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—BY—

Frank M. Dallam.

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FAME.

Ah, Fate! cannot a man
Be wise without a beard?
From east to west, from Beersheba to Dan,
Say, was it never heard
That wisdom might in youth be gotten,
Or wit be ripe before 'twas rotten?

He pays too high a price
For knowledge and for fame
Who gives his sinews to be wise,
His teeth and bones to buy a name.
And crawls through life a paralytic,
To earn the praise of bard and critic.

Is it not better alone
To dine and sleep through forty years,
Be loved by few, be feared by none,
Laugh life away, have wine for tears,
And take the mortal leap undaunted,
Content that all we ask was granted?

But Fate will not permit
The seeds of gods to die,
Nor suffer sense to win from wit
Its guerdon in the sky;
Nor let us hide, whatever our pleasure,
The world's light underneath a measure.

Go, then, sad youth, and shine!
Go, sacrifice to fame;
Put love, and joy, health, upon the shrine,
And life to fan the flame!
Thy hapless self for praise barter,
And die to Fame an honored martyr.

—R. W. Emerson.

CYRUS' WIFE.

It rained that day—not fitfully or quietly, but with a sullen determination and doggedness. The sky was leaden, and the wind blew about the house in stormy gusts, driving before it flocks of wet, reluctant leaves from the elms and maples. From the rain blurred window nothing could be seen but wildly-tossing boughs, flying leaves and one old man crossing the orchard in the tall drenched grass.

"Look Lorraine," said I, "here comes the odd little old man who behaved so strangely in church."

Lorraine left off striking aimless chords on the piano, and came and looked over my shoulder.

"What odd little old man?" she querried. "O, yes; it is poor old Uncle Cyrus. I was going to tell you about him. It is quite a story."

For a moment we watched the man in silence as he came toward us, his head bent against the driving storm, his arms swinging heavily at his side.

"He is coming here," said Lorraine. 'I suppose he wants someopium You have no idea, Nell, how these country people use opium. It is really horrible. We will have him in here by the fire. You like odd characters, and you never knew anybody like poor Uncle Cyrus.

A moment after, the door was opened timidly, and a high-pitched, quavering voice said:

"Har'it tole me to walk right in. Hope I don't discommode nobody?"

"Come in," said Lorraine, kindly, "we are all alone."

He came in, a little, thin old man, with restless pale-gray eyes, and a way of walking as one walks in the darkness, moving his feet ahead in an uncertain way, as if expecting every moment to plunge into some frightful abyss. His skin, like cracked yellow parchment, the prominence of his bones, the strange, drawn look of his features, the glassiness of his eyes, all were signs of the confirmed opium eater—signs far too often seen among New England country people. His arms were of unusual length, powerfully developed by his toil gave him the odd look of a pygmy wearing the arms of a giant.

"Doctor hain't to home," he said, glancing about the room in a nervous, ferret-like way. "O, no, says you, doctor hain't to home. Come in for suthin' to ease my rheumatiz. Wanted to get a leetle opium to hush the pain a bit—only fur a med'cin', ye know. You can't sell it to me, says you. Wal, wal, I'll jest wait a spell; he won't be long says you."

Having thus covered the questions which no one but himself had asked, the old man sank stiffly into a chair, and spread his great bony hands out to the blaze.

'Wal, wal,' he cackled, 'got a fire, so ye hev; cheerin' too, it is, now; axshally it is cheerin'. Dismal spell of weather, says you; an' so 'tis, bless ye, so 'tis. I says to Octavy, ter noon, says I, We're goin' to hev a reg'lar tower 'o weather now, an' no mistake. Keep up a good fire in the kitchen stove, or we'll both be rheumaticky, says I to Octavy.

'How is Octavia?' asked Lorraine.

'Octavy?' replied the old man. 'Wal, now, poor critter, she's pooty mis'able, Octavy is; she is, an' no mistake. I dunno, raly, what hez ailed Octavy this summer. She's ben sort o' weakly now for a consider'ble spell back. She don't 'pear to hev no courage, some way, Octavy don't. She don't take no intruss in her garden or her bees. Worked too hard, says you, an' so I tell her; but, Lord bless ye, it don't make no sorter difference. She'll drop down some day in harness. Always was a master-hand to work, says you; an' so she was.'

The fire made a sudden, elfish leap and sent a bold red glow over the old man's withered face.

'A righteous, good woman,' he said looking steadily into the flames. 'A righteous, good woman, says you; an' so she is, if ever there was one on the Lord's earth.' He was silent a moment, then added, *That's* so; thet is *so*.'

After the doctor came home and the old man had gone away with his opium through the rainy twilight, I heard his story, sitting with my host and hostess by the fire.

He was never over-wise, poor Cyrus, even when he was young. His heart outweighed his brain. He was, however, an honest, fearless, hearty fellow, and the best smith for miles around. Almost every country village had its legendary Samson, who could lift a barrel of cider and drink from the bunghole. Whether or not Cyrus could do this is unknown; but it is certain that he could lift a keg of nails with one hand and carry it through the village.

He could sing too—a mighty, untrained bass—and it was in the village choir that he first met Octavia Freeman, the daughter of a farmer who lived near the village. She sang the part called 'counter' by the China Valley people. She stood beside Cyrus in the choir, and often shared with him the thin, green-covered "Cadeny Collection," from which they sang 'Hebron,' 'Woodstock' and 'Silver Street.'

Octavia was what is called 'a harnsome girl' in country places such as China Valley—large and well made, with black eyes, abundant hair and full red lips. As for poor Cyrus, all the romance and poetic fancy that existed in his slow brain centered about this girl and glorified her in his sight. He walked often over the lonely river road which led to the farm. He carried her flowers and early red-and-yellow apples from the little orchard behind the forge. He took her to the menagerie in the summer, and to the county fair in the fall. He sat beside her at the weekly prayer meeting, and found her place in the hymnbook with rugged brown hands made tremulous and awkward by his love.

And Octavia? She was content that Cyrus should adore her. She was a restless, ambitious girl, who fretted at the farm life and its hopeless monotonous drudgery. She longed for change and freedom, and thought to marry Cyrus Spears and be mistress of her own house was the best thing fate had offered her so far in life. Everybody called Cyrus 'likely.' They had even begun to come to him from Holt's Mills to have their horses and oxen shod. Yes, she was content that Cyrus should adore; but sometimes, while he found the hymn for her with stumbling eagerness, she would laugh at him behind her 'Academy Collection,' with Maria Thayer, who sang treble beside her in the choir.

One evening—a warm, hushed evening after a burning August day—Cyrus walked out to see Octavia and found her oddly silent and moody. She sat on the sunken door stone, with her elbows on her knees and her firm white chin resting in her hands. She wore a pink cotton gown and a pair of gold ear drops, shaped like little cockle shells, that Cyrus had given her. He thought dimly that an angel might have looked as Octavia did just then.

'Tired—dear?' he asked, stopping beside her. He made a little pause before he called her 'dear.' Pet names come stiffly from country tongues.

'Yes,' said Octavia, dully. 'I *be* tired.'

'Hed a hard day?' he ventured, sitting down unbidden beside her; 'harder'n common, I mean?'

'It ain't that,' replied Octavia, 'I'm tired of it *all*, Cyrus—the farm, 'an the fields, an' the cattle, an' the spinnin', an' the dairy-work, an' lyin' awake nights with the rain patterin' on the shingles or the night-hawk's cryin' in the woods. It ain't the *work*. I'm willin' enough to work. It's the *sameness* of it all that I'm so tired of.'

Cyrus pulled a twig from the syringa bush beside the door-step, and began to strip the leaves off, one by one. 'Wal,' he said slowly, 'most work's 'bout the same, Octavy, arter ye've done it oncet.'

'It isn't that, either, returned the girl, petulantly. 'You don't know what I mean. I'm tired of *everythin'*, Cyrus!'

As she spoke, she turned her head, and Cyrus' eyes followed the direction which hers had taken. To him it was a peaceful, pleasant scene enough—the sweep of green rising slightly from the road to meet the great red-painted barns, the cornhouse with its four long legs capped by rusty tin pans to keep away the rats, the barn-yard full of lowing cattle, the empty hay rack with Octavia's little sisters playing in it. The bars between the yard and the irregular meadow lane were down and the two boys sat on the low stone wall playing something with various willow sticks. The farmer's wife leaned from the buttery window for a breath of evening air. Within the barn yard door the farmer and a neighbor chewed long straws and examined a new scythe. Before the barn a cart horse, freed from his harness, rolled uncoutly and flourished his stiff, cumbersome old limbs. Seated on a wheelbarrow was Hiram, the 'fired man' in his brown-checked shirt, home-spun trousers and battered straw hat; he sat slouching forward, with his elbows on his knees; he was whittling a bit of soft pine wood, but he was not making anything in particular, except shaving; and he was chewing a straw—a long and yellow one.

Octavia sighed impatient, 'There!' she exclaimed. 'I am so tired of seeing men chew straws.'

Cyrus now dropped his syringa twig, now quite stripped of its leaves, and it fell into the grass. He had just been thinking of chewing the end of it. 'I don't chew straw,' he ventured.

Octavia turned and looked at him. He was not chewing straw, to be sure, but there was an air of rustic smartness about him which the girl in present captious mood found infinitely annoying. 'You don't understand me,' she repeated pettishly.

'No,' agreed Cyrus, 'I guess I don't. I dunno, raly, what 'tis troubles ye to night. I wish I did.'

A silence fell upon them for a moment, through which came the voices from the barn.

'—Got some new fangled notions about what he calls the rotation of crops. Allus was full 'f notions.'

'Wal, notions never'll raise wheat for him in the Harskill medder; I say what I allus held to——'

'I thought,' began Cyrus, timidly, 'that ef things went wal this fall I might git holt of Hubbard's lot, next the forge, an' hev the suller dug 'afore winter, so as to begin building ez soon's the frost's outen the ground in the spring. Mebbe then—ye might hev a home of your own—this time next year—Octavy dear.'

For a moment the girl did not answer. Her face did not brighten, as Cyrus had hoped it would. She neither blushed nor smiled. 'But then,' she said, 'there is all winter, Cyrus; an' winter on the farm is worse than the suhliher.' She paused a minute, then suddenly drew from her pocket a letter written in red ink and scented with musk. 'I had this yesterday,' she said 'from my cousin Jinny Buck. She's my aunt Marthy's oldest girl—three years older 'n me; they live to Lewiston; ther'e big mills there, an' lots of girls work in 'em. They have good times together. Jinny says it's real gay. They have dances an' all sorts of shows, different from here. Jinny wants me to come to Lewiston an' work in the mills along with her and Elviry. I mean to go, too, ef father'll let me.' She folded the letter very small and creased it with her thumb and forefinger. She did not glance toward Cyrus, but added, after an instant. 'An' he'll *her* to let me.'

Poor Cyrus could think of nothing to say for a time. His slow brain was completely unbalanced by the adventurous spirit of the girl beside him. For himself, he was entirely content with his life. He never aspired to go from China Valley than to the county fair at North China, or to Holt's Mills to witness a river baptism. 'It's dretful *fur*, Octavy,' he said at length, 'Lewiston is; I dunno, raly, jest how many miles, but it's fur away; it's consid'ble of a journey—dear.

Octavy looked at her lover with contempt. 'It ain't so dretful fur," she said. 'You don't know nothing about travelin', Cyrus.'

'Thet's so, Octavy,' the smith assented, humbly. He looked a moment admiringly at his fearless sweetheart; then his eyes sought the ground and he repeated slowly, 'Ther's so.' He appeared to be benumbed by the length and danger of the journey and by the loss of Octavia.

"I should write to you, of course, Cyrus, and you would write to me. The winter would go pretty quick. It would be spring 'fore you knew it.'

Octavia was a determined willing woman, and it was not miny weeks before she really left China Valley for the mill town of Lewiston. She started one September morning, in the old yellow-bodied stage coach, drawn by two gaunt white horses and driven by Mr. Elias Huff, red-faced and loudly cheerful. Cyrus went to the village store to give her a bunch of dahlias, yellow and claret and white, and some Early Harvests in a small basket.

"Lias'll look out for ye,' he said, looking up at her as she sat flushed and happy on the back seat of the coach. "Lias he'll show you the other stage—the one ye must change into at Medder's Falls, ye know.'

'Yes, Cyrus,' she replied, with slight restiveness.

Her old father, who had driven her in from the farm in his wagon, now came out of the store and stood with his foot on the hub of a wheel and chewed a straw reflectively, 'Be sure 'Lias don't forgit to put your chist over on to other stage when ye change at the Falls,' he said.

'No father,' answered Octavia.

'You will want some dinner, ye know at the Medder Falls tavern. Ye can git the landlady to see to ye. Ye'll hev to pay two shillin's, I callate.'

'Yes, father,' with a slight flounce. 'They'll be consid'able many people at the tavern; don't ye hold no talk with 'em.'

'No father.'

'Don't git out at the wrong place, now. Jest you stick in the coach. 'Lias he he'll tell you when to git out. Don't ye budge till he tells ye.'

'Of course not, father. I ain't a fool.'

The driver came from the store, threw the leather mail bag at the front seat and swung himself up. Cyrus shook his sweetheart's hand for the last time. The farmer took his foot from the hub. The whip was cracked, and the cumbersome coach jerked and rolled away in a cloud of yellow dust. Octavia ruffled her neck and waved the dahlias at her lover, and two blossoms fell into the sandy street, and Octavia was gone—really gone.

Cyrus went back to his forge slowly; but that day he did not sing.

Letters from Octavia were neither long nor frequent, but she wrote sometimes. She told Cyrus about her "Aunt Buck's silver glass bell-knob" and the 'parlor carpet,' and sometimes she said she wished he would 'set up' in Lewiston; she would like to live there.

After all she did better than Cyrus. Competition was hard work for him. He said a pen was 'too small to git a good holt on;' and he told a confident in the village store that he had 'rather shoe ten yoke of oxen than write one letter.'

It was a long fall and a long winter to poor Cyrus. He was glad Octavia was so happy. He was glad the mills were so gay, and that she no longer found everything the same. For himself, he would have found the days well-nigh unbearable except that he had planned a great surprise for Octavia, and was very busy in preparing it. In the fall, even earlier than he had hoped, he had bought the coveted piece of land beside the forge, and had his cellar dug and the house well along before winter. It was a small house, but every part was arranged with humble, loving thought for the woman who was to be its mistress.

'I want everything ez handy's a thin' can be made,' he said to Silas Chapman, the carpenter. 'I want everything done to save steps an' make things easy. Woman's work is hard enough, make the best of it ye will.'

He even sent to Portland for a door bell with a silvery knob, such as Octavia had written about. People in China Valley did not have door bells, and there was much talk about what Octavia's pride would bring her lover to, for nobody laid the door bell to Cyrus.

So he worked through the short, dull days of winter, through stormy March and windy April. Spring comes with such chill reluctance to these northern New England towns that even on May day one still sees snow-drifts lying along in the shadow of stone walls and in the bleak meadow hollows. Only the new red shoots of the maples and the green and brown catkins on the alders and witch-hazels give hope of a more gracious season.

One afternoon in early May, Cyrus was sitting in the village store with a number of the choice spirits who frequented the place. He had just come from his new house, now almost finished. He had the key on his forefinger, and swung it to and fro as he sat on on a nail keg by the stove.

'What ye ben movin' into yer new house, Cy?' asked Silas Chapman.

'Not much,' answered Cyrus. 'I thought I might's wal move my own things over from Deacon Dunlap's. Long as I got my own house, no use in payin' board to the deacon's as I know on.'

'The plaster ain't raly dry, though,' said Silas. 'Ye want to keep the winders open an' give the wind a chance to draw through. Takes plaster consid'able of a time to dry in the spring, ye know.'

'Yes,' agreed Cyrus, absently. He was rather interested in a game of fox and geese which Nathan Pettingil and Ben Thayer were playing on a starch box cover, with beans and corn for the fox and geese. Presently there was a rumble without, the snap of a whip, and a loud 'Whoa!'

The store keeper, who was also the postmaster, went to the open door and caught the mail bag as the driver tossed it to him. 'Hain't ether nothing o' them salt fish, I 'spose?' he asked.

'Wal, no,' returned the driver. 'They wasn't to the Falls. I ast for 'em. But them dried apples ye sent Jabez Williams tole me to tell ye——' The clumsy stage horses started with an ungainly jerk. 'See ye—when I come—back along,' he finished spasmodically.

The store keeper came schuffling back in his red-leather slippers trodden down at the heels. He threw the mail bag down on the counter and began to hunt for the key in his pocket. 'Ye don't seem to take no great intruss in yer girl, Cy,' he called out, presently.

'What do ye mean?' asked Cyrus, flushing suddenly.

'She was on the stage to-night,' said the store keeper.

'Octavy Freeman was?' asked Cyrus, starting to his feet, quite regardless of the winks, grins and nudges of his friends. 'Why couldn't you 'a spoke on it sooner, Job, while you was about it?'

Job Perkins was a ponderous man, slow of speech and comprehension. 'Ef I'd 'a ben expectin' of her,' he said heavily, 'like as not sh'd 'a knowed who 'twas. But, bein' as she wasn't in my mind, an' I not expectin' to see her, why, it wasn't borne in upon me who it was till 'Lias had whipped up. She's sort 'o changed, too, Octavy has. I'd know as 'twas much wonder I didn't know her either, jest at first. She looked—why, she looked like a summer boarder, Cy; she is changed consid'able since she's been in the city. Then there was strangers in the stage, too—goin' to Tewksbury's, I guess. I must ast 'Lias, when he comes back along, who they be.'

Cyrus stood quite still for a moment, watching Job as he unlocked the mail bag. 'She has come home onexpected,' he said, with some idea of pride; 'thet's what she's done. her father knowed nothin' of it this mornin' when he was in to get his sorrel shod. She's been an' done it for a surprise to us all.' He pondered a moment, then added: 'Thet's so; thet's *so*,' and left the store still swinging the key of his new house upon his finger.

In the early evening Cyrus made himself smart, and started out along the river road to see Octavia. It was a mild, damp evening, and the air was full of sweet earthy odors. On the left, behind the screen of willows and alder bushes, Cyrus could hear the river, swollen and angry with the spring freshets, flowing turbidly over its rocky bed. Once he stopped to cut a handful of little branches from the young willows, covered with shy furry shoots. As he went along he whistled softly. He was thinking how Octavia's eyes would shine when he showed her the key and made her guess what it unlocked. 'She won't want to be goin' back to Lewiston again, I guess,' he said to himself; and then he grew blissful over the rides they would take to North China to buy their house furnishings. 'I don't know, raly, what Octavy won't say when she comes to see that door-bell.'

When the great red barns came in sight he had to stop a moment to collect himself, his slow heart had begun to beat so heavily. Before the house Octavia's two young brothers were pitching quoits, and her little sister stood watching them. As they saw him, theboys dropped their quoits and ran into the barn, and the girl fled toward the house, crying: 'Tavy! 'Tavy! here's Cyrus comin'!'

The blacksmith quickened his steps. He had hoped to surprise his sweetheart, as she had surprised him that afternoon. He was too late, however, for immediately Octavia ran from the house and came down the sandy road to meet him. She wore a pale-gray gown which was wonderful in Cyrus' eyes; there were ribbons, and ends and flounces, which fluttered and twisted as she ran, and she had a little red shawl held gipsy fashion across her black hair. She was certainly handsomer than ever, Cyrus," she cried, as she stopped panting beside him, "how did you know I had come?"

He took both her hands in his own hard brown ones, and kissed her frankly on the lips. There was no one to see but a mild eyed young steer looking stolidly over the barn-yard bars. For a moment the lovers gazed at each other in silence.

'How brown he is!' thought Octavia.

'How beautiful she has grown!' thought Cyrus. Then he spoke. 'I brought ye some pussy willows—dear,' he said; 'you used to like 'em.'

She took them absently. 'Let's walk down the road a piece,' she said, as far's the meadow bars.' I—I've got somethin' to tell you before we go into the house.'

'I don't care nothin' about goin into the house at all,' replied Cyrus, 'as long's I've got you. We can be more alone out here. But you're sure you're warm enough—dear, with only that little shawl? You ain't sick, Octavy, be ye?' with an anxious tone creeping into his voice. 'You ain't come home so onexpected owin' to gettin' sick with workin' in the mills?'

'O, no,' said the girl, quickly; 'I'm well; I'm very well, Cyrus, an' I hope,' her mind falling upon her accustomed set phrase for letter writing,—'I hope you are the same. I—I've got somethin' to tell you, Cyrus.'

'Wal,' said Cyrus, happily content, 'I've got somethin' to tell you too, Octavy. You tell yours first, an' then I'll tell mine.'

He took her hand; it was a cold and reluctant hand, but he was too happy to notice it, and they walked along in silence till they reached the meadow bars.

They heard the plaintive bleat of the young lambs in the sheep fold, and the high and continuous trill of the frogs in the neighboring marsh. Suddenly Octavia withdrew her hand, and, stooping, picked two or three blades of brown grass and compared their lengths with great interest.

'We—you know we've ben keepin' company now 'most five years, Cyrus,' she began.

'Yes,' assented her lover; 'thet's so.'

'An,' *you* see, we might go on an' on, Cyrus, in just the same old way. An' then the city is so nifferent from here; it makes the village look so small an' mean. You don't know how it looks after you've ben away in the city.'

The girl began to pull the blades of grass into small pieces. 'I ain't no hand to beat about the bush,' she broke suddenly. 'I never was. There was a gentleman down there to Lewiston, he had a grocery, not a bit like Perkin's store, Cyrus, but a real elegant store, with two front windows, an' his name in gold letters on the sign, you know.'

The blacksmith looked at her steadily. 'Go on,' he said.

'Well, he was sort of keepin' company with my cousin, Jinny Buck, though he says he never had spoke a word to her about marryin', an'—well, I couldn't help it if he liked me bettern' he did Jin. It wasn't my fault, as I told her. I never did bothin' to draw him toward me; of course I wouldn't. Jinny's the meanest girl. She cast it up in——'

'Stop a minute,' Cyrus interrupted. 'I—I guess I wouldn't mind about Jinny if I was you, Octavy. It ain't about her I want to hear. I don't know Jinny, ye know.'

Octavia turned away and looked down the long country road. There was nothing to see but the stone walls and naked elder bushes; but somehow, she did not want to look at her lover just then. 'I s'pose I may as well tell ye first as last,' she said. 'He kep' a comin' all the time an' he would meet me at the mills every night, just to walk home with me; an' he would ask to go everywhere an' keep buyin' things for me there! he did just pester me so—an' Jinny was so hateful all the time, an' Aunt Buck went an' said I'd behaved bad to Jinny, an' must find some other place to board, an' I didn't have no place to go, an' so—he's dretful masterful anyway, Jiff Haskell is, an' he'd made up his mind to hev me, whether or no, an'—well, I couldn't stand out agin him, and the truth, an' the whole truth is, we was married last Monday morning, an' its done anyhow, an' can't be undone.'

Cyrus did not say anything. He put out his left hand a little blindly, as if reaching for something. He struck the bars of the meadow, by which they had stopped and clung to the wooden post.

'I spose I might a' written,' the girl went on swiftly, without looking at him, 'but I thought I could tell you better than I could write. I never was no great hand to write, anyhow, an' I knew I was comin' right home.' The woman's small soul, searching for self-excuse and comfort, made her abusive. 'Everybody tormented me so,' she said petulantly. 'I was just drove into it, anyway; I hadn't no say about it; an' now that I've come home, father and mother are both down on me, an' now you bear malice. I just wish I was dead!'

'Don't say thet, Octavy,' broke out Cyrus, at length. 'Don't wish ye was dead. You—you don't know what you're sayin'.'

'Well,' said the girl, 'I don't care; I do. Everybody seems to blame me. I don't know what I could have done. Everybody is so cross. I hain't been treated a bit like a bride.'

'Hain't you?' asked Cyrus, looking at her dully. 'Why, thet's too bad.'

It seemed to him as though that high, continuous chorus from the marsh was driving him quite mad. He could hear nothing but the frogs. His head seemed to reel and swim. He saw Octavia speaking, her lips moved, but he could not hear what she said. Suddenly the humming in his head grew more intense, then came a snap, as if something there had broken. The humming still continued, but the pitch was lower and it was more monotonous. Cyrus thought vaguely that it was like the noise he had noticed at Holt's Mills—first with the doors wide open and then with them closed. Again he saw Octavia speak. 'I can't hear ye,' he said, in a dull, slow way. 'Ye needn't whisper, Octavy; there ain't nobody to overhear. Jest say it out loud.'

She did not answer him. She only stood looking at him oddly. He noticed that the young lambs had stopped their soft treble bleating and the frogs had ceased croaking in the low, green marsh. A strange, dull heavy silence had fallen over everything. Octavia's face, with its clear pink and white tints, moved in a curious way, swimming to and fro before him. Her black hair, the scarlet shawl, the golden ornaments in her ears all blended and became tremulous and hazy.

Was she going mad, that she danced before him in that slow, mysterious way.

When Cyrus opened his eyes, the sun—a low June sun—was shining redly into the little chamber of his own house. A women—not Octavia—sat knitting by the window—an old woman, with a worn brown face, and thin gray hair screwed into a vigorous knot; a dismal gown of the material known as 'mourning calico,' and a string of gold beads about her withered neck. The window was open, and, just outside, an apple tree rosy and white with bloom screened the room from the sun. On the high red bureau were bottles and cups and bowls with plates set over them. Beside his bed on a little stand was a glass half full of lavender-water, with flies buzzing about it drowsily drawn by the faint sweet odor.

Cyrus looked from these to a familiar picture in a cherry frame. It was called 'The Village Beauty,' and represented a red-cheeked, black-haired maiden in a tight red gown, feeding from her lips a yellow bird who perched on her unnaturally taper finger. Cyrus had bought it of a peddler because he thought the girl looked like Octavia.

His eyes wandered on languidly and fell at last upon the patchwork quilt of yellow 'rising suns' upon a green groundwork; and then he came to notice his own hands, large and brown as ever, but how pale they were and how the great knuckles stood out! Then he stirred a little

(CONCLUDED ON 3RD PAGE.)

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—BY—

Frank M. Dallam.

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One copy one Year.....$2.00
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" " Three Months.....1.00
Single copies.....10 Cents

SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1883.

SOME graceless wielder of the pen has been saying rough things about Colfax in a communication to a Portland paper, and our neighbor of the *Gazette* is righteously indignant. The way Sweet goes for the scribe is a caution to all other writers who may feel an itching to see themselves in print under a recklessly worded article on Palouse towns.

SOME of the papers down to Portland must have a desire to throw as many impediments in the way of Spokane Falls as possible. Only the other day the *Oregonian* published a statement that the people of the Falls had petitioned the Governor for arms in anticipation of an Indian outbreak. Such an idea is too absurd for credence, and originated in the brain of some one in that office. All the efforts put forth to turn the tide of immigration from this city have amounted to naught, and Spokane Falls will grow even in spite of such false trumped up assertions.

MEMORIAL DAY was generally observed throughout the Union Wednesday. The practice of keeping green in memory the heroic men who gave up their lives that the Union might be one and preserved is a worthy testimonial of the living to those brave spirits. The cause in which they died was a holy one, and generations to come that owe their prosperity and peace to the exertions of the dead will exhibit their gratitude by annually visiting the narrow mounds that encompass the dust of those sacrificed in war and strew the sod with bright hued flowers. May the custom never grow out of date no more than the commemoration of the day in which the independence of the colonies was declared.

WE have been cautiously informed by a gentleman in this city that the projected railroad from Spokane Falls up through the Colville Valley, so long talked of, is about to be built, and that work will commence within sixty days. Not being prepared to say for a mortal fact that the flashing hardware is to be struck into the bowels of the earth for the purpose of piling up the road bed in that time, we do not propose to promise such a greatly desired event, but that the road is to be commenced within the time specified is a certainty beyond controversy. The report comes from a reliable source, however, and it is too good news to keep over until it can be confirmed. The fact is a branch road is needed from this point to the section mentioned, as it opens up to settlers some of the most desirable farming lands in the territory, besides giving an outlet for the products of those already engaged in agricultural pursuits. This is but one of the several proposed roads to radiate from the Falls, and the building of which is only a matter of a little time. The branch is an offshoot of the North Pacific, a line noted all over the world for its able management and its ability to successfully cope with any and all obstacles. The mere mention of the fact that the North Pacific is to take hold of a projected line of railroad is sufficient in itself to give the public explicit confidence in its ultimate construction. Nothing would prove more advantageous to Spokane than a line of rails connecting it with the fertile valleys to the north, unless it might be several lines linking it with the same kind of property scattered off at other points of the compass. From its very location Spokane is destined to be a railroad centre, and the sooner the roads are under way the better it will be not only for this city but the whole upper country.

SCARCE a day passes but what there are applications made by new comers for comfortable residences, and today there is not a good building in the city for rent. There are a great many people coming to this country during the present summer and fall, who will naturally stop off at Spokane Falls, and who will want houses to go into. If they are disappointed in securing a place of residence to some degree comfortable they will naturally move on and locate at some other place. Now the point is preparations should be made at once to accommodate these immigrants, and while this is being done the builder can bear constantly in mind the fact that the rentals of every house he puts up is equivalent to the largest interest now paid. We have taken some trouble to talk with contractors on this subject and they are all agreed that a man with a little capital can readily secure two per cent. on the money by building the better class of residences in use about the city. The demand for houses is so great and constantly increasing that there is no fears that buildings of the description we mention would ever remain unoccupied for any length of time. We hear it hinted that some of our residents with means to invest contemplate putting up a number of cottages, and hope that it may take a more tangible shape than a mere street rumor. We know of one gentleman, Mr. A. M. Hatcher, a recent arrival, who at once noticed the absence of tenemental houses and who feels thoroughly satisfied "there's money in it" that he proposes to erect three neat little dwellings in Havermale's addition, situated in the eastern part of the city, for renting. The contract has already been let and the carpenters will commence operations immediately. This example should be followed by others until it becomes known everywhere that no difficulty whatever will be experienced in securing quarters at Spokane Falls.

LOCAL.

Balance All.

If a stranger had visited the livery stables of this city last Friday evening in search of a team, as we did, he would have thought that there had been a regiza among our citizens, and that they had hooked on to every vehicle within reach to facilitate their flight. The cause of this heavy run on livery stock did not originate from a desire to fling distance between Spokane and the departed, however, but was the effect of an announcement spread among the young folks that a ball was to be given at a new school house on Peone prairie. Boys who never before took much stock in Peone, or any other prairie, were now as anxious to get out to that particular spot as though their favorite girl lived just where the school house is situated. And they got there, too. They found a large gathering of the youth and beauty of the neighborhood assembled, all bent upon having as good a time as could be extracted in the brief interval between the going down and coming up of the sun. Bright lights that slung their rays over the happy, jostling crowd were almost dimmed by the brighter glances of sparkling eyes, lit by the fires of pleasure; the downy cheeks of the fair maidens, tinted by that incomparable artist—health—vied with the rose, in answer to the compliments of smitten swains; the silvery intonations of the joyous exclamations of those pretty girls, filled the room with notes of merriment; the scraping music made by the twinkling feet moving in dazzling unison was monotonous but meant business; and above all the filaments of the caudal appendage of the domestic quadruped called a horse grated sweetly across the taut intestines of the cat, and the sonorous voice of the caller floated out on top of the conglomeration of cheerful sounds like the reverberations of a summons from old Gabriel. There was fun enough for everybody, and even the diffident youth who stands back in the corner putting in time pulling down his vest and taking a fresh hitch in his cravat had a "good time." When the dancers had worked up a fresh appetite supper was announced. The collation consisted of all that variety of palatable pantry ware only to be found in the country, where the nimble hands of woman have free swing and know how to manufacture those things that go down smoothly and touch the right spot several times in the descent. Of course the party broke up early—in the morning—after a night of extravagant enjoyment. Taken altogether and the dance at Peone prairie school house was one that the indulgers are not liable to forget in numerous days. The affair was conducted in first-class style, and no one departed without expressing themselves as being more than pleased. Spokane Falls was largely represented, and both ladies and gentlemen were well satisfied with the trip, and are only sorry they do not occur more frequently.

"The recent dispatches to the 'Oregonian' from San Pedro announcing the arrest of J. A. Woods, of Washington territory, charged with embezzlement, recall the circumstances of the crime, which occurred in Spokane Falls over a year ago. The party from whom Woods embezzled several hundred dollars was Jack Squier, well known throughout the upper country. Jack was a sort of pioneer dealer in sporting houses as civilization pushed its front forward toward the Rocky mountains, and there was scarcely a town in which he did not pitch his tent and hang out his sign at some time or other. Of course he has a well off in fortune, and wherever business seems to flourish extra well there he put some trusty man in charge, paying little or no attention to details, but gathering up the profits that were continually pouring in. It was at Spokane Falls that this Wood was Squier's "Man Friday," and he had been the most trusted of Jack's employees. When he skipped out with all the available funds of the concern Squier was in Southern California and the police authorities were somewhat at a loss to know what to do in the premises. Finally it was concluded to stop the absconding debtor, and the Portland police telegraphed a warrant to San Francisco, which threw him into jail. Then Squier came up to Walla Walla, and the matter was settled by Woods paying a small sum and obtaining his freedom. After that Woods disappeared for a time and everyone supposed the whole affair was forgotten. About three weeks ago Woods turned up in Portland, returning soon after to California, where he has been arrested, as stated above. The explanation of this, given by the police here, is that when Squier returned to Spokane Falls he found the amount embezzled much larger than he supposed at the time he compromised with Woods, and has since been doing his time to have him re-captured the defaulter. Having just learned the latter's whereabouts he has caused his arrest, with the intention of prosecuting him to the fullest extent of the law. Woods has made application for a writ of habeas corpus, which has been denied, and he is now held awaiting extradition papers from Oregonia."

The above article from the *Oregonian* is a pretty good item, only it lacks the quality of truth, and a few of the misstatements filed off leaves it rather decade of point. It is true that some time ago J. N. Squier, of this place, had a man by the name of Woods in his employ, and that he was filling a position of trust. Mr. Squier felt so much confidence in Woods' integrity that he left him in charge of a large business during a temporary absence. This trust Woods abused, and showed his ingratitude to his employer by decamping with a large sum of money. It is further true that the man Woods has been arrested for the crime, and that it is the intention of Mr. Squier to prosecute the case. But it is not true that Squier has followed the lead of civilization and spread his tent in divers places. He came to the Falls, admired the place as all men do, and embarked in business, and pays strict attention to it, too, even though the extent of it requires the employment of assistants. The fortune spoken of as having been made in his peregrinations exists only in the imagination of the author of the item. It is also a misstatement that Mr. Squier ever met Woods in San Francisco and compromised the matter on the payment of a small sum. He has never met the recreant Woods, and never had a desire to let him go unwhipped of justice, but taking advantage of this first opportunity has had the fellow arrested with the intention of having him legally suffer for the transgression, if in his power so to do.

PERSONAL.

A. K. Woodbury is off on a business jaunt to Portland.

J. French, of this place, was registered at the Esmond House, Portland, last Tuesday.

I. C. Townsend, of our new real estate firm, is taking his lash at Portland this week.

J. T. Lockhart, Deputy Clerk of the District Court, was in this city on business appertaining to his office Tuesday.

A. L. Levinson, of Cheney, has located in Spokane with the intention of staying. May he find this a pleasant home.

District Attorney S. C. Hyde has been spending a fortnight at the county seat, where his duties frequently call him.

Sheriff P. W. Dillon, of Cheney, was in this growing young city Saturday, spending the day among his numerous friends.

J. T. McCarther, who signs himself from Spokane, is buzzing the capitalists of Portland this week. May he escape drowning below.

Harry Neville, of Walla Walla, an old "print" now advance agent for the Trans-Continental Circus, was in the city billing the show Monday.

Musgrove, the lumbago pusher of the Rathdrum *Courier*, was browsing about the city of magnificent prospects Friday. He is looking prime.

Mrs. Peter Denber has been in care of a physician for a week. Malarial fever is the complaint and the disease is succumbing to good treatment.

J. J. Browne, our well known attorney, is taking a lay off and combining business with pleasure in a trip down to that great maritime city, Portland.

Station Agent J. T. McElroy departed for Colfax, Friday, where he has been summoned as a witness in a murder trial to take place at that city on the 4th.

E. S. Whitman, of Walla Walla, brother of S. G. Whitman, has taken charge of Wells, Fargo's office during the absence of S. G. He will keep the institution hang up during his term.

L. W. Rima, our genial jeweler, has been wrestling with a spell of sickness this week. Mr. Rima came out of the struggle on top and is about again attending to his shop duties.

J. N. Squier is off on a visit to his mine in the Colville country, where fair prospects have been unearthed by experienced delvers after the precious root of all evil. May Jack strike a genuine bonanza is our wish.

Abe Thomas, the wide-awake agricultural implement dealer of Cheney, was up to the Falls Tuesday. He has the Spokane fever bad, "and while the fit is on him" we hope he may decide upon adding himself to our population.

Col. L. B. Nash, of the law firm of Nash, Andrews & Stout, has been under the weather this week, trying to get the upper hand of a sore throat. The Colonel will be himself again in a few days if no unforseen accident intervene.

We had a call Friday from Craigie Sharp, Jr., traveling agent for *The West Shore*, an excellent monthly published at Portland. He's a he, notwithstanding that front name, and a very pleasant he he is. Mr. Craig is a live canvasser and is doing good work for the popular periodical he represents.

The Right Reverend Dr. Paddock, Bishop of Washington territory, arrived in our city Tuesday and conducted services in the Episcopal church Wednesday morning. He is an erudite and earnest churchman, a pleasant and entertaining preacher and the public will have an opportunity to listen to him this evening and to-morrow morning and evening.

S. G. Whitman, the active Wells, Fargo & Co's local agent, departed for Seattle this week, were he goes as representative of Spokane Lodge, No. 34, A. F. & A. M., to the Grand Lodge of Masons that holds its session in that city next week. Mrs. W. and child goes on as far as Walla Walla with her husband to make her relatives and friends in that city a visit. They expect to be absent ten or twelve days.

Capt. W. H. Andrews, of Walla Walla, and father-in-law of S. G. Whitman, was in the city on a visit this week. The Captain is an old timer on the coast, and an enthusiastic admirer of the upper country, especially that part of it of which Walla Walla is the hub. He is an agreeable, genial gentleman, and has profited by his years of experience in California, Oregon and Washington. He reports the grain about the southern edge of the territory as looking magnificent, and claims that not sufficient rolling stock can be secured to carry the surplus to the coast.

Handsome Appartments.

M. T. Hartson and I. C. Townsend, young gentlemen of means and large experience in the business of buying and selling real estate, and who have considerable property in this vicinity, have at last settled down in a magnificent suite of rooms in A. M. Cannon's block, at the corner of Mill street and Riverside avenue. The rooms are situated up stairs, and are commodious, well lighted and sumptuously furnished throughout. The boys came here to stay with the place. They looked upon it for the first time, and were charmed. They have explicit confidence in the prospective hereafter of Spokane Falls, so much so that they were willing to invest money here, and we believe that already their perspicuity has been the source of much financial benefit. Through them we expect to see considerable immigration to the Falls and adjoining country during the coming summer, as they are doing much to spread abroad the advantages that the city holds out as a place of residence. We admire their energy and hope every success will award the efforts of the firm of Hartson & Townsend.

Another Kind.

A report has gained credence that there are at the present time several cases of scarlet fever in the city. We have taken the trouble to inquire as to the truth of the rumor, and from what we can learn are lead to believe that this is a mistake. There has been several cases of eruptive fever that might be mistaken for the more serious and dreaded disease, but the symptoms in these cases are decidedly different from the genuine scarlet fever. The eruptive fever that is now being treated by our physicians is one of those many complaints of the fever order that a child or adult might be taken with at any time, but is neither epidemic or contagious in character, and is not by any means dreaded by the profession as is that trying, tedious, serious, and commonly fatal malady known as the scarlet fever.

Off.

Thursday afternoon a well equipped party of explorers departed from Spokane for a long and what promises to be an adventurous trip. The party consisted of Wm. Kaiser, the clever head and front of the widely known Sprague House, R. R. Hargrove, H. A. Bateman, A. S. J. Phelps, lately from Illinois, and two young gentlemen, Mr. Linden and Mr. Mansfield. Each man rode a tough and sturdy bronco, leading pack animals loaded down with the necessary paraphernalia for such a voyage. They were also armed like an arsenal, so as to be prepared for any familiarity that the natives of the upper wilds may exhibit. From here the cavalcade travels almost due west until reaching the Columbia river, which is struck on the upper edge of the Big Bend, thus giving the travelers an opportunity to traverse that promising section through the very best part of it. Crossing the Columbia they head north until reaching O-ne-yoos Lake, which they cross and strike the Okanagun country, the point they are aiming at. This small strip of territory is on the very line of British America, is some fifteen miles wide by sixty miles in length, and has been recently thrown open by the government. It lays just above Chief Moses' reservation, in fact was a piece of it and is the source of complications with that chieftain. It is reported that the country is rich in minerals, and this is the attraction that is drawing the boys so far from home. The distance to travel is some 200 miles, and the adventurers expect to be absent upward of a month at least. We wish them a safe and pleasant journey, and hope that they may discover and secure all the yellow dross that they can carry.

More of It.

We had the pleasure Tuesday of meeting John R. Tiaman, general traveling agent for this territory for the justly celebrated Marsh harvesting machinery, manufactured by Wm. Deering, who owns one of the largest factories devoted to that class of machinery in the world. Mr. Thaman has had charge of the agency at Cheney for some time, but now departs for a tour throughout the territory. He has met with wonderful success, so far this season, among the farmers of this section. He informs us that it is the intention of his house to build a large building at Spokane Falls next fall, and make this place the general distributing point for the northwest. We would not be surprised if in the near subsequently if this, or some other large firm in the same trade, would not put up a branch manufactory here, this being a natural distributing point for the vast agricultural and mineral belt of Washington and Idaho.

Also.

J. M. Grimmer could not rest easy with his N. P. Hotel perched away up above the surrounding buildings when the removal of a little real estate would bring him down to a level with his neighbors, and, though he had been at heavy expense building extensive flights of steps to facilitate ingress and egress to his establishment, he spake unto James Roe, who has been engaged in that class of work for a month or more, and soon made terms with that gentleman to have the house knocked down to grade. Men don't loaf around weighing costs of improvements in this country. They make up their mind as to what they want on the fly, and they no sooner think it ought to be done than they go to work and do it. The consequence is that the workmen have already burrowed deep beneath the hotel, and while the edifice is a large and weighty one it will only be a few days until the front doors shake hands with the sidewalk.

Delightful Spin.

While buckling into that common exercise called labor, last Saturday evening, the front door of the REVIEW office swung open and in popped the smiling countenance of that clever gentleman, E. J. Webster, who, as a committee of one, invited us to join a party that Mr. Ben. Bravinder was driving about in his stylish new hack. Accepting the kindly proffered invitation we had the pleasure of a drive about town and the opportunity to see the city, river and falls by night, a sight well worth hunting after. The team was an excellent one, the driver skillful and careful, the company of that refined and entertaining character that one joins with pleasure and leaves with regret, and the evening was gotten up in a style that could not have been improved upon. Ye weary editor, after the week's work, sincerely appreciated the little act of kindness and extends his best brand of thanks for the favor.

Going.

That new sash, door and blind factory recently completed on the river in the eastern part of town, and which is owned and managed by Messrs. Johnson, Burns and Whiscomb, is in trim to commence opperations. The firm calculated to get in running order by the 1st of June and they put in such good licks that the object has been accomplished. The machinery runs like a charm, and from the manner in which the steam whistle talks daily it is evident that the motive power is equal to the labor it is expected to perform. Enough orders are on the books to keep the managers hustling around pretty lively to fill on time, and there is no doubt that the business will grow apace as the quality of the productions become known. May the enterprise the proprietors have shown be amply rewarded.

The man who thinks that his hay can hoe in the garden while a circus procession is passing is always the man who has a front seat when the performance begins.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Weather Report.

WAR DEPARTMENT,
Signal Service U. S. Army.

Report of observations taken at Spokane Falls, W. T., for the week ending, Thursday night, May 31, 1883:

Date	Max. tem.	Min. tem.	In. rain
Friday	66.0	41.0	.00
Saturday	71.0	44.2	.00
Sunday	74.5	50.0	.00
Monday	68.8	41.5	.00
Tuesday	69.0	43.0	.00
Wednesday	70.0	45.0	.00
Thursday	60.0	45.0	.00

JACK F. HOSKWAY,
Post Signal Corps U. S. Army.

THE

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

—OF—

Spokane Falls, W. T.

Authorized Capital.....$100,000
Paid up Capital.....$50,000

F. R. MOORE.....President
JAMES N. GLOVER.....Vice President
HORACE L. CUTTER.....Cashier

Directors:

August Goldsmith, Louis H. Whitehouse, Frank R. Moore, James N. Glover, Horace L. Cutter.

Correspondents:

First National Bank.....Portland, Oregon
First National Bank.....Walla Walla, W. T.
Anglo Californian Bank LM.....San Francisco
Metropolitan National Bank.....New York

This Bank will buy and sell Exchange, Coupons, Warrants, make Collections, Loan Money, and transact a General Banking Business.

Special inducements offered to Merchants, Mechanics, Farmers, and all classes of Commercial Men.

Notice of Dissolution.

THE PARTNERSHIP HERETOFORE EXISTING between Chas. Sweeny and A. J. Linden under the firm name of Sweeny, Linden & Co., merchants of Spokane Falls, W. T., is this day dissolved, the said Chas. Sweeny having purchased all the interest of the said Linden in said partnership and is now the sole owner thereof, under the name of Chas. Sweeny & Co., who assumes all debts and liabilities of the late firm of Sweeny, Linden & Co., and is entitled to all debts due and owing to said firm of Sweeny, Linden & Co.

CHAS. SWEENY,
A. J. LINDEN.

Spokane Falls, W. T., May 28, 1883.

D. McDONALD. E. M. POUND.

McDONALD & POUND,

Lumbering AND Ttucking

All kinds of

HAULING AND MOVING

Done carefully at the lowest rates.

Leave orders at the American Stables, corner of Main and Stevens streets.

SPOKANE FALLS, W. T.

S. J. RICHARD

IMPORTER and DEALER

— IN FOREIGN —

WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.

PETER ROACH,

GUNSMITH -

Main street, Spokane Falls, W. T.

Guns, Rifles, Pistols, Door Keys, Etc.

Promptly Repaired.

All work in my line at more reasonable rates than any other house in the city.

Spokane Falls and Medical Lake

(*United.*)

NEW STAGE LINE

—BY—

Warner & Roe.

ON and after Sunday, May 27, 1883, we will run covered omnibuses between the above named places as follows: Leaving the Falls Sundays at 7 a. m., arriving at the Lake at 10 a. m. Leaving the Lake at 4 p. m., same day, and arriving at the Falls at 7 p. m. Leaving the Falls Wednesdays at 7 a. m. and making the return trip on Thursdays, leaving the Lake at 7 a. m. Fare $1.00 each way; 50 cents additional for one baggage, or any part thereof. Seats must be paid for in advance to be secured. Leave orders at the office of Warner & Roe, proprietors of the Western Livery, Sale and Exchange Stable, Spokane Falls, and with J. F. Woods, proprietor Medical Lake House. ☞ A daily service will be established as soon as it is deemed expedient.

A. M. CANNON, President. | R. H. BENNETT, Cashier.

BANK OF

Spokane Falls

(ORGANIZED IN 1879.)

Oldest Bank North of Snake River

Capital, - - - $75,000.

Exchange on all the Principal Cities Bought and Sold.

Interest allowed on Time Deposits. Collections a Specialty.

CORRESPONDENTS:

New York.....Wells, Fargo & Co's Bank
San Francisco....." " "
Portland.....First National Bank
Walla Walla.....Baker & Boyer

CANNON'S BLOCK, RIVERSIDE AVE.

Delmonico Restaurant!

Next door East California House.

SPOKANE FALLS, W. T.

Thompson & Babbitt, Pros.

The Choicest Game.

The Purest Drinks.

The Best Cooking.

In Eastern Washington!

Strangers visiting Spokane Falls should not fail to dine at

The "Delmonico."

Western Hotel.

W. H. HAMILTON - - Proprietor.

Corner Front and Stevens streets, Spokane Falls, W. T.

Neatness,
Cleanliness,
Good Cooking.

FREE BACK TO THE HOUSE.

CAMPBELL'S

RESTAURANT.

ROBT. CAMPBELL, - - PROPRIETOR.

Main street, three doors east of the Black Hawk Livery Stable, Spokane Falls.

New Restaurant! Good Cooking!

☞ The tables will be supplied with all the delicacies and substantials of the season served in first-class style.

Sports' Headquarters

AL. HAWK, - - - Proprietor,

EAST SIDE OF HOWARD STREET, BET. MAIN STREET AND RIVERSIDE AVENUE

THE VERY FINEST BRANDS OF

Wines, Liquors and Cigars,

Will always be found behind the counter.

NEW

Fruit & Confectionery Store,

J. M. DOWLING, PRO.

RIVERSIDE AVE., NEXT TO SPOKANE BAKERY.

—The Cheapest Place to Buy—

TOBACCOS and CIGARS

NUTS, CANDIES, FRUITS.

Canned Goods, Etc. Etc.

M. F. Calloway,

CARRIAGE PAINTER!

BEST WORK NORTH OF PORTLAND.

Rear of Minnehaha Carriage Shop,

Spokane Falls, - - - W. T.

F. S. MEADE,

Merchan Tailor

Near Reisler's Store, Riverside avenue, Spokane Falls, W. T.

A full Line of Imported Goods,

French, English & Scotch

MADE UP IN THE LATEST STYLES.

"SAMPLE ROOMS,"

S. H. HAYES, Proprietor,

OPPOSITE NORTH PACIFIC RAILROAD DEPOT,

Rathdrum, I. T.

THE BEST OF IMPORTED

WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS

Constantly on hand.

SUMMONS.

TERRITORY OF WASHINGTON, } S. S.
County of Spokane,

IN Justice Court before S. G. Whitman, J. P. in and for said County and Territory.

Alexander Warner and James E. Roe, copartners doing business under the firm name and style of Warner & Roe, Plaintiffs.

vs

William Parker, Defendant.

To William Parker—You are hereby notified that the above named Alexander Warner and James E. Roe copartners doing business under the firm name and style of Warner & Roe have filed a complaint against you in the said court, which will come on to be heard at my office in Spokane Falls, Spokane county, W. T., on the 23d day of June, 1883, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M., and unless you appear and then and there answer the same will be taken as confession, and the demand of the plaintiffs granted. The object and demand of said complaint is to recover from you the sum of six dollars, the same being for the use and hire of a certain team of horses, carriage and harness on the 2nd day of April, 1883. Also to recover from you the further sum of $94.00, same being the amount of damages caused by you to a certain carriage by your negligence on the 2nd day of April, 1883.

Complaint filed May 15, 1883.

S. G. WHITMAN
Justice of the Peace.

HYDE & STOLL, Attorneys for Plaintiffs.

THE

SPOKANE FALLS

REVIEW!

Published every Saturday

AT

SPOKANE FALLS, W. T.

—A PAPER FOR—

The Miner,
The Farmer,
The Merchant,
The Mechanic,
The Laborer,

And all kinds and Conditions of Men.

TERMS:

One Copy One Year.....$2.00
" " Six Months.....1.50
" " Three Months.....1.00
Single Copies.....10 Cents

Business men will find the REVIEW a most excellent advertising medium through which to reach the people of this city and surrounding country.

Terms Made known on Application.

Job Printing

In all its various branches neatly executed.

Address all Communications to

FRANK M. DALLAM,
Spokane Falls, W. T.

Churches and Societies.

FIRST BAPTIST Church, preaching every 4th Sunday, by Rev. W. H. Carmichael, D. D. Sunday school at 10 a. m. Regular monthly business meeting on Wednesday evening before the second Sunday in each month. Sunday school at 2 o'clock P. M. Prayer meeting Wednesday evenings at 8 p. m. All are cordially invited.

CONGREGATIONAL Church, preaching every 4th Sunday, by Rev. C. Fells. Sunday school at 12 o'clock. Prayer meeting every Friday evening at 7½ o'clock.

ALL SAINTS' Church (Episcopal), Rev. B. D. Nevins, D.D., officiating. Services on Sundays at 11 A. M. and 8 P. M. Sunday school at 2 P. M.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL Church, preaching Sundays at 11 A. M. Class meeting immediately after morning service. Sunday school at 2 P. M. Prayer meeting at 7½ P. M. on Sunday, and Thursday at 7 P. M. Singing rehearsal on Saturday evening, at 7. Meeting of stewards and leaders on the last Sabbath of each month. J. C. Libby, Pastor.

SPOKANE LODGE, No. 34, A. F. and A. M., meets on the 2d and 3d Saturdays in the month. S. G. Whitman, W. M. J. M. Grimmer, Sec.

SPOKANE ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER, No. 2, meets on the 2nd and 4th Saturdays in each month.

SPOKANE LODGE, No. 12, I. O. O. F., meets on Wednesday of each week. Hall corner Howard street and Riverside avenue. J. S. Gray, N. G. A. J. Williamson, Sec.

A. O. U. W. SPOKANE FALLS Lodge, No. 69, meets every Thursday night, in Fife's Hall. Members of the order are cordially invited to attend. W. H. Wiscomb, M. W. Geo. McGlauflin, Recorder.

Northern Pacific Railroad.

Passenger Time Schedule.

EAST BOUND.

Lv. Spokane Falls at	4:30 a m
Ar. Jocko at	8.10 p m

RETURNING.

Lv. Jocko at	6:50 a m
Ar. Spokane Falls	10:05 p m

WEST BOUND.

Lv. Spokane Falls at	10:05 p m
Ar. Wallula Junction	7:00 a m

RETURNING.

Lv. Wallula Junction	8:00 p m
Ar. Spokane Falls	4:35 p m

CONNECTIONS.

At Wallula Junction with O. R. N. Co.'s lines. At Jocko with stages for all Montana points.

J. M. BUCKLEY, Asst Genl Manager.
E. P. GRIFFIN, Supt P. D. O. & C. P. Divs.
JOHN MUIR, Supt of Traffic.

BUSINESS LOCALS.

Late periodicals at the City Drug Store.*

Over 60,000 cigars invoiced at J. N. Squier's, which he is selling at low prices.*

If you want a square meal go to the Sprague House.*

New store. New stock. Good goods and plenty of them at French's.*

All the popular patent medicines for sale at the City Drug Store.*

The most extensive line of cigars in the northwest can be found at J. N. Squier's. Retail dealers should make a note of it, and examine his goods.*

Sprague House motto: "Cleanliness, Politeness, and Good Living."*

Paints, oils, and glass always kept in stock at the City Drug Store.*

WANTED—Immediately at the Sprague House, a good, reliable girl.

Everybody go to Sweeny, Linden & Co., and see those fine Painted Dinner Sets. Also fine line of Majolica ware.*

For fine fresh assorted candies call on French, next door north of the N. P. Hotel, on Howard street.*

Complete bar fixtures and outfits of every grade supplied by J. N. Squier. **Persons contemplating going into the saloon business should interview him.***

Remember you will always get a clean bed at the Sprague House.*

French makes it a point to keep on hand a full assortment of the very best candies. Try them.*

If you want a good, old-fashioned sleep, try one of those clean, white beds at the Sprague House.*

Dealers in wines and liquors would do well to call on J. N. Squier, of Spokane, before purchasing elsewhere. He carries a large stock and sells close down.*

In purchasing toilet articles never fail to visit Turner's City Drug Store. His selection of goods and prices cannot be excelled. Drop in and get the figures.*

Webster Brothers, real estate agents have a choice piece of land within one-half mile of the center of town, which they are offering cheap in 5, 2½ and 1½ acre tracts.*

Real Estate Transactions.

The following are the real estate transactions of the week in Spokane Falls as reported by real estate agents:

BY F. T. CLARK.

F. T. Clarke to J. T. McCarther—Lots 1 2, block 50, Railroad addition; price $250.

H. M. McCortney to Paul W. Paulson—Lots 7 8, block 36, Railroad addition; price $450.

Mrs. L. A. Switzer to J. T. McCarther—Lot 1, block 35, Railroad addition; price $550.

A. Goldsmith to I. S. Kaufman—Lots 10, 11, 12, block 36 Railroad addition; price $600.

J. T. McCarther to G. S. Allison—Lots 5 7, block 24; price $2,000.

BY G. H. MORGAN & CO.

G. H. Morgan & L. C. Gilliam to F. S. Meade—Two lots in Davenport; price $150.

L. H. Whitehouse to Isaac S. Kaufman—40 feet on Railroad avenue; price $800.

I. S. Kaufman & Boyer Bros. to Spokane Land Company—Lot 1, block 15 Railroad addition; price $2,000.

L. C. Gilliam & G. H. Morgan to Mrs. Weisiger—Two lots in Davenport; price $125.

F. R. Moore to McNaught & McKinnie—Two lots on Main street; price $2,500.

H. L. Cutter to J. E. McNaught—Lot in Harrington; price $100.

F. R. Moore and A. Goldsmith to McNaught & McKinnie—Twenty feet on Front street; price $1,200. One lot on Railroad street; price $1,000.

C. A. Bunce to A. H. Porter—Twenty feet on Howard street $1,000.

G. H. Meagan & L. C. Gilliam to H. H. Cook—Lot in Davenport; price $75.

H. L. Cutter to A. McKinnie—Lot in Harrington; price $75.

Eugene Germond to Chas. Sweeney—Lot on Howard street; price $700.

G. H. Morgan & Co. to G. S. Allison & I. S. Kauffman—Lot 8, block 24; price $750.

Services.

Rev. Mr. Watson will preach in the Congregational church to-morrow morning and evening.

Revs. Boyd and Deffenbaugh, the committee of Presbytery appointed to organize a Presbyterian church in this place, will be here next week, and hold services on Thursday and Friday evenings, June 7th and 8th, and on the following Sabbath in the same place as above.

We are requested to announce that Right Rev. Bishop Paddock will officiate at the Episcopal church this Saturday evening, and to-morrow morning and evening. A cordial invitation to attend is extended to the public.

SCRAPINGS.

June 2nd.

Circus to-day.

Straw hats sprouting.

Letters of inquiry are coming in on us.

You can travel from Spokane to St. Paul for $104.

The weather for the past week takes the blue ribbon.

Our dealers in farm machinery are busy filling orders.

Are indians always the aggressors? Almost sometimes always.

A fresh sidewalk around the Fife building improves the walking.

Warner & Roe's stage line to Medical Lake is largely patronized.

All kinds of job work rattled off at this office. Send in your orders.

Our hotels are so crowded that it is hard to make room for one more.

And "the cry is still they come," and there is room for plenty more.

Considerable local matter that will keep has been crowded out this week.

The aborigines are fading out before the onward march of civilization (?). See elsewhere for particulars.

The small boy is striving to turn himself inside out in his efforts to imitate the cuts on the circus bills.

Fishermen are having better luck since the river commenced falling, and some heavy catches have been reported.

Send your local papers to your friends at a distance and give them some idea of what you have in the way of a city.

Chas. Syphert has completed his cozy residence on Sprague street, opposite the REVIEW office, and now occupies it.

That new press is not working as smoothly as we wish this week, but after a little wear the paper will look much better.

Old Boreas has been on a tour this week. The gales were not of that stiff ingredient that level houses and things, however.

The man who never 4th of July has missed a great American prerogative. He ought to try some at the Falls next month.

A somnambulist at Cheney walked out of a door in the second story of a house, Monday night, the fall breaking his neck.

L. W. Turner is having the front of his drug store, on Howard street, handsomely embellished by a free application of paint.

That lost piece of press that has caused us so much tribulation came to the surface Monday, and the REVIEW is printed at home.

The cheerful looking strawberry is on the market. We have tried to test any yet for fear of over drawing our bank account.

The change of time on the road makes those boys who are compelled to get out to the morning train do considerable loud thinking.

The Fife building is down off those piles, and the occupants of the edifice smile much more compliacently than they did a week ago.

The 4th of July committees are hard at work perfecting all arrangements for the celebration. Nothing new has developed this week.

Carpenters are metamorphosing the rear end of Kohlhauff's building at the corner of Main and Howard streets, into a neat store room.

There was one adult baptism at the Episcopal church Sunday morning, May 20th, and two infant baptisms last Sabbath morning.

Harry La Beyteaux will get into his new quarters with the paint shop Monday. A neat establishment he is going to have of it, too.

J. M. Grimmer is working hard to make the racing on the 4th a success, and as he is staying with it the speed ladies is bound to be immense.

Superintendent Griffin has issued orders along the line that none but employees of the road are to be allowed the freedom of the depot offices.

F. C. Behrend has made his place in the western part of town look starchy through the medium of a skillfully manipulated whitewash brush.

There was as great a demand for the second edition of the REVIEW as there is for the front page at a free lunch stand. We stand it without losing flesh.

Parties having an idea of ringing in on the horse race on the 4th and scooping the prizes are now occasionally speeding their stock on the roads out of the city.

If the paper lacks interest this week lay it to the fact that we tried to surround too many of the good things on the Sprague House tables at dinner last Sunday.

After a long siege of hard work the farmers will want one day of recreation, and therefore they will come into Spokane on the 4th and take a dose of enthusiasm.

The excavations for the new brick on Howard street adjoining the Union Block to the south, is progressing under the active exertions of a sturdy shovel brigade.

A new millinery shop has been opened in the large store room formerly occupied by A. H. Porter as a drug store, on Riverside avenue, between Howard and Mill streets.

P. B. Polts is as happy as a clam at high tide and all because a new responsibility in the shape of a ten-pounder of the feminine gender has recently been added to his household.

We extend our thanks to those business men who have kindly given us assistance in the way of advertising. We ask no charity, but are trying to give the public their money's worth.

Some pretty tough rocks were struck under Squier's building, on Howard street, and it required considerable powder burning to remove them. However it was done without damage.

If you want a fine cigar, or a quiet nip just stray around to that little gem of a sideboard under the management of S. J. Rickard, on Main street, just around the corner from Howard.

The city dads collect together Monday evening for the purpose of communing the one with the other upon subjects pertinent to the welfare of the city. It is the regular meeting night.

A. H. Porter, the pioneer druggist, has recently received a fine lot of show window ornaments which he displays much taste in scattering about the large front windows of his druggery.

If it becomes fashionable to "get even" with men by shooting them through windows, people will either have to live in the third story of a building, or construct houses without apertures.

The First National Bank's new building has been pelled out to the second floor. This substantial financial depository will be into the new quarters by the 1st of August if things work all right.

A horse was caught in the swift current while trying to swim across the river near the old cable ferry Wednesday, and was carried down the stream and over the falls. That was the end of his trials on earth.

The blasting under the Squier building progresses. No damage has resulted from the upheavals. The stubborn rock yields to the pressing invitation of explosives, and the necessary excavations goes steadily forward.

The failure of Davenport, the shooting of an indian at Cheney and the assassination of another at the Falls has given the public something to talk about. And they talked about the former and latter in no pious languages.

L. C. Gilliam, who wears the star of authority during the absence of Marshal Hyde, is fortunate in finding everybody so peaceable and good-natured. He has had no opportunity to club an offender since he went on duty.

There is something satisfactory in knowing that there is not a single stranger who visits the Falls who is not at once struck with its appearance and feels a desire to remain with it. It is, and will prove to be, a good place to stay by.

S. D. McArthur, an expert mechanic, is the contractor who is now finishing up the building owned by Harry La Beyteaux and Orchard & Sayre, on Mill street. He is pushing the work rapidly ahead, as the appearance of the house indicates.

Montgomery, of the Cheney *Sentinel*, has come out in the role of an Indian fighter. It will be in order now for him to dish up a thrilling "yeller kiver" novel entitled "Wild-eyed Pete, or the Red-handed Scalper of the Northwest."

Frederick Post, whose prominent mansion crowns a high knoll overlooking the falls, is making numerous improvements about his premises, the most noticeable being a garment of white paint on the exterior of the building and a handsome fence around the entire property.

There is no complaint of lack of interest in property among our real estate agents. They are all selling more or less ground every week, and prices still have an upward tendency. Almost every stranger visiting the city, and there are lots of them, is on the look out for desirable property.

There was a stampede among the young folks last Friday evening occasioned by the announcement of a dance some distance out in the country. Falls are so few and far between that lovers of the exercise will put themselves to considerable inconvenience in order to grasp the opportunity to indulge.

Fish are becoming more accommodating of late and take a hook with a greater freedom than previously. It is a bad thing for them to take, and it results in the capture of numerous nice strings that weigh about four or five pounds when taken home, but grow to thirty or forty when reported down town to a large and envious gathering.

A Colfax paper asserts that that city sells more goods than any other point on the Snake river. And now we will have back talk from Spokane Falls and Cheney.—*Oregonian.* Now if the *Oregonian* will kindly move Snake river up to Spokane Falls, or Spokane Falls down to Snake river, it will hear us scream in seven languages.

By a change in the postal route a new line of stages carrying the mails between this point and Lewiston will go into operation Monday. This line formerly ran to Lewiston from Waverly and Spangle; now it goes to the former city via Alpha and Rockford. The change is one that the public convenience demanded and has long been wanted.

As will be seen by notice elsewhere the firm of Sweeny, Linden & Co. has undergone a change, the head of the house buying out Mr. Linden. Now the firm is to lose none of its old time energy by the **revision, for Mr. Sweeny is a gentleman** whose activity is only surpassed by his thorough knowledge of the business he is engaged in, and things are jumping along at that establishment as lively as ever.

We are informed that some parties have constructed fish traps in Hangman's creek. This is, we believe, in violation of the protective game law, and should be looked into by sportsmen. Fishing in the streams now afford people a great deal of pleasure, but if the scaly tribe is to be ruthlessly destroyed it will not be many years before trout will be as scarce around here as twenty dollar Williams among newspaper men.

The wives and families of Dr. A. S. Campbell and J. T. McCarther are expected here early this month, from Dakota, and perhaps a number of others may arrive with the party. This breaks into the arrangement's that Dr. Campbell had made for a trip up into the Big Bend country, yet the pleasure of meeting his family whom he has been separated from for some time will be a rich compensation for his disappointment.

We are informed that it is the intention of the railroad authorities to lay out several towns along the line of what is known as the half moon route, the branch of the North Pacific that spurs off at Palouse junction and is to run up to Lewiston and probably to Farmington. The most desirable points on the line are to be chosen for the town sites, and very probably in a few years promising and ambitious villages will be strung like beads along this line of road.

The new sidewalk that was commenced in front of Mayor Glover's residence has been considered the right thing by other property owners in the vicinity, and the result is that the walk is being extended some distance out east on Riverside avenue. As that handsome and desirable section of the city built up, which it is doing steadily, these handy accommodations for pedestrians will be stretched still further until we may expect to see a continuous wooden walk out that direction a mile or more in length.

A young man in town desired to send some mail out in the country, Thursday, and noticing a team heading the direction the packages had to go he started out in pursuit. The horses trotted off briskly and the youth galloped behind, yelling at the top of his voice whenever he could catch his breath. The sun was hot, the driver a little deaf, and by the time he reached the REVIEW office, and discovered that the wagon did not contain the man he was looking for, his shirt was clinging to his body with the affection of a porous plaster, the rills of perspiration were trickling down his proboscis like the drippings off an umbrella, his complexion had reached a shade bordering on the violet, and he had a mad on big enough to give all the dogs in town the hydrophobia. In the expressive vernacular of the curb the y. m. was all broke up.

Chilly Provender.

Last evening the ladies of the M. E. Church of this place gave an ice cream festival in the church edifice on Sprague street. The house was either to small for the crowd, or the crowd was too large for the size of the room, anyhow the church was uncomfortably filled. This did not by any means retract from the amount of pleasure in circulation, for when we looked in upon the scene about 10 o'clock everybody seemed to be enjoying themselves. The viands were excellent and a vast amount of edible material was put out of sight. We were glad to hear that the ladies realized a handsome revenue from the affair.

ATTROCIOUS!

A DASTARDLY DEED!

An Indian Prisoner Shot while Chained to the Floor.

Wednesday afternoon as Dan. Drumheller, our well known butcher and cattle dealer, was driving a herd of cattle to town an Indian on horseback, supposed to have been under the influence of rum, barred the passage across the first bridge at the northern termination of Howard street, preventing the bovines from crossing. Mr. Drumheller protested against the interruption, and requested the Indian to move out of the way. With a stoical indifference and independence characteristic of the race, the copper-colored aborigine silently maintained his position and showed no disposition to accommodate the white man. Mr. D. stood it until forbearance ceased to be a virtue and picking up a stick struck the sullen savage. This acted upon the fellow like an electric battery, for he not only cleared the way but rushed furiously to his tent, snatched up his rifle and flew back to the bridge, where he lay in wait to perforate his assailant. The ireful Indian had blood in his eye, and the prospects were encouraging for an early funeral. Deputy Marshal Gilliam was informed of the state of affairs, and that officer, with praiseworthy pluck and nerve, faced the yawning muzzle of the rifle and put the would-be slayer under arrest. He was taken to the town jail, chained to the floor and left until morning, when his examination was to have taken place before Justice Whitman.

Thursday morning when the jail was visited the prisoner was found to be literly full of buckshot, dangerously wounded. From a piece of candle found in one of the narrow windows and an old box beneath upon which the murderer mounted so as to obtain a view of the interior of the jail by the dim light it was evident that the shooter had made careful preparations for carrying out his fiendish work. The shooting must have taken place about midnight. The Indian was reclining on a rude couch, to which he was confined by heavy chains, and therefore unable to stir a muscle for his own protection. The gun, charged heavily with buckshot, was thrust through the bars, the muzzle only a few feet from the victim and discharged. Dr. J. M. Morgan was called to examine the wounds. He found three buckshot near together forming the points of a triangle in his right side near the lower ribs, which penetrated the lower lobe of the lung and liver. Higher up, near the arm-pit, were two more. There was one a little back of the shoulder, three well up on the arm, two in the arm below the elbow, and one in the thigh. The Doctor made a thorough examination and did all in his power for the relief of the wounded man, and though he was still alive in the encampment on the north side of the river at the time of going to press, very little hopes are entertained of his recovery.

The report of the shooting spread through the town like wild fire and the most intense excitement followed. There is not a single man who we have heard speak on the subject but has expressed indignation at the frightful crime. While it seems almost impossible to be otherwise, yet it is hard to believe that a white man would be guilty of such an act of savagery. It savors more of the work of a skulking Indian. Knowing the treachery, the heartlessness, the cruel nature of the North American native, we can have very little love for him, yet as this man was not positively known to have been guilty of any heinous crime, his cowardly assassination is inexcusable. We know also that many of the members of the various tribes are sneaking thieves, committing many petty depredations upon stockmen and farmers, and do not blame the victims of their rapacity if occasionally a red man comes up missing when caught in the act of stealing, but that is no extenuation for the murder in question.

Speaking upon this matter as we do is only echoing the sentiments of every law-abiding member of the community. Humanity revolts at the high handed outrage, and decency is shocked. We doubt if the criminal is ever apprehended, but should he live on forever he can never erase from his mind the act of brutality that would make hell itself ring with acclimations of disapproval, and bring a blush of shame upon the cast-iron cheek of the devil himself.

LATER.—Friday evening Mr. Dan Drumheller was arrested on a warrant sworn out by an Indian named Lewis, and released on his own recognizance. Of course no one believes that Drumheller was implicated in the shooting, but as he struck the man on the bridge the Indians have an idea that he must have desired the death of the prisoner.

Neat Work.

H. R. Kohlhauff, son of the gentleman who recently moved to Spokane Falls from Walla Walla and purchased the property at the northwest corner of Main and Howard streets, has just about completed two very handsome plotted maps of the city of Spokane Falls. Mr. Kohlhauff has been doing the work for W. H. Maxwell, city engineer, and it reflects great credit upon the young gentleman, showing him to be a skilled and accurate draughtsman. The various streets, alleys, blocks of the original city and numerous subdivisions are carefully delineated, while the course of the river, in its various ramifications, is truly portrayed. The maps will be a valuable acquisition to the city and for the purpose of reference will be of great utility to property owners.

SLID.

A Bad Bust at Cheney.

Last Saturday the following ominous placard was exhibited in the front window of J. C. Davenport's banking establishment at Cheney:

> On account of business complications this bank will be closed for a few days.

This brief announcement of the goneness of one of Cheney's most prominent and enterprising business houses fell like a pall upon our sister city, and created intense surprise in the neighboring towns. From what we can learn from private sources, and they much overwrought, Mr. Davenport had long been carrying more enterprises than he was financially capable of maintaining. Most of his ventures were losing ones and at last he had to succumb to the strain and suspend. We have no desire to maliciously persecute a man when he is down or we might rehash the many stories of his ignominious flight and proceedings subsequent to the misfortune that befell him. No house doing the business that Mr. Davenport did, ever suspended but that someone had to suffer loss, and likewise in this case there are those who bitterly repent of putting too much faith in men. The closing of the bank drew down into the vortex the mercantile firm of Davenport, Thompson & Co., the Oakes House, the hardware store of Hughes & Co., and other establishments. We sincerely regret the failure, as it is a blow not only to Cheney, but the entire northwest. It shakes the faith of metropolitan merchants in the stability of frontier houses, and makes them look with suspicion upon enterprises of promise that exist in this country. We make no excuse for the man who has dropped out of this little world leaving behind so unsavory a record, yet there may be extenuating circumstances in connection with his failure we know nothing of. One thing is certain as the refulgency of the sun and that is that John C. Davenport did more for Cheney in his time than any man in the town. Through his efforts that place came into prominence, and with a bold hand he kept it up during his reign. There was never a business interest that showed signs of weakness but what he came forward to its assistance and propped it up, for the time being. We feel satisfied that his course and loss will be a sad blow to Cheney—one from which it will take years to recover. We sincerely regret the misfortune as does every right thinking man in Spokane, and all feeling of rivalry, if any exists, and there is no ground dp here for such, is forgotten in this hour of our neighbor's trouble.

Two-Forty on the Race Track.

From an interview with J. M. Grimmer, who has charge of the arrangements pertaining to the promised horse racing on the 4th, we are enabled to lay before our many readers some idea of that exciting feature of the day's sports. The race course will be thirty feet wide and extends from the belt of timber near J. J. Browne's residence in an air line directly to the REVIEW office, making a track just three-quarters of a mile in length. The land is almost as level as a floor and the whole course can be plainly seen from any quarter. The grass is about to be cut from the track and a plow run over to make the outlines. It is proposed to have a three-quarter, one half and quarter mile dashes. In the first two five entries are to be required, an entrance fee of ten per cent. of the purse being charged. The prize will be $100 in coin, best two in three. For the half mile dash there is first and second money, $40 and $15, best two in three heats. The quarter mile race will be for a purse of $50, free to all without entrance charges. A number of persons have signified their intention to put horses in the race, and we have every reason for believing that the running will not only be excellent but exciting, and prove a successfully drawing card. No efforts will be spared to have the races good in good shape, and justice and fairness will mark the rulings of the judges.

Needed.

Our citizens should make some effort to organize and support an efficient fire department. Spokane is woefully deficient in this respect. There exists a small hook and ladder company, but the material in use is entirely inadequate to prove even an apology for a protection again, or a means of extinguishing, the most trivial fire. Situated as they are the people are compelled to stand idly by when fires do occur and see the flames consume one building after another, powerless to prevent the spread of the devastating element; without means to either subdue it or to confine it to the place of beginning. There is not a town in the Union of this size, importance and increasing growth that has not some means of protection against a consumer that is as certain, sooner or later, to visit collections of houses as is death itself. It is true that the supply of water any distance from the river is too limited to make an engine of much use in the southern part of town, still with a good supply of hose the principal centre of city could be reached. Spokane is not indemnified against all loss that may occur in the future from this source, and it is well to take time by the forelock and prepare for warfare against fire in time of peace. The city has caught it bad in the past and is liable to get more of it any moment, and in its present unprotected condition, no hopes can be entertained for saving property, when fire does occur. Let the business men, property owners and all interested in the city's safety, take this matter to themselves, cogitate over it and make some movement to remedy the existing deficiency.

BANG!

A Tough Citizen Takes His Departure Hence.

From L. A. Levinson, a young gentleman from Cheney, we have the following particulars of a little sociable that was held at the county seat Wednesday afternoon, in which at least one of the participants took something in his less digestive than spiritless lemonade and spinless ice cream. The originator of the difficulty, and the only sufferer therefrom, was a half-breed Indian named Jackson, who is, or was, a "holy terror," and comes of stock, the records of which do not stand out in bold relief as a priceless heritage in the shape of a good name, if carefully searched. On the day mentioned Jackson managed to get well gimmed up, and under the effervescent influence of the potations his worst nature floated to the top and he proceeded to make it uncomfortably torid for his brethren of the tawny skin who were camped in large numbers on Calloway's addition to the town. He created the panic by means of his trusty rifle, which he slashed around in a manner very uncomfortable for ye "lost" who stood not upon the order of their going but got up and got. The red men were so put out on account of being compelled to take what they considered unnecessary exercise, that they sent for Sheriff Dillon to come up and put some ice on the red hot native. Sheriff Dillon secured the services of F. C. Montgomery and a Mr. Parks, and the trio proceeded to investigate. Upon reaching the camp the frenzied Indian stepped out of a tent, armed with a rifle and a murderous looking butcher knife. He at once drew a bead on Dillon and fired, but fortunately for that officer the bullet flew wide of the mark. The posse did not wait to argue the matter with Mr. Jackson, but calmly swung their little poppers to the front, squinted hastily along the tubes and let go. The result was that an ounce of lead crawled through Jackson at such a point in his anatomy that he forever lost all interest in things terrestrial, and left a vacancy in his family circle that can never be filled.

"It Fits You Like the Paper on the Wall."

Upon the drygoods box that serves as a table in our sanctum reclines at rest a powerfully worded document that gives a clothing firm down in Portland a withering blast. The gentleman who drew it up searched the vocabulary of the dead languages for words to express his abhorrence of a style of business little short of bald robbery. While the conduct of the house referred to was contemptibly fraudulent, yet the joke on the bitten is such that one has to double up close to refrain from laughing when hearing them relate their grievances. It seems that during last winter a suasive and oily-tongued chap traveling in the interest of said clothing firm struck the city, and made a number of citizens believe that there was no happiness in life until they were decked in the superior raiment produced by his house. Falling easy victims to a glib language retailer several parties gave orders for clothing, amounting in the aggregate to several hundred dollars. In due time the goods arrived, and those who had ordered were nervously anxious to get into their duds for the first time and make their less fortunate friends sick with envy. But what a shocking disappointment was in store; not a garment would fit. One gentleman managed to get his foot through the leg of his pants, not saying that was the smallest part of his body, but there he stuck. The condensed pantaloons would not connect anywhere, and the vest wouldn't button around by several inches. It was an exhibition of an attempt of a 200-pound man to get into a ten-year-old boy's suit. A slim party found his coat so large that it would lap over and button down the back, while a short gentleman had to turn his pants up so high that the bottoms rubbed the skin off his nose. It was the most wonderfully misfitting lot of goods ever manufactured, and the defrauded were so mad that they got out in the woods and tried to kick their heels through the hemisphere of their pants, and sang spasmodically roundalays, in which the big, big D took a prominent part. Oh, there is a savage crowd around here, and if they could get their digits on the man who made those clothes we would have a column article at least.

Letter List.

List of letters in Wells, Fargo & Co's Express, May 28, 1881:

Allen A	Allen Olive (2)
Aiken A	Brady John
Bowers Thos	Braden Minnie
Curtis J H	Dary Peter
Dow C H	Ellinger S L
Gallaud J	Government Ld Agt
Geiteerman Steve	Grainger J G
Hilby F	Handley L B
Hall John A (2)	Heving Benj
Johnson Mr	Kinlaw O R
Lange A	McDonald Donald
Marvin William	Maden C
Montgomery W H	McLaughlin J E
O'Toole D	Powek Mrs G T
Pendola Rosa	Quayle Frank
Robinson James M (2)	Robinson Fannie A
Sloane A L	Smith W R
Stark Chas	St John Joan
Smith Chas	Smith Grover
Turner A L	Tarble E H
Tussell Dayton	Tucker Clyde
Thayer Judge C	Van Demark Cassina
Warnoth J G	Wilson F R
Wilson Chris	

Persons calling for above please say advertised.

S. G. WHITMAN,
Agt W. F. & Co's Express.

New Additions.

Besides the Railroad, Cannon and Brown's additions to the city of Spokane already, and now being, laid out, we are informed that F. R. Moore, President of the First National Bank, has had surveyed a fine building tract of 160 acres in the east part of the city, and the lots are being faked up rapidly. Also that Alex Warner is to have 12 acres cut up into lots, the land lying south of the railroad and adjoining Howard street to the west. Also that Frederick Post has had a number of lots laid out in front of his residence on Front street. Altogether between 650 and 700 acres of new land have been surveyed into building lots about the city this spring.

E. J. WEBSTER,
Attorney at Law,
WILL practice in all the courts of Washington and Idaho Territories.

CHAS. A. WEBSTER,
Life and Accident Ins Agent,
—AND—
NOTARY PUBLIC.

E. J. WEBSTER. CHAS. A. WEBSTER.
WEBSTER BROTHERS,
Real Estate Agents.
Houses to Rent, Loans Negotiated, Rents Collected, and Management of Property for Non-residents made a Specialty. References—Bank of Spokane Falls, and First National Bank.
SPOKANE FALLS, - - - - WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

THE CITY
DRUG STORE,
—HAS THE LARGEST STOCK OF—
Drugs North of Walla Walla.
Physicians Prescriptions a Specialty.
The Particular attention of Builders is called to the stock of
PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, etc.
Always a complete stock of
Patent Medicines and Toilet Articles.
W. L. Turner, Druggist and Apothecary.

BLACK HAWK

Livery, Feed, and Sales Stables,
BEN. BRAVINDER, PRO.
Good Carriages and Teams always on Hand.
Commercial Travelers Supplied with Turnouts and Drivers.
COR. MAIN AND HOWARD STREETS, OPPOSITE N. P. HOTEL, SPOKANE FALLS, W. T.

J. N. SQUIER,
Spokane Falls, Washington Territory,
Wholesale and Retail Liquor Dealer,
Sole Agent for the Celebrated Whiskies direct from the Distilleries, consisting of
Jos. Finck & Co.'s Wedding Rye, Five Years Old.
C. E. TILTON'S & E. L. MILES' FINE OLD BOURBON.
W. H. McBRAYER'S SOUR MASH,
IMPORTED OLD SWAN GIN;
Brandy for Medical Use, Sherry and Port Wines, Champagnes, all kinds of Bitters
Dublin Stout and London Ale. Apollinaris' Wilhoit Mineral Water. Milwaukee Beer, by Case or Bottle.
Sixty Thousand Imported and Domestic Cigars.
All kinds of Playing Cards, Faro Checks, Etc. Bar Fixtures a Specialty.

Minnehaha Carriage Shop!
HORSE SHOEING, WAGON MAKING,
Repairing and Painting.
—Agent for FRANK BROTHERS' CELEBRATED—

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.
CORNER OF MAIN AND STEVENS STREETS, SPOKANE FALLS, W. T.

Joseph Hersner
Manufacturer and Dealer in
PARLOR, CHAMBER & KITCHEN

FURNITURE
I am carring one of the largest assortments of
Household Furniture
Of every description to be found anywhere in the upper country, and my prices are as low as those of any house in the city. Give me a call and examine my goods before purchasing
UNDERTAKING
Made a Specialty, and Coffins, Caskets and Trimmings always kept on hand.

S. C. HYDE, (Prosecuting Attorney.) W. T. STOLL.
HYDE & STOLL,
Attorneys at Law,
Spokane Falls, W. T.
Office on Main street, two doors west of the Postoffice. Will practice in all the Courts of Washington and Idaho Territories.
☞ *Real Estate Bought, Sold, and Exchanged.* ☜

WOLVERTON BROS.,
Corner Riverside avenue and Mill street, Spokane Falls, W. T.,
—DEALERS IN—
HARDWARE,
Coal, Iron & Steel
IRON PIPING,
Hose, Belting, Packings,
CARRIAGE and WAGON MATERIAL
Etc., Etc., Etc.
The citizens of Eastern Washington and Idaho are respectfully invited to call and examine our large and finely assorted stock of Goods.
☞ *We Sell as Cheap as the Cheapest.* ☜

[CONTINUED FROM 1ST PAGE.]

and wondered where Octavia was and why the apple-tree had bloomed in April, and so fell asleep, and woke and slept again, and crept back to life reluctantly, as many a poor soul has done before and since. And in the watches of one long June night, when the neighbor who nursed him slept in the other room, when the wind stirred gently in the apple-tree boughs, and the moths fluttered about the candle on the floor, and the heavy beetles knocked against the ceiling, there came to Cyrus, tossing on his bed, a vision of Octavia, the woman that he loved. She sat beside him and held his hand, or moved about the room and ministered to him tenderly—a gentle spirit, far kinder and more loving than the living counterpart had ever been.

And from that night the vision never left him. Even when he was well and lit the fire in his forge once more—when his arm grew strong, and his hand as skillful as before—he still clung to the idea that Octavia was his wife, that she lived in the small house beside the forge, and tended the flowers in the little garden, and watched the bees in their hives under the apple-trees. The kindly neighbors all helped him in little ways, but in all that was done he saw only the hand of his wife.

At first some upright souls would try to convince him that his wife was but the shadowy creation of his own crazed brain; but he only shook his head pityingly. 'Hain't ye never seen her when ye was to the house?' he would ask. 'Wal, now, thet's cur'ous. She must 'a' ben out to the hives, I guess; she's a master-hand at watchin' bees. Or mebbe she was in the forge; she oftentimes comes out there with her knittin'-work an' sets a spell with me. You'll see her the next time ye come, I guess.'

On Sunday one may see him coming reverently into church, and standing aside when the square old-fashioned pew is reached, to allow his shadowy wife to go in before him. He sits at a little distance from the head of the pew, and shares his hymn book with a woman invisible to all eyes but his own.

Nobody laughs at him; even the children only wonder at him. His madness has a curious method in it. He prattles of his wife's gray hair and failing steps. He knows nothing of the real Octavia, dead and buried twenty years ago. He lives content and cheerful in a world of his own creating. Why grieve for him? and why pity him? Is he not blessed above his fellows?

And yet the village folks, whose busy lives, poor hearts, are heavy with actual cares and sorrows, sigh as they turn aside to look at him, and call him 'Poor old Uncle Cyrus.'—*Eleanor Putnam, in Lippincott's Magazine.*

What the Boys Say.

Number one volume one, of the Spokane Falls REVIEW is before us with a large X on it. It is a clean and newsy paper and we gladly place it on our exchange list.—*Dayton Chronicle.*

We have received the initial number of the Spokane Falls REVIEW, and have no hesitation in saying that it is ably edited, and, typographically, one of the neatest papers on the northwest coast.—*Northwest News.*

We have received the first number of the REVIEW, published at Spokane Falls, W. T., by Frank M. Dallam. It is a very neatly printed thirty-two column paper, and displays considerable ability in its editorial columns.—*Dalles Times-Mountaineer.*

Another aspirant for public patronage is the Spokane Falls REVIEW, issued by Frank M. Dallam, editor and proprietor. The REVIEW proposes to attend to local matters first, to the world next. It will be Republican in politics. It is a handsome, well gotten up paper.—*Walla Walla Union.*

The first issue of the Spokane Falls REVIEW made its appearance on Monday, and shows as clean a face as any paper in the upper region. Frank M. Dallam, editor and publisher, is an old hand at the business and will give the Falls a creditable sheet. The REVIEW is an eight-column four-page paper, all printed at home. We wish it success.—*Cheney Sentinel.*

Our new contemporary, the REVIEW, issued its first number on Saturday last, and its neat appearance, well written editorials, terse, newsy locals, well selected clippings and generous proportions made a welcome for it at once in our community. The REVIEW exhibits well Mr. Dallam's energy and ability as a newspaper man, and will reflect credit on our city and county.—*Spokane Chronicle.*

We have received the initial number of the new paper published at Spokane Falls—the REVIEW—by Mr. Frank M. Dallam. It is a bright, spicy eight-column sheet, that we know will meet the approbation of the citizens of that place. Mr. Dallam we knew in California years ago, as a rustler, and with that gentleman at the helm the course of the REVIEW will be "onward and upward." Success to you, friend Frank.—*Walla Walla Statesman.*

We have received the initial number of another of those country newspapers, the existence of which in such numbers in the territory, lately roused the ire of a certain dog-in-the manger sheet which we wot of. It is published by Frank M. Dallam, at Spokane Falls, and is called the REVIEW. It starts off well, with a fine typographical appearance, the right ring to its salutatory, and the stiff-upper-lip kind of profession of its political leanings which we infinitely prefer seeing, to the trimming, palitering, and, usually, self-seeking indecision which is often miscalled independence. We congratulate the REVIEW on its highly successful *debut*, and have no doubt its proprietor will command the success he has made such a creditable effort to deserve.—*New Tacoma Ledger.*

Slowing Down.

A year ago it was hopefully given out that the Canada Pacific railway would be completed by the end of 1884 at furthest. The road at the close of last year had been finished and put in running condition from Winnepeg to the crossing of the south fork of the Saskatchewan, which is about the half-way-point between Winnepeg and the Rocky mountains. It is now officially announced (May 5th) by Sir Charles Tupper, the Minister of railways and canals, that the road will be completed and in running order from Montreal, on the St. Lawrence river, to Port Moody, in British Columbia, by the end of the year 1886. If the first announcement indicated quick, this last one implies rather slow, work. The entire length of the completed road will be 2,875 miles. Of this 1,479 were in running condition on the 1st of April, 1883, leaving 1,396 miles yet to construct, whereof a considerable part is graded and all of it surveyed. As the work is going on at both ends and in the middle, one would think the company ought to lay down at least 750 miles of track a year and have the road done in less than two years from this date. The Central and Union Pacific together averaged over two and a half miles a day for the last year of their construction. But they had a much larger working force employed than the Canada Pacific. It is probable that this company is cramped and stinted for labor in grading. Much of their labor is Chinese, and they did not secure all they needed before the immigration of that race stopped. Mr. Villard of the Northern Pacific gives out that his road will be finished from end to end by the 1st of September this year. If so, a large labor force will be released from that company and may be secured by the Canada Pacific to hasten its work. There is no want of money. The company is one world. For some 8,000,000 acres of first-class agricultural land already patented to it by the Dominion Government it has realized about $35,000,000, and besides this land subsidy it has received from the government over $7,500,000 in cash. There still remain 17,000,000 acres of land and a large amount of cash subsidy to be received as the work progresses, and aside from all this they have equal resources in stock.—*S. F. Chronicle.*

Northern Pacific Shops.

An examination of the various departments of the Northern Pacific railroad shops in this city shows that everything is working smoothly and prosperously. It need hardly be stated either that the various forces are rather outdoing their former work in manufacturing, though the force remains about the same. Three or four complete cars—sometimes upwards of that number—are being turned out each day, and as fast as they are manufactured they are sent out to the different divisions, usually east of the mountains. A large stationary, twenty-horse-power engine, completed here this week, was sent out to the shops at Sprague yesterday morning. A locomotive engine now in the shop here will be completed next week. In the manufacture of stock and flat cars perhaps few shops on the upper Pacific coast can make a better showing. The cars are all made of first class material, and the shops being centrally located, they can be sent at once to the points where needed for immediate use.

Since the last report printed in the *Ledger*, a very large number of all kinds of cars have been consigned to different divisions. Twenty or more flat cars and a large number of stock, and some freight and mail cars are included in this number. There are now about one dozen flat cars on hand in the yard. Four for stock are also completed and three more are in the shops and will not be finished for a day or two. The frame work for a large pay car has been put together and workmen are now busy in completing it. When this is finally done the car will be one of the best yet manufactured.

Large lots of supplies consisting of oils, paints, nuts, bolts, washers, hose, glues and all the heavy hardware used in car manufacturing, are constantly arriving by steamer. Quite a cargo of supplies was received this week. They are shipped by steamer direct, either from New York or San Francisco. In the past, both cities have contributed largely in furnishing these supplies. It is the intention in about three weeks to make a specialty of manufacturing cabooses, and a large lot of them may be expected. Every facility will be afforded for rapid work, and the cars manufactured will probably be considerable of increase over the present.—*New Tacoma Ledger.*

The Check-Rein.

When you compel a horse to contract the muscles just under the top of the collar, in order to sustain the head a foot, more or less, above its natural place, and then hold them thus contracted, the strain on these muscles soon produce great harm. If you do not believe it, watch the animal! I am sure you cannot misunderstand that face. See him carry his head around on one side, and the away around on the other side! Now in a moment you will see him throw his nose up in front as high as he can three or four times. That struggle for relief he continues all day long. When you take off the check he will hang down his head low and show in his face a sense of relief which I am sure you cannot misunderstand. The long strain wastes the muscles and produces that ugly hollow which is now so common just under the collar.

About Canary Birds.

The cost of keeping canary birds is seldom thought of. The canary is the pet bird of the rich and the poor; it is everywhere, and its keeping involves an immense amount of money in the aggregate. A gentleman who has for several years been extensively engaged in the trade of bird seed, and who is excellent authority, informs us that he has the statistics to prove that there are now fully 14,000,000 of these pets in this country. Each bird will use twelve pounds of seed per year, if not overfed, and, fortunately for them, they generally get to much. Thus it takes 168,000,000 pound of seed to feed them through a year, worth at least $14,000,000. Besides this seed, as any one knows, is the sugar, the crackers, the eggs and the thousand and one things that different keepers supply them with.

Again we have a great expense in cages. There are now twenty-two manufactories of bird cages in the United States. One of the most extensive of them turned out $1,000,000 worth of cages last year, and will this year add largely to the amount. The whole cost of cages made last year is estimated at nearly $3,000,000. This gives for the two items of seed and cages the snug little sum of $17,000,000.

But after all, is the bird not worth all the people pay for its keeping? How it instills into the children a love of music; and its example of cleanliness as it takes its regular morning bath, is beneficial in the extreme. It thus adds beauty, music and instruction to all our homes.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Power of Sunshine.

From an acorn, weighing a few grains, a tree will grow for 100 years or more, not only throwing off many pounds of leaves every year, but itself weighing many tons. If an orange is put in a large box of earth, and that earth is weighed when the twig becomes a tree, bearing luscious fruit, there will be nearly the same amount of earth. From careful experiments made by different scientific men, it is an ascertained fact that a very large part of the growth of a tree is derived from the sun, from the air and from the water, and a very little from the earth; and notably all vegetation becomes sickly unless it is freely exposed to sunshine, which contains three important elements equally essential to both vegetation and animal life—magnesia, lime and iron. It is the iron in the blood which gives it its sparkling red color and strength. It is the lime in the bones which gives them the durability necessary to bodily vigor, while the magnesia is important to all the tissues. Thus it is, that the more persons are out doors the more healthy and vigorous they are, and the longer will they live. Every human being ought to have an hour or two of sunshine at noon in winter and in the early forenoon in summer.

Indemnity Lands.

Some two or three years ago a withdrawal was made of what is technically called "the indemnity limits of the Northern Pacific." This withdrawal is ten alternate sections in width outside the granted limits. Recently the validity of the indemnity withdrawal has been questioned. A press dispatch reports the Secretary of the Interior as answering the questions of the Commissioner in regard to 'indemnity lands' by saying: 'In reply to your suggestion whether the withdrawal in the indemnity limits of this grant are to stand, so far as made, I have to say that I am of the opinion that such withdrawal should, at least for the present, be maintained.'

In addition to the press dispatch, Dr. Jorgenson, Register of the land office, has kindly furnished us with the following telegram:

WASHINGTON, May 20.

Register and Receiver, Walla Walla.—The right of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company to indemnify for lands lost prior to date of granting acts is not determined. Admit selections of otherwise objectionable, and forward for action here.

(Signed) L. HARRISON,
Acting Commissioner.

R. W. Mitchell, representing the Northern Pacific, is now in the city selecting indemnity lands. The decision of the Secretary shuts out some parties in this city who have been trying to fall on lands in the indemnity limits.—*W. W. Union.*

The Lancaster *Farmer* aptly remarks that the improvement in farm live stock is not simply the result of the investment of money, but it is brought about by care, observation and the study of animal physiology and the laws of breeding. It is on account of these observances that certain breeders of stock obtain important advantages over others who are less regardful of them.

A writer says that he has never failed to cure garget by the use of beans. He feeds one pint of bean-meal, mixed with other meal, for four successive days, and has found that quantity sufficient to cure the worst cases. He thinks if cows were fed with bean meal several times a year they would never be troubled with garget.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Why he made the mistake: He came home late the other night, and his wife woke up and found him with a burning match trying to light the cold water tap over the marble basin in his dressing room. "James," she said, "that is not the gas-burner." "I know it now, my love," he replied, unsteadily; "fact is, I've been over-worked, and that's the reason I made the mistake." "Yes, you look as if you had been lifting a good deal," she quietly answered as she returned to her pillow.—*Chicago Tribune.*

1776. 1883.

Hang out your Banners on the Outer Wall, the Cry is they're all going to Come.

—Having decided to—

CELEBRATE

—The Approaching—

4th

OF

JULY

In a style that can not be eclipsed the Citizens of

SPOKANE FALLS

—Extend a—

Hearty Invitation

To all the people of this county, eastern Washington and western Idaho to come over and

"JINE IN."

—There will be a—

GRAND PICNIC DINNER,

On the beautiful flat just below the falls which will be preceded by

MUSIC, ORATION,

—AND—

Reading the Declaration.

A Valuable List of Prizes

Will be offered to competitors in the

AMUSEMENTS,

—Which will consist of—

Horse Racing,
FOOT RACING,
SACK RACING,
TUB RACING,
JUMPING,
ETC., ETC.

In the evening the heavens will be illuminated with a

Pyrorecnic Display!

The whole to conclude with a

Free Ball.

Turn Out Everybody

—And Participate in the—

GRANDEST, GAYEST, PLEASANTEST
CELEBRATION
—Ever held anywhere.

BLACK HAWK

Livery, Feed, and Sales Stables,

BEN. BRAVINDER, PRO.

Good Carriages and Teams always on Hand.

Commercial Travelers Supplied with Turnouts and Drivers.

COR. MAIN AND HOWARD STREETS, OPPOSITE N. P. HOTEL, SPOKANE FALLS, W. T.

J. N. SQUIER,

Spokane Falls, Washington Territory,

Wholesale and Retail Liquor Dealer,

Sole Agent for the Celebrated Whiskies direct from the Distilleries, consisting of

Jos. Finck & Co.'s Wedding Rye. Five Years Old.
C. E. TILTON'S & E. L. MILES' FINE OLD BOURBON.
W. H. MCBRAYER'S SOUR MASH,
IMPORTED OLD SWAN GIN,

Brandy for Medical Use. Sherry and Port Wines, Champagnes, all kinds of Bitters

Dublin Stout and London Ale. Apollinaris Wilhoit Mineral Water. Milwaukee Beer, by Case or Bottle.

Sixty Thousand Imported and Domestic Cigars.

All kinds of Playing Cards, Faro Checks, Etc. Bar Fixtures a Specity.

Minnehaha Carriage Shop!

HORSE SHOEING, WAGON MAKING,
Repairing and Painting.

—Agent for FRANK BROTHERS' CELEBRATED—

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WOLVERTON BROS.,

Corner Riverside avenue and Mill street, Spokane Falls, W. T.,

—DEALERS IN—

HARDWARE

Coal, Iron & Steel

IRON PIPING,

Hose, Belting, Packings,

CARRAGE and WAGON MATERIAL

Etc., Etc., Etc.

The citizens of Eastern Washington and Idaho are respectfully invited to call and examine our large and finely assorted stock of Goods.

We Sell as Cheap as the Cheapest.

S. G. WHITMAN,

Spokane Falls, W. T.

—AGENT FOR—

THE LION,
LIVERPOOL,
CALIFORNIA,
FIREMEN'S FUND,
GERMAN AMERICAN
LONDON AND GLOBE,
SCOTISH UNION & NATIONAL,
UNION FIRE AND MARINE,
NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE,
Insurance Companies.

Spokane Brewery!

GEO. ROOS, PRO.

—Manufacturer of a Superior—

QUALITY of BEER

Beer always kept on Draught and for Sale by the Bottle or Keg.

BREWERY ON POST STREET, OPPOSITE POST'S MILL, SPOKANE FALLS, W. T.

Spokane Falls and Fort Spokane

STAGE LINE

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

D. MCLENNAN, - - - PRO.

—LEAVES SPOKANE FALLS ON—
Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays
—FOR THE FOLLOWING POINTS—
Deep Creek Falls, Fairweather, Davenport, and Camp Spokane.

Returning leaves Fort Spokane on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

S. G. WHITMAN, Agt.

Spokane Harness Shop!

PETER QUEDER, Pro.

MAIN STREET, SPOKANE FALLS, W. T.

—Keeps on hand a—

Large Stock of Leather Goods

—Consisting of—

Farm, Freight and Buggy

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