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Spokane Falls Review.

VOL. I. SPOKANE FALLS, SPOKANE COUNTY, W. T., SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 15, 1883. NO. 18.

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Northern Pacific Railroad. Passenger Time Schedule.

Table with 2 columns: Direction and Time. EAST BOUND: Lv. Spokane Falls at 6:30 a.m., At. Jocko at 8:10 p.m. WEST BOUND: Lv. Jocko at 6:50 a.m., At. Spokane Falls at 10:50 p.m.

Railroad Lands FOR SALE.

THE following townships have just come in the market and can be bought at the lowest price. Applications for same will be received at the company's office in Cheney, W. T., Sept. 15, 1883.

FOR SALE. Lots 2, 3, and 4, Block 8, HAVERMILL'S ADDITION.

Railroad Lands FOR SALE.

THE following described townships are now in the market. Applications for same will be received at the company's office in Cheney, W. T., Sept. 15, 1883.

SPOKANE FALLS SODA WORKS.

I HEREBY give notice to the public that I have secured the right to manufacture and sell a superior article of SODA WATER.

Sarsaparilla and Ginger Ale.

Having the latest and most improved style of machinery and bottles and skilled workmen, I can assure the public that my Sarsaparilla and Ginger Ale are of the highest quality.

Notice for Publication.

ANN R. BIRD. LAND OFFICE AT COLFAX, W. T., August 11, 1883. NOTICE is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before H. E. Burrows, Notary Public, at Spokane Falls, W. T., on Oct. 15, 1883.

Notice for Publication.

RUBIA BROADBENT. LAND OFFICE AT COLFAX, W. T., August 11, 1883. NOTICE is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before H. E. Burrows, Notary Public, at Spokane Falls, W. T., on Oct. 15, 1883.

Notice for Publication.

NEARLY every one was going to this meeting and all the men were congratulating themselves upon the unprecedently mild weather, which enabled them to leave their sheep and cattle with light hearts under the charge of a few boys.

STRAYED STOLEN!

DURING the latter part of July a band of cattle belonging to the undersigned consisting of 22 steers, was driven from the north side of the river at Spokane Falls. The animals were branded 111, 151, 172.

A LIBERAL REWARD.

Will be paid for any information that will lead to the recovery of the above mentioned animals. WILSON & TURNER. Aug. 1, 1883.

NASH & STOUT, Attorneys and Counselors at Law.

LOST.

A NOTE FROM JACK LEWIS & SON, payable to James McLaughlin, was lost in July, between the residence of the undersigned and the Spokane river. A suitable reward will be given to any one returning the same to this office. JAK McLAUGHLIN.

THE MORNING WORLD.

He comes down from Youth's mountain top Before him Muncho's glittering plain Lies stretched—valley, hamlets, towns and towers, Huge cities, dim and silent downs, Wide, unenclosed fields of abating grain.

That long-lost mountain height appears! How softly the lights and shadows glide! How soft the rough places, glorified, Transcend "whip leagues of level" ground.

And standing by the sea of Death, With an anchor weighted and sails unurled, Blessed the man before whose eyes The very hills of Paradise Glow, colored like this morning world.

A Red Indian Revenge Raid.

Before I begin to describe this terrible, but I am happy to say, very rare episode of frontier life, I ought to tell you what an "Indian Revenge" means.

It is the attack upon the Indians by the settlers, who have had their homes destroyed and their families massacred or worse, by the "noble red man."

The Indians, as perhaps some of my readers know, frequently break out of the territory reserved for them where they have remained quietly all the winter, and during the summer, skulk about the nearest settlements, steal horses if they can get the chance, but otherwise not molesting the ranchmen, again returning to their reservations when the weather begins to get cold.

But once, every few years, a sort of frenzy seizes them, in consequence of the extortions of the government and the encroachments of enterprising white settlers; and then a party of braves will stealthily creep round the ranches, and the miserable stockman wakes up some night to be scalped and murdered, or worse, to see his family outraged and killed before his eyes, and himself afterward tortured in a way that defies description.

Our settlement, situated in the most northern portion of New Mexico, was considered one of the most unassailable and safe in that part of the country. To a stranger this would have seemed peculiar, as there were fewer people than in many of the districts further south, where men turned pale at the mention of an Indian raid, while we received the news with sublime indifference.

The reason was not hard to find, however. Living among us as peaceable citizens, were men, who, in days gone by, had been noted desperadoes and Indian fighters, and it is a well known fact among western men, that the Indians dread—and with good reason—a man who has fought against them, and who knows their ways, more than twenty inexperienced hands. But that was a terrible summer. In a settlement south of us two hundred families were massacred in a few months. Troops were sent by government to drive the Indians out, but as usual could never find them, or when they did they were taken at a disadvantage and obliged to retreat.

Even so great anxious and did not breathe freely until November began to draw to a close, and we were expecting day by day that the winter would set in.

Never within the memory of the oldest frontiersman had Indians remained so far south during the winter. So by Christmas they were a thing of the past, and the public mind was filled with excitement concerning a great meeting of stockmen, to be held at a town thirty-five miles north, on the first of January.

Nearly every one was going to this meeting and all the men were congratulating themselves upon the unprecedently mild weather, which enabled them to leave their sheep and cattle with light hearts under the charge of a few boys.

It was in the afternoon following the departure of the stockmen, the 31st of December, I, then a lad of 17, was herding sheep, camped by myself in a little hut a mile from the home-ranch. It was getting rather late and I was beginning to think with some satisfaction of the supper of juicy mutton chops that I would devour in a short time, when I saw, afar upon the prairie, a black dot, that soon developed into a man on horseback coming toward me at full gallop. As he approached I saw that he had no hat, and though his horse was going at a headlong pace, he was urging it furiously with both whip and spur. In another minute he was close to me, and I recognized a young fellow, Ad. Stafford by name, who lived at a ranch about ten miles from us.

"What's the matter, Ad.?" I shouted, as he came thundering up, with difficulty pulling in as he reached me.

"Matter!" he cried. "Why the Indians were left after all. They have just burned ten ranches, killing every man they came across, but carrying off the women alive. They won't go any distance, however, tonight as they think there is no one left in the country to come after 'em, managed to escape, being on a good horse, and am now riding everywhere trying to get up a party for a revenge raid. You'll make one, won't you Pat, to save them woman from a fate one shudders to think of?"

"Yes," I replied, "I'll come if I can do any good; but it will be a tough business, as there are not more than thirty white men left in the settlement."

"Never mind," he answered, "the devils don't expect any attack, they are sure that there is no one to make it; and, remember, there's Mike Alison, Tom Stockton and Ben Reppington still left, and they are worth fifty cusses. But I must be off to get every one I can. Be at Gate's canyon by 10 o'clock to-night, two hours before the moon rises; the Indians are not camped far from there."

"For God's sake don't go back on us Pat," he said, as he gathered up his reins. "Think of the fate of those women if we do not rescue them. Adieu!"

With that he was gone again, and soon disappeared in the direction of the ranch of Mike Alison, the most noted desperado in the country.

Not much supper did I eat that night. I quickly and silently put my sheep into the corral. My horse, a large, wiry Mexican pony, more than half mustang, was feeding near the camp. I caught and saddled him carefully; then, eating a hasty meal, I spent the next few hours in cleaning my revolver thoroughly and sharpening my butcher-knife, also in writing a farewell note to my mother in case I should never return.

It had been dark for some time. I stepped outside my log hut and studied the position of the "Great Bear," by which we tell the time of the night.

"Hem," I soliloquized, "half-past nine; I guess I must be off. I wonder whether I shall be alive this time to-morrow? Not likely; twenty men against possibly two or three hundred—fearful odds! However, life is worth very little here, and at any rate one will die in a good cause."

All this I said aloud, as men who have lived much by themselves get into the habit of doing. Then, mounting my horse, I struck off in the direction of "Gate's Canyon."

After half an hour's ride my horse began to prick up his ears and snort slightly, so that I was nearing the rendezvous. I looked eagerly forward to see how many men poor Ad. had been able to collect for this desperate errand.

There were terribly few; I counted only fifteen when I came up. We sat motionless on our horses' backs, waiting until the last moment for reinforcements to arrive.

Every few minutes a man would appear out of the darkness, and silently take his place in the group. No greetings were given; only one tall horseman, on a fearful roan, rode quietly from man to man, saying a word to each. This was Mike Alison, the desperado and veteran Indian fighter, who, in right of his reputation for a cool head and determined courage, was tacitly accepted by everyone as captain.

Suddenly the silence was broken by his deep voice echoing among the rocks of the canyon.

"Well, boys, I guess we won't wait any longer; we must get to the Injuns' camp before the sun rises, or they'll spot us like so many sheep. I haven't much to say; you all know what you are in for, I suppose; you all know that the odds against us will be about ten to one, as I believe the Injuns number about two hundred, maybe more."

He paused a moment and then said, with a perceptible effort, and in a lower voice, "there are some very young lads among 'em, but if they see many friends mounting for them if they get killed; and I say to those lads—go home while you have time, leave them to do the business as has no one to care a cuss whether they live or die."

He paused again. No one stirred, but some of the "young lads" grunted rather contemptuously.

"No one going," he resumed, "well then, boys, let's be off; don't make more noise than you can help. Keep your eyes on me, and stop when I give the word; now advance!"

So we started on our errand of revenge. Little did the trembling women, crouched in the tents of the Indians, think that succor was so nigh. Still less did their cruel captors dream of the terrible vengeance that was to overtake them so speedily, as they sat drinking the white man's whiskey.

Meanwhile nearer and nearer drew the little band, small in numbers but terrible in their stern determination to rescue the woman or die.

An hour's silent ride over the desolate prairie, or under the frowning rocks or pine-trees of the mtns. Then, a sudden halt. No voice now echoes among the rocks, but a stern whisper passes from man to man.

"We are close to the camp. The first fifteen men follow Mike Alison round to the opposite side of the camp and charge in. The rest dismount and creep forward from different points until they come in sight of the fires, then crouch down with cocked rifles until Mike gives the signal. Then shoot every red skin that runs out. After the second volley, make for the tents where the

women are. Fight to the death—give no quarter!"

I was one of the last, so silently slipping from my saddle, with my bridle over my arm, I crept softly on until a red glare shown through the bushes in front of me, and I knew I must go no farther, but crouch—and wait. I knelt behind a rock, with cocked pistol and unsheathed knife. Waiting, waiting for the signal to begin.

Ah! how terrible it was, this suspense. One seemed to live a whole life-time in those awful few minutes. I could hear the weird songs of the half-breed Indians, mingled with yells and curses, as if they were quarreling over their booty.

What was that? The signal? Ay, there it is. A long, shrill whistle. Then the thunder of horses' feet. A wild howl of surprise and dismay, answered by a relentless volley from the repeating rifles.

In a moment more Indians were flying out of the bushwood on every side. I stood up and fired my pistol right and left with deadly effect. I re-loaded and again emptied it. Then remembering the order to remount after the second volley and make for the tents where the women would be, I looked around for my horse, expecting to find him gone. No, there he stood, close by, snorting fiercely, with dilated nostrils; under his feet, the mangled body of an Indian.

A moment more and I was galloping toward the spot from which came the loud, rattling noise of conflict. At first high rocks intervened between myself and the scene of battle. But suddenly it all broke upon my view.

I pulled up for a second to get a clear idea of the best place to strike for. I was at the end of a large open space. In all directions were the camp-fires of the Indians, but my eyes were fixed upon one spot, where there was a struggling mass of figures in the midst of which rose the white tents. Not a moment did I hesitate. Digging my spurs into my horse's sides, while, at the same time, I charged furiously at the thick mass of Indians surrounding our little band.

The struggle was frightful, and victory seemed more than doubtful. Most of the Indians, utterly surprised and not knowing how small a number of enemies they had to contend with, had decamped at the first shock, but sixty or seventy rallied, got their arms, and being for the greater part tipsy, fought like incarnate devils. Those of our men who had rifles had dismounted, and taking their stand in front of the women's tents poured deadly and unceasing fire upon the foe. We, who had pistols, remained on horse back and dashed hither and thither, shooting right and left, our horses entering into the spirit of the fray as much as their riders.

Backward and forward surged the battle. Now it seemed as if the Indians must conquer; they swarmed on every side, their war-whoops filled the air. But just when it seemed almost in vain to struggle further a stalwart figure on a powerful war horse darted into the centre of the mass of foes. Everything gave way before his charge. His scimitar, "Mike Alison to the rescue!" gave it to "em boys," rang out above the yells of the Indians, and again the white men rallied, and the red skins were driven back. How long this lasted I cannot say. The terrible strain and exertion began to fatigue me fearfully. My horse had apparently carried me from the thick of the fight and was standing still panting heavily. Suddenly he started and gave a feeble shy. From the bushes in front of me broke three Indians, who, as soon as they caught sight of me, made a simultaneous attack. I had one shot left in my pistol and contrived to shoot the foremost Indian before they quite reached me. Then, indeed, it seemed as if my time had come. Utterly exhausted, with only a knife, however, I did not care to grapple successfully with two powerful foes? They came on, at each side, both armed with knives. Making a last desperate effort, I drove my knife into the heart of the one on my left hand. At the same moment I felt the knife of my other antagonist cut through my coat, waistcoat and shirt—surely it would reach my heart! No. The blade was turned too much outward, and cutting a slight gash, it went deeply into the leather of my saddle. Still I was not out of danger. I had not strength enough left to tear the knife from the man I had stabbed, and my living foe was fresh and vigorous.

But he had another enemy whom he had not counted upon. Suddenly I saw his face contract with agony, some unseen force was dragging him downward. He disappeared. I felt my horse rear. I heard a dull, crushing sound, a deep groan, and all was still.

I was safe, my life was preserved by my horse, who had seized the Indian with his teeth, by the middle of his back, thrown him down, and trampled on him. For the next few minutes I remained almost stupefied with fatigue upon my horse's back. From this state I was aroused by the gruff voice of Mike Alison.

"Well, Pat, so you're alive still, aren't you? It has been a lively time, hasn't it? Much hurt?"

I looked up at him, wondering at

the coolness of his tone and manner. His face looked ghastly by the light of the moon, now at its brightest, and one arm hung, evidently broken, at his side. But he was as cool and unconcerned as if he had been merely driving cattle for an evening's amusement.

"Oh Mike," I exclaimed, "is it over yet? Have we beaten them? Are the women safe? Have—"

"Stop," interrupted Mike, "one thing at a time. Yes, it is over, for the present anyhow; and what red skins are left alive are makin' tracks for their reservations a deal faster than they came out to 'em, I guess. Yes, the women are safe, lad, thank God. But get off your horse and lay down for a spell, you need the rest, and I'll tell you all about it. You see, when we left you behind to watch for the skunks as they ran from the first shock of our charge, we went round to the opposite side of the canyon where there is space for fifteen or twenty men to ride in at least. But before we went for 'em, I scouted round till I spotted the tents where I knew the women would be. I was in an almighty scare lest they might be hurt before we reached them. But I found it all quiet. The Indians had not finished the whiskey yet. Then I crept back to the boys, mounted, gave the whistle—which I daisy you heard—and we piled in."

"Tom Stockton, and Luke Remington struck a bee-line for the tents, the boys following. I got to 'em first, and throwin' open the flap of the biggest one, I shouted to the women inside, that we had come to save them, but they must keep quite still, and on no account come out.

"But, Lord bless you! the poor critters could no more keep in than fly. I'm a hard cuss, Pat, there ain't many men things I haven't done, but it's a most brought tears into my eyes, to see the joy with which we were welcomed. And that fool, Luke, fairly lubbered. Some on 'em threw their arms round us and hugged us, some fell on their knees and prayed God to bless us. I saw more gratitude in those five minutes than I ever saw before in my life. Certainly, nothin' could have better fitted the boys for the struggle that was to come than that. We handled them in a moment, however, and only just in time, too, for in half a jiff on the devils came."

"Ah! it was a rough time. But you see the Indians were taken completely by surprise, and were shot from so many different directions at once, that for all they knew we might be a hundred and fifty strong, instead of only twenty-five, and most of 'em struck south straight away. But those that stayed fought like hell, and I guess not many of the boys hev got off as easily as you an' me. More'n one I thought it was all up, but we tired 'em out at last."

"But let's come and lend the women a hand with the wounded, and maybe they may have time to bind up my arm a bit. It does hurt considerable. I suppose it'll have to come off, worse luck." We walked slowly toward a little group of pines, in the midst of which was a patch of open ground, converted, for the time being, into a field-hospital. There were the women, alive and well, thank God, doing what they could to relieve the wounded men, who were heroically making light of their sufferings, or bearing them in grim silence. Dearly did we pay for our revenge, successful though it was. Ten men killed outright, five died before morning, six were disabled so seriously that they were never again fit for active service. Only four, among whom was myself, really recovered from the effects of that terrible New Year's Day. But an awful vengeance was wrought upon the Indians. During the ensuing week, the stockmen came down from the north and scoured the country far and wide, up to the very verge of the Indian territory, and it was calculated that only one of all the ferocious band that had for so long been the terror of the country-side reached the reservation alive.

Not for many years will northern New Mexico be troubled again by Indians. Such a lesson as they received in the winter of 1875 will it soon be forgotten.—Macmillan's Magazine.

A Mining Yarn.

[The following quaint mining story, taken from an old paper, is published by request, as it may put some of the boys on guard who have a hankering after mining claims in the Northwest:]

There is a renown over at Groundhog's Glory who has a rich claim for sale. Sam Hodggers heard about it the other day and went over there to see what the chances were for making a good bargain. Sam is a dissatisfied sort of a fellow, and is always trying to buy into something rich. So, as I was saying, he bulged right over to Groundhog's Glory the moment he heard of it.

When he got there he found that the owner of the claim and his wife had gone on a visit to another family in the Big Bug Canyon. The only person about the premises was a small boy about twelve years and. From him Sam obtained some information which the owner himself might not have communicated.

"Sam went down with the boy and to a look at the claim. While he

was casting his eye prominently, the boy sat on the bank and whistled, "Oh Gosh! my own Jimmie."

Having finished his survey, Sam went up and sat down beside the innocent juvenile.

"Bub," said he, "I've heard that this is a rich claim, and it does look pretty well. Now tell the honest truth, what does your father want to sell out for if it's as rich as they say?"

"The small boy stopped whistling, cocked his head to one side, closed one eye and squinted thoughtfully at Sam with the other.

"Stranger how you got half a dollar about you? If you have perhaps I wouldn't mind telling you."

Sam forked over the half dollar, and the boy looked at it a moment and whistled, "Get out of the Wilderness."

"Well, feller, bein' as it is you, I don't object to saying that the reason I want to sell out is because I'm here claim, is cause it is too rich."

"Too rich! Played out," put in Sam.

"Now, stranger, you jest hold yer horses till I get through, and I'll explain it to you. You see this ain't like other claims where the gold is in sandy gravel and mostly in bed rock, but the bank here is nearly all clay, and there's heaps and gobs of fine gold all through it. The clay is the all-freddest sickerest stuff ever wuz, and you can't begin to work it. When dirt gets to work down there he naturally gets the darned stuff all over him, and when he comes in at night he's jest coated with it about six inches deep more or less, and this clay is plum full of gold."

"I don't see that that's any reason for his wanting to sell out," interrupted Sam.

"Well, old hoss, you keep cool and don't get rampagous and I'll tell you how it is. When dad comes in at night he's almighty tired, but mam, you see, is such an awful economical woman that she don't like to see so much gold wasted as dad has about him in the clay every night, so mam she allows turns in and cleans him up. At first she used to be satisfied with scraping him down with a hoe and panning him out. She made lots of money at that. He used to pay out rich, I tell you. But pretty soon mam got unsatisfied 'cause it took too long to pan him out every night, and besides, she didn't get half the gold. The clay was so sticky it wouldn't wash good. Then she got a string of sluices out in front of the house and put up a little hydraulic and used to pipe him off. Dad was dreadful mad about it. He said it was too wearin' for a man to work in the drain all day and then he worked himself at night. He had to give in, though. Mam said he shouldn't be washed with her if he didn't and that fetched him you bet."

"Things ran on in this way for some time. The old woman made two or three hundred dollars a week regular. But as I told you before, she was awful savin' and she found she couldn't pipe him off clean and lost ever so much in the tailors. You don't know how sticky the clay is around here. The only way in which you can work it clean is to chuck it into a kettle of bilin' water and bile it for two or three hours. That's the way the fellow what first struck the claim used to work the rich crevices. Mam heard of this, and she thought if she could work the old man in some such way, she could save the gold. Of course she didn't expect to bile him right down, you know. That wouldn't have been exactly on the square, but she thought if she could let him stand in middlin' hot water for an hour or two every night, she could run him through the hydraulic then and wash him off pretty clean."

"Well, stranger, you mightn't think it, but dad was so pesky contrary that he wouldn't do it. Mam said she'd got to do it, 'cause she wasn't goin' to see money thrown away by no such contrivance. Neither one of 'em wouldn't give in, so they concluded to split the difference by lettin' dad sell out and go below and buy a ranch."

"That's jest how it is, stranger; if you ain't married and want to buy this claim, you can make a mighty good thing of it, but if you've got a wife she won't let you rest for tryin' to work you to good advantage."

Here the unsophisticated infant finished and walked away, calmly whistling, "I wish I was a Daisy," while Sam retired to reflect on the matter, for he was, and is, married.

The Human Figure.

The proportions of the human figure are six times the length of the feet. Whether the form is slender or plump, the rule holds good; any deviation from it is a departure from the highest beauty in proportion. The Greeks made all their statues according to this rule. The face, from the highest point of the forehead, where the hair begins, to the chin, is one-tenth of the whole stature. The hand, from the wrist to the middle finger, is the same. From the top of the chest to the highest point of the forehead, is a seventh. If the face, from the roots of the hair to the chin, be divided into three equal parts, the first division determines the place where the eyebrows meet, and the second nostrils. The height, from the top of the head, is the distance from the extremity of the fingers when the arms are extended.

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In Advance.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 15, 1883.

HEAVY frosts in the Western and Northern States Sunday did a vast amount of damage to growing grain and vegetables. It was an early frost and left its marks everywhere along the route traveled.

THE first number of the Cheney *Salina*, under the management of F. J. Spencer, reached us this week. It is a six column sheet, and starts out with fair patronage. Mr. Spencer promises that it will be run in the interest of Cheney, and Spokane county. We wish the new proprietor an abundance of good luck in his venture.

PORTLAND put on its best clothes Tuesday, and give Villard and his guests an enthusiastic welcome. No pains nor money were spared to make the demonstration a success, and the papers claim that it even exceeded the extravagant demonstration at Minneapolis. It is evident that a due amount of celebrating has been indulged in all along the Northern Pacific road, from one end to the other, and if the management desires to keep in the good graces of the people it will adopt a liberal system of dealing with everybody that has occasion to use the road. With fair treatment the good will of the public can be gained, which is not to be dispensed even by the richest corporation.

## SOMEWHAT SHORT!

The Intentions were Good,  
but the Execution  
Prevented!

The Coming of the Villard Party  
Delayed and the Demonstration  
Abbreviated.

Plenty of Enthusiasm, but  
Nothing to Waste it On!

Spokane Falls shows what  
it can do when the Occasion  
Requires.

Belated Trains, Tedious Waiting,  
Wholesale Disappointment.

THE TRAVELERS MISS MORE  
THAN DO THE PEOPLE.

The Shades of Night cover the  
Show, yet Everybody Happy.

While Spokane Falls did nobly in preparing for the reception of the Villard party, the great day passed off rather flat on account of a failure on the part of the excursionists to arrive according to the programme promulgated by the party having the management of transportation west of the mountains. The unexpected failure was a source of profound disappointment to the people of this city, and was equally felt by prominent members of the excursion, if we can take their word for it. According to the programme published throughout the country the American guests were to arrive at Spokane Falls at 8 o'clock Sunday morning, and remain here until 11 o'clock that night, while Mr. Villard and his foreign friends were to pass the day on Lake Pend Oreille. Accepting this as a fact the people of the Falls went to great expense and trouble to prepare a fitting reception, and it is not to be wondered at that the failure to come to time was a source of a vast amount of chagrin. We do not propose to go into a lengthy account of the building of the Northern Pacific railroad in the present article. The daily papers have published exhaustive descriptions of the commencement and progress of the road, going into the most minute details. Sufficient for us to say the great work has been pushed through to completion over all obstacles, and another band of steel links the Pacific and Atlantic States. The opening of this road is an important event in the history of the broad territories through which it passes that are so sparsely settled at the present time, and it will be the means of making populous and wealthy States of sections that would otherwise have been years and years in filling up. Particularly is the road advantageous to Washington territory. Situated as it is in the extreme northwestern corner of the

United States to get to it required a tedious trip across the continent by rail and afterwards an unpleasant voyage by sea, if modern means of transportation were resorted to, while to reach it overland required the slow and doubtful land team. Now it is brought immediately in communication with the populous States east of the mountains, and thence in direct communication with Europe. It will be the means of throwing a vast number of people and a corresponding amount of wealth at once into the country, and in 1884 it will probably make more rapid growth than during any five preceding years. It also gives an outlet to the productions of this territory, whether they be the products of the soil, the factories, or the mines. Our people understand the importance connected with the building of the Northern Pacific road, and therefore hailed the driving of the last spike with acclamations of rejoicing, and eagerly went to work preparing to give the President and his large number of invited guests, made up of some of the most noted celebrities of the Old and New World, a reception befitting the occasion.

For a week prior to the date when the party was expected the public were busy, and notes of preparation could be heard on every hand. A vast amount of evergreens were shipped over the road and distributed among the business houses. Red, white and blue cloth was in such a demand that the stock ran short, and flags of all sizes were displayed to the best advantage. By Saturday night the city was decked out in gaudy finery, far surpassing the exhibition of the 4th of July. Along the route that the guests were expected to travel waved forests of pine, fir and cedar, while the national colors caught the eye in every direction. Arcs had been built across the principal streets, appropriately decorated and bearing suggestive mottoes. On the west side of the arch across Riverside avenue, in front of A. M. Cannon's bank, was "All hail to H. Villard and his Associates," and on the opposite side "The Steel Rail has at last United our Common Interests."

On the south side of the arch at the corner of Howard and Main streets the following appeared: "The Northern Pacific Railroad, the Great Bond which Unites us with the rest of the World," while on the other side was "Spokane Falls, the Minneapolis of the West." The arch at the intersection of First and Howard streets, read "Spokane Falls, the Gem City of the Inland Empire, gives First Greeting from Washington Territory to our Eastern Guests." The bridge leading to the mill, where the exercises were expected to be held, resembled a shaded avenue. The enormous room on the lower floor of Havermale & Davis flouring mill had been changed from a bare, empty space into a beautiful grove by the deft hands of fair women, aided by male assistants. Evergreens covered the walls and were twined about the pillars, a large "Welcome" constructed from evergreens looked down upon the stage, and an immense flag formed a suitable background. Flags flew from all the mastheads in the city. The depot was covered from roof to floor with decorations. A magnificent display of grains and vegetables was also made at the depot. The Executive Committee put their heads together and made up an elaborate programme that was printed and scattered broadcast. Everything that could be thought of to make the demonstration a rattling success was ventured into, and had things turned out as was expected the travelers would have been surprised with a reception little short of the one tendered them at Minneapolis.

Sunday morning at an early hour people commenced pouring in from every direction, and soon the streets were crowded. It was soon ascertained that there was a hitch in the affair, and news was spread that the excursion trains would not reach the Falls until noon. This threw a slight dampness on the spirits of the people, but even at that late hour a great deal could be done before dark, and our citizens clung on to hope, ready to embrace at the proper moment. By noon it was learned that the party could not possibly reach here before 4 o'clock and it was generally conceded that all chances for carrying out the literary programme were lost. From that hour until after 7 o'clock when the first division arrived a vast crowd lingered about the depot, eagerly awaiting every scrap of information. At last, after long and patient vigils, the first train, containing the Portland, San Francisco and western guests stopped at the station. The land tumbled gleefully, a black cloud of people hovered about the train to catch a glimpse of those on board, and the travelers poked their heads out and glanced over the crowd. With only a few minutes left the train pulled out, and in half an hour the train, ready to embrace President Villard and his foreign guests, reached here. Mr. Villard was received with loud hurrahs and in response took a stand in the barouche in the center of the vast concourse and spoke about as follows:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—I regret exceedingly that circumstances prevented myself and friends from reaching Spokane Falls at the hour of leaving in the programme. You must understand the great difficulty of moving heavy trains over a new road at any high rate of speed. This has caused our delay. I have heard with pleasure of the wonderful growth of Spokane Falls, and of the enterprise of the people. I understand you have made extensive preparations to receive this party. I most sincerely thank you for the interest you have manifested in the Northern Pacific road, and its managers, and can assure you that it is appreciated. I desire to see your city, and promise you that I shall stop with any foreign friends in the day time on my return.

Belief as the speech was received with applause. Carl Schurz, who was among the guests, was called upon, but failed to show himself. After inspecting the display of grain, etc., the train started, to make room for the third caravan expected every minute. Huge bon-fires were lighted, illuminating the depot, and at their height the third train, containing General Grant, Everts, Hunt, and a host of other public men, arrived. It was pretty late by this time, but still the crowd was but slightly diminished, and the mass of people made a rush toward the car pointed out as containing Gen. Grant. There are few individuals living who can awaken as great an amount of enthusiasm in a crowd as the mere presence of Gen. Grant. Let him appear in any city in the Union, we were not there thirty years ago, and his face is welcomed with prolonged cheers. He need not be talking to stir up this feeling, the name of General Grant, and the man who owns that name, is sufficient to set men wild. When he appeared on the platform of the palace car and long cheers went up for the hero of many battles, and there was a shout, anxious to take the old man by the hand. In order to grant this privilege the General stepped down into the crowd, and for a quarter of an hour he was kept busy touching flesh. Gen. Grant could not be induced to speak, but he expressed his determination to come through Spokane Falls in the day time on his return in order to see the little city he had heard so much about. Just as the train was pulling out Hon. Wm. H. Everts was called upon. This able talker appeared on the platform and spoke a few words, and we regret that the time was so short for him to do his talking in. He said that the party had been enthusiastically met step by step on their way until it had culminated in brass bands, bon-fires, and illuminations at Spokane Falls. The first were hardly necessary, as the train would have been illuminated by the bright countenances of the assembly. He had seen many collections of people on the way, but none that looked as intelligent as the crowd before him. After the departure of the third train the crowd thinned out considerably and only a comparatively few were present when the fourth division, containing the new paper correspondents and editors, arrived. We had the pleasure of meeting E. V. Smalley, who sincerely regretted the miscarriage of the programme, as he very much desired to have the scribes under his charge see the city by daylight. Between 11 and 12 o'clock the fifth and last train passed through the city, but very few people were on hand to receive it.

Every train was made up of a large number of sleeping cars and baggage cars, and the number of excursionists must have numbered over 300. All who expressed themselves as all regretted their inability to see Spokane by daylight. Such men as Villard, Buckley, Schultz, Cheney, Billings, Grant, Everts, Smalley, were very anxious to drive about the place. Of course all the extensive preparations were thrown away when the result is considered, yet the activity of the people, and the importance of preparing a suitable reception, and as the travelers have been made acquainted with the arrangements, they no doubt fully appreciate the feeling manifested. We do not believe now that any one is to blame for the failure of the party to arrive here on time. The spike was not driven until a late hour Saturday, and the trains were behind hand at every point on the route. We wish it had been otherwise, but as it was not, do not propose to kick or find fault.

Our Grain Market.  
Our grain buyers have been actively engaged this week in hauling loaded wagons and gathering in every bushel of grain, and every description, brought into the city. Besides the two firms making a specialty of grain dealing, there are our lively men and others who are anxious to get hold of certain kinds of grain in large quantities, and the farmer finds no difficulty whatever in disposing of his crop, the only catch is to make up his mind who to sell to when solicited by several at the same time. There is no rice here, however, prices being the same all along the line, which are such that the producer has no cause to complain, as the cash is ready for him on delivery of grain. We like to see this, as it gives the agriculturist confidence in the city, and makes a ready street market which he has never before had the advantage of.

All the grain of the streets have been full of grain teams, coming in from every direction loaded down, and going out empty with the driver's pockets full of tin. The long line of teams, the pleasant faces and the excitement of dealer is something we like to see and hope it will be kept up until every farmer in the county is able to sell his products at good figures. The warehouses are being filled up, and it is now a question as to whether there will be storage room for the purchases. This need not trouble the granger, however, as the buyers will take the grain as it comes along and stand the chances of finding some place to put it. We hope this thing will continue on growing every year until Spokane Falls will become as great a wheat mart as Minneapolis, which stands today at the head of any city in the world.

Al. Hawk has sold out his saloon business on Howard street to Messrs. Myrick & Stattler, a couple of young men recent additions to the city. Al. Hawk has had control of the public house for a long time, and under his management it has been noted for its orderliness. We do not know what Al. intends to do with himself, but there are lots of people here who will wish him every manner of good luck in any enterprise he may see fit to embark in.

## Spokane City.

One of the most promising villages in the eastern part of the territory is Steptoe City, more of a city in name than in reality at the present time, but which threatens to be a lively and important place in the near future. The situation of the town is such as to warrant the enthusiasm with which those living there speak of its possibilities. The town site is the level land lying adjacent to and surrounding the homestead of and well-known character, Caspary Davis, and is in the very center of the finest wheat land in the world. The neighborhood of Steptoe can be honestly called the garden spot of the Northwest. The soil is deep and rich, and the land of such a character that every acre can be utilized. Wheat is the staple product, and on that cereal the granger will bet his bottom dollar that the land will out-produce anything in the north. A body of railroad surveyors have recently located a line through Steptoe, which will be built next summer, giving the farmers an outlet for their products. A short time ago engineers were employed to lay out the town site. This was done with the aim of making the future town uniform in appearance. Care was taken in laying out the streets, every avenue and lot 100 feet in width. The facilities are excellent, a sufficient supply of pure spring water being near at hand that will be led into town through pipes. The town is at the crossing of two of the principal roads in the county, running north and south, east and west, which gives it easy communication with surrounding places. It is about 50 miles southwesterly from Spokane Falls, and 15 miles north of Colfax. Already have a number of new buildings been constructed this season. Mr. Davis has remodelled his residence, making a hotel of it, besides putting in a large stock of goods. A mercantile firm from Portland has put up a large store building and have an immense stock of goods on hand. Others have put up residences, and building for stores and shops. The appearance now indicates that the place has taken on a good, healthy growth, which will not stop until Steptoe has assumed the importance of a flourishing inland city. Our townsman, Dr. A. S. Campbell is so confident that the place is to be something that he departed Monday with his family to take up his future residence at Steptoe City. The doctor is a gentleman of wide experience, being an old timer in the new territories, besides being a competent and skillful physician and surgeon, and he would not take the step he has if he were not satisfied that his new home would develop into a town of considerable magnitude. While we regret losing his pleasant companionship we can but congratulate the young town upon such an addition to its population and wish him the best of good fortune in his new home.

The Price of Grain.  
The Cheney *Tribune* is trying to make its readers believe that better prices can be obtained for grain in that place than Spokane Falls. We do not know the prices paid in Cheney, neither do we care. It is but natural to presume that no buyer will purchase grain and pay more than it is worth, neither will dealer in neighboring towns run prices above what they can afford to pay for the mere and unprofitable satisfaction of saying they are giving more than somebody else for wheat. This much we do know that Spokane Falls buyers offer the highest market prices for all the grain that can be brought in, whether it be only bushel or car load. In quoting prices we refer to cash, we having nothing to do with prices offered in mill trade that being a matter between the miller and farmer. Mr. Thompson and G. H. Morgan & Co., our local dealers, are now paying 70 cents per bushel for wheat, \$1.50 for oats, 60 cents for barley. These figures will be corrected each week with the fluctuation of the market. Farmers may depend upon it that Spokane buyers pay cash for grain, all reports to the contrary notwithstanding.

Removal.  
On or about the 15th of September H. C. Hayward will remove to the building now occupied by the First National Bank. His present quarters, including shelving, counters, etc., are now for rent.

Weather Report.  
Signal Service U. S. Army.  
Report of observations taken at Spokane Falls, W. T., for the week ending, Thursday, Sept. 13, 1883.

	Max. Temp.	Min. Temp.	In. Rain.
Monday	70.0	39.0	.00
Tuesday	71.0	34.0	.00
Wednesday	74.0	53.0	.00
Thursday	70.0	42.0	.00

W. H. HENNESSY, U. S. OBSERVATOR.

DIED.  
In this city, September 10, 1883, George May, only child of P. B. and Kate A. Searles, aged 1 month and 4 days.

LOST.  
BETWEEN Spokane Falls and Marshallville of deposit No. 12300 bank of the same. The finder will please bring this office of the bank.

STOLEN.  
ONE bay stallion about 16 hands high, eight years old, black mane, tail and legs, has white stripe on his nose, and a white spot on his forehead. A reasonable reward will be paid for the recovery of the horse and apprehension of the thief. Stolen from my place on the night of the 4th of September, 1883, near Julia, I. T. BENTON HILL.

Notice for Publication.  
Solomon K. Weirich.  
LAND OFFICE AT COLFAX, W. T., Sept. 13, 1883.  
NOTICE is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before Edwin F. Brown, a Notary Public for Spokane county, at Brents, W. T., on Oct. 29, 1883, at 10 a. m. J. M. Armstrong, Register.

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Notice-TIMBER CULTURE.  
ROBERT TARBROUGH vs. GILBERT L. SMITH, U. S. LAND OFFICE.  
COMPLAINT having been entered at this office by Robert Tarbrough against Gilbert L. Smith for failure to comply with law in timber culture entry No. 87, dated September 1878, upon the southeast 1/4, section 10, Township 22 N., Range 37 E., Spokane county, Wash. Terr., with a view to the cancellation of said entry, defendant alleging that said Gilbert L. Smith has failed to plant ten acres of said land in trees, trees or cuttings during the first four years after making said T. C. entry, the said parties are hereby summoned to appear at this office on the 15th day of November, 1883, at 10 o'clock a. m., to present and furnish testimony concerning said alleged facts. J. M. WILSON, Register.

## More Fruit.

Mr. M. Davidson, who presented us with samples of Washington territory fruits a fortnight ago, was in again last week and left some beautiful specimens of grapes and apples, all in excellent condition. The trees and vines from which most of the fruit was gathered were set out on Thos. Vandland's place, where the orchard of Jas. Moran furnished some of the samples. The grapes were of the Clinton, Delaware, Concord and Sweetwater varieties, the apples embracing Hawley, King of Tompkins county, Spitzenberg, Red cheek Pippin, Winesap, Golden Russet, Transcendent and White Winter Pearmain, the two last from grafts put out four years ago. This display of fruit is additional evidence of the productive quality of the soil in this county. And we feel satisfied that in a few years large and thrifty vineyards and orchards will be as common as they are in all old States, and that fruit raising will become a profitable and popular industry.

Also.  
Wilson & Turner, our prosperous Howard-street meat merchants, do not propose to be left while the spirit of improvement seems to be drifting so promiscuously, and to keep up with the age have commenced work upon a new butcher shop. The former abbreviated quarters were too cramped for the light-weight Wilson to sling a cleaver in, and so to accommodate him and make room for the increasing business an enlarged shop was determined upon. The old building has been moved back from the street and the foundation for the new edifice is under way. This will not be a four story brick with an elevator and mansard roof at present, still it will be a good, substantial structure that will in no manner detract from the appearance of the highway. The new building is to be hustled together without postponement, for as it is the boys will be under great inconvenience until the new quarters are ready for them.

A Good Home.  
We take pleasure in recommending to the traveling public the International Hotel, at Portland. The proprietor, E. Lewiston, is an old hand at the business, and from the excellent manner in which the International is managed it is evident he knows how to run a hotel. It is the best one dollar per day house of the Pacific coast, and the fact that the house is always swarming with boarders shows that the public have got on to the place.

Religious.  
We are requested to announce that a Congregational Council will be held at Cheney, next Wednesday, September 19th, for the purpose of ordaining E. B. Hoyt, of Cheney, and Rev. Mr. McCollum, of Sprague.

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## Spokane Bakery.

CORNER OF HOWARD STREET AND RIVERSIDE AVENUE,  
SPOKANE FALLS, W. T.

A Fine Assortment of—

Groceries, Notions, Tobacco, Cigars, Etc.

Fresh Bread, Pies, and Cakes Delivered every Day Free of Charge.

Boston Brown Bread every Sunday Morning.

ALBERT E. KEATS, Prop.

"Money Saved is Money Made!"

CLOSING OUT!  
CLOSING OUT!

AT THE

Boss Store.

Our Entire Stock of Goods offered for

LESS THAN COST!

Retiring from Business is the Reason.

FREDERICH & BERG.

GEO. T. CRANE & CO.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN—

Hardware, Stoves and Tinware,

Spokane Falls, W. T.

Notice to the Public.

WE would respectfully announce to the people of Spokane Falls, and Eastern Washington that we will, on the 15th of September, 1883, open in the new brick adjoining the First National Bank one of the most complete stocks of

HARDWARE, STOVES and TINWARE,

Ever brought into the Territory. Our goods will be purchased in the Eastern market

FOR CASH,

Thereby enabling us to make such prices as will be to the interests of all those contemplating purchasing anything in the Hardware line.

Dealers in the Interior are requested to Write or Call upon us for our Prices before sending Orders to Portland.

THE

ST. CHARLES HOTEL

Has been lately renovated and refitted and will be opened to the public on

Monday July 30th, 1883.

BOARD BY THE DAY, WEEK AND MONTH

At Reasonable Rates.

P. J. BARRINGTON, Pro.

Just Received

AT

SCHIELINE BROS.,

(Successors to A. M. Cannon.)

The Largest Stock of

GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

Ever brought to Washington Territory, consisting of a full line of Ladies' Dress Goods such as

Silks, Satins, Velvets, and all Wool Cashmeres

In every shade.

Scotch Plaids, Diagonals, Serges, Basket Patterns, etc.

Also a large stock of Cheap Dress Goods in

CHECKS, PLAIDS, BUNTINGS, POPLINS, TWEEDS, ETC.

Trimming in

Silks, Satins, Flashes, Velvets, etc.,

To match in all shades. The largest and most complete line of

MEN'S, YOUTH'S, AND BOYS' CLOTHING

Ever exhibited in the Upper Country and at the Lowest Prices.

A Large Line of—

Trunks and Valises.

HATS, CAPS, AND GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS,

At away down prices. The largest and most complete

LINE OF GROCERIES

North of Snake river. Sugar bought by the car load and customers get the benefit of the reduction.

"Good Goods and Satisfaction Guaranteed,"

Is our Motto.

Highest Price Paid For Country Produce.

Call and See Us and Get our Prices.

Schieline Bros.

Corner Mill street and Riverside avenue, Spokane Falls, Wash. Terr.

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Hardware, Stoves and Tinware,

Churches and Societies.

FIRST BAPTIST Church, preaching every Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. Social meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30. All are cordially invited to be present at all services. F. Baker, Pastor.

CONGREGATIONAL Church, preaching every Sunday, by the pastor, Rev. J. H. S. Smith, at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Social meeting at 7:30 p. m. on Wednesday evening. All are cordially invited to be present at all services. F. Baker, Pastor.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL Church, preaching every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. Social meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30. All are cordially invited to be present at all services. F. Baker, Pastor.

WOMAN'S SOCIETY, meeting every Wednesday evening at 7:30. All are cordially invited to be present at all services. F. Baker, Pastor.

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SCRAPINGS.

September 15th. Put in your winter wood. Strangers are again numerous. Buy school books of S. Heath.

The lumber trade continues brisk. The water carrier is the busiest man in the city.

All kinds of job work done at the Riverview. Workmen are putting the roof on the Central Block.

Benton Hill advertises a stolen horse in another column.

The Sprague House had a land office business today.

Will people never learn to exercise care with loaded guns.

There were a great many new arrivals at the hotels this week.

Farmers are finding a ready sale for all grain they bring to town.

The United States Land office opens here on the 1st of October.

Go to the lecture next Tuesday evening and aid a deserving object.

Searching for items this week has been a very unprofitable pastime.

Sweeney & Co. were filling up with a fresh lot of new goods this week.

Carpenters are rattling up a new office for Lawyer Hill in short order.

The new spur for F. L. Stone's lumber yard at the depot was completed this week.

The Marshal has not had enough to do this week to keep his blood in circulation.

The walls of Brown's building loom up as though a completion was near at hand.

Mrs. Chas. Sweeney puts us under obligations for late Chicago and San Francisco papers.

McNab & Co. have just received a large stock of the imported cigars. They are away up.

The price of butter continues stiff, yet hardly stiff enough to support the strength of most of it.

Gen. Grant was in the city Friday, but so few knew of it that he escaped the usual honors.

Several parties have left this city for the Big Bend this week. Land is what they are after.

McElroy was asked questions regarding the arrival of trains over eleven thousand times Sunday.

The First National Bank will get into the new room by the 20th. That's the calculation at present.

The decorations about town continue to flap the breeze, monuments to the "great discomfiter."

Wagon blades with saw logs are no uncommon sight on our streets. The mill takes all them.

Gillidge butter, flour, etc., for sale by M. Thompson, commission merchant, on Riverside avenue.

Work is going right ahead on the new building at the southeast corner of Main and Howard streets.

The huller of the new Catholic college is now in the open brick, saving quite a sum thereby.

The train on the road was running wild about all the week. The excursion outfit caused the tangle.

Pete Decker is having some fun on his farm. He has five men now employed on the place.

The land is talking of getting up a promenade concert, to be, boys; the proposition is a good one.

Al. Keats, our boss baker, showed his public spirit by sticking out a multitude of flags of all ages Sunday.

your stock of three-cent stamps off your hands. Pilgrim, the poet, got on one of his customers just Monday, and was jugged. The hole in the floor is not plugged-up and allowed him a means of escape, and he flew.

The 5th Infantry band from Montana, with Villard's train, performed a number of pieces at the report Sunday night. It was by far the best heard ever heard in this city.

For the first time this summer considerable sickness is reported in this vicinity. None of it is serious, however, being but slight indispositions that yield readily to treatment.

If you want a good well at your home call at the Employment Office, and leave your orders. Competent men always on hand to do the work in style. Next door to the postoffice.

A fortuitous shower Saturday night did away with the necessity of sprinkling the streets, and even the kindness of providence failed to make the show an over-whelming success.

Station Agent McElroy had all his work done for the week. The building was extravagantly decorated, but the excursionists had no chance to see the spread. Hard luck all around.

An extravagant amount of evergreens are scattered about town, showing that the people were honest in their endeavors to dress out in the city in honor of the promised visit from the Villard party.

Every indication point to an early visit from Jack Frost, and judging from the manner in which many cling affectionately to heavy overcoats at an early hour in the morning the chill is being felt.

The woman who was brought to this city last week with the bone of one of her limbs fractured and her ankle unjointed, had the injuries attended to by Dr. Morgan, and she is now recovering.

A number of prominent men were yesterday called by the crowd as the trains came in Sunday night, but the majority of them were wrapped in peaceful slumbers and failed to respond to the solicitations.

Services at the Congregational Church at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor, Rev. J. B. Bonifacio. Morning subject: "Possessing the Land." Evening—"A Hopeless Life." You are cordially invited.

That Post-office bridge is assuming more of the appearance of a bridge every week, and from the manner in which the contractor sticks to the job it is evident that he proposes to have it completed on time.

The members of the Geese Verion Comitia deserve special credit for the trouble they went to in preparing for the reception. Had the boys an opportunity to sing they would certainly have pleased the audience.

A vote is to be taken on the 20th of this month to determine whether or not the residents of this city are willing to be taxed to the extent of \$2,500 to carry on the public schools, and it is pretty safe to predict the tax goes.

The funeral of E. P. Fox, the man who accidentally shot himself Sunday, took place from the largest church Thursday afternoon, a few sympathetic strangers among them Rev. J. B. Baker, performing the last sad rites.

Charley Carson has rented the lower part of the building adjoining his restaurant on the west, and will be using it for private dining rooms. This will be supplying a long felt want and is a great accommodation to his patrons.

Cheney was shaken from centre to circumference this week by an election for Justice of the Peace. From what we can learn of the proceedings, it is probable that more fun over the local affair than could have been stirred up over a general election.

L. Zeigler has had a brick wall built in the rear of his handsome frame store building on the corner of Howard street and Riverside avenue as a protection against fire. A similar impediment to the ruddy runster would not be out of place on the north side.

The display of grain and vegetables at the depot was a magnificent sight. The men have made the eastern people open their eyes with astonishment had they arrived here in daylight. It was a good showing for the country, but unfortunately failed in its purpose.

Al. Hill, an old Illinois friend, has our thanks for a file of Minnesota papers containing a full description of the Villard reception, from which we are led to believe that the people of that northern metropolis did all former efforts in the celebration.

Through the kindness of H. H. Brown, we have received a copy of the first way bill sent out of the Dayton office over the N. P. R. It is numbered "A 1," and is for a chest of tools to T. J. Taylor, Spokane Falls. We will keep it as a souvenir.—Dayton Chronicle.

On the strength of information received at this office we stated last week that Geo. Rose was about to close his brewery and go out on a farm. We have since learned that this is a mistake, and that Mr. Rose will continue to manufacture a first-class brand of beer at the old stand.

At last the heavy smoke that has overcast the entire country for upward of two months or more, has been dispelled, and the clear atmosphere and beauty of the landscape is a charming change. It is that to say such was the case, but the vapor spread out again Friday, and the view is out of short.

The several ladies and gentlemen of our city who are endowed with vocal accomplishments took a great deal of pains to prepare music for the proposed demonstration, and it is really too bad that they had no chance to sing the pieces selected. The vocal feature would have been one of the best on the program.

A great many farmers drove into the city Sunday to see the notable excursion on the excursion trains. Many of them had to return home in the afternoon, and did not even have the satisfaction of catching a shadowy glimpse of the trains as they passed through town at night.

We regret their disappointment. We suppose Gen. Grant has done more hand shaking than any human being who ever lived. He did not escape the affliction here. When the train arrived containing the ex-President he was loudly called for and there was a rush to the old warrior by the fin. The grand natured general stepped down of the train and for half an hour both hands were working up and down like a pump handle. He suffered with a resignation worthy of a Spartan.

The ladies of Spokane Falls, with their customary promptness when the occasion requires them to lend a hand, turned out in large numbers last Saturday and under their deft fingers and excellent taste the large and beautiful room was made to look beautiful with a profusion of decorations. Their kindly assistance was thoroughly appreciated by the sterner sex, and it is to be regretted that their labor was thrown away when the purpose intended is taken into consideration.

Charley Potter, who drives Glover & Gilliam's express, had a very painful accident, last Monday night, that might have resulted more seriously. Mr. Potter was driving a couple of passengers to the depot to catch the midnight train, when the front wheel of the vehicle struck a stone near the Riverview office, throwing him violently to the ground. In the fall his left foot was very severely bruised and sprained. The pedal is swollen to twice its natural size and it will be a long time before it will have perfect use of it.

Col. G. H. Morgan desires us to state that he has ordered some thirty bushel of black walnuts from the east, which he expects to arrive in a few days, and that any one desirous of planting the nut can secure the seed from him at the actual cost price. The Colonel says that the walnut tree will grow as well here as it does in the Mississippi valley. There are few species of wood more valuable than the walnut, and we believe that he is not wrong in his opinion. First come first served in this case as usual all others, and those wishing the seed should have their orders at Col. Morgan's office at once.

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NOT ENTIRELY LEFT.

A Little side Reception not Down on the Bills.

Some Important Individuals Who Take a Squint at the Gen. City.

When the excursion party passed through Spokane Falls last Sunday night it was the universal expression among those on board that they regretted exceedingly their inability to look upon the rising city by daylight.

They meant it, too, and Frederick Billings, one of the directors and largest stockholders in the road, Wm. H. Evans and Gen. Grant timed their return trip so as to be able to reach here in the middle of the day. About 11 o'clock a. m. yesterday morning a special train containing the above named gentlemen

and several others, homeward bound, reached Spokane Falls. A short time before Prof. J. M. Terrian received a dispatch from Mr. Billings and on the arrival of the train the Professor was in waiting with a carriage and drove Gen. Grant, Mr. Billings, Mr. Evans, and Mr. Billings, Jr., and his wife about the city, around the falls and over to his residence. Few knew of the arrival and therefore there were only twenty-five or thirty persons at the depot.

On the trip about the city Gen. Grant and Mr. Evans expressed no surprise at the appearance of the progress in the city, and the entire party were lavish in their praise of the beauty of the city and falls. Grant stated that the city bore more the appearance of being twenty-five years of age than five, and they all remarked the solidity and elegance of the business houses in course of construction. At the residence of Professor Terrian the party were shown specimens of mineral from the Northwest. Taking up a fine piece of quartz Mr. Billings said to the Professor: "I am familiar with minerals, having lived on the Pacific coast at the time of the rich developments on the Coast and elsewhere, and for variety and richness your specimens, both here and in New York, make the best showing I have ever seen." The Professor presented each individual member of the party with rich specimens of native silver from mines that he is now working. After viewing the city and surroundings the party was conducted to the train. Upon bidding Prof. Terrian and the few present adieu Mr. Billings said: "I am more disappointed with this town than with any town on the line of the railroad west of St. Paul—a truly disappointed man. There is no more improvement going on here than in any town I have seen. You have the finest water power and town site I ever saw. It is beautiful. There is a great future for your city. I will lend all the aid in my power to make a city here." These prophetic and encouraging words coming from one who has the power, if the inclination, to do much for Spokane Falls, were received with pleasure by the few listeners. Had the content of the party been known before hand they would have been received at the depot by a crowd of short in numbers to the one that welcomed them Sunday night.

Everything Goes. As the season for building in this upper country draws to a close, residential activity is exhibited among those who have buildings under way, or who desire to build before cold weather sets in. All the new houses, both public and private, in the hands of the contractors, are being pushed, and will no doubt be completed before cold weather interferes. The ribs of a number of new buildings are stuck up into the air and carpenters will be kept jumping them up to get them off their hands on time. Mr. Cannon's elegant new residence in the southwestern portion of the city is assuming shape under the deft fingers of Mr. Lewis, and while it is a big undertaking for this part of the year he feels satisfied that the family will be able to occupy the premises this winter. Several neat residences in the eastern part of the city are drawing toward a finish, while the improvements in the shape of brick stores are being closed up. A new frame building adjoining Rima's new brick on the south, the property of S. C. Hyde, is going up like magic and will be finished in a few days. It will be occupied by Hyde & Still as a law office. Taking the buildings finished and those under way and in number and quality they will equal those of any city on the Pacific coast, and has made the golden year so far in the history of Spokane Falls, but the additions in contemplation that will be made to the city next year will sink the growth of the present season into insignificance. Let her grow. There is plenty of room and the people propose that it shall be filled up.

Church Directory. Services will be at a uniform hour in all the churches, as follows: Sunday services at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. The bell of

THAT BAD BOY.

"Hello," said the groceryman to the bad boy, as he came in with a black eye, leading a hungry-looking dog that was walking on the three legs, and had one tied up with a red silk handkerchief. What is this a part of your amateur theater? Now you get out of here mighty quick. A boy that hurls dogs so that they have to have their legs tied up is no friend of mine," and the groceryman took up a broom to drive the dog out doors.

"There, you calm yourself," says the boy to the groceryman, as the dog got behind the boy and looked at the groceryman as though he wasn't afraid as long as the bad boy was around. "Set up the crackers and cheese, and pickles and sausage, and everything this dog wants to eat. He is a friend of mine. That dog is my guest, and those are my splints on his broken leg, and that is my handkerchief that my girl gave me, wound around it, and you touch that dog, save in the way of kindness, and down comes your house," and the boy doubled up his fists as though he meant business.

"Poor doggie," said the groceryman as he cut off a piece of sausage and offered it to the dog, which was declined with thanks, expressed by the wagging tail. "Where did you steal him?"

"I didn't steal him, and he's my camellid—he won't eat your sausage," and the boy put up his elbow as though to ward off an imaginary blow. "You see, this dog was following of a pet dog that belonged to a woman, and she tried to shoot him away, and he wouldn't shoot. He didn't know he was a low-born miserable dog, with no right to move in the society of an aristocratic pet dog, and he followed right along. He thought this was a free country, and one dog was as good as another, and he followed right into her yard. The pet dog encouraged this dog, and he went in the yard, and when the woman got up on the steps she threw a velocipede at this dog and broke his leg, and then she picked up her pet and went in the house so she wouldn't hear this dog howl. She is a nice woman, and I see her go to church every Sunday with a lot of morocco books in her hands, and I once pumped the organ in the church where she goes, and she was so pious I thought she was an angel. But angels don't break dogs' legs. I'll bet when she goes up to the gate, and sees St. Peter open the book and look for the charges against her, she will tremble as though she had fits. And when St. Peter runs his finger down the ledger, and stops at the dog line, and turns and looks at her over his spectacles, and says: "Madam, how about your stabbing a poor dog with a velocipede, and breaking its leg?" she will say it was an accident, but she can't fool St. Peter. He is onto everybody's racket, and if they get in there they have got to have a clean record."

"Say, look-a-here," said the groceryman, looking at the boy in astonishment as he unrolled the handkerchief to dress the dog's broken leg, while the dog looked up in the boy's face with a glance of thankfulness and confidence; that he was an able practitioner in dog bone-setting, "what kind of talk is that? You talk of heaven as if its books were kept like those of a grocery, and you speak too familiarly of St. Peter."

It was a burglar after the church money he collected last Sunday. He had to turn it over the next day, to pay the minister's expenses on his vacation, and it made him nervous to have it around. I peeped out of the window and saw the man, and I told pa, and pa got a revolver and began shooting through a wire screen to the kitchen window, and I saw the man drop the basket and begin to climb over the fence real sudden, and I went out and began to groan, as though somebody was dying in the alley, and I brought in the basket with the mackerel and green corn, and told pa that from the groaning out there I guessed he had shot the grocery delivery man, and I wanted pa to go out and help me hunt for the body, but he said he was going to take the midnight train to go out west on business, and pa lit out. I guess your man was scared and ran one way, and pa was scared and ran the other. Won't they be astonished when they meet on the other side of the world? Pa will shoot him again if he gives pa any sass. Pa says when he gets mad he had just as soon eat as to kill a man."

"Well, I guess my man has gone off to a Sunday picnic or something, and will come back when he gets sober. But how are your theatricals getting along," asked the groceryman.

"Oh, that scheme is all busted," said the boy; "but least until the minister gets back from his vacation. The congregation has noticed a red spot on his hand for some time, and the lady said what he needed was rest. They said if the spot was allowed to go on it might develop into a pimple and he might die of blood poison superinduced by overwork, and they took up a collection, and he has gone. The night they bid him good bye the spot on his hand was the subject of much comment. The women sighed, and said it was lucky they noticed the spot on his hand before it had supped his young life away. Pa said Job had more than 490 boils worse than that, and he never took a vacation, and then he died pa up. She told pa he had never had blood-poison, and pa said he could raise cat-balls for the market and never squeal. Ma see the only way to shut pa up was to let him go home with the choir singer. So she bounced him off with her, and he didn't get back till most eleven o'clock, but she set for him. Maybe what she did to him made him go west after peeping your burglar. Well, must go home now, 'cause I run the family since pa lit out. Say, send some of your most expensive canned fruit and things over to the house. Darn the expense!" And the boy took the lame dog under his arm and went out.

BENEFIT OF LEMONADE.—Most people know the value of lemonade before breakfast, but few know how it is doubled by taking it at night also. The way to get the better of a bilious system without the use of pills or quinine is to take the juice of one, two or three lemons, as the appetite craves, in as much ice-water as makes it pleasant to drink, with-out sugar, before going to bed. In the morning on rising, or a half an hour before breakfast, take the juice of one lemon in a goblet of water. This will clear the system of humors and bile with mild efficiency, without any of the weakening effects of calomel or congress water. People should not irritate the stomach by eating lemons clear. The powerful acids of the juice, which is almost corrosive, invariably produces inflammation after a while, but diluted so that it does not burn or draw the throat, it does its full medical work without harm, and when the stomach is clear of food has abundant opportunity to work on the system thoroughly.

WHAT CAUSES THE TIMBER LINE?—A writer in the New York Independent, says: The cause of what is known as the timber line on high mountains continues to be discussed in scientific periodicals, and the attempt continued to connect the line in some degree with mean annual temperatures. The writer of this paragraph has had the matter in mind when on these high elevations, and the explanation seemed very simple. On all these high peaks there is a continuous, though in some cases slow, descent of the soil from the summit to the base of the hill. He has never seen a case, where there was soil enough to grow a tree, that trees were not growing. As the wash from rain or melting snow will be nearly uniform in a given range, there will be of necessity some uniformity in the timber line. On Mt. Washington and other high places, little plots of dark vegetable earth can often be found far above the present timber line, the remains of trees which existed before the earth was washed away. What is called the timber line seldom shows graduated sizes, as a mere matter of temperature would call for. Generally the line is formed of very small trees, and immediately scrubby plants, from the absence of deep soil, begin.

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