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# Puget Sound Dispatch.

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**Puget Sound Dispatch.**  
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**BERIAH BROWN.**  
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The Best Beer always on Hand.  
ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED.

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Four complete courses of study: Classical, Scientific, Normal and Commercial.  
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SPRING TERM—Begins March 22, 1880. For admission or Catalogue apply to the President,  
A. J. ANDERSON, A. M.  
Seattle, W. T.

Bow down your head, ye haughty clam,  
And oysters, say your prayer,  
The month has come the "R" is in,  
You're on the bill of fare—  
IN EVERY STYLE AT THE  
**SADDLE ROCK RESTAURANT.**  
COMMERCIAL STREET,  
—AT—  
25 Cents Per Plate.  
CHAS. KIEL, Proprietor.

**In Admiralty.**  
United States of America—Third Judicial District of Washington Territory, ss.

WHEREAS a Libel has been filed in the District Court of the Third Judicial District of Washington Territory, holding terms at Seattle, in King County, on the Twenty-fifth day of March, in the year of our Lord, One Thousand Eight Hundred and Eighty, by F. Parker, Edward Hughes, J. T. Young, Ah Moor, Henry Fobler, Wm. Wahlquist, James Hanson, F. Gaffasson, Gust Seabury, Seth Savery, A. Nisen, Andrew Erickson and Robert Fall, late mariners on board the American Bark "Northwest," her tackle, apparel and furniture, of which said Bark, J. W. Farnham now is, or late was, Master, alleging in substance: That on or about the 9th day of December, A. D. 1879, at the port of San Francisco, in the State of California, each of said Libellants duly shipped upon and into the service of the said Bark, her Master and owners, to proceed upon a voyage to Port Madison, within said District, there to load cargo and return to said port of San Francisco; That for the reasons mentioned and set forth in said Libel filed, the said voyage was fully terminated at Port Madison aforesaid, and all of said seamen discharged from the said service; That said Libellants, and each of them, are entitled to be paid their wages due at the time of their said discharge, together with a reasonable compensation for their time, food, lodging and expenses in returning to their port of shipment from and after said discharge; That at the time of their said discharge, there was due, over and above all payments and legal deductions, to each of said Libellants, as follows:

F. Parker.....	\$120 00
Edward Hughes.....	156 63
J. T. Young.....	125 30
Ah Moor.....	50 80
Henry Fobler.....	86 30
Wm. Wahlquist.....	82 00
James Hanson.....	81 75
F. Gaffasson.....	82 55
Gust Seabury.....	83 80
Seth Savery.....	85 80
A. Nisen.....	87 30
Andrew Erickson.....	88 80
Robert Fall.....	96 80

And praying process against said vessel, her tackle, apparel and furniture, and that the same may be condemned and sold to pay the said wages, damages, compensation and expenses with costs;

Now, therefore, in pursuance of the Motion, under the seal of said Court, to me directed and delivered, I do hereby give

**PUBLIC NOTICE**  
To all persons claiming the said vessel, her tackle, apparel and furniture, or in any manner interested therein, that they be and appear before the said Court to be held at the City of Seattle, in said District, on the

First Monday of May next,  
The same being the Third day of said Month, at Ten O'clock, in the forenoon of the same day, then and there to interpose their claims and make their allegations in that behalf.  
Dated the 26th day of March, A. D. 1880.

CHARLES HOPKINS,  
U. S. Marshal.  
By L. V. WYCKOFF,  
Deputy U. S. Marshal.  
STRUVE, EMERY & LEARY for Libellants. 19-1W

WASHINGTON, April 19.—The Railroad Committee will report a measure relating to the Northern Pacific railroad. It is Senator Windom's bill, amending his motion so as to make the time of extension six years instead of ten, and to provide, in accordance with the policy already adopted by the company, that agricultural lands in odd numbered sections shall be sold to actual settlers at not exceeding \$2 50 per acre.

Another amendment will provide that the title to lands thus sold shall be conveyed directly from the Government; but that amendment is to be so framed that this requirement shall not interfere with the company's arrangement for exchanging lands for its bonds and preferred stock. The formulation of the amendments agreed upon may delay the report to the Senate for a day or two. The vote by which the amended bill was ordered reported is as follows: Ayes—Ransom, Lamar, Grover, Windom, Dawes, Teller and Saunders—7. Nays—Eaton, Pendleton, Williams and Jones—4.

SIERRA CITY, Cal., April 28.—The most terrible storm ever known in this place has apparently just come to a close. It began April 12th, and there has been scarcely a gleam of sunshine till this morning, but with the exception of a very little rain it has snowed almost continually, night and day, and sometimes very fast, fully seven feet having fallen here, and at the lowest reasonable estimate not less than ten or twelve feet on the summit. The snow has been very solid, it being just cold enough. A pan heaped with snow when melted would more than fill the pan with water. There have been many snow slides, some of them doing considerable damage. Isaac Martinette, a dry goods merchant in the city had five arastras swept away by an avalanche, doing several thousand dollars damage. About five miles down the river, at a place called Charcoal, some Italians have a ranch. On the 21st, having barely time to leave when the slide came, carrying the house and its contents into the river, totally obstructing the passage of water and raising the river 15 or 20 feet till it cut its way through a huge mass of snow. Not more than half a mile further down the river the catastrophe was repeated, where a Frenchman, a miner, in a like manner barely had time to get out of the track of the huge mass of snow that came rushing down the mountain and carried his house with its contents into the river a total wreck. There has been several slides nearer this place, but there being no houses or other property in their track no serious damage was done. It is said that the river was so effectually dammed that the water was raised 20 feet and it was several hours before the water cut a passage through. A water ditch and flume on the south side of the river has encountered several slides, and is undoubtedly somewhat damaged, but to what extent cannot be known for some time. In some places it is 30 feet under snow.

CHICAGO, April 28.—John McArthur, a former postmaster of Chicago, was found guilty of embezzlement as postmaster, in the United States Court this morning, on four counts of indictments against him, and not guilty on the other count. The amount embezzled was fixed at \$50,000. The penalty is double the amount of embezzlement and from one to ten years in the county jail. He was given until May 1st to prepare for sentence.

NEW YORK, April 26.—The Times' special telegrams say there is consternation in the Tilden camp because there is a movement on the part of some anti-Tammany Democrats with John Kelly, looking to the killing off of Tilden.—The Times agrees that Tilden's name cannot be presented by the New York Delegation at Cincinnati. On the contrary the Tribune has an interview with a strong Tilden man in which he says that Tilden has never thought of withdraw-

ing and was never so strong as at this moment. Tilden, he says, is taking a personal interest in his own candidacy and has no idea of being defeated in the Convention.

DUBLIN, April 28.—Home rulers at their meeting to-day reappointed Messrs. Nolan and Power, home rulers, (whips) in the next Parliament.

A manifesto of the land league proposes the establishment of a department to buy up land and create a peasant proprietary by advancing the purchase money at 5 per cent per annum, for 35 years, and suspend ejections for nonpayment of rents for two years.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 24.—The Denis Kearney habeas corpus case came up before the Superior Court in lane to-day. The Court decided that it had no power to review its own action and Kearney was remanded to the House of Correction to serve out his sentence.

The Baltimore Sun says: From all the signs and protents now observable, there is reason to believe that in the course of a few years a steady current of emigration will set in toward the South. It will not probably be so much of emigrants from abroad as from the older settled States.

ROASTED TO DEATH BY THE SUN.—Dr. Schweinfurth in a lecture which he recently delivered at the Berlin Geographical Society on the subject of his latest explorations in Central Africa, gave his hearers a thrilling account of the mode in which capital punishment is inflicted upon criminals by the Al-Quadjis, a small tributary off-shoot of the great and powerful Djour people. The malefactor condemned to die is bound to a post firmly driven into the ground in some open place where no trees afford a shade, and is there slowly roasted to death—not by any artificial means involving a waste of fuel, but by the natural heat of the sun's rays as they reach our earth in its equatorial regions. To protract his sufferings and to avert his too speedy end by sunstroke, the ingenious Al-Quadjis cover their erring compatriot's head with fresh green leaves, which effectually shield his brain from Phœbus's darts. No such protection is, however, accorded to his body, which gradually dries up, shrinks together, and ultimately becomes carbonized. One chance of salvation is open to the roasting man, while as yet he is not completely "done to death." It is a cloud pass between the sun and his place of torment he is at once cast loose from his post, and becomes the object of popular reverence, as a mighty magician in whose behalf the supernatural powers have deigned directly to intervene. But clouds seldom interfere with the administration of justice on the days chosen for public executions by the Al-Quadjis authorities; at least, that appears to be Dr. Schweinfurth's experience of African weather as far as it bears upon the judicial roasting of malfactors.—London Telegraph, March 13th.

WHAT AILED HER EYES.—A young lady here went one day to an oculist with a trouble with her eyes that threatened frightful results. She was already in a state where reading was out of the question, and other entertainment was becoming a torment. The oculist looked at her with his professional wisdom, asked her various questions, and then suddenly amazed her by asking her to put out her foot. The foot in its kid boot with a wicked little high heel was thrust forth. The doctor eyed it a moment with a stolid face. "Go home," he said, "and take off those heels; keep them off for a month, and then come to me again, and we'll see how the eyes are!" In a month the eyes were well, and the young lady learned by her experience and a little wise talk how near she had come to having no eyes at all. It serves to show that there is the possibility that with that instrument of torture constantly at work

in the centre of the foot, where so many delicate nerves and tendons lie that are so intimately connected with all the other delicate nerves of the body, there must presently come some disarrangement and disease that may work fatal mischief with the health.—Boston Letter.

A TEST OF LIFE OR DEATH.—According to the London Medical Press, those timid beings who are haunted by apprehensions of being buried alive, and who make testamentary provisions against such a contingency may now take courage, for science has supplied an infallible means of determining whether or not the vital spark has quitted the mortal frame. Electricity enables us to distinguish with absolute certainty between life and death, for two or three hours after the stoppage of the heart the whole of the muscles of the body have completely lost their electric excitability. When excited by electricity they no longer contract. If, then, when Faradism, as the treatment with induced currents of electricity for remedial purposes is called, is applied to the muscles of the limbs and trunk, say five or six hours after supposed death, there would be no contractible response, it may be certified with certainty that death has occurred, for no faint, nor trance, nor coma, however deep, can prevent the manifestation of electric muscular contractibility. Here there is no possibility of mistake, as there certainly was when the old test was employed.

In Cincinnati in 1830 there were only twenty-two teachers in all the schools, and the whole amount of their salary was \$5,196. Last year there were 633 teachers, whose pay amounted to considerably over half a million dollars. The common schools in that city were opened in 1829.

Mrs. Frank Leslie fills acceptably the position of editor-in-chief of the Leslie newspaper, formerly filled by two of her husbands, Mr. Squier and Mr. Leslie, (formerly named Carter.) She has power and grace as a writer, is an original thinker, a gifted linguist, and brilliant in conversation.

These days no one is safe from the charge of plagiarism. Brown went to church on Sunday—a thing unusual—and upon being asked his opinion of the clergyman, said: "Oh, his sermon was very good; but that prayer beginning with 'Our Father, I think he stole entire. I know I have heard something somewhere it was strangely like.—Boston Transcript.

A colony of seventy-five families has been organized at Minneapolis, Minn., with a view of locating in Montana.—What section of the Territory we are not informed, but we understand that they desire to locate their lands in one body.

BILL IGNORED.—The Grand Jury of the State Circuit Court, which is now in session at Oregon City, has ignored the bill charging Bernard and Fairchild with the murder of Mrs. Barbara Hagar, one year ago last February. Both defendants were released at once from custody. They have been confined in jail for many months and propose to bring suit against Clackamas county.

DEATH OF T. J. CARTER.—Many of the old residents of Portland will remember Mr. T. J. Carter, who, for a number of years, lived in this city. His numerous friends will be pained to learn of his death, which occurred at Baker City on the 20th inst. Mr. Carter was stricken down with paralysis a short time since, from the effects of which he soon died. For the past seven or eight years the deceased has resided at Baker City.—Oregonian.

The rush of emigrants to Eastern Oregon and Washington Territory, says the Mountaineer, is unprecedented. The weekly arrivals here, destined for all points—north, south and east, average about 700 men, women and children.—At this rate it will not take long to settle up this section of country.

## Puget Sound Dispatch.

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

### Don't Spend Your Money Till It's Earned.

BY BERTHA LIEDEAN.

You're starting out in life, my boy,  
Your fortune yet to make,  
And here's a bit of good advice,  
Which I hope you will take:

Don't spend your money till it's earned!  
Let this your motto be;  
And in the long years yet to come,  
Its value you will see.

Don't hasten to get rich, my boy,  
Let not greed make you blind,  
For slow and steady is the road  
To fortune, you will find.

Keep clear of debt! I know, my boy,  
Temptation will be great,  
But if you yield, you surely will  
Regret it, when too late.

Remember that it is a rock  
That many a life will wreck;  
And shun it as you would the plague—  
Don't ever run in debt!

### Last Days of Haydn.

Haydn completed his last great work, the oratorio of the Four Seasons, and, exhausted, fell back in his arm-chair. "Joseph, I have done," he said, in a weak, thin voice.

"I am thankful for that, master," was the reply of his faithful servant.

"The Seasons are completed: spring, summer, autumn and winter. Joseph, spring can never return to me."

"Oh, say not so, sir! You are still hale and vigorous, although you have of late greatly overtaxed yourself; but be guided by me, and lay aside your pen for a few days, and we shall soon have our beloved master moving about us in renewed strength."

"It is idle, my good Joseph, to talk thus. You remember my beloved friend and pupil, Mozart?"

"One of his country can never forget him."

"You know the fatal presentiment which lingered over his last work? Even so in regard to mine. I do not think that I shall be called from these scenes immediately, but I know my end is drawing near."

"My master must not let these gloomy fancies possess him."

"Cimarosa and Mozart both have gone, and why should I remain, when I can be of no further use to the world? Joseph, formerly my ideas outstripped my pen; but now it lingers, while I am obliged to seek them by a painful effort."

The old man placed his withered hands upon his wrinkled brow, and at that moment a vertigo seized him, and he would have fallen from his chair had not his faithful servant caught him in his arms.

After this, these attacks were more frequent, although he persisted in writing a few short quartettes, and arranging some ancient Scotch airs, in spite of the remonstrance of his friends. But day after day his feebleness increased. His mind also became unsettled, and though comparatively rich, he was continually oppressed with the fear that he should lack the necessities of life.

Occasionally the visits of his friends would arouse him, and then the old spirit would shine forth with something of its former brilliancy. At one time the papers of Paris actually announced his death, and his friends in the French capital caused a mass to be celebrated in his honor. The news reached Haydn in one of his lucid moments, and he affected to be greatly amused at the idea.

"If these French gentlemen," said he, chuckling with a show of his former humor, "did not act so hastily, they might have sent for me, and I would have conducted the mass with the greatest pleasure. But, after all, I am not much gratified with their kind intentions."

During this period of his decay—it could hardly be defined illness—he had remained secluded at his snug retreat at Gumpendorf; but the public of Vienna, aware of the loss they were about to experience, made efforts to bring about a grand ceremonial concert, where they could bid adieu to this wonderful musician. The Austrian prince, Lobkowitz, took upon himself the management of the affair, and arranged to have the oratorio of "The Creation" performed at his palace, and for this purpose engaged one hundred and sixty musicians under the direction of Salieri, an old friend of Haydn's. The old man, notwithstanding his weakness, was delighted with this new mark of honor, and desirous of seeing once more the kind public which had so well appreciated his labors. Under the excitement of this idea, he rallied immensely. His ride to the palace was more like a triumphal procession than a simple escort of a poor, decrepit and worn-out German musician.

The apartment at an early hour was filled with invited guests to the number of fifteen hundred. A grand flourish of orchestral trumpets announced his arrival, and the Princess Esterhazy and the then celebrated Madame de Kurzbek went to meet him. He was then brought into the presence of the prince in an easy chair and placed on a platform, which was richly decorated for the occasion. Salieri, as the director, came to Haydn to receive his orders concerning the performance; but the old man was too affected to speak, and

could only embrace his friend in silence. The latter, with streaming eyes, rushed back to his place, and amid a general emotion the orchestra opened the concert.

The music of this oratorio is so well known that a review is unnecessary; but it may be easily imagined that a composition of so sublime a character, with all the accessories to insure a perfect performance, in the presence of its author and an audience comprising nobility, beauty, and the most renowned professors and artists of the day, in connection with its sad purpose, should produce a most solemn and thrilling effect.

At the close of the first part of the oratorio an incident occurred which is worth more than a passing notice. The physician of the prince perceived that Haydn was apparently suffering with cold, and communicated this fact to his highness. Before the latter had time to give an order the ladies of the court gathered around him, and the old man was literally enveloped in a dense mass of shawls of the most costly fabrics that that gay city could boast.

At the close of the concert Haydn bowed his thanks to his kind audience, and then, turning to the orchestra, which numbered many of his old companions, with upraised hands he pronounced a solemn benediction on them all. Thus he took his sad but glorious leave of the public.

The excitement incident to Haydn's public appearance proved too much for him, and his remaining powers were greatly shattered. Still he lingered until he entered the seventy-eighth year of his life. He frequently desired to be brought to his piano, but his trembling fingers could only snatch a few chords before the vertigo seized him, and he was compelled to desist.

"Joseph," said he, one morning, "they tell me that my pupil is becoming great. Where is he, and why does he not visit his old master and friend?"

"Of whom is my good master speaking?" asked the servant.

"Of Mozart, to be sure."

"Alas! sir, you forget that he died long since."

"Dead! Mozart dead? Why, he was but a boy!"

"My master cannot have forgotten his splendid requiem and the occasion on which it was performed?"

"True, Joseph; I remember now I have directed that great work myself. Yes, Mozart is dead. Boselli, the only woman I ever loved, is dead. Cimarosa, too—all are gone—gone!" Then, starting, with a look of anxiety he said, "Joseph, have we any money in the house?"

"Certainly, sir, an abundance."

"You are sure of that?"

"Why, master, we are absolutely rich."

"Be prudent, my good fellow, for it would break my heart to be dependent upon charity."

The war between France and Austria had now commenced in earnest, and the French, in their rapid advance, had already reached Schonbrunn, scarcely a half league's distance from Haydn's retreat. The next morning, at a stone's throw from his house, they fired fifteen hundred cannon shot upon Vienna, the city which he so dearly loved. The old man's enthusiasm on this occasion could not be controlled. Madame de Kurzbek had used every entreaty to prevail upon him to remove to her house, which was situated in the city, but without effect, for he stoutly persisted in remaining where he was.

"Joseph," he asked, "is the city entirely given up to the sword?"

"By no means, master."

"Then Heaven be praised!"

At that moment a terrific explosion was heard. A house near by had been destroyed by a bomb. The servant fell on his knees and cried,—

"The saints preserve us, master, or we are lost!"

Haydn, with a majestic air, rose unaided from his chair, and, approaching the trembling Joseph, exclaimed,—

"Foolish fellow, of what are you afraid?"

"Can it be that my master is unconscious of danger?" exclaimed the servant, startled still more to see the old man standing alone, when, for many weeks, he had been unable to leave his chair without assistance.

"Danger!" he exclaimed. "Know you not that no danger can come where Haydn is?"

He then rushed to the piano and sang three times, as loud as the weak tones of his voice would permit, "God preserve the emperor!"

The effort was more than his weak frame could bear, and he fell to the floor in a stupor from which he never recovered. The servants bore him to his bed, and in a short time this great man was no more. He died on the 31st day of May, in the year 1810, aged seventy-eight years and two months, and was buried at Gumpendorf, as he had desired in life. Such were the last days of this celebrated man.—Waverley.

A Maine deacon having buried his third wife, in due time a fourth was inaugurated mistress of his heart and home. He was a very prudent man and suffered nothing to be wasted. When the new mistress was putting things to rights, while cleaning up the attic, she came across a long piece of board, and was about launching it out of the window; little Sallie interposed, and said: "Oh, mamma, don't, that is the board papa lays out his wives on, and he wants to save it." Nevertheless, out it went.

### The Mushery.

"Minnie Myrtle" says "she wishes to be good and beautiful if she only knew how." We can't help you out on the beautiful very much, Minnie, but if you really want to be good, and don't know how to go at it, just look at us. And then use your powers of imitation.

"Annie of Argyle" wants to know "who was the Lochiel of Campbell's poem?" He was proprietor of a hotel in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.

"Oh, the changing scenes of life; the ruthless hand of time," writes "Claribel," "the spring time of my life is past and gone; where will I be fifty years from now?" If you are as old as Mr. Tilden, "Claribel," you will be dead, and you can bet money on it. Harry Hazer, of Circleville, Ohio, writes, "I see again my childhood's home; I see the rippling brook and I hear the wind that kisses the bending willows. Sweet vision of the home that watched my boyhood—"

Yes, yes, Harry, we know all about that. We knew your folks. We knew your childhood's home like a book. You were born in Westmoreland county, Pennsylvania, and when you were two months old your parents moved to Salamanca, New York; then about ten months afterward they moved to Coshocton, Ohio, and remained there just long enough for you to get over the measles and then they went down into Tennessee and your father ran a saw mill nearly a year and then you all came back to Ohio and settled in Butler county. When you were about four years old your family moved over to Warren, Indiana, and lived there about seven months, when they went down into Christian county, Illinois and had the ague for ten weeks, packing up and going on to Muscatine, Iowa, as soon as they were strong enough. They lived there a year and a half and moved to Montgomery, Minnesota, and there your father joined the Methodist church, and you lived there three years and at Beaver Dam, Wisconsin, a year and a half while he read theology, and then he entered the ministry and since then you haven't lived in any one place longer than two years. Oh yes, Harry, if you have any memories of your "boyhood's home," your memory must be a polyglot, that's all.

"Rose Geranium" wants a little information in floriculture. "How do you propagate roses?" she asks. Well, about the best way is to depend on a ten year old boy to fasten the front gate at night, and if everything in your garden isn't propagated before daylight it will be because all the cows in your neighborhood are dead.

"How," asks Mrs. Worrit, of Nashua, New Hampshire, "do you clean paint splashes off window panes?" Well, about the easiest way is to kick out the glass. We don't know of any other way that does not demand an extensive and useless expenditure of elbow grease. You might prevent their getting on the glass, if you could kill the painter in time.

Mrs. Youngwoman wants to know "how she can tell a fresh egg from a stale one?" Taste it, goosey, taste it. What do you want to know for?"

Mrs. Duutsman says, "I can tell you how to keep moths out of your carpet. You just—"

Well, we don't want to know. We haven't a carpet to our back, and we ain't afraid of moths anyhow. But if you can tell us how to keep the laundress out of our handkerchiefs, Mrs. Duutsman, trot on your prescription and we'll send you the chromo.—Hawkeye.

### An Anecdote of Henry Clay.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia Times tells this story:

Here is an anecdote told me by my father, who was a great admirer of Clays, and who was an eye-witness of the scene. It has never appeared in print, at least to my knowledge, and for its truth I can vouch. When Henry Clay ran for the first time for congress he was billed to address an assembly in the open air. A vast crowd convened to hear the young orator, and conspicuous above all rose the tall figure of Jim Burnim, a rough, with an unenviable reputation, and a great personal enemy of Clay's, owing to repeated defeats sustained by him from Clay in his political aspirations.

When Clay had commenced his address Burnim placed himself directly opposite him in the crowd and annoyed the speaker continually by interruptions and personal remarks, but chiefly by hissing every good point Clay produced. No matter how smooth and lucid his stream of oratory might be or how forcible his argument, Burnim was ready at the finish with his insulting hiss. This continued until Clay could stand it no longer, and when, after a particularly pungent thrust at the morality of the anti-federalists, he was greeted with the indomitable silent howl of Burnim's, he turned savagely to him and with flashing eyes delivered this cutting speech:

"Mr. Burnim," said he, "when your last hour has come and your evil, sinful soul has sought the dark shades of hell, when standing there before its sulphurous gates, your spirit, charmed with sin, awaits admittance, Satan glowing in his crimson majesty, shall ask his vassals gathered around him who it is that stands outside his portals, and when he's told that you are there he'll rise and with a look of dark disgust cry to his waiting menials: 'Go take the slave, and burn him till he hisses!'"

Jim Burnim did not say any more at that meeting.

### The Earth in Miniature.

Many persons have seen the somewhat clumsy apparatus known as the planetarium or orrery, the purpose of which is to show the arrangement of the solar system and the motions of the planets around the sun. The best of these are rude, and from their quite apparent machinery of rods and wires are apt to be misleading to the young and untutored. "We have just seen an invention," says the London Times, "which, for want of a better name, we must call a planetarium, but which, though intended to subserve the same purpose, has but little in common with the old-fashioned apparatus. This invention is the work of an Italian, Signor N. Perini, long resident in London, and whose name is, no doubt, familiar to some of our civil service and military readers as a successful teacher. The new planetarium is erected in the midst of an ordinary-sized room, with a ceiling higher than usual. On entering the room one sees a high circular chamber, or box, standing on twelve wooden pillars. On entering underneath this chamber, and looking up, a dome is seen, deep blue, and sprinkled with stars, the chief northern constellations being in their proper places, and round the base of the dome the names of the signs of the zodiac. Pendant from the top of the dome by a narrow tube is an opal globe, lit inside by gas, and representing the sun. From wires, almost invisible, the planets are suspended around the sun, of sizes and at distances approximately proportionate to the real sizes and distances, and each having its proper inclination to the plane of its orbit. The various moons are in their places and Saturn has his rings. The general effect on looking up at this arrangement from below is impressive, and this effect is increased when Signor Perini, by simply turning a key, sets the system in motion, rapid or slow, as he chooses. The sun turns on his axis, and the planets in their orbits, all in time accurately proportionate, and on watching the movements for a short time one easily realizes the immense differences in length of the years of the earth and those of the outer planets. By an ingenious watchwork arrangement inside the earth, which is the size of a walnut, our world is made to revolve on its axis, the latter, by a special effort of ingenuity of Signor Perini, being always made to point to the same quarter of the heavens. The same arrangement causes the moon to revolve round the earth in its own proper orbit. Perhaps the great triumph of this invention is the fact that the planets revolve round the sun in proper elliptical orbits, which are traced around the inside of the dome. The dome is 14 feet in diameter at its base and 14 feet high. In the chamber above the dome the machinery invented by Signor Perini is arranged, the details being as yet secret. The moving power is clockwork, the originality in the arrangement being, we believe, the method by which the inventor effects the elliptical motion of the planet. Not a sound is heard when the machinery is in motion, the whole working in that "solemn silence" which the hymn tells us is characteristic of the starry sky. The inventor could, we believe, make his planetarium of any size, from the dome of St. Paul's to a little thing that might be used for school instruction. Signor Perini has devoted his nights and mornings to this structure for seven years, and has expended upon it something like \$3,500; the earth itself, we believe, has cost him \$200. We believe he has been prompted to this work solely by the enthusiasm of a mechanic, and by a desire to do something to enable those interested in astronomy to realize, as far as possible, the arrangements of the solar system. We may say that it is almost impossible to put it out of order, and it can be taken to pieces in a very short time. His address is Garrick Chambers, Garrick street.

### Small Change in the West.

In truth, a person who waits for change in the shape of two, three or four cents is looked upon with something like scorn in the West. Is your bill seventy-eight cents? You pay eighty, or the obliging shopkeeper says, "call it seventy-five."

I recall an incident which one of the merchants of Salina related when speaking of his recent trip to New York for goods. After making his preparations for returning he went to settle his bill, which proved to be \$40.03. He paid \$40, and was turning away when he was recalled by a tap on his shoulder, and the three cents were pointed out.

In scornful amazement he threw down ten cents, and again started away.

"Here is your change, sir," said a voice, inno wise overwhelmed by his contempt.

The merchant waved his hand and bowed.

"Keep it, sir. I am a Western man. We don't grasp three or four cents there so closely."—Kansas Corr. Boston Transcript.

Cream for Pie:—One pint of new milk, put two-thirds on to boil, to the remainder of the milk add two beaten eggs, three tablespoonfuls of flour, five tablespoonfuls of sugar, a little salt, mix well together and pour into the boiling milk, stirring rapidly until thoroughly cooked. When cold flavor with lemon.

### Dying is as natural as living.

### Wit and Humor.

Some matches make too much fuss-for-us.

The butt end of a goat is still a matter of dispute.

It is easy to breakfast in bed if you will be satisfied with a few rolls and a turnover.

The Boston Courier says that the horse-shoe doesn't bring good luck when the horse applies it.

Composition by a Japanese student: "The cat is a small cattle. When he sees a rat he luv-inates his eyes."

A Norwich man advertises himself as a temperance bootmaker. Makes the boots that have no snakes in them.

The Philadelphia News says that musicians should not drink; they might get into the habit of wanting to rest at every bar.

A Georgia man fired seven shots at a wildcat, killed his dog, wounded a farmer in the leg, and put one of his eyes out. The wildcat escaped.

The London Truth speaks of our "American girls of thirty"—self-reliant and independent in their lives—as "pretty young bachelors in petticoats."

SYMPATHY.—Squire: "Got your eye in mourning again, I see, Pat!" Pat: "O! have! It's in mourning for the batin' I gave that brute Rafferty this day!"—[Fun.

They call it a romantic marriage in Michigan when a couple of the neighbors get the bride's father in a back room and sit on him to prevent his interrupting and breaking up the wedding.

If anybody ever heard of Dr. Hammond it might do to dispute with him when he says that pie kills more people than the small-pox. One old dyspeptic could say the same of Saratoga.—[Detroit Free Press.

"No," said a Philadelphia undertaker, "business has not revived as it should. What we need in this country to make things boom is the cholera, yellow fever, or some other epidemic."—[Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.

The law forbidding smoking on the streets of Boston has been repealed. But it is too late. The men have already taken to rubbing snuff and parting their hair in the middle. Some reformers suffer by delay.—[Atlanta Constitution.

Bertie had half a biscuit buttered, and a whole one unbuttered. He gave Gracie the whole one and kept the buttered half. A remark being made about his giving away the larger piece, Gracie said: "Yes, he gave me the biggerest, and kept the batterest."

CHILLING.—Man: "I say, mister, can't yer give us a shill'n; I've turble hard-up." Farmer: "Ah, Proctor, I always told you to look out for a rainy day." Man: "So I did master; but I never thought it wur a going to snow." Master gives him a shilling.—[Fun.

An exchange tried to announce the arrival of lent, and after several attempts the following was the only progress that was made: "For forty days and forty nights the ball of social dissipation will pursue its revolutions with considerably decreased rapidity."

It is said that Samuel J. Tilden and Whitelaw Reid both have a custom of putting their boots in the bureau drawers and throwing their clean dickeres under the bed. They all do sooner or later. They ought to have married forty years ago.—[Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Small child (to youthful acquaintance): "Ma says I must not play with you, because my papa is an officer, and you are common children." Little Brown (in a rage): "Common children, indeed! Mamma says my papa is a bankrupt, and that he will always remain one."

At dinner she had a doctor on either hand, one of whom remarked that they were well served, since they had a duck between them. "Yes," she broke in—her wit is of the sort that comes in flashes—"and I am between two quacks." Then silence fell.—[Boston Transcript.

"Water your cows thoroughly and you will have a large yield of milk," says an agricultural authority. If it is a good rule it will work the other way. "Milk your cows thoroughly and you will have a large yield of water." We'll leave it to the milkmen to decide.—[New Haven Register.

They were sitting together Sunday evening, with an album or two between them, when she pleasantly asked, "How would you like to have my mother live with you?" In just fifteen seconds he had his hat down half way over his face, and was bolting through the gate.—[Danbury News.

The baggage master of the Central Pacific railroad says that he recently saw a Chinese cigar manufacturer pasting labels on his boxes on which were printed, "The Chinese Must Go." Asking the Chinaman what he did that for, the reply was, "Sand-lot man he read that, buy the box, smoke my cigar."

"What is political science?" asks an exchange. Political science! Political science! Oh, yes, we see. When you can make the people believe that you can hold office better than the man who is in, and they have the confidence to put you in his place, you have demonstrated about all there is in political science.—[Waterloo Observer.

### Wells-Fargo and the Post-Office Department.

A determined attack has been made upon Wells, Fargo & Co.'s express by the Postal Department, a Commission having reported that the company, by carrying letters, enters into serious competition with the United States mails, and diminishes the revenue of the department. The representations of the Commission are by no means faithful or exact. The truth is that the express company has supplied public wants which the Government did not supply; that it has afforded the public a measure of security which the Government did not afford; that it has actually increased the revenues of the Postal Department by establishing an active mail service with a multitude of points wholly neglected by the Government. It is a ground of complaint with the Commission that the express company have a letter service "which they endeavor by every means in their power to render more efficient than the regular service," and which has consequently "become a formidable competitor with the Government for public patronage." This is not a complaint in which the public can sympathize, nor can it be regarded as furnishing any ground for the abolition of the express letter service. The latter has rendered to the people of the Pacific coast most invaluable service, and they are not in favor of such action as is proposed. The express company has been from the pioneer times until now the only means of communication available by hundreds of mining camps and frontier settlements. To abolish its letter service even now would deprive a large number of such places of all mail facilities. For it is emphatically not true, as the Commission asserts, that "the Postoffice has extended its routes to every hamlet in that (this) region." It has done nothing of the kind. There is still a very large and important portion of the mail service attended to solely by Wells, Fargo & Co. But even if this were not so the demand for the abolition of the letter service would be unjustifiable, for as regards the important question of safe transmission, the Government cannot pretend to compete with the company. Before such a proposition can be made with any pretense of justice, it must be demonstrated that the Government is both ready and able to take up and carry on the work hitherto done by the express company. That this is not likely to be the case for some time has been shown recently through the scandals growing out of the "star" route business. The abolition of Wells-Fargo's letter-carrying of course would involve a large extension of "star" routes, and we are satisfied that the country wants no more of those kind of contracts than are unavoidable. The express company have organized a magnificent, extensive and splendidly efficient service, which is and has been of the greatest possible utility to the people of the Pacific coast. They have made the most liberal expenditures in order to accommodate the public. They undertook this work years before the Government thought of bestowing upon us more than the most slovenly and inadequate service. They carry mails to-day on scores of routes where there is no postal service. The superior efficiency of their service is everywhere recognized. They do not, however, rob the revenues of the department. They make new business, which simply would not exist if the department had the monopoly it demands. As regards the legal aspects of the matter we do not propose to say anything now, but there can be no doubt whatever that the suppression of the express letter carriage on this coast would be a most serious injury to the public, and that it could not be compensated by the postal department. We trust that Congress will proceed with the utmost caution upon this business.—*Sacramento Record-Union.*

### Manners at Table.

The table is the test of many things. First, of the general tone and character of the hotel; the initial glance into a dining-room is apt to settle one's opinion of the whole establishment, and that impression is apt to be the correct one. The bill of fare, not only as to contents in the selection and variety of eatables and drinkables, but also as to general arrangement; the use of correct English, or of French that a Frenchman could make out without a double-barreled lexicon; and finally, tone and style of the *menu* as a whole, is as fair a test of the good taste of the proprietor or manager as the subsequent developments are of the experience and qualifications of the *chef*.

There are no end of other things, of greater or less magnitude, directly connected with the table and its service, but as far as the comfort of the patron is concerned, of vastly greater importance than the decorations and surroundings, or even the food itself, are the manners of those with whom one is brought in contact. If your *vis-à-vis* be a lady or gentleman, such a presence immeasurably enhances the gastronomic pleasures and even affords partial compensation for the poorly-served repast. On the other hand, a boorish person close by one at the table utterly annihilates the enjoyment of the most magnificent dinner.—*Hotel Mail.*

We all dread a bodily paralysis, and would make use of every contrivance to avoid it, but none of us is troubled about a paralysis of the soul.—*Epigram.*

### Hawkeye Editorial Dots.

The czar appears to be the only man that doesn't make jokes about it.

Mark Twain, it is reported, wants to go to congress. Then why doesn't he go? He has money enough.

The Russian Fourth of July threatens to last about all the year, if the czar holds out so long as that.

At the city election in Augusta, Me., the Republicans elected Peleg O. Vickery mayor. Vicketery Vicketery!

What is all this fuss about the bill for the relief of Fitz John Porter? We thought Pope relieved him, long ago.

Hon. John Cuthbert, of Mobile, is ninety-one years old, and he still practices law, although he is old enough to know better.

Poor Arnold! he didn't live long enough to be reinstated with full rank and back pay. He was born too early and died too soon.

Tennyson thinks five hours' writing is a good day's work. Ha; it's easy enough to see that man got his education on an evening paper.

Victor Hugo drinks coffee continually, and "stands up while writing." Ah, ha? Well, we know what ails him. Somebody has kicked him.

It is said that Tennyson has made wise investments and is now worth a million dollars. No wonder he writes so much poor poetry. He can afford it.

The leading Methodist church in Toronto dismissed the choir because it had been singing "Pinafore." Only "dismissed" them. Why didn't they kill 'em?

The Nihilists are probably so called because whenever they go a gunning for a monarch, they get nothing. At least they only get hanged, and that isn't what they want.

Postmaster Hilton has been postmaster at a town in Maine since 1830. He is now eighty-one years old, and his eyes are so weak it is all he can do to read the postal cards in the mail.

Mrs. Frank Leslie, who continues the management of her late husband's publications, is said to be "beautiful, and an original thinker." Hah! then why doesn't she think up something for—oh, well, if "bayonets think," why shouldn't scissiors?

It had been suggested as a remedy for the paper corner, that the editors should own the paper mills. Yes, that would fix it certainly; but then if the editor owned a paper mill, he'd see the country in Halifax before he'd be bothered with a newspaper.

A lecturer recently stated that "the great empires of antiquity, Babylon, Assyria, Persia, are gone." There, that's just our luck! We were going over after them next week, and now somebody else has got them. Circumstantial evidence and our own opinions point strongly to Mrs. Gaines.

"No more at Panama than at the Suez canal, will the preponderating influence of another power be allowed to lay hands on England," shrieks the London *Standard*. Hush, wrathful Jingo, hush! this isn't Zululand. Don't you remember, you were over here about sixty years ago? And there were so many hands laid on you that you went back under the impression that this country was a three-ply octopus.

Grant has now the grandest opportunity of his life to make his popularity eternal with a grateful and loving people; a grand opportunity for a sublime act. The sublime act consists simply in refusing to be a presidential candidate. This is the opinion of some of the greatest statesmen and thinkers of the age. Among other men of eminence and prominence who hold this opinion, may be mentioned these thoughtful and disinterested statesmen, John Sherman, Mr. Washburne, Mr. Edmunds, Mr. Tilden, Mr. Bayard, Mr. Blaine, and others. It is odd that Grant can't see it as plainly as they do.

THE WRATH OF ACHILLES.—"Achilles," said the crafty Ulysses, "why is 'Lent' like 'Pinafore'?"

Achilles, who was cross about something, as usual, said he didn't see why, unless it was because forty days of it was enough to last people a year.

"Well, that is pretty good," said Ulysses, "but that isn't exactly it. It's because it's barred in good society."

"Barred?" asked Achilles in wonder. "Yes, barred," replied Ulysses. "But Lent is over."

"Ah, that's where you're fooled. Everything that's lent must be borrowed."

And then Achilles was so mad he went into his tent and sulked for a week.

QUEER CHICKENS.—A lady residing at Cow Island, in Louisiana, wishing to "set" a hen, went into the field adjoining her residence, where some of her chickens had been "laying," and produced some seventeen eggs and placed them under the hen. When in the "course of human events" the eggs were hatched, lo and behold! there came forth four small-sized alligators. It is supposed that alligators from an adjoining marsh had deposited their eggs in the field, and she, not knowing the difference, placed them under the hen, and what is more strange, the young alligators follow the mother hen around the premises as happy as a Colorado beetle in a potato patch.

Then comes reaction; this cold gray hour of moral indignation; the breaking of a new day.—*JER.*

### Ball and Chain.

The editor of the *Sioux City Journal* has been reading a letter from one "old friend" to another, and neither are forty. The matter as to whether the life of either had been a failure or success was discussed as if both had already entered the valley and rested on the bank of the dark river and only waited for the ferryman to bear them over to the other shore. And neither of them forty! Of course at that age one is in the prime of life, or ought to be, with more and better working days before than he has passed. In literature, in art, in science, in politics, in society, there is very much more of substantial character to be achieved after forty than before. We may all agree to that—if the life in the previous years has been set in the right current. Ah, there is the rub. As a matter of fact, therefore, it is not such a wild thing to do to sit down at forty, or before, and review the record of the life that has been the record of the whole life. The habits are made, the associations are formed, the responsibilities which the world has for one been identified, and what is before is only the matter of fighting out to the end on the line that has been fixed. Surrenders are made all along the journey, and calamity falls here and there at every stage of life, but we need not stop here to consider the exceptions. The multitude does not surrender, and what would generally be recognized as calamity overtakes comparatively few lives. One at forty, communicating with himself, must be an exceptional person who is unable to detect that more than once in the years past he took the wrong path. One at forty is pretty likely to know, what he could not comprehend at twenty, that a wrong path once taken is forever after a part of the road for his feet. The saddest thing in youth is ignorance of this fact. Young people run hither and thither, thinking, if they think at all, that they can come back and bring only the flowers and none of the thorns with them. But at forty they understand that more of the flowers have withered than there are thorns that have lost the sharpness of their point. At twenty one looks for fields that are all green, and sees joy in living in the weaving of garlands for his own head. At forty one takes rainy days and frosted paths as a matter of course, and knows that an esthetical life comes of weaving garlands for other hearts to wear. At forty, one can see where he put up barriers that he cannot now pull down, and that because of these his best powers are in chains, and that such victories as he wins must be won with manacled hands. Perhaps the mistake was in giving way to a folly, rosy-tinted at the time, that has made a life-long cripple of the health and vigor of manhood. Perhaps it was a neglect of opportunities at school, whereby a ball and chain was attached to all the aspirations of after years. Perhaps it was so glad a thing as a love affair, in which all the serious concerns of life were lightly brushed aside, if their existence were even comprehended at all. The ball and chain is upon some part of nearly every life. Happily other eyes than one's own do not see it; and one is judged by what he is, as he seems, and not what he might have been, as at forty for himself he can understand. Yet there is opportunity for a vast amount of self-deception in this view. The burdens that are placed upon a life to bear have a wonderful influence, oftentimes, in developing both mind and heart—in strengthening the will and hardening the muscles for the conflict that has come hand to hand. Disappointed and baffled in one direction, men often turn with a zeal they otherwise could not have had in another way and win victories the world calls heroic. We need only to study the lives of soldiers, of statesmen, of philosophers, of men of renown in all the walks of life, to equip ourselves with an abundance of proof of the truth of this proposition. Then where is the loss? Aye, how many hearts can answer how the ball and chain, of which they are never rid, have galled! So the *Journal* may say that the friend, writing familiarly and mayhap carelessly to the friend made in school days long ago, woman though she is, and woman's letter to a woman though it was touched upon a truth that will hold good in severest logic, when she considered the record of their lives as fully laid up and neither yet forty.

TIT FOR TAT.—Mr. C— was pastor of a Baptist church in a certain town of one of the Western States. He had been on very bad terms with his flock for some time. They abused him whenever they could find occasion, and he reciprocated with equal readiness. Before his contract with the parish expired, he received the appointment of chaplain at the State-prison. Elated at this lucky opportunity of getting rid of him, the congregation came in full numbers to hear his farewell sermon, perhaps less to compliment than to annoy him with their presence. Great was their astonishment, and still greater their anger, when the reverend gentleman chose for his text the following words, "I go to prepare a place for you . . . that where I am, there ye may be also."—*Harper's.*

A horse shoe is considered a sign of good luck when you own about 900 pounds of good horse-flesh on which to nail it. Otherwise it works better as old iron.

Sara Bernhardt received a salary of \$12,400 last year from the *Comedie Francaise*.

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P. S.—Prescription of short standing a full course of medicine is sufficient to cure, with necessary instructions, will be sent to any address on receipt of \$10.

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**State Rights.**

There is no greater popular error than that very common one of confounding state rights with nullification, state sovereignty with secession. The ideas thus sought to be identified are in no way reconcilable. It might as well be contended that personal liberty implied a total release from personal and public obligations, and the sovereignty of the citizen as paramount to law. State rights as contended for by the great mass of its intelligent advocates, is simply and solely the right to the free and unconstrained exercise of the inherent and inalienable functions of government pertaining to the domestic or municipal affairs of the State exclusively, in which are involved the liberty, persons and property of its citizens. There is no element of aggression in this; no principle of nullification; no overstepping its own limits to invade the rights of others; but simply the policy which preserves the peace of communities and neighborhoods without impairing in any degree the duties and obligations of each individual to the whole—the necessary surrender of such portion of personal freedom as may be deemed necessary to maintain social organization for mutual protection—the policy expressed in the wise admonition: "Mind your own business." State rights was never an aggressive cause of disturbance in this Government; it was the denial of state rights, the invasion of state authority, the perpetual tendency in the central government to aggregate powers which the States had never voluntarily conceded and which could only be exercised by the General Government by construction not warranted by its charter, which created the ground for collision. Nullification is no more a state than it is a personal right. It has been sometimes suggested as a remedy for wrongs for which there was no other apparent redress. Then it was a revolutionary measure; nothing more or less; law, if any, ever avowed nullification as among the reserved rights of the States, for that would have invalidated the whole compact.

When the Confederated States formed a more perfect union under the Constitution, neither parted with an attribute of sovereignty. They but united in a power of attorney—specific and expressly limited—to a common commission, to exercise certain functions of government relating exclusively to common and general interests, principally regarding their intercourse with foreign countries and between each other; expressly retaining all powers not therein specifically delegated. By the terms of this Constitution—its sole charter of power—the General Government was invested with no sovereignty over the States in any of their reserved rights, no right to meddle with any of their domestic institutions which are not repugnant to the Constitution. The Constitution is a compact between sovereign powers, perpetual in its terms. It provides how States may be admitted into the Union "upon equal terms with the original States;" but it makes no provision for peaceable secession; that could only be accomplished by one of two ways: the consent of the adhering States, or war; not by insurrection or rebellion, involving the personal crime of treason, but by war between the sovereign contracting parties—organized governments independent of each other in all the essentials of self-government. A State cannot commit treason, and a citizen of a State cannot be held amenable to criminal law for an act committed under State authority. That is a universal law recognized by all civilized governments throughout the world and laid down as a fundamental principle by all publicists on international law. To characterize the late war between the adhering and the revolting States as a rebellion; to speak of the citizens of the seceding States as rebels—involving the personal crime of treason—is a gross perversion of language as applied to the facts, for which there is not a shadow of justification in either civil or international law, and these terms are only used to justify the arbitrary exercise of Federal power for which there is no constitutional warrant.

State rights and state sovereignty, instead of being an element of weakness, is

the very strongest guard against rebellion and insurrection. They secure to the citizens of the several States all their rights of person and property against central despotism—that universal tendency of power to steal from the many to the few; for it is an axiom of popular government: Without municipal independence there can be no personal liberty. There is no element of strength in mere political power. The only reliable foundation for government; the only real security against rebellion and insurrection, is the consent of the governed. No amount of political power can supersede popular consent with a people habituated to liberty. It is among the encouraging signs of the times that discriminating judgment begins to prevail over party and sectional prejudice which has so long obscured and confounded these vital questions. The Oakland (California) Times, a Republican paper, says:

"Judge Field's dissenting opinion in the 'State Rights' cases as they are called, must command the approbation of immense numbers of Republicans who think that the centralization of power at Washington is too great. The decision of a majority of the Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States was to the effect that a State Judge may not be sustained afterwards in the Federal Courts. Judge Field has been consistent in his opposition to the centralizing tendencies of Congress, and at an earlier day he was equally pronounced in his hostility to the extreme doctrine of State rights as declared by the advocates of secession. It has, until lately, been the traditional policy of the American people to locate as much power as possible in communities; to vest in State Governments all powers that need not be exercised by Congress for purely national purposes.—We have been educated in the belief that the village or town government should perform most of the duties of local government, that the affairs of counties should be attended to by local boards, and that the States should be sovereign within certain circumscribed bounds. The tendency has, in recent years, been to centralize authority. The State Legislatures have almost obliterated ancient rights that were exercised by town governments. They have directed and compelled municipalities to give subsidies to corporations, to pay to individuals claims that could not be collected through the courts, have appointed commissioners to rule them, and in many other ways repudiated the idea of any local sovereignty within ever the smallest limits.

"Congress has in the same way, been extending the scope of its acts, and the Supreme Court as uniformly sustained it. When the independence of that tribunal was greater, Congress increased the number of Judges and President Grant filled the newly created positions with men, who, it was known, would decide certain cases in a certain way. The 'strong man' cry now raised by some of the politicians is evidence of a desire to further reduce the importance of State and local governments. If the area of the country were small, its whole government machinery might be consolidated. But America is so vast that state lines cannot be obliterated without creating a multitude of evils that might offset all the benefits that can be derived from our system of government.

"The very name of 'State Rights' has been made odious because it has been coupled with the idea of secession and rebellion. It advanced under another name, public opinion would, long ago, have arrested the course of Congress and demanded that the ancient landmarks of American liberty be preserved. The old time New England town meeting is the prototype of our whole system of government, and we should still be anxious to perpetuate the institutions that have made the country so great and prosperous. There is an appropriate sphere for the government of town, city, state and nation, and too much care cannot be taken to prevent interfering with what justly belongs to the other."

**The San Francisco Homicide.**

When clergymen turn party politicians, they give the devil a large leverage, and, in vulgar parlance, there is sure to be "hell to pay." This is illustrated in the case of the Kallochs, father and son, both ordained ministers of a Christian denomination, and two more unscrupulous, reckless and audacious scoundrels never travestied the sanctities of religion, violated the social proprieties, disturbed the public peace and escaped unwhipt of justice. They are both men of large brain, endowed with mighty power for good or evil, and both alike espoused the good and practised the evil—"stole the livery of Heaven to serve the devil in." The father, from his earliest manhood, was distinguished alike for his eloquence as a preacher, and his licentious practices as a private citizen. He never lived in any community which he did not involve in some outrageous social scandal, in which he was the central figure. The son followed close in the footsteps of the father. But just verging into manhood, he is an ordained minister

and has achieved distinction as a pulpit orator and been under arrest for disturbing the peace in drunken debauchery, and has crowned his brief but infamous career by a cowardly and brutal murder, resulting from a political feud emanating from the lowest grade of party politics in which the Kallochs were recognized leaders and the most God-delying elements of a mob city their followers and confederates.

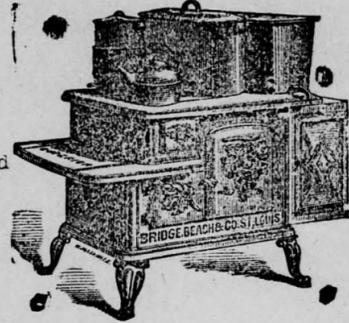
Charles De Young, the victim of this assassination, was not the infamous character he has been represented. Of the men who have achieved honorable distinction, few possessed in a greater degree those qualities which achieve success and popular plaudits, and in a lesser degree those traits of character which lead only to infamous notoriety. We are not aware that any stain rests upon his private life for which he is responsible; that in his personal intercourse he has ever been guilty of a mean or dishonorable act; that his personal habits and deportment have not been unexceptionable. His success as a journalist has been simply wonderful, evincing the highest elements in the character of the heroes and statesmen who have challenged the admiration of the world: ambition to incite, ability to direct, united with enterprise, perseverance, indomitable will and dauntless courage. That Charles De Young had all these qualifications in a marked if not a marvelous degree, is manifested in what he accomplished in the short space of fifteen years in one of the most difficult and hazardous undertakings, in which there are a hundred failures to every notable success, and brain power is chief motor. A poor boy working in a printing office, without other means than the results of his own labor, without family associations or influences to aid his advancement, undertook alone, upon a field already occupied by wealthy and powerful competitors, a newspaper which has fairly distanced all competition and taken rank among the most successful newspaper enterprises in the land. His methods, it must be confessed, were not calculated to elevate the moral tone of the newspaper press or to command the approbation of the better sentiments of society. He used the same means as were employed by James Gordon Bennett to achieve a prosperity which enabled him to make the *Herald* the leading journal of the world, second to none in dignity and elevation of moral tone. That immediate success in journalism is only to be achieved by pandering to the popular taste, is a demonstrable fact, and the successful popular journal is but a reflex of popular sentiments and tastes. If it is sensational, personal, scandalous, verging upon indecency to the extreme limit of the law, it but shows that the journalist has exercised business sagacity in adapting his wares to the market demand; he did not create this demand, he but supplied it. We have as great an abhorrence of that style of journalism as any one, and never uttered a word in commendation of the *Chronicle*, for that reason, though we regard it as the foremost journal on the coast in newspaper ability and enterprise, and the better nature and higher aspirations of the publisher were being rapidly asserted in the improved moral tone of the paper. It had made greater advances in respectability in fifteen years than the *Herald* did in the first twenty-five years of its existence.

Charles De Young was a brave man, and it is foul injustice to class him in the same category with the Kallochs of infamous notoriety, or to compare his attack upon the elder Kalloch with his own assassination. Kalloch was a candidate for office and his record was a proper subject of public discussion within the limits of facts bearing upon his character for honesty and capacity. Mr. De Young in his comments upon Kalloch confined himself strictly to the public records. Kalloch, in retaliation, finding nothing by which he could impeach De Young, turned the whole battery of his wrath upon his aged mother, who presided over his household in irreproachable and unpretending domestic privacy, publicly proclaiming her a woman of most infamous character and vocation, in language too obscene for publication. Let any man possessed of human sensibilities imagine if he can what his sensations would be on hearing his mother, the divinity of his home, his daily companion and monitor, spoken of to a rabble mob in terms of infamy too foul for utterance in any decent presence. If there are any circumstances which can justify homicide it is in the case of a son killing the malicious traducer of his mother. Young Kalloch had no such justification; his father was a public man by his own seeking, and was bound to stand or fall by the record he had made for himself.

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STEAM WHISTLES, GONGS, STEAM AND WATER GAUGES, GLOBE

Malleable Iron Fittings, Copper smithing,  
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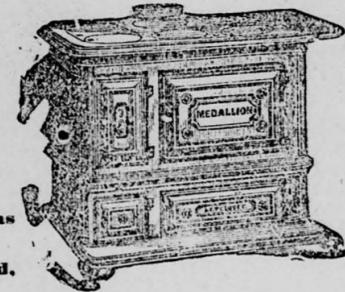
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Copper-ware,  
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Steam and Gas  
Fitting,  
Sheet Lead.

Sheet Copper  
And Zinc.  
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Gas Pipe.  
Etc.

**MEDALION RANGE**

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**BUCK STOVE.**

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**ROUGH AND DRESSED LUMBER,**

Rustic, Flooring, Casings, Gutters, Packing Boxes.

Sashes, Doors, Blinds, Shutters and Wood

Finish of Every Description.

SEASONED LUMBER OF ALL KINDS CONSTANTLY ON HAND

Local News.

THE RAILROAD.—This city has been in a great state of excitement for two weeks past on account of reports and counter reports regarding negotiations for the sale and immediate building of the Seattle and Walla Walla Railroad. We do not know, and have not sought to know any thing of the condition of the negotiations; but this we do know, that the consummation for which we have watched and waited, and possessed our souls in patience for these many years, cannot be delayed much longer. Seattle has heretofore been the Cinderella of her more powerful sisters, but the time has nearly come when her superior attractions can no longer be hidden from the view of capital and enterprise, now paying court to Portland only because they have no knowledge of Seattle. Let them build their roads to Portland, and worry their way from thence to the ocean over river shoals and the formidable Columbia bar, they will then have to fall back upon Puget Sound as a base of supplies for fuel and lumber which the Columbia river route cannot furnish, and which will soon be exhausted in that section which they depend upon for freights.—The question will soon be which of the rival companies will first possess the key to the situation.

WEEKLY LEDGER.—After the issue of the second number we have been served with a copy of the new Tacoma paper, which is a handsome sheet, conducted with marked ability, and exhibits enterprise far in advance of its base of supplies. In discussing matters pertaining to this section and the future relations of the same, the editor has much yet to learn. He says: "It is said that when Mr. Shattuck took charge of the Seattle mine, about six years ago, that place had only 600 inhabitants. It is now a city claiming 3,000 population." From these premises it is argued that the opening of the Carbon mines will have a like effect upon New Tacoma. The truth is, that six years ago Seattle had a population of at least 1,500 and now has not less than 4,500, exclusive of the 500 or 600 at the coal mines, and of the residents of Seattle, certainly not twenty derive their support from the coal mines. New Tacoma has had a railroad to the coal mines for two years and more and its population to day cannot exceed 400. It takes something besides railroads and coal mines to make a commercial centre.

PARISH SCHOOL.—The members of Trinity Parish have perfected an organization preliminary to establishing and maintaining a primary Church School, and elected the following Directors: For a term of four years—Messrs. Jennings and McNaught and Mrs. Bagley. For a term of three years—Messrs. Haines, McLure and Slorah. For a term of two years—Mr. Brooks, Mrs. Baxter and Mrs. Hyde. For a term of one year—Messrs. Burnett, Maddocks and Prosch. Two of the twelve being parents of young children.

MINING CLAIMS.—Mr. L. Beach sold one-half of his mining claims on Ruby creek to Messrs. Larrabee, White and Haines Brothers, for \$1,000, and started back to the mines intending to prospect for gold-bearing quartz, which he believes, from indications, exists in the mountains on the upper Skagit and its tributaries in great abundance and richness.

The Skagit Mines.

Recent reports from these now famed diggings are more encouraging than ever. Not a man among the thousands who have been in the mines but who say there is plenty of gold there. The only and great trouble in the way of profitable working at present is the deep snow which seems slow to melt. Last year at this time the snow had entirely disappeared from Ruby creek, and in and around Goodell's and the Portage, no snow remained later than the 10th of April. Many who have claims there based their calculations on the certainty of a clear field from snow at the same time this year, but so far have been disappointed. The season is the most backward of any known for many years and probably three times as much snow fell during the past winter than in any single year for the past twenty years, and at this writing there yet remains, in many

places along the diggings, from three to five feet of snow. This will delay general operations for several weeks, and probably no extensive mining will be done before the middle of next month. In quite a number of places, however miners will be able to work their hill claims, there being already several at work, who, it is reported, are doing well. Should the claims along the beds of the streams turn out proportionately good there will be such an out pouring of gold from the Skagit this fall as will astonish the world. If half of what has been told of these new discoveries, by returning miners, be true, their wealth is simply fabulous.—They tell of 10, 20, 25, 35 and 45 cents to the pan in top gravel. This will eclipse any of the old placers of California, and if time proves the prospects not exaggerated, then within the bounds of Washington Territory lie the richest gold fields in the world.—Skagit News.

DROWNED IN THE SKAGIT.—On Monday last a canoe capsized near the Portage, on the Skagit, and six miners were drowned. Six others, including an Indian, who were in the canoe at the time, escaped with their lives. The accident is attributable to the overloading of the canoe, which contained, besides the 12 men in question, 700 pounds of freight. Following are the names of the men who perished: David Ball, of Skagit; Arthur J. Dempsey, of Quincy, Cal.; William Murry, of Seattle; William H. Goucher, of Oregon; James Scanlon, of Quincy, Cal.; Capt. Stephen Meany, of Seattle.

Sugar Beet.

Mr. E. Meeker publishes the following suggestions and information in regard to the culture of sugar beet:

1st. To insure satisfactory results it is all important that the soil be plowed deep and thoroughly pulverized before the seed is planted.

2d. The season should be far enough advanced to insure the prompt germination of the seed and the rapid growth of the young plants. Hence the necessity of making haste slowly, lest the plants be so slow growth that the weeds take possession of the soil before cultivation is possible.

3d. All that portion of the beets grown above ground is worthless for stock production and nearly so for stock feeding; hence the soil must be plowed deep to give room for a crop to grow under the ground.

4th. Best results are obtained for yield and sugar producing qualities combined, by planting the rows not to exceed sixteen inches apart, and allowing the plants to stand nine inches apart in the row; if the beets average three pounds—the size most desirable—the yield will then be over sixty tons per acre.

5th. The committee have procured ten bushels of seed, just imported from the sugar producing regions of Germany, of three standard varieties, which will be sold at cost to those intending to compete for the premiums offered.

6th. Ten pounds of seed, or thereabout, is thought to be the most desirable amount to plant to the acre. If the plants are too thick, they can be thinned; but if a good stand is not obtained, it is difficult to replace the plants. The transplanted plants never do as well as the original stand.

7th. There will be three premiums paid—of about one hundred dollars each—governed substantially as follows: One for the largest yield without reference to quality.

One for the best results for sugar production.

One for the greatest economy of production.

8th. All samples will be tested free of charge to the growers and the results published.

Persons raising less than an acre cannot compete for any of the premiums, but samples of their beets will be tested free of charge, and the results published. E. MEEKER.

Notice to Creditors.

Estate of John P. Allen, Deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the Estate of John P. Allen, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within one year after the first publication of this notice, to the Administrator, at his office, on Commercial street, in the City of Seattle, King county, Washington Territory.

DUNCAN T. WHEELER, Administrator of the Estate of John P. Allen, Deceased. Dated Seattle, April 29, 1880. 24-4w

In Admiralty.

In the District Court of the Third Judicial District of Washington Territory, holding terms at Seattle.—No. 2435.

WHEREAS a Libel has been filed in the District Court for the Third Judicial District of Washington Territory, holding terms at Seattle, in King county, on the 30th day of April, in the year of our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Eighty, by James Kiehl, late Mariner and Engineer on board the steamer "Chehalis," whereof James Brannan now is or late was Master, against the said steamer or vessel "Chehalis," her tackle, apparel and furniture, alleging in substance that on the twelfth day of June last past he shipped on board the said vessel, and continued in said service, and in and upon the waters of Puget Sound, Admiralty Inlet and the Straits of San Juan de Fuca and their tributaries for the period of eight months and twenty-eight days; that there is now due to Libellant for his wages over and above all payments and Hospital dues the sum of forty-four dollars and sixty-six cents, and praying process against the said vessel, her tackle, apparel and furniture, and that the same may be condemned and sold to pay the said wages with costs; Now, therefore, in pursuance of the Motion and Attachment under the seal of the said Court and to me directed and delivered, I do hereby give

PUBLIC NOTICE.

To all persons claiming said vessel, her tackle, apparel and furniture, or in any manner interested therein, that they be and appear before the said Court, to be held at the City of Seattle, in said District, on

Monday the 7th day of June, A. D. 1880, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of the same day, then and there to interpose their claims and make their allegations to that behalf.

Dated this 21st day of April, A. D. 1880. CHARLES HOPKINS, U. S. Marshal. By L. V. WYCKOFF, Deputy U. S. Marshal. STRUVE, EMERY & LEARY, Proctors for Libellant. 23-2w

In Admiralty.

United States of America—Third Judicial District of Washington Territory, ss:

WHEREAS a Libel has been filed in the District Court for the Third Judicial District of Washington Territory, holding terms at Seattle, in King County, on the Seventeenth day of April, in the year of our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Eighty, by Z. Simarson, late mariner on board the American Ship "Quimbo," her tackle, apparel and furniture, of which said Ship, O. McGuire now is, or late was, Master, alleging in substance, that on or about the 1st day of March, A. D. 1880, at the port of Port Madison, Washington Territory, said Libellant duly shipped upon and in the service of the said ship, Master and owners to proceed upon a voyage to San Francisco; That for the reasons mentioned and set forth in said Libel filed the said voyage was fully terminated at Port Madison afore said, and said seaman discharged from the said service; That said Libellant is entitled to be paid his wages due at the time of his said discharge; That at the time of his said discharge, there was due over and above all payments and legal deductions, to said Libellant, the sum of \$49 50; And, praying process against said vessel, her tackle, apparel and furniture, and that the same may be condemned and sold to pay the said wages with costs;

Now, therefore, in pursuance of the Motion, under the seal of said Court, to me directed and delivered, I do hereby give

PUBLIC NOTICE.

To all persons claiming the said vessel, her tackle, apparel and furniture, or in any manner interested therein, that they be and appear before the said Court to be held at the City of Seattle, in said District, on the

First Monday of June next, the same being the Seventh Day of said Month, at Ten o'clock, in the forenoon of the same day, then and there to interpose their claims and make their allegations to that behalf.

Dated the 17th day of April, A. D. 1880. CHARLES HOPKINS, U. S. Marshal. By L. V. WYCKOFF, Deputy U. S. Marshal. STRUVE, EMERY & LEARY for Libellant. 23-4w

Administrator's Notice.

TERRITORY OF WASHINGTON, } ss. County of King, }

In the Probate Court of said King County. In the matter of the Estate of Michael Wunder, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT ALL PERSONS having claims against the deceased, are hereby requested to present them with the necessary vouchers, within one year after the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned Administrator of said Estate, at his place of business, to-wit: The Grocery Store of L. Reipig, in the City of Seattle, King county, Washington Territory.

Dated Seattle, Wash. Ter., April 5th, 1880. CHARLES G. STEINWEG, Administrator of the estate of Michael Wunder, deceased. HALL & OSBORNE, Attorneys for said Estate. 20-5w

Wanted 400 Men

IN THE TOWING BUSINESS, TO Haul Schooners over the BAR, —AT THE—

BAVARIA BEER HALL

AND Reading Room.

All kinds of Lunches to Order. BOTTLED BEER A SPECIALTY. New Billiard and Pool Tables. Two Drinks and a Game of Billiards, 25 cents. Corner First and Mill Streets, Seattle.

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OFFER FOR SALE TO THE TRADE only, at Wholesale prices, to arrive per British Ship Golden Gate, now due from Liverpool to San Francisco, and other vessels to follow.

IN BOND OR DUTY PAID

- 100 Cases \* Hennessy Brandy
20 Cases \*\* "
100 Cases \* Martel "
20 Cases Holland Red Case Gin
50 Cases Fine Old Tom Gin,
50 Casks Guinness' Porter, qts. and pts.,
50 Casks Bass' Pale Ale, in quarts and pints,
10 Octaves Fine Old Martell Brandy.
10 Octaves Fine Old Hennessy Brandy
5 Octaves Holland Gin,
Fine Old Port and Sherry Wines.

We also have constantly on hand a full line of office OLD BOURBON WHISKIES and other Domestic Liquors which we offer to the trade at San Francisco prices.

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Imported by them direct from Eastern Distilleries thus avoiding the doctoring process of San Francisco cellars; are guaranteed pure, and offered to the trade in lots to suit, at lower prices than goods of a similar quality can be bought for elsewhere.

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SWISS CHEESE, SARDINES IN OIL, SARDINES IN MUSTARD, ETC.

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SEATTLE TO RENTON

—AND—

NEW CASTLE.

PASSENGER AND FREIGHT CARS OF Seattle and Walla Walla Railroad will leave Seattle every day (Sundays excepted) at 7:30 A. M. and 2 P. M. Arrive at Renton at 8:30 A. M. and 3 P. M. Arrive at Newcastle at 9:30 A. M. and 4 P. M.

RETURNING, leave Newcastle at 11 A. M. and 5 P. M. Arrive at Renton at 11:45 A. M. and 5:45 P. M. Arrive at Seattle at 1 P. M. and 7 P. M.

DEPOT, KING STREET, FOOT OF COMMERCIAL. J. M. COLMAN, Genl. Supt.

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Corner Commercial and Main Streets, opposite the U. S. Hotel.

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BEER!

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For Tacoma, Steilacoom & Olympia

THE STANCH AND SEAWORTHY STEAMER

ZEPHYR--

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WILL LEAVE SEATTLE EVERY Wednesday and Friday mornings at 7 A. M. and Sunday at 6 P. M., connecting with the Railroad at Tacoma. n149tf

### Tired Out.

He does well who does his best;  
Is he weary? let him rest.  
Brothers! I have done my best,  
I am weary—let me rest.  
After toiling oft in vain,  
Baffled, yet to struggle vain;  
After toiling long, to gain  
Little good with mickle pain,  
Let me rest. But lay me low,  
Where the hedge-side roses blow;  
Where the little daisies grow,  
Where the winds a-swaying go;  
Where the footpath rustles plod;  
Where the breeze-bowed poplars nod;  
Where the old woods worship God,  
Where His pencil paints the sod;  
Where the wadd' thrushes sing,  
Where the young bird tries his wings,  
Where the waiting plover springs!  
Near the rattle's rushing springs!  
Where, at times, the tempest's roar,  
Shaking distant sea and shore,  
Still will rave old Barnades o'er,  
To be heard by me no more!  
There, beneath the breezy west,  
I red and thankful, let me rest,  
Like a child that sleepeth best  
On its mother's gentle breast.

—New York Tribune.

### Caught in a Gale.

In the year 1845 I made a voyage to China by the way of Cape Horn. I had command of the good ship "Angelo," and was blessed with a good crew. We had a hard time getting around the southern capes of America, but when we entered the Pacific, we found the weather good, and for some time we went gliding on our way without trouble or hindrance. I stopped at Valparaiso, where I remained eight days and then I set sail for New Zealand, on business connected with the United States Christian Missions. For eleven days after leaving Valparaiso we had a fair wind, but on the evening of the twelfth day we had indications of a storm. I had the sail shortened, taking in the top-gallant sails and double reefing the top sails.

About nine o'clock in the evening the wind came round from the eastward and blew a gale, and by midnight I was forced to lay to. In the morning when the sun rose, there was a lull in the gale, and I began to flatter myself that we were cheaply rid of the storm.

At noon I was able to get the sun, and I found my ship to be in longitude 128 deg. west, and latitude 32 deg. 15 min. south, and the wind had now become light and baffling, but with a heavy sea. Towards the middle of the afternoon, my mate, who was an experienced seaman and an older man than myself, named Hunter, came to me and asked me what I thought of the weather.

"It's not settled yet, by any means," I replied.

"No," said he, emphatically, "and that's not the worst of it. We are going to have a stinger."

"I think we shall have more gales," I responded, "for it is now evident enough that the storm is not wholly passed."

"Ay—and we shall catch it this time more scutherly. I tell ye, capt'n, we've got to stand around some before we get clear of this place. I've been here before."

"So have I," I replied, "several times; but I never happened to get caught in a storm of any amount in the Pacific yet."

"Oh, but I have," resumed Mr. Hunter, with a shudder. "By my soul, they can get up some great blows here when they try. I rode out here in '29, in an old hulk of a barque, belonging in New York, and for eight and forty hours we expected every minute to have to say our prayers for the last time. I hope I mayn't see another such."

After this the mate went forward to attend to securing the anchors, and having all ready for bending the cables if necessity should occur, for I was determined to leave no point unattended to. At five o'clock the wind was warm, seeming like the fanning from a hot oven, and it seemed to move in circles. It blew from no steady point, but was continually whirling and changing. Heavy clouds had come out to the northward and the westward, while to the southward and eastward there seemed to be a sort of lurid vapor rising and extending itself along the horizon. The clouds which I spoke of rose very fast, and when they had attained a great height they passed over our heads, and then settled down gradually until they actually rested upon the sea about us, enveloping us in a thick, cool mist. This was to me a curious phenomenon, but this was not the end. In half an hour the vapor had swept away to the northward and westward again. It did not rise, but it slowly passed away, until it rested on the horizon like a land band. The appearance of things in the opposite direction had changed somewhat, the vapor there having grown more dense and wearing a ghastly, livid hue. The strange warmth which I had experienced in the atmosphere was gone, and a coolness, which came in little puffs, had succeeded. It seemed as though some one were standing by me puffing into my face.

As the sun sank into the vapor which rested upon the western horizon it had a strange look, seeming like a huge lantern of blue glass; but I did not gaze long upon it, for my attention was called the other way. The heavens to the southward and eastward had grown black as night, save a long line of livid light that rested directly upon the

water. The puffs of air which I had felt now ceased, and our ship lay in a dead calm, rising and falling like a lifeless monster upon the long heavy swells. I immediately ordered the ship to be stripped of her canvass. The top-gallant masts had already been sent on deck, thus relieving the ship of all her lofty spars. I asked my mate if he thought there would be any use of leaving any sail set.

"No," said he, "I should say not. If the blow comes as I think it will, a sail would be of no more use than a shirt."

That was my mind, too, and my order for furling all sail was obeyed. Then I had life lines rove, and after this we waited for the storm. But we had not to wait long.

"Do you see that?" whispered Hunter, at the same time pointing to the southward and eastward.

I had seen it and it was a long line of white foam. In a moment more came a rumbling sound, like the distant reverberations of a cannon. Our ship lay nearly stern to, and I waited the coming of the gale with breathless anxiety.

And it came. It roared like thunder over the foaming waves, and the spray was rained upon us in torrents. The ship gave one plunge, and for a few moments I thought she would go under; but she finally struggled up, and throwing off her load of water, she started on before the wind. I examined the compass and found the wind to come from a point about southeast by east. I had one source of comfort, and that was that I had plenty of sea-room. I threw the log after the ship had got full headway, but it was impossible to make anything from it; for the mad sea that had leaped up before the gale "brought the log home," so that the reel would hardly turn save by fits and starts.

All night long the gale continued with unabated fury, and toward morning it became evident that we must throw over most of our cargo or else set some sail, for the seas were now very high and were beginning to run faster than the ship went, and I saw that should she be overtaken by some of the immense mountains of waters they would surely swamp us. I ordered the foresail to be set, it having been already double reefed before it was furled. By care in easing away the buntlines and clew garnets and in hauling down the sheets, we got the sail safely set; but this would not answer long. The seas were now so high that they took the wind from the sail all of half the time, and it soon became evident that we must set one of the top sails. I felt sure that the ship would send the easiest under the foretop-sail, and accordingly I had that set.

It was now morning, and the wind had lost not a whit of its fury. I tried many times to heave the log, but it would "come home" with the seas. Once, however, I managed to run off six knots, and I knew we were going faster than that—we were going ten, at least. Noon came, and the gale was still up in all its power. I began to have some fears that we should not weather it, for the foretop-sail had more strain upon it than I liked. I feared it would give way. I knew if that should go our chance of safety would be small, for I had seen enough of the ship in gales to know that under the main top-sail she would be apt to yaw and broach-to. I had some stout, excellent seamen, and it was to their faithfulness and experience at the helm that we in a great measure owed our salvation, for even the slightest mistake or mishap at the helm might have proved fatal at once.

Our course was now north-west by west, and we had run very nearly that for the last twenty-four hours; and yet I could not tell how far we had run—I could guess, and that was all. I set it at two hundred miles, but the mate said it was more.

Night came again, and the gale was still blowing furiously, and when I went down to my cabin that night I prayed. At midnight I went on deck, but the mate would not go below. The men had become fear-stricken, for the ship was now wrenched and loosened fearfully, and I found it necessary to keep the pumps going all the time.

I went back to my cabin at one o'clock and sat down to my chart. I made as close reckoning as I could of our sailing distance, and I knew that I had the course true. I then placed my parallel upon the chart, and at the first look my lips started apart with an utterance of horror, and my eyes glared wildly. My rule struck the island of St. Elmo, and if my mate was correct in his estimate of our velocity, we could not be over fifty miles distant from the island, and, what added to the danger, I was not fully sure of our position even so far as the course was concerned, for I knew there was a considerable current in this section of the Pacific, setting to the westward, and hence, I knew not how to steer in order to avoid the fatal island. I called Hunter down and showed him the chart. He sat down, and in less than two minutes he leaped up again.

"Good Heaven, capt'n!" he cried, "St. Elmo is right ahead, and surely not more than fifty miles off! We are gone as sure as fate!"

"But may not the current have set us to the westward of it?" said I hopefully.

"No," was his quick response.

We went on deck, and after a few moments' consultation I ordered the helmsman to keep the ship's head west-north-west if possible. He tried it, but it was hard work, for ever and anon the seas would knock her off like a cork,

and the danger of her being pooped by the huge water-mountains was now threatening us all the time. Yet I made the man at the wheel give her all the starboard helm she would possibly bear. I said nothing to the man at the wheel of the new danger that threatened us, but from the looks of the mate and myself they guessed it; and when, at length, we were obliged to confess the whole they were perfectly horror-stricken, yet they were prompt to duty and shertly they seemed resigned to their fate—that is, they were more calm than they were before the new danger was made known to them, though it may have been only the calmness of despair.

Toward morning the nature of the wind seemed to change; it was a change which I cannot describe, yet that indescribable something was there which told us the gale could not last much longer. It was in the temperature, in the smell of the wind. It seemed softer, and had not so much penetration. But the joy of this discovery was quickly dashed. Just as the day was about to break, there came upon our ears the sound of something besides wind! At length the light of day came, and we saw the scene we had been so fearfully dreading. Right ahead, at the distance of not more than ten miles, was the shore of St. Elmo! It was a mass of bold, sea-washed rocks which was presented to us, and a cry of horror went up from my men.

The wind was still powerful, and we were being hurled on at a fearful rate towards the rocks. What could be done? Instinctively I cast my eyes towards my mate, and I saw that he was very pale. I knew that my own face must be pale, too. But I could not stand still. I went to my cabin and got my glass, and by the time I returned it was light enough to see the shore distinctly. I raised my glass, and when I had carefully surveyed the shore ahead, a gleam of hope shot through my soul.

"Mr. Hunter," I said, "that is the extreme western point of the island. That point to the left is the westerly cape of St. Elmo. Clear a way beyond I can see the top of the next island."

"Well?" said my mate, interrogatively.

"I am sure if you would clear that point we should be safe," I added.

"If we could clear it," said Hunter. "But that is impossible."

I hesitated a single moment, and then my mind was made up.

"Boys," I cried, speaking loud enough to be heard above the roar of the tempest, "if we run ashore upon those rocks we are dead men, just as sure as fate; no power can save a soul of us. But if we can clear that point we may be saved. By the help of God I shall make the trial."

"To clear that point you will have to put the ship's head due west, certainly," said Hunter.

"I know it," was my reply. "And she cannot be put there," he said. "She could not live a moment with her broadside thus exposed."

"I shall try it!" was my answer; and thereupon I ordered the fore and main top men to go aloft and loose the main topsail. It was already close reefed. Every movement was carefully performed. I had the helm put a starboard as far as would answer, and then the lee sheet was hauled home. Next the weather clew came home, and we got the yard hoisted clear of the cap in safety. The storm-mizzen mast was set, and I soon found that the fore staysail would be of benefit if it would hold.

The mate said I was mad. I pointed to the rocks and asked him if he would like to run in there. I acknowledged that my present course would be madness if there was any other plan within the bounds of possibility. The ship was now heading due west, and she was going through the water fast. Every hatch was battened, and we were in for it. I prayed then, and I saw others pray, for there was need of it. I had four stout men lashed at the wheel, for they could not have stood without. I stood by the mizzen-mast and hung upon the pin-rack. Six times did I see the lee main yard arm dip into the water, and yet the ship did not go over! We were literally under water two thirds of the time, and yet we did not founder. The masts groaned and creaked in their steppings and chocks; the sheets strained and vibrated like the strings of a viol; the canvass swelled out till each particular thread seemed ready to snap, and the old ship heeled over until her yards almost lay in the water. Of course the men could no longer work at the pumps—they could only hang on upon whatever came in their way, and wait and pray. Had it now been necessary to pull a rope it could not have been done, for had any man let go his hold, he would surely have gone overboard.

On we dashed—on; and yet the ship was upon her keep. At length the point we would clear was under our lee bow. It was surely not over a cable's length distant. There might be other rocks in the sea—rocks of which I knew nothing; but I cared not for them; I thought only of the point in sight.

"Merciful heavens!" gasped the mate, "we are gone!"

A sea struck us at that moment, sweeping its crest high above our tops and the next instant we were engulfed. I thought now we were truly gone; I felt the cold flood all about me; I experienced the sense of a downward motion, and I felt the dull gurgle of waters above me; yet I held on. It may have been a minute—perhaps only a few seconds—but it seemed a great while to me, for I surely thought of a thousand things the while—and then I found

daylight again. The old ship had struggled up from the grasp of the grave and my first glance was for my men. They were all safe—every one. But the stays were gone. Nothing but the fore staysail was left, all the rest had been torn from the belt-ropes in the struggle. Then I gave one timid, trembling look upon the shore, and— we were safe! The point of rock was under our starboard quarter; we were again before the wind, and ahead of us the sea for many miles was clear! The sun rose, and the gale lost its power, and by nine o'clock it was calm and pleasant, though the sea ran high and strong. Three days after we ran into St. Michael, where we easily repaired our slight damages, and then once more set sail on our voyage.—Selected.

### How a Professor Played Barber.

It is often found to be very embarrassing to look exactly like somebody else. Indeed the Germans have a superstition that it brings fatal luck, for if one happens to meet his "double" (they say) it is a sure warning of death to both. The mistake incident to such resemblances are, however, generally more comic than tragic. Says the London Telegraph:

It appears that the double of an eminent Professor of Physiology at the Berlin University is a hair-dresser, whose shop is situated in the immediate neighborhood of that institution, and who, well aware of his likeness to the learned doctor, carefully copies the latter in dress, bearing and demeanor.

A few days ago the professor was walking homeward from his lecture-room when a gentleman, entirely unknown to him, stopped him in the streets, saying—

"Follow me to my house. I want you to cut my hair!"

The amiable professor, one of whose principles of life it has always been never to withhold from a fellow-creature any service that it might be within his power to render, meekly accompanied the stranger home, and there addressed himself to the task thus imperatively prescribed to him.

Forlorn of professional scissors, he picked up a pair of shears, used for cutting paper, from a writing table in the dressing room to which he was conducted, and, with this implement, proceeded most conscientiously to cut his victim's hair down to the very roots.

When he had cleared about half the skull of its hirsute covering, he accidentally stuck the point of his shears into the cap of his patient, who, springing to his feet in great wrath, exclaimed, "Can't you take care what you are about? Do you call yourself a hair-cutter?"

"A hair-cutter!" replied the astonished sage, "certainly not. I am only Prof. B—, very much at your service, as you perceive."

Railroads continue to report very satisfactory gains in gross earnings. Among the largest proportionate gains reported since January 1st are \$198,000, or 140 per cent, on the St. Louis and San Francisco; \$276,000, or 82 per cent, on the Missouri, Kansas and Texas; \$95,000, or 60 per cent, on the Burlington, Cedar Rapids and Northern; \$301,000, or 53 per cent, on the Iron Mountain; \$252,000, or 50 per cent, on the Chicago and Alton; \$186,000, or 38 per cent, on the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe; \$355,000 on the Milwaukee and St. Paul; \$359,000 on the Philadelphia and Reading; and \$246,000 on the Louisville and Nashville, each 37 per cent, and \$306,000, or 35 per cent, on the Wabash Pacific. But it must not be forgotten that operating expenses have been largely increased by the advance in prices and wages, and often more than the earnings, especially when the increase in earnings has been small, and roads whose gross earnings have actually decreased are by no means in as healthy a condition as at this time last year. Of these, however, there are but few.—N. Y. Tribune.

GOSSIP IN THE NORTH.—Girls, do you like to hear naughty "little stories" about the doings of your neighbor, and "his sisters and his cousins and his aunts?" Well, if so, come North. Everywhere you go, this will greet you: at a State dinner, at an evening party, at the opera and at church. Scandal, scandal everywhere. Why, in a month, if you will take the trouble to inquire, you can learn in Jersey the history of a man's family from his great-great-grandmother down to the present day. Everything that isn't nice or pretty comes out in the papers, too; so if you want to keep up with the times, read it all. Free thinking and free speaking rule the day. Subjects which we would never think of bringing up in conversation are discussed by all with the greatest freedom, and nothing is thought of it. It seems at first mighty queer to a Southerner.—Southern Paper.

THE HEIGHT OF AESTHETIC EXCLUSIVENESS.—Mamma—"Who are those extraordinary-looking children?" Effie—"The Cimabue Browns, mamma. They're æsthetic, you know." Mamma—"So I should imagine. Do you know them to speak to?" Effie—"Oh, dear no, mamma—they're most exclusive. Why they put out their tongues at us if we only look at them!"—Punch.

COLD CREAM.—Take oil of almonds two ounces, spermaceti half an ounce, white wax one drachm. Melt together and while cooling add two ounces of rose water stirring it until cold.

### Ice Made by Means of Ether.

It is well known that ether can be made to vaporize so speedily as to produce intense cold, and if, when covered with water its evaporation be assisted, it will escape so quickly as to lower the temperature of the water to freezing point. Hence ether is often used in preparing freezing mixture; and a machine has lately been constructed for making ice by means of the remarkable property to which we have briefly alluded. The apparatus consists of an engine and air-pump, combined on the same bed-plate, a refrigerator, an ether condenser, a circulating pump, and one or more ice-boxes according to the quantity required—a steam engine supplying the motive power. The two inlet passages of the air-pump are connected by a copper pipe, from which branches another copper pipe that places them in communication with the refrigerator, which is a felt-covered vessel of cylindrical shape, the tubes being made of copper and riveted to brass end-plates. The two outward valves on the other side of the air-pump communicate with the ether condenser, which is similarly constructed to the refrigerator. The tubes communicate at each end with metal chambers, one of which serves as a receptacle for the air that enters the condenser. The whole is immersed in a wooden tank, through which a stream of water constantly passes for cooling and condensing the ether vapor. A vacuum is maintained by the air-pump in the refrigerator, vaporizing the ether at a low temperature. This operation causes an absorption of heat, which reduces the temperature of the strong brine that is made to circulate through the tubes and ice box. The ice box is a tank of red lead, varnished inside, with partitions with holes in them to allow a slow circulation of the brine. Zinc molds of different widths, according to the shapes of the blocks of ice required, are filled with pure water and suspended between the partitions.

TO FRY FRESH FISH, so as not to absorb the fat, or destroy the delicate flavor of the fish, is quite a desideratum. A lady who has attended Miss Corson's practical Cooking Lectures, contributes the following to the American Agriculturist—derived partly from Miss C's advice, and partly from her own experience. Small fish are to be fried whole; large fish have the fleshy portions cut off with a very sharp knife, and divided into strips (fillets) of a convenient size for serving. When cleaned and ready for cooking, wipe dry, and roll them in powdered cracker or bread crumbs. (Cracker, ready pulverized, is now sold at most grocery stores, under the name of "cracker dust.") Dip the fish, or pieces, in well beaten egg, and again roll them in the cracker dust or crumbs, removing any lumps so as to leave the surface smooth. Have the fat hot, and drop in the pieces, watching them carefully until they cook to a golden brown; then lift from the fat and lay upon thick paper to absorb the fat. Fillets of fish with the bones in may be treated in the same way. By this method the fish are well flavored and much more digestible for weak stomachs. Fish are nourishing, and not only supply good food for the muscles, but also furnish good brain material.

SHALL WE KNOW EACH OTHER?—"Shall we know each other there?" The minister of a fashionable church once preached a beautiful sermon on this subject. He drew the picture of a very beautiful heaven. We would walk in sunlit groves, by the music of waterfalls, and gaze out upon Amaranthine fields. And then, too, "We shall know each other there," said the minister, and added, "there'll be no stranger in the new Jerusalem, we'll all be friends." "Beautiful!" said Deacon Quick as he trotted down the aisle. "A lovely sermon!" said Miss Simpkins to the minister, as she put her bony hand in his. She was stopped by a simple-minded man, who came up, and seizing the pastor's hand, exclaimed: "Pastor, I'm right glad we shall recognize each other up there. It will be a great change though, for I've been to your church now going on four years, and not a soul has recognized me yet."

There seems to be danger that working-men in various branches of business will seize the present time as a favorable opportunity for strikes, knowing that trade of almost every kind is good, and thinking that they can therefore compel employers to yield to their demands. The strike is a poor method of redress, and should only be adopted when there is just cause for complaint and all other means of getting at a right decision have failed. Where there is an increase in the general prosperity it is proper that the employed should share the good fortune of the employers; and if the former would adopt a moderate and conciliatory policy they might be surprised to find that the latter were ready to meet them half way.—N. Y. Tribune.

Professor Proctor, in one of his recent lectures, gave an idea of the immensity of the sun as compared with the planets by supposing the central luminary to be about three feet in diameter. The earth, which seems to us so vast an orb, would in this comparison be about the size of a pin's head.

"What do you do when you have a cold?" asked a man of Simpkins. "Cough," was the sententious reply.

Grass gets its dew—about the only thing in this world that does.

### Austrian Women.

A gentleman who gives in a late English magazine a series of hints as to a residence on the Continent, says in reference to gormandizing in Austria: "Though I suppose that few persons suffer as I do at a German table d'hôte or family dinner or supper—for to me such appetites are frightful—still I would counsel no man to sup with his, in every other particular perhaps, gentle love, should he have one of this good country; and if he has not, I may tell him that nowhere in Christendom will he find it easier to select one than in Austria—one who will give far less trouble and uneasiness, if he can only forget or forgive her eating a wee bit too much, than any fair native of other countries, always regulating her fondness, and, I verily believe, her fidelity also, by his; which I maintain is just as much as we lords of the creation, not being Turks, have any just right to demand or expect.

I have not the presumption to imagine that I could sketch the character of the female population of Germany. All I can tell you upon that subject is, that the women of Austria appear to me to be the most gentle and artless, and the least capricious, that it has been my fortune to meet with anywhere. And although many travelers have pretty broadly insinuated that they cannot boast of much fidelity, and I cannot pretend to personal experience of it, yet I am inclined to believe that consistency in the sex—always under the before-mentioned condition of reciprocity—is quite as common in Germany as in any other country, for there is such frequent display of it in the practice of betrothals—a custom very conceivably dangerous, and often attended with consequences irregular and bad enough, it must be admitted, but very seldom by the final base abandonment of the frailer party which so often takes place in other countries after too intimate liaisons. I have even known several instances amongst the lower classes, in which the girl has borne one or two children to her fiancé, and remained in service without much, perhaps scarcely any, loss of character, until some trifling savings on her part, or some improvement of circumstances upon his, enabled them to form a modest ménage and marry. Numbers of wet nurses consist of young women so situated. In the class a little removed from the peasant, some accidents of this nature now and then occur, as might be expected, though very rarely; but I never heard of such a case which was not followed by an equally faithful conclusion. Now, though at the first view the greater merit of this fidelity appears to be on the side of the male, reflection has satisfied me that, if he were not thoroughly persuaded of the lady's affection, he would not, for any consideration, thus rivet his shackles."

### Hawkeye Glaucous.

A new disease is called the arithmetical jim-jams.

The *Inter-Ocean* keeps two shot-guns with which to shoot poets.

He who would stop every man's mouth must have a great deal of meal.

The *Chicago Evening Journal* calls Dr. Thomas, of that city, the pulpit-thinker.

The *New York Commercial* says that the Puritans did not drink Plymouth rock and rye.

The piano men have struck, and Puck anxiously awaits reports from the concert manufacturers.

The *Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald* says that Sunday is getting to be a day of arrest in this country.

The medicine man of the *Philadelphia Chronicle* says that a good physician carries his skill in his heels.

"Quail on toast," was what he ordered. "Quail on trust," was what the inn-keeper called it some months afterward.

The *New Orleans Picayune* thinks that a man who bolts down his food ought to be able to keep it on his stomach.

That is an Indian nearing feet that I don't like, as the man said who was pursued by the redskins.—*Boston Transcript*.

The *Boston Transcript* says that spring overcoats take their name from their propensity to spring open to display their gorgeous lining.

A gentleman asked his Sunday-school, "With what remarkable weapon did Samson slay a number of Philistines?" For a while there was no answer, and the clergyman, to assist the children a little, commenced tapping his jaw with the tip of his finger, at the same time saying, "What's this? what's this?" Quick as thought, a little fellow innocently replied, "The jaw-bone of an ass, sir."

Dr. Samuel A. Green has presented to the Public Library of Boston a valuable collection designed to include everything which Benjamin Franklin wrote and printed, and everything which has been written about him, besides portraits, prints, medals, autographs and other personal memorials. The collection comprises 140 books and pamphlets by or about Franklin and eighty different portraits, and is to be added to as occasion serves by the trustees of the library.

Said a very good old man: "Some folks are always complaining about the weather, but I am thankful when I awake up in the morning and find any weather at all."

### Gibbon's Early Love.

The historian Gibbon was never married. When a mere boy, and while a student at Oxford, he turned Roman Catholic, and was sent by his indignant father to Switzerland, where a Protestant pastor undertook to bring him back to the faith he had abandoned. He succeeded in curing him of his Romanizing proclivities, but, as the sequel showed, very little religious belief remained after his abjuration had been made. Much moral principle seems to have gone with his trust in religion. He tells us in his entertaining autobiography that, his father having disapproved of his love for Suzanne Curchod, a Swiss minister's daughter, he sighed as a lover, yet obeyed as a son, and that the lady also calmly acquiesced in the separation.

A recent contributor to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, a member of the De Stael family, who has had access to some of the correspondence between Gibbon and Mlle. Curchod, shows by extracts from their letters and connecting details that the last statement is false and that the young man was very heartless. He was not of age when he became engaged, and his letters were almost as sonorous as his later work, the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," but, in the light of subsequent developments at least, they sound very hollow. Even Suzanne appears to have suspected his fidelity at times, and her doubts drew from him such an expression as this:

"How could you doubt an instant my love and fidelity? Have you not read the depth of my soul a hundred times? Have you not seen there a passion as pure as it is ardent? Have you not felt that your image will always hold the first place in the heart which you now despise, and that in the midst of pleasures, honors, and riches, without you I could have no happiness?"

The elder Gibbon had more ambitious views for his son, or perhaps the general English contempt for foreigners, and early in their engagement the lovers seem to have made up their minds to wait. Still the father can not be blamed for the fact that from his return to England, in 1753, to 1762, when he finally broke off the alliance, young Gibbon wrote Suzanne no letters, and accompanied a little work which he had written in French, on the "Study of Literature," with a very cold dedicatory note. She could not easily forget him, though the exaggerated despair with which he closed his farewell letter must have convinced any unprejudiced person that he was a humbug. She could hardly believe that the man she loved could act thus, and when they met, a year later, she could not tell whether all hope must be abandoned. She wrote to him to know what to expect, apologizing to him and herself for the step, but declaring that she could bear the suspense no longer. She said:

"For five years I have sacrificed myself to this chimera by a conduct unique and inconceivable. At last my mind, romantic as it is, has been convinced of its error. I ask of you on my knees to disengage a foolish heart. Sign a complete avowal of your indifference and my soul will resign itself to its fate; certainty will produce the tranquillity for which I sigh. You will be the most despicable of men if you refuse this act of frankness, and God, who sees my heart and loves me, without doubt, although He makes me suffer severe trials—that God, I tell you, will punish you in spite of my prayers, if there is the least disguise in your answer, or if by your silence you make a toy of my repose."

The letter was returned to her, and bears on it these sad words, inscribed by her own hand: "A thinking soul is punished enough, and every thought draws blood." She followed this with another letter, in which she avowed that she had fancied in him a man who never existed, that he was now no more to her than any other man, and proposed a friendly correspondence. This proposition, with truly English phlegm and caution, he did not answer for several weeks, and then with chilling coolness. The same course characterized his actions at a subsequent meeting. The warm-hearted and indignant girl denounced him in a passionate letter. She said:

"What remains for me now save to bless on my knees the Supreme Being who has saved me from the greatest of all evils? Yes, I commence to believe it—you would have regarded me as a burden. My existence could have injured your future or your ambition, and your ill disguised regrets would have sent me to the tomb by the road of despair."

She lost the hand of a great historian, but of a very selfish man, and won that of M. Necker, the banker of Geneva, and later the confidential adviser of the French king. By him she became the mother of Madame de Stael, and the ancestress of the Broglies, and other distinguished descendants of that famous literary woman. She met Gibbon in fashionable society, when they had both become celebrities. Years had softened the memory of her wrong, and she treated him kindly. He accepted the reconciliation and they were friends, but nothing more. She probably lost nothing when she married Necker, but one can not but feel that the cynical historian would have been less inclined to sneer had he married his early love.—*Cincinnati Gazette*.

When reason is against a man, a man will be against reason.—HOBBS.

The secret pleasure of a generous act is the great mind's great bribe.

WHAT A QUAKER WROTE TO A WATCHMAKER.—"I hereby send thee my pocket clock which standeth in need of thy friendly correction. The last time it was at thy friendly school it was in no way benefited or profited thereby, for I perceive by the index of its mind that it is a liar, and the truth is not in it. Purge it, therefore, I beseech thee, and correct it from the error of its ways, and show it the path wherein it should go, and when thou layest thy correcting hand upon it, see that it be without passion, lest thou shouldst drive it to distraction; and when thou seest it conformable to the above-mentioned rules, send it home to me, with a just and true bill, drawn out in the spirit of moderation, and I will remit thee in the root of all evil."

CHILBLAIN OINTMENT.—Take of lard nine ounces, oil of almonds three and a half ounces, white wax one and a half ounce, camphor, powdered, one and a half ounce. Mix and apply to the chilblain.

COOKIES.—One and one-half cups of sugar, three-fourths cup of butter, a scant half cup of sweet milk, one egg, one teaspoonful of soda, nutmeg, flour enough to roll, cut in rounds, and bake quickly.

### Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for General Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. SHERMAN, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

### Voice of the People.

HILLSDALE, Mich.  
R. V. PIERCE, M. D.:  
I had a serious disease of the lungs, and was for a time confined to my bed and under the care of a physician. His prescriptions did not help me. I grew worse, coughing very severely. I commenced taking your Medical Discovery, which helped me greatly. I have taken several bottles, and am restored to good health.  
Yours respectfully,  
JUDITH BURNETT.

It is suspected that Robinson Crusoe's brunette chum was a German. At any rate, the family name Freitag survives to this day.

### A Fool Once More.

For ten years my wife was confined to her bed with such a complication of ailments that no doctor could tell what was the matter or cure her, and I used up a small fortune in humbug stuff. Six months ago I saw a U. S. flag with Hop Bitters on it, and I thought I would be a fool once more. I tried it, but my folly proved to be wisdom. Two bottles cured her. She is now as well and strong as any man's wife, and it cost me only two dollars. Such folly pays.—H. W., Detroit, Mich.

### Entirely Recovered.

NEW YORK CITY, June 16, 1879.  
H. H. Warner & Co.  
GENTLEMEN:—I hereby certify that my wife has been using Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure for Bright's Disease, and she is now entirely recovered. When all physicians' remedies failed, she was induced to try your remedy, and received beneficial results from the first bottle. After taking four bottles she was entirely cured.  
Yours truly,  
ROBERT B. FITZGERALD.

### The Robertson Process

For working rebellious ores is meeting that success which its merits deserve. The cheapness and simplicity of the system place it within the reach of men of moderate means. For full particulars address John A. Robertson, the patentee, P. O. box 553, Oakland, Cal.

Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich., will send their celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts to the afflicted upon 30 days' trial. Speedy cures guaranteed. They mean what they say. Write to them without delay.

### Wanted.

Sherman & Co., Marshall, Mich., want an agent in this county at once, at a salary of \$100 per month and expenses paid. For full particulars address as above.

### Furniture.

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

### Dentistry.

Go to Dr. Cochrane, 859 Market street, San Francisco, if you want first-class work at low rates. Cochrane stands at the head of his profession.

FOR AN IRRITATED THROAT, Cough or Cold, "Brown's Bronchial Troches" are offered with the fullest confidence in their efficacy. They maintain the good reputation they have justly acquired.

The Royal beauties of Europe owe much of their personal attractiveness to the influence of Ayer's Hair Vigor, which keeps the hair fresh and bright.

\$30 will buy 1000 fine cigars at J. W. Shaeffer & Co.'s, 323 Sacramento St., S. F. (No Drummers employed.)

HALL'S PULMONARY BALSAM  
PRICE 50 CTS

An Immediate and Permanent Cure for Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, Influenza, Catarrh, Loss of Voice, Incipient Consumption, and all Diseases of the Throat and Lungs. Ask for the California Pulmonary Balsam, and Take no other.

Sold by all Druggists.

TRADE MARK  
CALVERT'S CARBOLID SHEEP WASH  
\$2 per gallon.  
T. W. JACKSON, San Francisco, Sole Agent for the Pacific Coast.

Cancers a Specialty without the knife or excruciating pain. Mrs. Dr. Cook, 224 Post street, San Francisco.

CHARLAND'S VEGETABLE COUGH DROPS, THE best and known remedy for all Throat and Lung Complaints. For sale by all druggists.

National Surgical Institute (Western Division), 319 Bush St., S. F. Devoted to the treatment of Cripples, Piles, Fistula, &c. Send for circulars.

ICE. Now is the time to order Ice-making Machinery for the coming season. METNA IRON WORKS, San Francisco.

BEES. Hives, Honey, Extractors, pure Italian Queens, Books, etc. for sale. Send for circular. H. M. Cameron, 232 Sutter St., S. F.

H. N. COOK, Mfr. of Oak Tanned Leather and Horse BELTING. Retail and Wholesale. 415 Market St., San Francisco.

GOLDEN GATE HOTEL, No. 134 Fourth Street, San Francisco. THE BEST AND CHEAPEST MECHANICS. Boarding House in this City. Two lines of cars pass the door.

AN ITEM TO CUT OUT. That the Stewart Sewing Machine embodies all the advantages of the leading machines and has many distinct improvements of its own. Satisfaction guaranteed in all cases or money refunded. Call or send for circular at our new office, 111 Sutter St., S. F. H. R. Josselyn & Co., Agents for Pacific Coast. Agents wanted in every town and city on the Coast. Send for terms.

INTERNATIONAL HOTEL, 824 and 826 Kearny St., San Francisco. \$1 25 and \$1 50 PER DAY.  
H. C. PATRIDGE, PROPRIETOR

Two Grand Coaches, with the name of the Hotel on, will always be waiting at the landing to convey passengers to the Hotel. Be sure you get into the right Coach; if you do not, they will charge you.

CURE FOR CANCER. Red Clover cures Cancer, Salt Rheum, and all other blood diseases. For references and full particulars address W. C. Needham, sole agent for Pacific Coast, P. O. box 422, San Jose, Cal.

PRINTER'S PROOF PRESS, COMPLETE AND IN GOOD WORKING ORDER. For Sale by CARLOS WHITE, 320 Sansome St., San Francisco.

CEM 13-15 PUZZLE. 1,000,000 sold in two months. Fascinates old and young. A new silver stem-winding Big Watch given for the quickest time of solution. Conditions in box. Clear blocks, in neat cover box. Don't waste time in sending for cheap trash, but send direct a dollar for the prize. 1 box 25c, 3 for 70c, 12 for \$1.25, post paid. Agents want d. E. H. Bradner, Gen'l Agent, 728 K St., Sacramento, Cal. A cheaper box 10c, 12 for 25c.

PLYMOUTH LAP-BOARD. The peculiar felting finish upon both sides, effectually prevents the slipping of the work from the board, also the slipping of the board from the lap, thus entirely overcoming two great objections to wooden or other boards with a smooth surface. Retail price \$1 25 ea. h. Liberal discount to the trade. For sale wholesale in San Francisco by W. S. H. & Co., Harrison & Dickson, A. S. Pence & Co., W. & J. Sloane, and Cal. Furniture Mfg Co.

PIANOS AND ORGANS. A \$300 Organ in use \$100. Pianos, \$170, \$200, \$225, \$275, and \$300. In use a short time; usual price, \$300 cash. SHEET-MUSIC HALF PRICE. T. M. ANSELL & CO., 865 Market Street, S. F.

THE OREGON CELEBRATED KIDNEY TEA. "Nature's own remedy"—her "last, best gift to man." A plant which grows in mountain fastnesses, seldom touched by human foot. There are thousands afflicted with diseases of the Kidneys or Urinary Organs who suffer in silence rather than to make known their troubles. Others seek relief by the use of various patent medicines, which, if they do not aggravate the disease at least do not lessen it. Even those who secure the advice of physicians often fail to get relief, owing to the very complicated and delicate nature of the organs affected. The OREGON KIDNEY TEA is a strictly vegetable production, and will not injure the smallest child, nor the most delicate woman, but will cure Pain in the Back and Kidneys, non-retention of Urine, Diabetes, Inflammation of the Bladder or Kidneys, Brick Dust Deposition in Urine, Leucorrhoea, Painful or Suppressed Micturition, and all complaints arising from a diseased or debilitated state of the kidneys or urinary organs of either sex.

Hedge, Davis & Co., Proprietors, PORTLAND, OREGON. FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS. Price ONE DOLLAR.

NOT FAIL to send for our Price List for 1880. FREE to any address upon application. Contains descriptions of everything required for personal or family use. We sell all goods at wholesale prices in quantities to suit the purchaser. The only institution in America who make this the specialty business. Address, MONTGOMERY WARD & CO., 237 & 239 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

IMPORTANT TO MINE OWNERS AND CITIES.

THE Dodge Rock Breaker CHALLENGES THE WORLD. To produce as good a machine. Sold at one-half the price of others, and guaranteed not to break. Rock Breaker and Cornish Holes Combined. Rock Breaker and Pulverizer combined in one machine, for pulverizing very fine. Furnaces for chloridizing and desulphurizing ores. Concentrating Jigs and Sifts; machines for concentrating. Gold, Silver, Lead and Copper Ores. Amalgamators, and plans for working ores by the various processes. Address, H. B. DODGE, CARE OF PRESCOTT SCOTT & CO., San Francisco, California.

## PHOSPHATE SOAP



THE BEST soap for toilet use ever manufactured. BEST because it contains all the excellencies of the most expensive foreign or American soaps without their defects. BEST because it combines strength with delicacy in such a way that its strong detergent qualities do not injure the skin. BEST because it is the result of years of study and experiment in the soap manufacturing business, assisted by modern chemical discoveries. BEST because it contains ingredients beneficial to the skin, which unite chemically with the soap in such a manner as to increase its saponaceous qualities. Every chemist familiar with soap manufacture knows that some ingredients which are in themselves beneficial to the skin cannot be saponified; some are partially neutralized, while others injure the quality of the soap. There are soaps in the market which are to some extent beneficial to the skin, but they are inferior articles for toilet use. PHOSPHATE SOAP is the ONLY article offered to the public which combines all the best elements of toilet soap with medical ingredients beneficial to the skin.

If your wife is in the habit of using cosmetics of any kind, advise her to give up the pernicious practice, as the most harmless face powders obstruct the pores of the skin and sooner or later injure the complexion, while PHOSPHATE SOAP removes all impurities and assists nature in developing a natural, healthy and beautiful skin!

Ladies who have injured the skin by the constant use of cosmetics may do much to restore their faces to that beauty which nature alone can give by constantly using PHOSPHATE SOAP.

If you wish to make your hands soft buy a cake of PHOSPHATE SOAP, and when that is gone you will buy a dozen and recommend your friends to do the same.

### TESTIMONIALS:

SAN JOSE, September 24, 1879.  
To the Standard Soap Co.—Gentlemen:  
It affords me pleasure to say to the public that I have used and prescribed your PHOSPHATE SOAP as a remedy in various forms of cutaneous diseases with the happiest results. I am of the opinion that it is the mildest and most perfect detergent that can be used, either for cleansing the skin and leaving it soft and healthy, or for removing the fetor and corroding influences of sores and ulcerations. I should be sorry to be without it in shaving my face or making my toilet, to say nothing of my good opinion of its remedial qualities.  
A. J. SPENCER, M. D.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 27, 1879.  
Gentlemen:  
I received a package of your soap (Phosphate Soap) and it gives me great pleasure to testify as to its superior excellence. As a toilet soap I have never seen anything to surpass it. It also possesses superior remedial qualities. I have used it in two cases of obstinate skin disease, one of intolerable itching, Pruritus, the other an Eczema. In both great relief was obtained. Its emollient properties are remarkable. Respectfully,  
W. A. DOUGLASS, M. D., 126 O'Farrell St.  
To the Standard Soap Company.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 19, 1879.  
Standard Soap Co.—Gentlemen:  
The ladies of my household, four in number, unite with me in pronouncing your PHOSPHATE SOAP the best ever tried for toilet use. It is noticeable that while it readily removes impurities from the skin, it also leaves undisturbed the natural oil so essential to the health. It is not too strong language to say that we are delighted with it.  
C. M. SAWTELLE, M. D., 120 Capp street.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 19, 1879.  
Standard Soap Co.—Gentlemen:  
I have tried your PHOSPHATE SOAP, and have no hesitation in saying that it is the best toilet soap I ever used. My wife has used it and is of the same opinion. I have paid as high as fifty cents per cake for an article in every respect inferior to what you sell for twenty-five cents. HENRY H. LYNCH, 515 Haight street.

The genuine merits of PHOSPHATE SOAP and persistent advertising will force every druggist, groceryman and general dealer to order it by the gross sooner or later. Ask for it in every store. The retail price is 25 cents per cake. We wish to sell it only at wholesale, but in case you cannot find it we will send a nice box of three cakes by mail, postage paid, on receipt of 85 cents in stamps.  
STANDARD SOAP CO., 204 Sacramento St., S. F.

## Mail and Telegraph.

**SAN FRANCISCO, April 23.**—About 8 o'clock last evening Charles De Young entered the street door of the *Chronicle* office and met two gentlemen with whom he was engaged in conversation regarding some business. During the conversation he advanced several steps into the office, and while thus conversing Isaac M. Kalloch, Jr., son of Mayor Kalloch, swung open the outer door leading to the office having a pistol in his hand. At the same time and catching sight of young Kalloch and the pistol, he hurried along in front of the counter to the rear of the office through a small gate which separates the front from the rear office. While he was retreating, Kalloch fired three shots, none of which took effect. De Young retreated behind a high desk and endeavored to draw his pistol. While so doing, Kalloch reached over the desk from in front and placing the pistol within a foot of the upturned face of De Young, fired, the ball striking De Young in the mouth and passing upward lodged in the brain. De Young made another effort to draw his pistol but the shot had inflicted a mortal wound and weakness prevented his drawing the weapon. Kalloch seeing this movement of De Young fired a fifth shot, but it failed to hit the intended victim. After firing the last shot young Kalloch turned to escape but was caught by a man who had come in from the street and given in the hands of the police and hurried away to the city prison. Elias De Young, a half brother to the wounded man, immediately went to the assistance of Charles De Young, who was still leaning against the desk, but a moment later he fell backward and was caught by his half-brother and laid on the floor where he died within five minutes without regaining consciousness.

The assassination of Charles De Young by the son of Mayor Kalloch has caused the most intense excitement. Owing to the early hour it occurred there were many people on the street, and at the report of the first discharge of the pistol the crowd commenced to gather, and in a few moments the *Chronicle* building was surrounded by thousands eager to ascertain the cause of the shooting, and the result. When it was known that Charles De Young had been mortally wounded the greatest excitement prevailed, and the police had great difficulty in clearing the way when young Kalloch was being taken to the city prison. The shooting is ascribed to the circulation of circulars concerning the past record of Rev. I. M. Kalloch, the present Mayor. These circulars contained a mass of information regarding the Mayor, said to have taken place in the east. It is stated that these circulars were put in circulation through the agency of the De Youngs, and the information gathered by Charles De Young during his trip to the east, from which he has but recently returned.

De Young's trial for his attempt to murder Mayor Kalloch last year was to have taken place shortly. While there is great excitement prevailing, no serious trouble is apprehended, and the police authorities have taken the precaution to prevent it.

**ST. LOUIS, April 19.**—The first dispatch direct from Marshfield received late last night by the *Globe-Democrat* gives the following description of the storm: This town and country were visited by one of the most destructive cyclones on record last evening. After passing through several miles of country in Christian, Green and Webster counties, destroying everything in its pathway, leveling houses, barns, mills and timber, it struck this town about 6:30 o'clock. Eye witnesses of the approaching storm say that it was a fearful looking black cloud, lined with fleecy white, funnel shaped and moving in the manner of a screw propeller. It moved with wonderful velocity, literally destroying and blowing away everything in its path, which was half a mile wide at this point. Large sized trees were twisted off, telegraph wires were snapped, and the bark literally peeled from small trees. Houses were blown from their foundations, cattle, hogs, sheep, horses and poultry were whirled into the air and carried a great distance. The noise of the storm, crash of falling houses, and cries and screams of terrified people made a scene of terror that beggars description. What was a beautiful quiet town of 800 people 24 hours ago is now a waste of desolation.

**CHICAGO, April 20.**—The following reports of the ravages and some of the

losses by the storm in Wisconsin are received by telegraph: In Rock county, the village of Sophiere was struck by the storm Sunday afternoon and torn up fearfully by the wind, lasting for two hours. The adjoining townships of Turtle, La Prairie, Bradford and Johnstown suffered also in loss of cattle, buildings, etc. The total damage in the county reaching probably \$100,000.

**MARSHFIELD, April 21.**—Seventy-one victims of Sunday's storm have been buried and twenty five or more are dying. The number seriously wounded is about 150. A babe about 18 months old, whose mother was killed and friends all wounded, was found yesterday in a ravine north of town, where it lay all night. It is now doing well. Another child, 2 years old, was yesterday afternoon found in a tree top, where it had been nearly 24 hours. It was considerably bruised but will recover. It was to-day claimed by its parents, who live two and a half miles south of town. Its aerial flight hence must have extended over three miles. A wagon has been found that was carried four miles, and a section of the smokestack of a mill over three and a half miles. It is reported that from 30 to 40 persons have been killed by spurs of the tornado in the country and that the town of Cersicana in Barry county, is as badly wrecked as this.

**ST. LOUIS, April 21.**—Telegrams from Marshfield announce less excitement prevailing, the dead being buried and carcasses of dead animals being hauled away. The best information is that 81 coffins have been used, and there will probably be four or five more deaths to-night.

**ST. LOUIS, April 21.**—It is now estimated that in Webster county, of which Marshfield is the county seat, fully 100 people were killed and over 200 wounded. Among the killed in the county are John Rose and daughter, Richard Hale, John Carsons, wife and two children and three members of the Scott family. The loss to property in the county is estimated at \$1,000,000.

Dispatches just received say that the storm of Sunday, was very severe in Morgan county, its track being strewn with demolished houses, barns and other farm property. The little town of Barnettsville was torn nearly to pieces and several people killed and wounded.

**ST. LOUIS, April 22.**—The tornado of Sunday last seems to have extended over a much greater breadth of country and was more deadly and devastating in its effects than any storm that has occurred in the west for years. Reports show that it dealt death and destruction, not only over nearly half of Missouri, but raged with great fury through the north half of Arkansas and a considerable part of eastern Kansas. At Shawnee mission in the latter State, a number of persons returning from a funeral at 3 o'clock p. m., were overtaken by the storm and took refuge in a shed adjoining the large brick store of Mr. Rault. Shortly after the party had taken shelter, part of the store was blown down upon the shed, burying a dozen or more persons in the ruins, very seriously injuring four and more or less injuring the remainder of the party. Latest advices from Texas county, Mo., say that the town of Lickington was entirely destroyed excepting three houses, by Sunday night's storm. Three hundred persons are homeless. One life was lost and 17 persons wounded, five of them seriously. Damage fully \$50,000. The tornado did immense damage to all kinds of property in the county.

**LITTLE ROCK, April 22.**—Advices from Fayetteville respecting Sunday's unprecedented storm say: Seven houses were destroyed and a Mrs. Glass was killed. Many stores and other buildings are badly injured. Eight or ten frame buildings east of town were torn to atoms. A number of people were wounded and one child killed. The storm was severe so far south as Johnson county.

**SPRINGFIELD, April 22.**—The tornado of Sunday night raged with great fury in the valley of James river, several miles south of here. Many houses were destroyed and the country laid waste.

**CORVALLIS, Ogn., April 25.**—W. B. Carter, State printer and editor of the *Corvallis Gazette*, died this morning from neuralgia of the heart. His death, though sudden, was not unexpected, but was the result of long ill-health, which was not remedied by his recent visit to southern California. The funeral will take place Monday forenoon.

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

United States of America—Third Judicial District of Washington Territory, ss

WHEREAS a Libel has been filed in the District Court for the Third Judicial District of Washington Territory, holding terms at Seattle, in King County, on the twenty-fifth day of March, in the year of our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Eighty, by Z. Simarssen, John Grant, Tom M. Hoy, Wm. Lewis, John Collebzki, John Horn, Martin Christopher, Henrick Henricks, John Lawson, William Anderson, T. Andrus, Clemens Ronnebaum, Oscar Lendholm and H. Calson, late mariners on board the American Bark "Tidal Wave," her tackle, apparel and furniture, of which said Bar., O. McGuier now is, or late was, Master, alleging in substance, that on or about the day of January, A. D. 1880, at the port of San Francisco, in the State of California, each of said Libellants duly shipped upon and into the service of the said Bark, Master and owners to proceed upon a voyage to Port Madison, within said District, there to load cargo and return to said port of San Francisco; that for the reasons mentioned and set forth in said Libel filed th: said voyage was fully terminated at Port Madison aforesaid, and all of said seamen discharged from the said service, that said Libellants, and each of them, are entitled to be paid their wages due at the time of their said discharge, together with a reasonable compensation for their time, food and lodging and expenses in returning to their port of shipment from and after said discharge; that at the time of their said discharge, there was due over and above all payments and legal deductions, to each of said Libellants, as follows:

Z. Simarssen.....	\$134 00.
John Grant.....	93 20.
Tom M. Hoy.....	85 00.
Wm. Lewis.....	43 85.
John Collebzki.....	62 00.
John Horn.....	56 45.
Martin Christopher.....	61 70.
Henrick Henricks.....	59 70.
John Lawson.....	70 95.
William Anderson.....	64 20.
T. Andrus.....	64 20.
Clemens Ronnebaum.....	64 20.
Oscar Lendholm.....	51 70.
H. Calson.....	59 70.

And praying process against said vessel, her tackle, apparel and furniture, and that the same may be condemned and sold to pay the said wages, damages, compensation and expenses with costs;

Now, therefore, in pursuance of the Motion, under the seal of said Court, to me directed and delivered, I do hereby give

**PUBLIC NOTICE**

For all persons claiming the said vessel, her tackle, apparel and furniture, or in any manner interested therein, that they be and appear before the said court to be held at the City of Seattle, in said District, on the

First Monday of May next,

The same being the Third day of said Month, at Ten o'clock, in the forenoon of the same day, then and there to interpose their claims and make their allegations in that behalf. Dated the 26th day of March, A. D. 1880.

CHARLES HOPKINS,

U. S. Marshal.

By L. V. WYCKOFF,

Deputy U. S. Marshal

STRUVE, EMERY & LEAHY for Libellants. 19-4w

**Albert M. Snyder**  
ATTORNEY FOR U. S. CLAIMANTS,  
COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS FOR OREGON AND CALIFORNIA.  
NOTARY PUBLIC, COPYIST,  
Collector, Etc.

PREEMPTION ENTRIES MADE AND HOMESTEAD FINAL PROOF TAKEN FOR SETTLERS,

CONVEYANCING DONE, LOANS NEGOTIATED.

**THREE MONTHS PAY.**

Officers, Soldiers and Seamen of the Mexican War have been granted three months' extra pay by Congress. The Widows, Children, Brothers, and Sisters of deceased Soldiers and Sailors are entitled under the act. All such will do well to call on me and make application for the same.

**Soldiers' Additional Homesteads.**

Every soldier, sailor or marine who served for not less than 90 days in the Army or Navy of the United States "during the recent rebellion," and who was honorably discharged, if he has entered less than 160 acres of land under the provisions of the home-lead law, is entitled to a certificate from the General Land Office, recognizing the right of the party to make additional entry to make up the full 160 acres. These claims are assignable by the use of two powers of attorney, and can be located on any surveyed land that is subject to original Homestead entry. That is, any surveyed land, whether \$1.50 or \$2.50 land that is not mineral land. The right attaches, without settlement or improvement, at once on filing the scrip in any district land office, to the exclusion of any subsequent claim under any law. I have the official blanks furnished by the Government and can obtain them at short notice. Orders for certificates already issued taken by me, and can be furnished on deposit of money at the following rates: 120 acre-pieces, \$3.85 per acre; 80-acre pieces, \$3.75 per acre; 40 acre pieces, \$4.38 per acre.

**PENSIONS FOR OLD AND LATE WARS.**

Have greater facility to obtain and collect these claims than any other on the coast, having all the blanks, laws and late rulings of the Pension Office in hand.

**INDIAN WAR CLAIMS, BOUNTIES, PRIZE MONEY, ARREARS OF PAY, TRAVEL PAY AND ALL CLAIMS AGAINST THE UNITED STATES, STATES AND TERRITORIAL GOVERNMENTS COLLECTED.**

Letters of inquiry must contain postage stamps for reply and address ALBERT M. SNYDER, Seattle, W. T.

Office—Mill Street, next Post Office.

Refers to Delegates T. H. Brents of W. T., Senators L. F. Grover, Jas. H. Slater and Representative John Whitaker of Oregon.

WEEKLY

# Puget Sound Dispatch.

BERIAH BROWN, Publisher.

VOLUME 8, NUMBER 1.

SEATTLE, WASH. TERR. Y.

This Journal is now in its Eighth Volume and, as heretofore, is devoted to the material prosperity of the Country in which it is located.

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