.

ACCIDENTS.—The Blackman Bros., who are doing an extensive logging business here, by means of a railroad, and car drawn by four large mules, met with quite an accident last Monday morning. It appears that they stopped the car on a small down grade for some purpose, and the teamster in order to assist the animals in starting, used a lever at the wheel, when the car started much faster than usual, and before he could reach the brake the team ran away. Speeding along under a full head of steam they finally came to a short curve in the road when the car jumped the track, and stopping suddenly threw the logs forward with such, force as to strike one of the mules killing him instantly. The damage to the car was slight. The loss of the animal is small when compared to the check put on their work while another can be procured from a distance.

Mr. James Maegher, a young man employed at the logging camp of Mr Ulmer Stinson, on the Skykomish, was so unfortunate as to cut his foot badly, on the 27th.

On the 29th, W. P. Stevenson, son of Geo. W. Stevenson, recently from Cass Co., Ills., while at work in the logging camp of Mr. Wm. Hawkins, at Fiddler's Bluff, had his left leg badly fractured by a falling tree. Both the unfortunate men were brought to town and are receiving surgical treatment and care, with good prospects of a favorable and speedy recovery.

PRIEST POINT ITEMS.—May 31st, Str. *Favorite* towed two booms containing about 600 M. to Port Gamble; owned by Messrs Doty & Co. and Chas. Taylor.

There is now at the Point, ready for towing, 4,000,000 feet of logs.

THE FARMERS WHO WIN.—The farmers who win rely upon their brains as well as on their muscles. They read and study closely. They keep posted as to all that is going on around them which concerns their business. They unite with their brother farmers to carry out their plans. They see and comprehend the means by which the agricultural and industrial triumphs are wrought, and they work and study so as to be abreast with the foremost in the race of progress. The loose screw in farming machinery is ignorance. Apply the washers and tighten the screw and there will be no more rattling and breaking to pieces of the machinery.

Read more, farmers, study more; go out and talk with your enlightened neighbors. Place more thought in your business, with your manual labor, and you will do better, your farming will pay. Remember that "knowledge is power."

SHOOTING AFFRAY.—Last Saturday night some where about twelve o'clock the town was startled by two or three shots, and upon inquiring the next morning it was found that a soldier had been shot in the arm shattering the bone badly and wounding him also in the side. The name of the soldier is Conlin who was the pitcher of the Columbian base ball club. His wounds are not dangerous though he may loose the arm. The supposition is that he was shot by one of the members of his company, but the guilty man has not yet been found out. Four or five men have been put in the guard house on suspicion to await further developments. The wounded man is very reticent and refuses to implicate any one in the difficulty. Capt. Pollock to whose company the men belong is energetic in ferreting the matter out and will in all probability soon have it in condition to be turned over to the civil authorities.—*Vancouver Independent.*

EFFECT OF LIGHT.—Doctor Moore, the metaphysician, thus speaks of the effect of light on the body and mind: A tadpole confined in darkness would never become a frog, and an infant deprived of heaven's free light will only grow into a shapeless idiot, instead of a beautiful and reasonable being. Hence, in the deep, dark gorges and ravines of the Swiss Valois, where the direct sunshine never reaches, the hideous prevalence of idiocy startles the traveler. It is a strange melancholy idiocy. Many persons are incapable of articulate speech; some are deaf some are blind, some labor under all these privations, and all are misshapen in almost every part of the body.

I believe there is in all places a marked difference in the healthiness of houses according to their aspect in regard to the sun, and those are decidedly the healthiest, other things being equal, in which all the rooms are, during some part of the day, fully exposed to the direct light. Epidemics attack inhabitants on the shady side of the street, and totally exempt those on the other side: and even in epidemics such as ague the morbid influence is often thus partial in its labors.

The Olympia *Echo* says: "Gardening even in the city limits will pay. There is no doubt of it. But it must be done in a good and reasonable manner, in order to return a handsome profit for time, labor and capital. In order to show what can be done here in the way of gardening, we will cite what has been done in our midst. Last year Mr. W. H. Taylor planted five-eighths of an acre of land with potatoes. He had, however, prepared his ground for gardening, by enriching it with many wagon loads of manure. When he dug his potatoes in the summer and fall, he was somewhat surprised by the fact that his little piece of ground yielded 450 bushels. He sold them when prices were very fair and realized the snug little sum of $720 for his labor."

In Southey's Wesley there is an account of an Indian whom Wesley met in Georgia, and who thus summed up his objections to Christianity: "Christian much drunk! Christian beat man! Christian tell lies! Devil Christian! Me no Christian!"

When we read in an exchange that an editor has just "received from Europe the sorrowful intelligence of the death of the aged mother of his brother-in-law," the fraternal feeling of the editorial bosom goes out to that man in a gush of deep sympathy.

BORN.

At Port Blakely, to the wife of Capt. Seymour, a son.

In Seattle May 31st, to the wife of George Foster a son.

We wish both our friends, mentioned above, much joy and many happy returns.

DIED.

At his residence on Ebey Slough, May 27th, Mr. Elisha Packwood, aged 67 years.

Mr. Packwood was one of the earliest pioneers to the Pacific coast, he having emigrated from the state of Missouri and settled in Oregon as early as 1845. In 1848 he removed to California, and was there during the earliest gold excitement. In 1850 he returned to Missouri and again recrossed the plains to California in 1851, settling in Tulare Co., engaging extensively in stock raising, in which he was very successful. At one time he was engaged in mercantile pursuits in Eldorado, Eldorado Co., Cal. For nearly ten years he resided in Tulare Co., and then removed to Eastern Oregon. From there he came to Washington Territory, settling on Ebey Slough Snohomish Co., the place of his residence at the time of his death. All who have known him, during his life on this coast, without exception, speak of him as a most genial, agreeable gentleman; charitable and kind to all and liberal in his views. He was of strong intellect, extremely well read and devoted to advanced ideas and free thought. His last days were characteristic of the man. Though perfectly cognizant of his approaching dissolution, he was perfectly resigned and ready, as all who are conscious of a well spent life always are. He leaves a wife and several sons and daughters and grand children all living near him, and all respectable, esteemed members of this community.

SNOHOMISH CITY MARKET REPORT.

STOCK.

Milch Cows, ₽ hd.	$25.00 @ 50.00
Work Oxen, ₽ yoke	$150. @ 250.
Beef cattle, on foot, ₽ lb.	5 cts
Horses, ₽ hd.	$30 @ 100.
Sheep, ₽ hd.	$5.00
Hogs, on foot ₽ lb.	6 cts.

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS &c.

Bacon, ₽ lb.	12½cts
Pork do.	8 cts.
Chickens, ₽ doz.	$3. @ 3.50
Eggs, do.	25 cts.
Flour, ₽ bbl.	$6.50 @ 7.50
Wheat, ₽ bush.	$1. @ 1.25
Butter, ₽ lb.	35 @ 45 cts.
Hides, green, ₽ lb.	3cts.
Potatoes, ₽ lb bush.	75cts @ $1.00
Oats, ₽	2 cts.
Ground Barley, ₽ ton	$42.50
Hay, ₽ ton	$18.00 @ 20.00
Candles, ₽ lb.	25 cts
Beans, do.	5 cts.
Sugars, do.	10 @ 16 cts.
Syrup, ₽ keg of 5 gals.	$5.00
Dried Apples, ₽ lb.	11 cts.
Nails, ₽ lb.	8 @ 10 cts.
Coarse salt ₽ lb.	2 cts.
Tobacco, do.	75 @ $1.25
Coal Oil, ₽ case	$5.00
Cabbage, ₽ lb.	2 cts.
Turnips, do.	2 cts.
Apples, ₽ bush.	$1.25 @ 1.50
Wood, ₽ cord, deliv'd	$2.50
Shingles, ₽ M.	$2.00
Ship Knees, ₽ in.	40 @ 50 cts
Logs, ₽ M ft.	$5.00
Hewed Timber, ₽ lineal foot,	10 cts

Notice to Creditors.

Notice is hereby given that, having been appointed by the Probate Court of Snohomish county, Washington Territory, Administrator with the Will annexed of the Estate of William Butler, late of said county, deceased, and having qualified as required by law, all persons having claims against said Estate are required to present them to me at my office in Snohomish City, in said county, accompanied by suitable vouchers, within one year from date hereof, or they will be forever barred.

All persons indebted to said Estate are required to pay the same to me at my said office within ninety days from date hereof.

ELDRIDGE MORSE, *Administrator with the Will annexed of the Estate of William Butler, deceased.* n17:4

E. SHONE. K. SHONE

RIVER SIDE HOTEL!

SNOHOMISH CITY, WASHINGTON TERRITORY,

Shone Brothers

Having recently leased this convenient and well known Hotel Building, for a Term of Years and refitted it in good style, beg leave to inform the community that they are now prepared to accommodate the public. They propose keeping a strictly

First Class Hotel.

The Table will be supplied with the best the market affords.

FIRST QUALITY OF WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS ALWAYS ON HAND

Every attention will be shown for the convenience of the patrons of This House.

v1:5

HARDWARE!

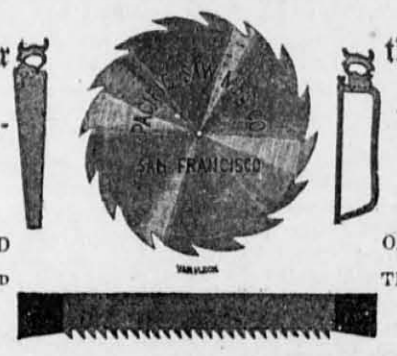
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

THE FINEST AND LARGEST ASSORTMENT OF FIRST CLASS

MECHANICS TOOLS

ON THE SOUND.

AGENT FOR PALMER'S CELEBRATED Ship Carpenter's Tools.



Agents for the Pacific Saw Manufacturing Co.

THE BEST AND PATENT GROUND — ONLY GENUINE THIN BACK *SAWS.*

Cross Cut Saws in the Market.

FILES RE-CUT. ALL KINDS OF EDGE TOOLS MADE AND REPAIRED AT SHORT NOTICE.

WUSTHOFF & WALD.

v1 20 P. O. BOX 52 SEATTLEE, W. T.

GREAT CUT DOWN IN PRICES!

AT

Jamieson's Jewelry Emporium

Seattle, W. T.

GOODS AT COST

FOR SEVEN WEEKS,

In order to reduce stock.

Don't Delay

But send up your orders and secure Bargains.

Send for Price Lists to

W. G. JAMIESON,
WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER

SEATTLE, W. T. v1 20

Dig for it at Home.

Would you have the shining metal?
Do not o'er the wide world roam,
Following a fleeting phantom—
Stay and dig for it at home.

Do not heed the luring story
Treasures distant hillsides hold;
Ten adventurers, disappointed,
Stand for every ounce of gold.

Wishing still for something better
Many fancies youth will rear;
Mountains of the yellow mica,
In the distance gold appears.

And the longing is contagious,
Drinking from a leaden cup,
For the means of grander living,
On highways to pick it up.

But dame fortune is too fickle
In her train afar to roam,
Would you win her golden treasure
Stay and dig for it at home.

In the land that lies before you
Find your wealth by honest toil;
Never votary disappointed
Rightly sought the generous soil.

Only faint, weak hearts repining
Cast away the good at hand;
Fortune's smile will rarely crown them
Sought for in a distant land.

But success rides on before you,
Grapple it and you will win;
Lo! e'en now, the mists are rifting
And the tides are rushing in.

Let no foreign expedition
Lure your restless steps to roam,
Gold is nearer than the mountains,
Stay and dig for it at home.

—*National Record.*

Philadelphia Letter.

[Special Correspondence West Coast Star.]

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., April 26, 1876.

The Centennial grounds include two hundred and fourteen acres, which are all well fenced. There are six main buildings, the largest being the "Main Hall," which is situated just to the right of the principal entrance to the grounds. This is a frame building, covering twenty-two acres of ground and cost $1,600,000. The interior is divided into sections which are assigned to various countries and are decorated in such style as the commissioners of those countries choose. On the left of the entrance is "Machinery Hall," covering fourteen acres of ground and cost $792,000. This is also of wood and is intended to hold all the machinery exhibited. Near it is a very large building erected by the shoe and leather men, for the display of their products. These buildings are finished and large numbers of workmen are fixing up the sections inside and putting the articles received in place. Fronting "Main Hall" is the "Art Gallery," a splendid structure, and so arranged that a good light will fall on nearly every picture exhibited. The wings, where the pictures are to be hung, are divided into rooms of convenient size and each room has a glass dome, thus securing the necessary light. It is not quite finished and is to cost $1,500,000. Next comes "Horticultural Hall," built entirely of glass and iron and decidedly the handsomest building on the grounds. It is already filled with rare plants, fruits and flowers, and has two hot houses, one on each side, which are also filled. Across the little stream running through the grounds is "Agricultural Hall," an immense, iron structure devoted entirely to the display of agricultural products. It is not quite finished in consequence of a portion of it having been blown down during a heavy gale of the past winter. On the extreme left from the main entrance to the grounds stands the "United States Building," in which will be exhibited all the articles contributed by the U. S. Government. Besides these buildings the states of New Hampshire, Massachusetts, connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Delaware, West Virginia, Ohio Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Iowa, Wisconsin, Mississippi and California, all have buildings, the largest belonging to kansas and the handsomest to New York. Several foreign countries have buildings of their own, and the balance of the one hundred and fifty in the enclosure are either for the display of specific industries or belong to private parties to be used for resturants and other purposes. One very handsome structure full twenty feet square, is to be devoted to selling pop-corn. The grounds are to be guarded by twelve hundred men, known as the "Centennial Guard." Two hundred of these are to be mounted and are to remain outside the enclosure, while the remainder are detailed inside to preserve order and protect the articles displayed from injury. This Guard is composed of picked men and all visitors once inside the enclosure will be fully protected. The City authorities will largely increase the police force of the city so that visitors will be amply protected from the horde of sharpers and thieves sure to congregate here. An immense amount of freight is being received daily, some days as much as three hundred and fifty car-loads, but the admirable terminal facilities, arranged by Col. Scott, enables it all to be delivered and handled without trouble and with the least possible expense. The grounds are being handsomely laid out in avenues and serpentine walks, all of which are being laid with concrete and numbers of shade trees are planted. Seats will be provided throughout the grounds and every possible arrangement made for the comfort of visitors. Every day will add to the display and the pleasure of visitors. The railroads have cheapened the fare and I do not think the hotels will advance the prices of living, at least those of whom I have enquired do not propose to do so. The display will be the grandest ever made, and every man, woman and child who can spare the time and money should come here some time during the Summer.

MARK.

The other evening a young lady abruptly turned a corner and very rudely ran against a boy who was small and ragged and freckled. Stopping as quick as she could, she turned to him and said; I beg your pardon. Indeed, I am very sorry." The small, ragged, and freckled boy looked up in blank amazement for an instant; then, taking off about three-fourths of a cap, he bowed very low, smiled until his face became lost in the smile, and answered. "You can have my parding, and welcome, miss; and yer may run agin me and knock me clean down, an' I won't say a word." After the young lady passed on he turned to a companion and said, half apologetically: "I never had any one ask my parding before, and it kinder took me off my feet."

If not the meanest man in Michigan himself, then his eldest brother has been found. He lives in Alpena, and his last exploit is chronicled at some length by the *Pioneer*. Learning that a Norwegian minister in the neighborhood had broken off a marriage engagement with a young lady at a distance, he wrote to her over the minister's signature offering to renew the engagement on receipt of $50. Luckily she detected the forgery, and the writer didn't get the money, though it is to be hoped he will get something better suited to his case.

Good people were very much touched with the conduct of a small boy on Shetucket street. A large boy attacked him and cuffed his ears, but the noble little fellow did not strike back or even swear at him. He bore it patiently till the big boy had gone, and a silver-haired old man had patted him on the head and give him a quarter. Then he went around the corner and licked his little brother till he couldn't stand up without leaning against a wall.

A little girl braids the hair of one who sits in front of her, instead of studying, when the teacher remarks, "Home is the place for arranging the hair, not here. What would you think of me braiding my hair in school?" Presently Susan's hand is raised, and the teacher supposing she wishes to ask some question about the lesson, nods, when she hears the following. "Mary says your hair is false, and that you wouldn't dare to do it here."

As a young shaver of five or six years was reading at a school one day, he came to the passage; "Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from guile." Master Hopeful drawled out; "Keep—thy—tongue—from—evil—and—thy—lips—from girls."

If it takes a four-eyed calf three months to hatch nine two-horned roosters out of fifteen China crab-apples, how many of Aunt Jerusha's turnovers will it take to feed the same four months? "Shoo-fly, don't bodder me."

Who Should Bow First.

Who has not heard ladies express mild surprise because some man who had been presented to them had not bowed to them on the street, at the theatre, or in the drawing room? If you ask them, "Did you recognize him?" they will be apt to reply, "Oh, no; of course not. He should have spoken first." Being reminded of the well defined etiquette bearing on the subject, they are likely to add: "I know that very well; but no woman wants to take the initiative. Men should do that; it's their business; it doesn't belong to us; no one expects us to make ourselves so bold." The truth is, the majority of women are accustomed to man paying court to them, to his making the first advance in everything, that they can't find it in their sexual sensitiveness, in their severely conventional selves, to obey a mandate they originally issued, and still insist on perpetuating. Not one woman in ten thousand has any fault to find with the rule; in fact, we have never known a woman to object to it. Nevertheless, she seldom follows it in her own case. Sometimes a woman says, as a sort of justification, "Supposing I should speak to a man on meeting after an introduction, and he should not remember me! How awkward I should appear; how overwhelmed I should be with shame to observe that he did not speak to me. I can't afford to place myself in a position to seem to be cut by any man." If any number of women feel thus, the point of etiquette should be changed to save their sensibilities. In truth, however, the objection is not well made. There is not the smallest danger that any man, presuming him, of necessity, to be a gentleman, at least in respect to his observing the ordinary forms of courtesy, would refuse to hesitate to return the acknowledgement of a woman, even though he might not have the remotest recolection of ever having seen her before, or though he were convinced she had confounded him with somebody else. And the fact that he had been recoguized by a woman, would be the strongest presumptive evidence that he had been presented to her. Men are not likely to forget their femenine acquaintances, or mistake Mrs. Thompson for Mrs. Robinson, or Miss Blank for Miss Dash.—*Appleton's Journal.*

The motto for the week on a little girls Sunday-school card was, "Get thee behind me, Satan." There were gooseberries in the garden, but she was forbidden to pluck them. Pluck she did. "Why did you not," said the mother, "when you were tempted to touch them, say, "Get thee behind me, Satan?" "I did," she said earnestly, "and he got behind me and pushed me in the bush."

A little boy, when picking the drumstick of a chicken, swallowed one of the tendons which are so numerous in the legs of a fowl, and was very nearly choked. The tendon was, however, extracted with great difficulty from the little fellow's throat, when he exclaimed, "O, mamma, it wasn't the chickabiddy's fault: it was because cook forgot to take off it's garters?"

The "leap year necktie" for gentlemen is out. It is a young lady's sleave with an arm in it, and goes all the way round the neck. Every enterprising young man should have one.

Some thoughtless person says: "It is unkind to ridicule those items in the papers about centenarians. It is no easy thing to become a centarian; several have failed."

If you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost; that is where they should be. Now put foundations under them.—*Thoreau.*

Pride of lineage, pomp of power,
Heap dishonor on the drone;
He shall lose his strength, who never
Uses it for fair endeavor;
Brief his hom. —*Lord Lorne.*

Hon. Sam. Allen, of Galveston owns a little herd of 200,000 cattle. A string of plank fence on one side of his pasture lot is fifteen miles long.

"Capital weather, Mr. Jones—capital weather. My wife's got such a cold that she can't speak. I like such weather."

W. H. Pumphrey,
SEATTLE, W. T.
BOOKSELLER & STATIONER.
Always keep alarge stock of everything usually kept in a first class
BOOK STORE.
—:O:—
Pianos & Organs,
SOLD ON THE
Installment Plan.
—:—
EASTERN
News Papers
AND
Magazines
furnished at Publishers prices in coin.
Cash strictly in advance.
v1n1

CUSTOM MADE
Boots and shoes.
Manufactured and Sold
wholesale and Retail
BY
BENJ. VINCENT
Main st., Olympia, W. T.
Latest styles Boots and Shoes made to order. All work warranted and satisfaction guarranteed.
Also agent for the celebrated
NEW WEED
"Family Favorite"
SEWING MACHINE.
Why is it the Best?
IT IS THE MOST SIMPLE, DURABLE, PERFECT.
It runs easy and quiet,
Has no cams for shuttle motion,
Has no springs to get out of order,
The needle is set correctly *without screw-driver*, or tool of any kind,
It can be cleaned or oiled without lifting from the table; and the best thing of all,
It has *Perfect Self Adjustable Tensions.*
Call and examine this Machine before buying elsewhere.
v1n8.6m. BENJ. VINCENT.

STOVES
AND
TIN WARE.
S. P. ANDREWS & CO.
DEALERS IN
Cook
Parlor
and Box
Stoves
Pumps iron and Lead Pipe.
All job work pertaining to the business done in a workman-like manner.
ORDERS FROM ABROAD
Receive Prompt Attention.
Store on Commercial Street.
SEATTLE, W. T.

WALE and CATCHING.
DESIGNERS &
ARCHITECTS,
Carpenters, Contractors and
BOAT BUILDERS.
All work entrusted to their care will be done with NEATNESS and DSPATCH.
CHARGES TO SUIT THE TIMES.
Place of bulsness at the old BLUE EAGLE BUILDING, Union Avenue, SNOHMISH CITY, W. T.
v1 n1.

ICE CREAM AND
STRAWBERRIES
In their Season!
AT THE
PUGET SOUND
Confectionery Saloon
Front Street, Seattle.
—o—
Customers will find at this place all the deliceries of the season, the finest Java Coffee, the best Tea and Chocolate; also
HAM AND EGGS
and other Eatables.
—c—
Fresh Made CANDIES,
And an Assortment of
FINE CAKES
Constantly on hand. Wedding Cakes made to order on the shortest notice. Ball Suppers and Parties supplied.

1776. 1876.

GRAND
CENTENNIAL
CELEBRATION
AT SEATTLE, W. T.,
JULY 4th, 1876!
The Citizens of Seattle
have determined to Celebrate
the
Centennial Anniversary
OF
AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE
On the coming Fourth of July,
And, in order to observe the day in a manner befitting the occasion,
hereby extend a
Cordial Invitation
To everybody throughout the Territory to join them and make it worthy of the great event.
By order of the Committee.
v1. no. 11:tf.

JACKSON & CO.
DEALERS IN
General Merchandise.
ALWAYS ON HAND.
Choicest Brands
OF
Flour,
Feed,
Sugar,
Tobacco,
& CIGARS, &c., &c.
LOWELL, W. T
v1 n1.

Sympathy.

By Reginald Heber.

A knight and a lady once met in a grove,
While each was in quest of a fugitive love;
A river ran mournfully murmuring by,
And they wept in its waters for sympathy.

"O, never was knight such a sorrow that bore!"
"O, never was maid so deserted before!"
"From life and its woes let us instantly fly,
And jump in together for company.

They search'd for an eddy that suited the deed,
But here was a bramble, and there was a weed;
"How tiresome it is!" said the fair with a sigh;
So they sat down to rest in company.

They gazed at each other, the maid and the knight;
How fair was her form, how goodly his hight!
"One mournful embrace;" sobbed the youth "ere we die!"
So kissing and crying kept company.

"O, had I but loved such an angel as you!"
"O, had but my swain been a quarter as true!"
"To miss such perfection how blinded was I!"
Sure now they were excellent company.

At length spoke the lass, 'twixt a smile and a tear,
"The weather is cold for a watery bier;
When Summer returns we may easily die;
Till then let us sorrow in company."

Not to be Deceived.

He wasn't to be fooled. He came aboard the train at a small station south of Wilmington, Del., and he had two little boys with him. The sandwich fiend came hustling through the car howling "Sandwiches," "Sandwiches." The traveler seized the maniac peddler by the arm as he passed, and said, "How much be they?" "Ten cents apiece," said the bloated coupon clipper with the basket. "Gimme three." The three were handed out. A little doubtful about the squareness of the trade, the traveler gently uncovered one of them before completing the purchase. Separating the two slices of bread carefully he looked within. A single glance sufficed. There was a mixture of dissapointment and indignation in his tone, as he scornfully returned the provisions and said: "A little bit 'o ham and some bread. Look hyar! You can't play no Yankee trick on me! I'm from the country, but I know enough to know that ain't no sandwich. A sandwich is a fish." And he wouldn't have them.—*Ex.*

No Time to Read.—We have often encountered many who profess to believe they have no time to read. Now we think of it, there have always been men of such characters, the point of which is easily summed up. Nine times out of ten, they are men who have not found time to confer any substantial advantage either upon their families or themselves. They frequently spend whole days in trifling, gossiping, and swapping horses, but they have no time to read. They sometimes lose a day asking the advice of their neighbors; sometimes a day in picking up news, the precise currant, and the exchange, but they never have time to read. Such men generally have uneducated children, unimproved farms and unhappy firesides. They have no energy, no spirit of improvement, no love of knowledge; they live "unknowing and unknown," and often die unwept and unregretted.

Ancient Wonders.—Nineveh was fourteen miles long, eight miles wide, and forty-six miles around, with a wall one hundred feet high, and thick enough for three chariots abreast. Babylon was fifty miles within the walls, which were seventy-five feet thick and one hundred feet high, with one hundred brazen gates. The temple of Diana, at Ephesus, was 420 feet to the support of the roof—it was one hundred years in building. The largest of the pyramids was four hundred and eighty-one feet in hight, and eight hundred and fifty-three feet on the sides. The base covered eleven acres. The stones are about sixty feet in length, and the layers are two hundred and eight. It employed 350,000 men in building. The labyrinth of Egypt contains three hundred chambers and twelve halls. Thebes, in Egypt, presents ruins twenty-seven miles around, and containing 350,000 citizens and 400,000 slaves. The temple of Delphos was so rich in donations that it was plundered of $50,000,000, and the Emperor Nero carried away from it two hundred statues. The walls of Rome were thirteen miles around.

A Pile of Papers.

Gen. H. V. Boynton writes to the Cincinnati *Gazette* an interesting letter about the records of the Rebellion. He says: Few had any idea of the enormous bulk of the material which makes up the records of the late war. It was stored in more than a dozen buildings, and a number of these contain little else. One of these is devoted to what are termed the records of discontinued commands, and, as this title indicates, they constitute a great portion of the field records of the war. This building is forty feet by eighty, and is four stories high. Eight ranges of wide shelves run lengthwise through each story from floor to ceiling, and two thirds of these are packed as close as any book-keeper's shelves with immense ledgers, which are the books of letters received and sent, the telegraph books, battle report books, order books, and all the great variety of records which were kept at each headquarters, and regularly copied into these volumes. The rest of the shelves are packed close with unentered papers of endless kinds, but each containing some scrap of war history. There are three hundred and fifty cords of records in this one building. The huge volumes, which look down from the long line of shelves on either side of the narrow aisles, are the books and papers of the discontinued firm of Government and army. These are a small portion of the accounts between its members and with treason.—*Bee.*

A Visiting Dog.

A dog in the town of Bethel, Sullivan County, has contracted a curious habit of traveling regularly three times a week between the farms of Mr. James Luckey and Mr. Hogencamp, a distance of about five miles. These gentlemen, appreciating the remarkable sagacity of the dog, now use the animal for the purpose of conveying messages or letters between the families, who are on intimate terms. —*Middletown (N. J.) Argus.*

A Mountain of Salt.—A mass of 90,000,000 tons of pure, solid, compact rock salt, located on an island 185 feet high, which rises from a miserable sea marsh on the route from Brashear to New Iberia, up the river Teche, Louisiana, is one of the wonders of the world. How this island, containing over three hundred acres of excellent land, ever came into existance in such a locality, is a matter of conjecture. Vegetation is prolific, and the scenery is beautiful and varied. Here is an immense bed of pure rock salt whose extent is, as yet, only estimated, and scientific men are puzzled to know what produced it.—*Ex.*

A Mean Set.—Yesterday forenoon a very seedy chap jumped into the river near the foot of Third street, but was pulled out in three or four minutes none the worse for his bath. The crowd scattered, and after a few minutes, when he sat in the sun drying his clothes, a hackman asked: "Don't you wish you hadn't?" "This is no town," replied the vagrant elevating his nose. "I've jumped into the river at Toledo and had more'n fifty men ask me to drink!" —*Detroit Free Press.*

If the Centennial Exhibition costs $7,500,000, the amount claimed to complete it, in order to realize this sum, it will be necessary for 15,000,000 people to visit it at the price of admission, 50 cent, and as the time is limited to 185 days, from May 10, till November 10, deducting Sundays, on which it is likely to be closed it will require the daily attendance of 94,000 people. This makes the profit of the affair rather doubtful.

Ida Lewis, the famous maid of the light house, has just lost her husband. He isn't dead; he only got a divorce. Their married life was not happy, and whenever they had any discussion, Ida would just spit on her hands and knock him clear over the lighthouse as easily as a Vassar girl could skin a cat. That is why he got his divorce.

Ten car loads of machinery, including engines, boilers, etc., have been shipped from St. Louis for San Francisco, destined for Nicholaisk, Siberia, where they will be put in eight steamboats, being built at that point for the Amoor river.

Sugar wedding—Marrying a candid man.

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All orders left in my absence will be promptly attended to.

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FARMERS WILL BEAR IN MIND THAT IN ORDER TO GET ONE OF THE

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They must leave their orders in time.

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BUTTER, EGGS, HAY, HIDES,

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SNOHOMISH CITY, WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

We have a Cordon job press and a large outfit of JOB TYPE IN THE BEST reasonable

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A Large Stock on hand of Blanks for Justices of the Peace.

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A LIMITED NUMBER OF POLL BOOKS, ENOUGH TO SUPPLY SEVERAL COUNTIES, ON HAND.

LADIES VISITING CARDS A SPECIALITY.

Zach Chandler's Heroism.

Robert Creighton, a personal friend of Secretary Chandler, of the Interior Department, gives, in a letter to the Danbury *News*, this interesting account of an incident in the life of the latter which explains the sanguine hue of his face:

Perhaps you would like to know something of Zach Chandler. You and I have heard and read a great deal about him, and it's time we knew something of him. He is a great big man, about six feet four, and about sixty years old. He and Horace Greely were born within a cat call of each other, and still no single man did as much to defeat the philosopher for the Presidency. He has a lumbering, heavy walk, of certain stride and steady gait. He carries an alternate white and red face in front and high, a cane in one hand and a bundle of papers in the other. He never walks for pleasure. He is always on business. He spits every eight minutes—always to the left, seldom straight, and with the same regularity that punctures every action. High in front like the figurehead of a great ship, he carries his great, broad head and variegated face. On a cold day his countenance beams almost like the red glare of a locomotive head light. Ninety-nine men who pass him on a frosty morning take ninety-nine remarks freighted with the information that "Old Zach has had his bitters." But, O Lord, how this world is given to lying! This red face has a history, this crooked spitting has a reason, and I will give you both.

It is now seventeen years since Zachariah Chandler, being remarkably successful in business, built for his family a new and elegant house in Detroit; when nearly finished he moved into it.

On the first evening, immediately after the gas was turned on and lit, the smell of the escaping gas aroused the family and servants, and search was made for the leak. The daughter, now Mrs. Hale, then a child, with a lighted candle, detected it in a closet off the back parlor. The father knowing the danger of an explosin, hurried to the closet with a servant, took the candle from the daughter's hands and shielded her just in time to receive the full blast himself, burning his head, neck, and hands almost to a crisp. The nose, eyes, ears, lips and flesh of the face were so completely cooked, that old Zach embraced the opportunity and murmured through his blistered lips, "Bring on your cannibals. I'm cooked." A physician was immediately sent for, and after a few moments' examination shook his head in the most unhopeful manner. With a fortitude that characterizes Mr. Chandler to this day, he submitted to the examination, and at the close demanded to know the worst. The physician, Dr. Clark, wisely endeavored to postpone the giving of his opinion until the next day, but Mr. Chandler insisting, the doctor reluctantly answered his questions.

"Well, doctor, my nose feels bad. How about it?"

"Mr. Chandler, you'll loose your nose.'

"And my ears, I suppose, too?"

"I am sorry to say, yes; they are completely cooked through."

"My forehead—how about that?"

"Well, I don,t see how the skin will ever grow there again."

"My lips?"

"The upper lip, Mr. Chandler, I shall have to take almost completely off."

"That's bad for a man to loose his upper lip. Won't the under one do?"

"I am sorry to say I shall have to remove a portion of that also."

"Eh! Well, go on."

"There, that will do. I'll know better in the morning."

"You can't leave me until I know all. Go on doctor, anything else?"

The doctor hesitated.

"Go on, doctor, my eyes?"

"Your eyes?"

"Yes, go on."

"Mr. Chandler, you will lose the sight of b th eyes.

"That's enough, doctor, you can go now."

Nearly a year passed before Zachariah Chandler was seen on the streets of Detroit again. No one could recognize him except by his voice and immense frame. His face, once round, full and muscular, was shrivelled and muscleless. His heavy jaw, indicative of firmness of purpose, almost without a shred of flesh. And as he said himself, he was "the most thin skinned man in the whole Northwest."

Such is the history and reason of his red face and crooked spitting.

Josh. Billings on Marriage.

History holds its tung as to who the pair wuz who tust put on the silken harness, and promised to work it kind thru thick and thin, up hill and down, and on the level, swim, drown or flote. But whoever tha wuz, tha must have made a good thing of it, or so many of their posterity wouldn't have harnessed since and drove out.

There is a great moral grip to marriages—it is the mortar that holds them together.

But there ain't but darn phew foaks who could set down and give a good written opinyun whi on airth tha come to did it.

There is a great proof that it is one of them natural kinds of axidents that must happen just as birds fly out of the nest when tha have feathers enuff, with out being able to tell why.

Some marry for buty, and never discover their mistake; this is lucky.

Some marry for money, and don't see it.

Some marry for pedigree, and feel big for six months, then very sensibly come to the conclusion that pedigree is no better than skim milk.

Some marry bekaws tha have been histed sumwhere else; this is a cross match, a bay and a sorrel; pride may make it endurable.

Some marry for love, without a cent in their pockets nor a friend in the world, nor a drop of pedigree. This looks desperate, but it is the strength of the game.

It marrying for love ain't a succes, then matrimony is a ded beet.

Some marry bekaws tha think wimmen will be scarce next year, and live to wonder how the crop holds out.

Some marry to get rid of themselves and discover that the game was one that two could play at and neither win.

Some marry the second time to get even, and find it a gambling game—the more they put down the less tha take up.

Some marry to be happy and missing it, wonder where all the happiness goes to when it dies.

Some marry they can't tell why, and live tha can't tell how.

Almost everybody gets married, and it is a good joke. Some think it over careful fust, and then set down and marry.

Both ways are right if they hit the mark.

Some marry rakes to convert them. This is a little risky, and it takes a sharp miss onary to do it.

Some marry coquetts. This is like buying a poor farm heavily mortgaged, and working the balance of your days to clear off the mortgage.

Married life has its chances, and this is just what gives it flavor. Everybody loves to phool with chances, because he everybody expects to win. But I am authorised to state that every body don't win.

But, after all, married life is full as certain as the dry goods business.

No man can swear exactly where he will fetch up when he touches calico.

No man can tell just what calico has a mind to do next.

Calico don't even know herself.

Dry goods of all kinds is the child of circumstances.

The man who stands on the bank shivering and dassent, is more apt to catch cold than he who pitches head furst in the river.

Marry young is my motto.

I have tried it, and I know what I am talking about.

If any body asks you why you got married, say you don't recolect.

The Marquis de Conti recently fell dead while kissing a countess. It's an exceptional case, however and there is no use in getting frightened about it. Bring on your countesses.

"There is no sunset in heaven," says a noted divine. "We go further than that," says an exchange, "there's no getting up of nights to draw the baby's legs back under cover."

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