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WHAT'S IN A NAME.

It was a gay young gentleman

A traveling in the West,

He came from where the sun doth rise,

His money to invest

All of the pure gold,

And had he yielded to this invest

This tale had not been told.

But one said day

Upon the way

He met a Western man,

And asked about the country

His troubles than began

"I'm going to the silver mines,

Down in the San Ju—

Are they pretty rich?" All blankly gazed

That honest Western man

"There ain't no place of such a name,"

"In the one before we pass

That village named upon my map

As—yes, Los An—

Is not that right?" The Western man

Then sternly answered, "Now

Folks who set their hearts on such a name

See how they suffer."

Pale grew the young man's soft, soft cheek,

And growing pale he said,

But still once more he strove to speak

He boldly tried to try—

"And shall I say—

Speak," once again he cried:

When the Western man did call.

And the Western man replied,

"You are the ignorantest fellow

I ever see by far;

Folks as know beans pronounce that name

Just simply Waffern."

Then willfully sobbed the Eastern man;

The Western man with inward pain

And fiercely hissed, "Oho!"

All in a moment

Upon the ground

The Eastern man did fall

While for a cup of water pure

The Western man did call.

Alas! no water there was there,

Such was their dreadful state—

For every soul upon that car

Did drink his whisky straight.

The train rolled on, at last the youth

Himself recovered.

And galling on the time-table,

This name discovered:

"Jonsville." He struggled with the name;

"None," he said, "but 'ville'"

Such was the name that he

The Western man saw the Eastern man was ill.

The dying traveler faltered,

His eyes were growing dim,

He gave nothing on my tombstone," said he,

"But 'Jonsville'—"

I would not have the passer by

Fracture his lower jaw.

And his maxillary vesicles

Out of position draw

In striving to pronounce my name.

For sadly do I know I

How 'tis myself, and of a name

Undoubtedly do die.

The traveler turns upon his back,

A Puzzled Judge.

An envoy that came Patsy Burns' saloon

To get a warrant for the proprietor was

Hoarse, squat and bull-necked. He leaned

Across the bar of the Jefferson market court

And whispered confidentially. "Say, judge,

Patsy Burns wants to shut down on a kid

That's been skinning him."

"A kid! skinning him? Impossible,"

said his honor. "Where is the animal?"

"He's a young rooster," the applicant

went on, "what dishes out the booze in

Patsy's drum."

His honor looked perplexed. "Oh, it's

poultry you're complaining about," he re-

marked. "I thought you said it was a

kid just now. Well, what of the rooster?"

The applicant took a good long look at

his honor and fumbled his hat-hinge nervously.

Then he began again with an air

submissive, but reproachful.

"Say, judge, don't you play me. I'm

giving it to you straight; honor bright.

Patsy feels dead sore over the thing and

wants the young terrier hauled up before

you."

The judge dropped his eye-glasses help-

lessly. "Look here, my friend," he blurted

out, "if you come here to complain about

a whole menagerie, say so; but plain

PARADE OF FLESH AND FOWL IS DISTRACTING.

Let us understand each other. Kid, roos-

ter or dog—is Patsy's trouble with one or

all?"

The applicant looked about him help-

lessly. "Then he said,

"Judge, this looks like a dead open

shut. You don't seem to tumble to me at

all. Here's the scheme. There's a jigger

behind Patsy's bar that's crooked, and he

wants his taken in. See?"

"Oh, Patsy has a saloon! It is the per-

son who dispenses the beverages he has

trouble with."

"That's the racket, judge," and the appli-

cant stamped with delight. "You've got

it dead to rights. You see Patsy sets this

block in his shingling a sending along the

old stuff, and everything goes hunkie-dore

til he sees his snip sporting a snip and

to the queen's taste. Well, Patsy's

poopy fly, he is, and he dropped to the

caper. So he spotted the feller, and to-day

he caught him working the damper."

"Working the damper? You mean give

him the collar and make him produce. He's

a bad lot, he is, and you ought to give him

a stretch."

"What," cried his honor, "would you be

so barbarous as to have me hang the man?"

"Who's talkin' of hangin'," asked the

other. "What I said is he ought to get a

tip."

"Get a nip?"

"Yes; 'tip the river."

"I see," groaned the justice. "Go

to Sing Sing. My friend will try to ac-

commodate you. But this conversation is

trying to a man of my constitution. Go to

Patsy Burns, I beg you. Tell him to bring

Our Washington Letter.

WASHINGTON, April 23, 1879.

EDITOR STATESMAN.—Senator David

Davis yesterday made quite a lengthy

speech in favor of the appropriation bill

with the provision in it forbidding the

use of troops at the polls. Senator Davis

began his speech by asserting that he held

no allegiance to either party, but was as

emphatic as any democrat in his opposi-

tion to federal armed interference with

elections. Senator Bayard spoke the day

before, (Monday) and, as he always does,

spoke admirably. The argument, in fact,

has so far been with the democracy, and

the declamation with the other side.

Since the crafty speech of Garfield, which

opened the horse debate on the army bill

no new ideas have been advanced by the

radicals in support of federal interference,

either through the army or the civil

forces, with elections. Mr. Garfield by a

cunning blending of facts, insinuations,

and threats, did all that could be done to

create opposition to the programme agreed

upon by the democrats. He exhausted

the ammunition of his side. The senate

will close this week, and Mr. Hayes

will then have his chance to veto or

approve it. The radical organs have, as

if fearing he will approve, has commenced

to warn him. If Mr. Hayes were a thin-

skinned man his position during the al-

ternate bull-dozing and cajoling of repub-

lican party leaders would be painful to

him.

Monday was the first unobstructed "bill

day" of the session, and it was improved

by the presentation of some 1400 bills.

These embraced those the last congress

failed to act on finally, and many new

ones. A large proportion related to the

finances.

There is a rule of the senate which re-

quires the assent of the presiding officers

of that body. Mr. Wheeler went away,

and thus escaped responsibility. Mr.

Thurman presiding temporarily is dis-

ciplined to assume responsibility, and so

whenever the question of removal and

appointment comes up, the senate post-

pones action. This farce has been going

on for several days. One day Mr. Wal-

lace, who moved the necessary change in

the rules, is absent, and the next day

Mr. Edmunds, who offered an amendment

to the motion of Mr. Wallace, is absent.

The whole subject is not worth the time

spent on it. Common sense teaches us

that a legislative body, or any other body

doing business, should have officers in

sympathy with those who will be held

responsible for that business. Mr. Thur-

man should overcome the sensitiveness

which prevents action and the democratic

senators should go ahead.

REX.

A MODEL EDITOR. BUT HE IS DEAD.

—Col. John W. Forney, of Philadelphia,

has our thanks for a "Memorial address

Diversities.

The best medicine for a sick man is to

back him up against a mule. That animal

will heel him.

Perhaps England never will whip the

Zulus till she imports some of our war

heroes to take charge of her troops.

A California editor invested in a mule,

and the fact was chronicled by his contem-

poraries under the heading, "Remarkable

instance of self-possession."

The victory won by the racer "Parole"

served to soften the bitterness of defeat

our glorious country sustained at the

hands—or rather legs—of Rowell.

It is reported that Eli Perkins has given

\$500 to the emigrating negroes. If this

report was authorized by Mr. Perkins it

will be received very dubiously by the

public.

An Eastern editor wrote: "We are

living at this moment under a despotism,"

and his opponent kindly explained: "Our

Last year's coming and the girls are happy to answer to pop the question.

The foundation of Messrs. Stahl and Kneveland's new brick building, is progressing.

The telegraph line under the energetic supervision of Major Veldler, the telegraph line is being rapidly stretched out, and will be completed in June next.

The Columbia bar at Dayton is a general harbor of refuge for the weary and distressed.

Miss Mollie Troupe, Miss Frank Starb and Miss Mollie Trux, three of the most interesting and pretty young ladies in this Northwest are visiting friends in this city.

Mr. Geo. B. Cole, Portland's postmaster, came up with Mr. Scott and is doing the country with him.

Brother Black the genial editor of the Weston Leader, spent a few days in this city last week. He still keeps up his lick, and is becoming a power in the land.

Major Maynard and his energetic clerk, Col. Hubbard, left on Wednesday for Colville. Major Maynard on Monday left the steamer for Fort Boise.

Hon. N. T. Cator left town last Sunday for Portland on pressing legal business. His stay was so short that he was obliged to leave Portland on the morning after he arrived there; he returned Thursday.

Lieutenant Brown of the 1st Cavalry stationed at Fort Klammath, paid us a friendly visit on Thursday. He has just returned from a tour of duty to the Indian agency at Vancouver.

Harvey Scott Esq., of the Oregonian, is visiting our city for the first time. He is the recipient of universal attention from our citizens, who rival each other in endeavoring to make his visit a pleasant one.

Mr. T. O. Quirk received the order from the North Pacific railroad company to fit out eight animals with harness. His stock is so large that he had the whole outfit ready in a few hours.

Mr. J. W. Decker, a man entered Ed. Williams and said: "I'm a temperance man, but if you have any such water, I'll drink it."

Woolly Mills—The Dayton woolen mills are now in full blast during the week we witnessed a large wagon unloading a lot of the finest blankets ever saw at their new agency in Paines building.

Weather—Our farmers say they never knew such a backward spring. We suppose it will all be the best, but if it makes no difference to the clerk of the weather a little sunshine would be preferable.

Small Business—Brodeck's fine show case was delivered by some unscrupulous sinners last Sunday night and thrown into the street. It was a disgraceful affair, and this perpetrator deserves severe punishment.

Walla Walla Library Association—An informal meeting of this association will be held this (Saturday) evening, at 7:30 o'clock, at Whitman & Lee's office to hear report of the trustees. A full attendance is requested.

Cherry—The highly interesting spectacle of a cherry with large thorn bush tied to his tail was one of the sights on Alder Street, last Saturday. This is a highly intellectual amusement and one much indulged in by the young bloods of this city.

The Agricultural Fair—Our farmers with their wives and their families and their sons, are all getting ready to make a grand display next September, at the fair. There has been a great deal of country will make most excellent display.

Fourth of July—General distraction day became so vacant, yet, with the exception of the Tom Collins and Derby races, there is no other program out. Are our public spirited men to buy going dollars that they cannot help get up a little fun? It is time to agitate the subject.

Whitman and Retail—Joe Bauer is now proposed to supply the great interior with the best brands of cigars at San Francisco prices. It is a great deal for a large house, three and a half cents for an excellent quality. He has 100,000 now on hand, and a fine looking one. Give him a call and try his Big Bonanza, Hearts Club and The Bear.

Manure—The troops are now all well on their way to place Chief Moses on his reservation. Gen. Forsythe and Lieut. Hunter led the way. Mr. Collins, the chief of transportation, has been working day and night as well as getting out attending to the pack train, and now he is on his way to the reservation. The pack train will be built near Lake Chelan, and will be guarded by six companies.

Our Correspondents—The Statesman is proud of its corps of correspondents. They are all live, wide-awake, talented and energetic gentlemen, who keep pace with the rapid spirit of the 19th century. This week we publish our Dayton correspondents lively letters, which will bear perusal. There has been a plan to let a man and a woman, either waiting there when they pay our printing a visit.

Tri Day—Last week was pay day at the fort, and as usual when the boys are in circumstances, the streets are made lively with the tramp of soldiers from night fall until early morning. So the last pay was no less fruitful of drink. Several mornings we noticed the appearance of soldiers on the streets, with cans in hand, scouring the streets in search of stragglers. We noticed one unfortunate man, early in the forenoon, so badly warped that he lay two of the posse in charge, one on each side to keep him in an upright position.

Personal. Miss Clara A. Ritz, sister of Hon. Philip Ritz, arrived in this city by Wednesday's train. Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Isaacs returned during the week from their prolonged visit to San Francisco. Mr. Geo. B. Cole, Portland's postmaster, came up with Mr. Scott and is doing the country with him.

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DAYTON CRISTALS. First official dispatch received by military telegraph line this day, May 14th. John Thomas is building a fine barn on his lot opposite the Fashion cigar store.

During the past week Dayton was visited by Messrs. Schultz and Sindale representing Mr. Villard, in the interest of railroads. The county commissioners purchased two McNaull and Urban fire proof safes, for auditor and treasurer, in which to keep our county records.

Mr. McDonald, of the firm of McDonald & Schwabacher, has gone off and left us. Guess he'll bring up in Walla Walla. Come back, Oh! Mr. McDonald. City Dads are raising portions of the sidewalk on Main street to bring it to a level, which will enable those with an immoderate tendency to retain their equilibrium under a heavier load of rot.

Moody and Brown's planing mill is in full blast. We would like to lay in the shade of a sycamore and be lulled to sleep by their new whistles. Heave her out Bill! she'll scare the cattle off. Brining and Gilliam are putting in a drain from the Columbia hotel to the Touchet. Several other places on the same street must follow suit or trump the city council.

The splendid prospects for an extra large crop of cereals this coming harvest in this vicinity, is the germ that propagates many a smile on the otherwise serene physiognomies of our granger friends. Bully for Providence. The most of L. N. Arment's bankrupt stock is closed out, so far as a fair price.

Mr. J. E. Lemont's, an immense stock of Millinery Goods, direct from New York, comprising the very latest styles of the season. We are now ready to exhibit them, and cordially invite everybody to call. Prices to suit the times. Main Street three doors East of the State House.

Brodeck's Art Gallery is the only place in the upper country where the most finished photographs in every style and size at reasonable rates can be procured. His astonishing success is due to the fact that he never sends out poor work, and this struck the key note to sound photography.

DISTRICT COURT PROCEEDINGS. MAY TERM 1879. Pickett & Mabry vs. John Bryant; verdict for plaintiff. Territory vs. J. W. Fenn; horse stealing. Verdict of guilty.

U. S. vs. Jasper M. Logsdon; perjury. [This is one of the most important cases tried in courts here for many years. The defendant located 80 acres of land under the homestead act in the year 1872 and at the expiration of five years went before the officers of the U. S. Land Office and pruned up on the same.]

U. S. vs. Jack Logsdon; selling liquor to Indians. Sentence 1 year U. S. penitentiary. Territory vs. John Mathias; grand larceny. One year in territorial penitentiary. Territory vs. Alfred Murphy; grand larceny. Sentence two years territorial penitentiary.

Territory vs. J. W. Fenn; grand larceny. Sentence 7 years territorial penitentiary. Philip C. Lee vs. Joseph Freeman; verdict of \$305 for the plaintiff. U. S. vs. S. H. Logsdon; same as above. U. S. vs. J. F. Logsdon; same.

John Jacob Ruhn, a native of Germany admitted as a citizen of the U. S. A. P. Cole vs. Thos. Ruark; judgment on report of referees. Joseph Freeman vs. Markley; dismissed, each party paying his own costs.

Territory vs. Augustino Bernardisco; grand larceny. Territory vs. John McNair; plea of not guilty. Territory vs. Daniel Hayes; malicious trespasses; verdict not guilty. Territory vs. Frank Richman; branding cattle; verdict not guilty.

Territory vs. John McNair; perjury; case continued till November term, 1878. Defendant in default of \$500 bail committed. Witnesses under bonds of \$100 each. Territory vs. T. G. Lee and William Morgan; grand larceny. Case against Morgan on trial.

IF ECONOMY IS WEALTH THEN PATRONIZE Schwabacher Brothers WHO ARE SELLING AT GREAT REDUCTIONS. DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, BOOTS & SHOES, HATS & CAPS, FURNISHING GOODS, CARPETS, OIL CLOTH, ETC., ETC.

IMMENSE REDUCTIONS! IN OUR GROCERY & CROCKERY DEPARTMENT. SCHWABACHER BROS. THE GREAT FAILURES

SAN FRANCISCO! HAVE CAUSED A TERRIFIC TUMBLE IN PRICES! DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, BOOTS & SHOES, GROCERIES, ETC.

Dusenbery Brothers! Who having the great advantage of Cash Buyers, are now offering unprecedented BARGAINS TO PURCHASERS! A LARGE STOCK ON HAND AND ON THE WAY. DUSENBERY BROS. CARIS, PAGE & GRAY, Walla Walla and Walsburg, W. T., & Centerville, Ogn.

GENERAL DEALERS IN FARM IMPLEMENTS, CULTURAL AND MILL MACHINERY. Stationary Engines, Gristsaw Mill Machinery. FURNISHED ON SHORT NOTICE.

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TROTTER STALLIONS SAN FRANCISCO PATCHEN! ROBERT E. LEE! THE HORSEMEN OF WALLA WALLA

BROOD MARES YEARLING COLTS! FOR SALE - Torrance by my hand of Horses, 1 dozen for sale from twenty to thirty choice.

BROOD MARES! all of them carefully bred to "BELLFOUNDER CHIEF". Also, from nine to twelve YEARLING HORSE COLTS. Several of these are eligible to be kept as Stallions. This is a rare opportunity to secure the blood of that noted horse.

LIVERY, Feed and Sale Stable, JOHN DING, Proprietor. HAVING FITTED UP A FIRST CLASS Livery and Feed Stable, on Main Street, below Seventh.

BUCKLES and CARRIAGES Always ready for use. Horses boarded by the day or week. Hay and Grain for sale. \$90 1/4

LIVERY, Feed and Sale Stables, MAIN STREET, WALLA WALLA. THIS FIRST CLASS STABLE HAS BEEN STOCKED WITH THE FINEST STOCK, HARNESS and Vehicles of every description.



