

Puget Sound Dispatch.

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NO. 26.

Puget Sound Dispatch.

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The Best Beer always on Hand.
ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED.

Bow down your head, ye haughty clam,
And oysters, say your prayer,
The month has come the "17" 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. K. ELLIOTT, Pr.

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 Kirsh, 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 in that behalf.
Dated this 21st day of April, A. D. 1880.

CHARLES HOPKINS,
U. S. Marshal.
By L. V. WYCKOFF,
Deputy U. S. Marshal.
C. D. EMERY, Proctors for Libellant. 22-2w

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 "Oquimo," 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 — 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 reasons mentioned and set forth in said Libel filed the said voyage was fully terminated at Port Madison aforesaid, 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 in that behalf.
Dated the 17th day of April, A. D. 1880.

CHARLES HOPKINS,
U. S. Marshal.
By L. V. WYCKOFF,
Deputy U. S. Marshal.
C. D. EMERY for Libellant. 22 4w

The Oregon Style

To show our readers how Oregon editors keep up their reputation for elegant invective, we copy the following playful remarks of the *Oregonian* upon a contemporary, who had repeatedly charged that the editor of the *Oregonian* had escaped the penitentiary through party influence.

"If the *Oregonian* had space to waste on the chief of the race of pusillanimous scrubs, on an infinitely little, contemptible and bungling bar, on a companion and assistant of thieves who have robbed the State, on a rascal who has been publicly whipped for his scurrility, who has been set in the pillory for his crimes by a legislative committee of his own party, and who owes it to the law's imperfections and delay that he is not in the penitentiary, on an ignorant, conceited and scurrilous imbecile of journalism, who is held in contempt for his curish malice and yet as a vital nonentity wherever he is known, it would give the little thiefing expert the attention he seems to desire. But since it has business of real importance, it can only occasionally allude to him when it is necessary to point a moral or draw an illustration from the lower levels of constitutional dishonesty and littleness of character."

If the two leading journals of Oregon are entitled to credence, there is no escaping the conclusion that the editors of the same are a bad lot, and that the penitentiary is defrauded while they are at large. What a pity it is that the *Oregonian* has not more space to spare to this interesting subject.

The Owners of Ireland.

In his able speech on the Irish land question, for which some of the English papers have not yet ceased to assail him, John Bright pointed out the fact that 12 men own 1,310,000 of the 20,000,000 acres of land in Ireland. He also said that while there are about 600,000 tenant farmers in Ireland, 744 persons own 9,612,000 acres of land, or nearly one-half the entire area of the country. And to show still more clearly the evil of the Irish land system, he added that one-half of the landlords are absentees. One of the largest land estates in Ireland is that of the Marquis of Conyngham. It consists of 156,963 acres, and its annual value is \$160,000. The Conyngham family went to Ireland from Scotland in 1539. The property is mostly in Donegal, and the owner is an absentee. Few Irish estates are in as bad condition as his, and no other landlord's tenants are worse off.—Another large estate is that belonging to the Marquis of Lansdowne, whose ancestors (Fitzmaurice) made their way to Ireland with Strongbow. The estate numbers 120,616 acres of an annual value of \$170,000. The Marquis of Lansdowne is an habitual absentee, and his property is managed entirely by agents. Sir Roger Palmer owns an estate of 94,551 acres, the annual value of which is \$100,000.—It is all in Mayo, and the first demonstrations of the land league were made upon it. The Palmers have been landlords since 1638, when they obtained a grant from Charles II. The estate of the Earl of Fitzwilliam consists of 91,243 acres, nearly all in Wicklow, and its annual value is \$230,000. The Fitzwilliams have been in Ireland since 1590. The Duke of Leinster has an estate of 55,271 acres, representing an annual valuation of \$35,000. His family, the Fitzgeralds, have been in Ireland since 1160. The estate of the Marquis of Waterford, who represents the Beresford family, which emigrated from England in the reign of James I, contains 65,918 acres, and its annual value is \$160,000. Sir Richard Wallace of the Hertford family, owns an estate of 61,058 acres, the annual value of which is \$370,000. He lives in England, as his father did, and most of his tenants have never seen him. The estate of the Marquis of Devonshire (of English origin; the family name is Hill), contains 100,926 acres, and its annual value is \$400,000. This family is strongly Tory. The Marquis of Ely owns 48,902 acres, of a value of \$105,000, and is an irreclaimable absentee. This family is

also of English origin, and has but little sympathy with anything Irish. The Earl of Anneslee has an estate of 50,277 acres, of an annual value of \$145,000.—The family came from England. The Earl of Erne (Scotch family named Craighlen) owns 40,365 acres; annual value \$115,000. The Duke of Abercorn (Hamilton, of Scotch origin) is owner of 63,557 acres, of an annual value of \$180,000. The Marquis of Londonderry, whose son, Lord Castlereigh (not a favored name in Ireland), sits in the House of Lords, owns 27,416 acres, the annual value of which is \$155,000. Viscount Clifton's estate comprises 35,288 acres, and its annual value is \$103,000. The family name in England was Agar. Lord Farnham, whose ancestors were Scotch and who ranks as an hereditary bigot, owns 29,445 acres, of an annual value of \$105,000. The Sirley estate, owned by absentees, contains 26,886 acres, and its annual value is over \$100,000. Sir John Lesbrows owns 49,083 acres, annual value \$109,000. This family is descended from a Scotch Bishop, who got a good place in Ireland in 1643. It would be easy to make the list much longer, but the figures already presented are sufficient to show how grievously Ireland is burdened by the landlord system. Having begun with a quotation from Mr. Bright, we may end with another: "The owners do not live in Dublin or in Ireland. Many of them live in this country, and spend their incomes, it may be, in London; others in another country—they spend their incomes in Paris. But they are absentees, and I need not tell you that the rents follow the owners. If the owners are in London or England the rents come to London or England; and if in Paris, the rents go to Paris; and thus Ireland pays an actual tribute of several millions a year of the produce of its soil to owners who fulfill no portion of the duties of owners, and who indulge in none of that expenditure on the spot where the wealth is created which would tend to increase the industry of the neighborhood, and to afford employment and living to the people.—Boston Pilot.

The Oldest Town.

Heretofore, St. Augustine has been set down as the oldest town within the jurisdiction of the United States. This superiority has never been disputed until recently. A landing was made in Florida as early as 1512. But St. Augustine was not founded until 1565; consequently that town is only 315 years old. Tucson, in Arizona, was founded as early as 1549. It is therefore nearly a quarter of a century older than St. Augustine.—Both of these places were, of course, of Spanish origin, and both were constructed out of such material as was found near by. St. Augustine was built largely out of coral and other soft rock. It had a large Church, which still remains, and fortifications which are now utilized as a prison. Tucson was built largely out of adobes. The Church, however, contains some good masonry, and, considering the date of its erection and the materials within reach, is a wonder in its way. These towns, it will be seen, are nearly a century older than any other towns or villages within the jurisdiction of the United States. They are respectable on the score of antiquity. Tucson is probably to-day a more important town than St. Augustine.—S. F. Bulletin.

Napoleon to his Father.

A curious letter, said to have been written by Napoleon I to his father when the future Emperor was a mere child and a pupil at the Military School at Brienne, has just been published in France. It is dated April 5, 1781, and runs thus: "Father, if you or my protectors can not afford me the means of living more honorably in this house, bring me back home at once. I am tired of proclaiming my indigence, and of seeing the sneers of insolent scholars whom nothing but their fortune elevates above

me, but there is not one who is not a hundred 'pikes' below the noble sentiments which animate me. Is your son to remain the laughing stock of a few pat-toquets, who, vain of their own means of enjoyment, insult me by smiling at my privations? If you are unable to afford me any improvement of my position here, take me away from Brienne, and put me into some mechanical position. From this offer you may judge my despair. Please believe that my letter has not been dictated by the vain desire of indulging in expensive amusements, which I have no taste for. I only want to be able to show that I have the means of procuring them like my companions. Your respectful and affectionate son. Bonaparte."

Senator Kirkwood who generally wears a suit of clothes that could be bought new for \$20, and would not fetch at a second-hand store more than one-fourth of that sum, gave expression to some advanced sumptuary views in the Senate yesterday. In answer to the objections of other Senators that the revenue was not sufficient to justify the addition to the pension list of scouts and other army attaches, he urged that if necessary the tax schedule could easily be extended sufficient to justify. Whisky, tobacco and beer he said now more than paid the interest on the National debt, and for his part he was willing, in order to obtain the means to reward faithful scouts, to add to the tax list swallow-tailed or claw-hammer coats, stove pipe hats and ladies' tails. Stove pipe hats, the Senator declared, were an abomination and a monstrosity. Senator Blaine, who always sports a glossy one, turned uneasily in his seat as the Iowa Rusticus made this startling announcement, and the venerable Hannibal Hamlin, who wears a plug hat which he bought on the day that peace was declared with Mexico, was so agitated that he was forced to retreat to the cloak room.—Washington Post.

A Washington correspondent of the Chicago Times makes the following report concerning three of the leading Senators of the Grant Senatorial combination:

"It is a stale and oft-repeated lie that Don Cameron has been the timid member of the Grant combination, and that he has constantly before his mind some possibility of another candidate. Don Cameron in reality is the most dogged and unreasoning of all the leaders in this third term movement. The belief of the Mohammedan in fatality is no more serious and deeply rooted than Cameron's belief in Grant's star. He does not condescend to reason upon the subject. It is to be because it is, is the end of his whole creed. Conkling has a thorough contempt for public sentiment, in reality. He has carried too many Conventions in his own State in the face of it to have any too high regard for the force of mere sentiment as opposed to the skilled management of trained political leaders.—Senator Carpenter writes to his constituents almost daily his belief in Grant's being selected at Chicago. He does not give reasons, but merely makes a diplomatic assertion to that effect.

The Washington National Republican prints a letter which bluntly says: "Senator Bruce is worth a hundred Whittakers, and his Senatorial and social ostracism is, from his position, a thousand times more offensive than Whittaker's. Mr. Hoar made a telling speech on Cadet Whittaker being left to himself, but the Honorable Senator did not think how severely he has left Senator Bruce and his charming wife alone."

A letter received in Indianapolis from Chicago states that Mr. Washburne, declared the other evening in the presence of Senator Logan, that all roads out of the Grant camp lead into Blaine's and that he does not propose to be made a half-way house.

Puget Sound Dispatch.

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

The Older She Grew.

By M. D. BRINE.

My grandchild sat upon my knee.
(A little blue-eyed girl was she).
I kissed the dimple in her cheek—
"Now, listen, darling, while I speak,
I hear you're growing wild each day,
Because with boys you like to play.
You're far too old for that, I fear,
Just ten years old to-day, my dear!"

The dimples fast in chin and cheek,
At my reproof played hide and seek.
"Why, grandma," my grandchild said,
And tossed her curly, golden head—
"Why, grandma—the boys—like me,
And so—I like the boys, you see.
And maybe—as I older grow
I'll like them better, don't you know?"

Ah, well! eight years have fled away;
My grandchild came to me to-day,
With orange-blossoms in her hair,
And knelt beside my old armchair.
Through happy tears she looked at me
(My blue-eyed darling, fair to see!);
And of the childish days gone by,
We talked a little, she and I,

Till on the stairs a step was heard
Which all my child's soft blushes stirred.
'Twas he whom she had chosen alone
To love the best when older grown.
And when the hour had come at last,
And solemn vows had bound them fast,
Shyly my grandchild came to me.
"I'll play no more with boys," said she.

Only a Flirtation.

Night had settled on the quiet village of S—. The sun had sunk behind the surrounding hills, and the town clock on the church had struck the hour of ten. Only here and there a pedestrian was seen on his homeward way, or strolling idly along enjoying the cool breezes of an autumn night.

Somewhat secluded from the more inhabited part of the village stood one of those vine-covered cottages that poets rave about, and the careworn man of business dreams of. The garden which surrounded it was filled with fragrant flowers while summer lasted; but now only a few fall roses graced the deserted beds. The moon shone brightly on a couple who were standing at the gate of this rustic garden. They were apparently lovers; yet the set teeth and determined air of the man, the pale face and shrinking attitude of the maiden, denoted that something more than usual was taking place. Was it a lover's quarrel? The moon stopped to listen to what they said. The man spoke first.

"You must forget me. I am not worth remembering, nor the foolish words I may have spoken. It was only a little flirtation, you know—very pleasant while it lasted; but then all such things must come to an end." And he waited, a little impatiently, for her answer, never once thinking how the true heart of the maid beside him was wounded by those cruel words, "a little flirtation."

The moon rose higher in the starry heavens, and again looked down on the two at the gate. Lol! the timid maid seemed to have been transformed into a woman, cold and haughty. Drawing herself up to her full height, she replied,—

"Certainly; I would not consider it in any other light than a flirtation; and as you say all such things must have an end, pleasant though they be."

"But, Helen," said the man, glancing at his watch, "you must not think me heartless or fickle, for if I had thought you really loved me—"

"Enough!" she interrupted. "I know what you would say; but it is better unsaid; and I think it would be best to part at once."

"Perhaps it would," he said, somewhat relieved by her reply. "But," he continued, "if we should meet again, will it be as friends or strangers?"

"As friends, of course; and why not? For we have been only friends," and a slight bitterness mingled with the calmly spoken words of the girl. "So," she added, "I will bid you good-by, as it is growing late."

And thus they parted. He did not take her hand, but only bowed and hurried away, and was soon lost in the darkness. Then, when he was gone, all her calmness, all her forced fortitude, gave way, and, sinking on a rustic bench near the gate, she gave way to a paroxysm of tears which came from wounded pride and love.

After a while she turned her gaze to the moon, and, as she gazed, her features expressed a thought so deep that not even the moon could penetrate it. A change seemed have taken place in the character of this village maiden, no longer timid and shy, but a strong woman, with a purpose to live for.

How often a little accident, happening in the outset of life, changes the whole tenor of one's future!

The clock was striking eleven as the figure of a girl crept wearily up the garden path and disappeared within the cottage. The moon continued on in its course through the silence of the night, carrying this scene with it.

small income by which, with a little economy, they managed to live tolerably well. Helen was the beauty of the village in which she lived, and no wonder Horace Beauchamp, while resting after his college labors at S—, found it very pleasant to amuse himself by winning the heart of the village maiden.

And see, never dreaming that he was trifling, gave him all her simple, trusting heart. To be sure he had not pleaded his love in words; but did not those fond glances from the darkest and tenderest of eyes, the passionate clasp of his hand, tell her more than mere words could tell? How ready is woman to trust man's fond looks and caressing voice! But his eyes will cease to cast tender love glances, the hand grow cold, and the caressing voice estranged. No warning came to Helen Kingsly during those brief summer days. Oh, where was her guardian angel, that a whisper of the future had not been wafted to her?

Horace Beauchamp was the only child of a fond mother and a worldly father, who being a millionaire, built many proud hopes in his son. Horace had just finished his college career with brilliant honors, and, longing for a rest before entering upon the busy scenes of business life and the excitement of fashionable society, he sought this rural village for such a retreat; but, as it seemed rather monotonous, he passed the time as best he could by a little flirtation with the prettiest girl in the village.

But when the time came for his return to the city, he found, to his dismay, that the flirtation had gone a little further than he intended, for he found that Helen loved him; so, not knowing any other way to break the affair off, he resolved to strike the blow at once by telling Helen he must return immediately to his home. At first she did not comprehend his meaning when he made his farewell, which was cold and constrained; but as he talked, the truth slowly dawned upon her; then all her pride came to her aid, and he, thinking her calmly-spoken good-by was from her heart, contented himself with the belief that he was mistaken in thinking this village maiden loved him.

Meanwhile, Horace Beauchamp had arrived at his home in the busy city, and the weeping girl at the gate was forgotten.

Five years passed away, bringing many changes. Death had visited the cottage of the Kingslys, and carried away the mother, leaving Helen to the care of an aunt, who was a wealthy widow living in the city. She hastened to the village, and, as soon as the funeral was over, took Helen to her own home, and tried by every means to make the lonely orphan forget the great loss which she had suffered.

For four years Helen studied hard at French, music and instructive literature. Painting and dancing were added to the fashionable accomplishments in which she tried hard to succeed.

At the age of twenty-one her aunt introduced her into fashionable society, in which Helen shone as a star; and, although a year had passed since that event, she still reigned as an acknowledged belle. During her first season she met Horace Beauchamp quite often. They greeted one another as friends, and for some time past he had become her attendant to almost all the places of amusement that she attended. At the opera or in the ball-room he was always at her side. Her rare beauty, now fully developed, made a deep impression on the thoughtless young man, and he tried by every attention to erase from her memory the recollection of their meeting that summer five years ago.

She gave him every reason to think that she preferred his company to that of all the gentlemen who followed in her train; for beauty always has many admirers. They were pointed out by the world as engaged, and Helen's friends congratulated her on the conquest; but she only smiled, a little bitterly, perhaps. They knew not that Helen Kingsly, so amiable and sweet-tempered, was working out a plan of revenge to punish the man who had so cruelly trifled with her. She led him on, knowing that he truly loved her now, forgetting all else but this one purpose. But the end was drawing nigh; her task was almost finished.

September had come again, and the leaves presented a fine collection of autumn beauties. Evening shades were fast gathering over the busy city; the moon had already begun its course in the heavens.

Helen Kingsly was standing on the veranda of her aunt's elegant residence. She was waiting for some one, and her restless manner revealed her impatience at the delay.

Suddenly a footstep sounded near her, and turning around, she beheld Horace Beauchamp. With a bright smile she welcomed him, saying,—

"I expected you before, Mr. Beauchamp. Your note asked me to be home at eight, and now it is nearly nine."

A slight reproach could be detected in her tone, and he hastened to apologize.

"A thousand pardons for thus keeping you waiting; but I was detained by an urgent business call. As soon as I was free I came immediately to see you, as much depends on your answer to a question that I am about to ask."

She bowed, and he went on.

"An old friend of my father's, from California, offered me the position of junior partner in his extensive business. I am to give him my answer tomorrow, but it remains with you, Helen,

whether I shall go or stay. Which shall it be?"

After a moment's silence he led her to a seat on the veranda, and there pleaded his love in words of deep affection, and with all the ardor of one who worshiped at love's shrine. When he had expressed each burning thought, Helen's silence filled him with hope, and he again urged his suit, ending by saying,—

"You must love me, Helen, for your actions tell me so."

Then she knew that the moment of her triumph had arrived, and in a cold, scornful tone she replied,—

"You certainly are mistaken in my actions, whatever they may have been. I was only enjoying a little flirtation—nothing else, but very pleasant while it lasted."

"Oh, Helen," he groaned, as he heard his own words repeated, "am I not forgiven? I know that I deserve it. I will try and bear this punishment. Farewell; I shall accept the offer of my father's friend. I will go to California." And with one last look at the woman he loved so well, he turned and left her to her own reflections.

Helen sat very still. She heard his farewell words but could not reply. His footsteps, echoing along the pavement, sent back a wail to her broken heart. Gone! And when she had gained the revenge she so craved—when she had brought him to lay his heart at her feet—when she had sent him away with bitter reproach to himself, she found only too late how passionately she still loved him. But it was all over now.

Thus they parted the second time, and how like, yet so different, was the parting five years ago at the garden gate! The moon looked down in pity on the woman who, in taking revenge on one whom she really loved, had thrown away her own happiness. But the moon could do naught but pity, so passed on in silence.

Three days after the parting scene with Helen, Horace Beauchamp left for the far West, and his father, after settling his affairs, soon followed. Horace did not see Helen again, and how he lived she never knew. He seemed to have passed out of her life, taking with his departure all her brightness and peace.

Helen bore her sorrow bravely. The following winter was gayer than ever, but when spring came she drooped. "A cold she had caught during the winter," they said; but it grew worse rapidly, and when June roses were all abloom Helen Kingsly passed from this world to the one above. Her tired spirit had burst its bonds, and was now at rest. They buried her in the village churchyard, beside her parents, and planted a white rose-bush on her grave; she had requested that.

Her aunt, broken-hearted by her loss, left the city, and took up her abode in the cottage in her niece's native village, and there lived until she died. Now the cottage has gone to ruin, the roses and vines are dead, the gate is broken down, and all around is deserted.—*Waverley.*

Danger in Traveling.

The risk of sudden death, says the *Journal of Chemistry*, is very trifling compared with the inevitable injury sustained by every individual who has to make a long journey by rail. The traveler really takes his life in his hand whenever he sets out. The danger is less from accident than design, less from misplaced switches than from misplaced ventilators, less from bad road-beds than from bad air. We are now speaking of the barbaric nuisance of having to smell, breathe and bathe in the smoke, soot and cinders pouring in from the engine, which, until some other method is found to obviate the difficulty, ought to be in the rear of the train instead of the front. Of all conductors, brakemen, porters, and passengers, probably not one in the thousand understands the vital importance of pure air, nor indeed do they know what pure air is. To the conductor's mind, as to that of the majority of his passengers, the comfort of the car depends upon the temperature; it is a matter of warmth or cold entirely. A warm car, or more commonly a hot car, is the one desideratum, albeit the warmth is the product of animal heat from fifty bodies, many of them not very clean, and of exhalations from fifty pairs of lungs, with little chance for the escape of vitiated air or the ingress of pure air—a condition of things tending to produce a state of "blue blood" not contemplated by the *haut ton*. When the life current comes up to the lungs to be changed from blue to red, to throw off there the carbonic acid and take in oxygen—and the whole volume of blood makes this circuit once in every half minute, or over one hundred times an hour—if there is a lack of sufficient ventilation in the car or sitting-room or sleeping room, the blood cannot undergo this vital transformation. It goes back to the heart, and from thence is pumped through the arteries from crown to sole, throughout the complicated mesh-work of the capillaries, in a state entirely unfitted to form its functions of supplying oxygen to all parts of the body, of carrying off the waste particles resulting from the "never-ceasing death" of the atoms composing the body, and of replacing these with fresh, living atoms, or, as it is usually put, "repairing the waste."

Mr. Beecher's latest saying is that "civilization is a march not from nature but towards it."

The Upper Rhine.

Nobody knows why so many Rhine tourists—American Rhine tourists, at least—stop short at Mayence or Basle. It may be that they are too fond of comfort, though it must be admitted that the little boats that ply between the Rhine Falls and the Lake of Constance are not the equals of the boats on the Lower Rhine. As to the scenery along what might be called the Swiss Rhine, at least above the Lake of Constance, it is certainly much grander than that about which the painters, poets, and tourists rave, as seen anywhere between Frankfort and the sands of Holland. Neither will the Upper Rhine be outdone in the way of castled hills and rocks, picturesque towns, and strange legends of fierce knights and fair damsels.

There is half a notion prevalent that the navigable possibilities of the river end somewhere just about Bingen. At least we usually get off there, jump into the cars, and whirl away from the classic stream before we have become half acquainted with it.

There is a legend that the Rhine has its source in an unapproachable cloud that hangs somewhere over the Vi-Mala. Tourists seem to have accepted the legend—at least, few tire their legs in looking out the real source of the stream that was once believed to be blessed of the gods.

What a strange source it has, in fact! To be exact, however, there are three sources to the baby Rhine; they are born triplets, but before getting far down the mountains they clasp arms, and wander as one.

"Down, down to the weary sea." One of these baby Rhines is born in the tiny Lake of Toma, about a dozen miles above the old mountain convent of Disentis. This dark green lake is surrounded by dreary rocks and ice clad mountains. It is 7,600 feet above the sea-level.

Between it and the Disentis convent and village there are pleasant pastures, and the traveler may feast on the best cheese of the Alps, and a most luscious white honey. As a corollary to the honey, bears abound in the woods skirting the valley. So do the chamois and the mountain fox. The people are extremely poor. They are all good Catholics, and here is spoken that queerest of modern languages, the Romanisch. It is, in fact, the original Latin, as spoken by the Roman peasant. The ancestors of these villagers came from Tuscany.

The habits of this pastoral people are singular, and such as will not be met with elsewhere in the whole course of the Rhine.

Drippings of glaciers and snow-fields and wrecked avalanches unite themselves in little brooks, and skip across the meadows to join the river in its hurry to the sea. At Disentis the little stream known as the Medelser, or Middle Rhine, leaps and laughs to join its sister down one of the prettiest and wildest valleys of the Alps. There are cataracts and falls and rapids all the way, while on each side the mountains are superlatively grand. Even the well-known Vi-Mala is not considered so strangely picturesque and romantic as this unvisited valley of the Medelser. In these Upper Rhine regions existed the strange republics known as the Gray League, the Ten Jurisdictions, and the League of the House of God. They were founded as long ago as 1396, and were later united as one republic, intended to protect their people against the tyranny of a great number of petty lords and noblemen, whose ruined castles still ornament almost every eminence of the upper Rhine.

These stern old Republicans had the beautiful town of Ilanz for their capital. They were a heroic set of men, and history nowhere records greater sacrifices than were made by these people to preserve their liberty. At the little town of Trons a few people met in 1396, and swore a solemn oath, as their Swiss neighbors had done at the Ruti fifty years before, to devote their whole lives singly to the attainment of liberty. They succeeded, and the republic lasted four hundred years, when it was allied with Switzerland. Through what strange countries, and by what changing kingdoms, the beautiful Rhine flowed in all those centuries after leaving the free land of its birth! Ilanz, their old capital, still stands, a novel and picturesque picture of past ages. The views of the Rhine, both up and down, are very fine from Ilanz. One may enjoy between Ilanz and Trons the most varied scenery of the Alps—bright meadows, dark forests, lofty mountains, snow-fields edged by smiling villages, ruined castles, and, sweeping along through its bed of dolomite, the winding Rhine. There is no more interesting picture on the whole Rhine road to Holland.—S. H. M. BYRNS, in *Harper's Magazine*.

A Maryland schoolmaster told a refractory girl that unless she wrote a composition he would punish her. She appeared with two big brothers. The pedagogue laid a revolver on the desk and called for the scroll. It took her about ten minutes to indite the sentiment, "There are various kinds of big brothers. Sum would stand up for a sister under any circumstances, but there are some lilly-livered, slat-sided mangrels, who air a cross between a Gibraltar jackass and a Maltese Jew, who would sit around like a rat hole while a red-headed, cross-eyed slab of unrespectful poverty wander around with a borrowed pop, and make their poor sister paw around fur the materials for a composition."

Audiences at the St. John's Concerts.

I have often wondered what the audiences of 1830 would have thought of those of to-day and the St. John's concerts. Art has so completely revolutionized taste that to-day one finds as regular subscribers representatives of nearly all classes; but here and there we recognize faces that kindle within us the feeling which a great name inspires. One often sees there the slight figure and keen grave face of Mr. Haweis, the gifted author of *Music and Morals*. Week after week comes Madame Charlotte Moscheles, the musician's widow and Mendelssohn's friend, to whom harmony remains as a legacy of the great lives with which hers was associated—a slender little lady with silver-white hair and a delicate mobile face. A year ago one might have seen as a regular auditor George Eliot—a large, rather masculine-looking woman of middle age, in whose strong, thoughtful face one could read intensity, sadness, that pain which is so often the crown that genius wears; the face is heavily framed in brown hair, the eyes are dark and singularly mournful, the mouth full of grave purpose; certainly it is not a face to forget or pass quickly by. In that varied audience we see actors of note, like Irving, who listens always intently, and musicians like Marzials, the young and now famous author of "Twickenham Ferry," and a dozen other popular ballads; Elizabeth Philp, the composer, whose English ballads are known as widely as the language, and whose musical criticisms are eagerly looked for. Thither, too, come all the musicians who are sojourning, however briefly, in London. There one day we recognized Saint-Saens, the French composer—a trimly-built man of forty with dark hair and clear-cut, very characteristic French face. Not far away sat Madame Jenny Lind Goldschmidt, who, in spite of her complete retirement to private life, is always quickly recognized on any public occasion; how can we think of her save as our "Swedish Nightingale" of earlier days? but to her English friends she is best known as the hostess of one of the most beautiful houses in New Kensington, a home full of artistic and musical associations, where hangs the portrait of her youth which we all know in prints and engravings—the sweet, graceful lady with smoothly braided hair, a white silk gown, and roses—the Jenny Lind of 1850.

At the upper end of the hall, in the front row of stalls, one is almost sure to see some of the royal family, generally Princess Christian or Princess Beatrice, who come in very quietly, acknowledging by a bow the salutations of those who rise as they pass, and in the intervals joining in conversation with their special friends, of whom there are sure to be many at every concert in London. The etiquette of their coming and going is almost unnoticeable to any one who does not chance to be near the entrance or exit at the moment. Down stairs, when they are leaving, people are requested by the attendants to stand still and move back a little while the royal ladies go out to their carriages. They bow right and left, perhaps stop to exchange a word or two with a friend—sometimes it is with one of the musicians about leaving—and, in a word, endeavor to do away with the stiff sense of formality which the forced pause in the exit of the audience has given.—MRS. JOHN LILLIE, in *Harper's Magazine*.

Reviving Childish Memories.

Daniel Webster retained throughout life a love for the home of his childhood. He lavished money freely in adorning and making it an attractive summer residence.

A curious story is told of an eminent Scottish lawyer, who ran away from Edinburgh in youth to seek his fortune in London.

He was born and passed his boyhood in a gloomy house in one of the narrow, dark lanes of Edinburgh, called Mint Blow Lane. The family were poor, and he suffered many hardships in childhood. But conscious of his talents, he determined to make opportunities for their display, and so ran away to London. After a brilliant career at the bar, he was made Lord Chancellor of England, and subsequently created Earl of Rosslyn.

He was not a good son or brother, and cared little for the family he had left behind, nor did he retain any love for Edinburgh as his birthplace. But in his old age, he revisited his early home, in the narrow lane, to see if the holes in the pavements, to which he had knuckled marbles sixty years before, were preserved. Wealth and honors did not bring happiness to Alexander Wedderburn. He was too selfish to find true enjoyment. He confessed, after reaching the Chancellorship, the object of his life's ambition, that he had only pursued a vain phantom.

At a theater in the Strand, a few nights ago, a well-known beauty in society occupied a stage-box, and her diamonds and furs were the admiration of the house. Shortly after her departure a star of brilliants was found in the box and the treasure-trove was honestly put in the hands of the management. No inquiries were made next day at the theater about the lost star, but ultimately it found its way into the rightful owner's hands. The oddest part of the story remains to be told. The diamonds were false. People of the most fashionable tastes have sometimes very frugal minds.

Breach of Promise Suits.

The question has recently been discussed in England whether it would not be wise to do away with the right of action for breach of promise of marriage. At the last session of parliament a motion was carried in the House of Commons declaring that the action ought to be abolished, except when actual pecuniary loss has been incurred by reason of the promise, in which case the recoverable damage should not exceed the pecuniary loss. This sentiment is based on the allegation that the right of maintaining an action for breach of promise is often most scandalously abused. A recent case of this kind was cited in the House of Commons. A woman sued a clergyman for breach of promise. She was 35 and he was 65 years old. He denied that he ever promised, intended, or wanted to marry her. She procured a witness to corroborate her story. The clergyman was mulcted in \$750 damages. It was afterwards proved that the plaintiff was an abandoned woman, who had been convicted of theft, and had attempted to blackmail two other persons by threatening actions for breach of promise. In another case, a scoundrel brought an action of breach of promise against a lady for the sole purpose of extorting money from her. And he succeeded, for she preferred to pay the villain \$5,000 to having her letters read in court and published in the newspapers. There is no doubt that this right of action is subject to grave abuses, and that it has given rise to many scandalous cases. But, on the other hand, it is equally unquestionable that, when properly used, it is a means of getting justice. It is a remedy that has been, and will be, generally sought by women, who are certainly entitled to adequate means of legal redress when they have been wronged and injured by the arbitrary breaking of marriage engagements. The law governing such actions may need amendment so as to prevent the evils which have flourished under it; but the total abolition of the right would cause more mischief than it would prevent. An important reform in the law was made in 1869. Prior to that time neither of the principals in a breach of promise case could testify. It will be remembered that the injured Mrs. Bardell was not allowed to tell in evidence "the revolting heartlessness and systematic villainy" of "the ruthless destroyer of the domestic oasis in the desert of Goswell street," nor did the law permit the heartless Mr. Pickwick to explain on the witness stand the meaning of his "chops and tomato sauce" and "warming-pan." The act of 1869 opened the witness box to both plaintiff and defendant in a breach of promise case, with the proviso, however, that a verdict shall not be recovered unless the testimony of the plaintiff is corroborated by some other material evidence.—N. Y. Times.

The End of a Practical Joke.

The Western papers brought us an account, a few weeks ago, of the tragical ending of a practical joke.

Two gentlemen entered the apartments occupied by one of them, a young man inordinately fond of quizzing or teasing. He told his friend that the colored servant who had charge of the rooms was in constant terror of burglars, adding—

"He thinks that I am out of town. Let us upset the chairs, open the desk, and hide in the bath-room, to see what he will do."

His friend remonstrated, but he persisted, disarranged the furniture and papers, and then, pushing his guest before him into the bath-room, closed the door just as the old janitor came in.

Supposing his master had been robbed, the negro tried to open the bath-room door, and finding the robbers, as he thought, within, he went for a pistol, and fired through the door, killing the poor young joker dead at the first shot.

Now no practical joke could, apparently, have been more innocent and harmless than this. But, in fact, no practical jokes are innocent or harmless. They invariably play upon the cowardice, ignorance, superstition, or some other weakness of others, for the selfish amusement of the joker.

Their danger cannot be estimated beforehand, simply because the weakness or anger of the victims is an unknown quantity.

In farming districts, a favorite amusement of young people with vacant minds is to dress as ghosts, demons, etc., and go about frightening children. Epilepsy or lifelong nervous disease is often the result.

There is another kind of practical jokes, legalized in college by long custom, just as senseless and dangerous. Such, in the University of Pennsylvania, for example, as "bowl-day," when two classes fight over the body of the youngest "honor boy," one to put him into an enormous wooden bowl, the other to keep him out. The clothes and limbs of the victim are torn and dragged as by a pack of wolves.

Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt is described as suddenly taking into her head the resolution to become a sculptor. She began at 1 o'clock in the morning, just after returning from the theater, and for a model she took her old aunt, Madame Bruck, who was roused, grumbling, from a sound sleep to sit until 6 o'clock, having her ancient features put into clay.

It is dangerous for women to play with souls.—FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

Items From The South.

Arkansas has no insane asylum. Ingersoll is going to visit Texas. Street peddlers are not allowed in Meridian, Miss. Watermelons are offered for sale in Wilmington, N. C.

The population of Nashville is estimated by the American at 30,000. One cigar and tobacco firm in Wheeling, W. Va., pays annually nearly \$50,000 internal revenue.

Three droves of cattle to be started from Mason county, Texas, this spring, will include 18,000 head.

It is estimated that the money paid for Texas cattle within the past five years amounts to \$180,000,000.

The Louisville Courier-Journal says that the United States Government has thus far broken 362 treaties with the Indians.

There has been shipped from Wilmington, N. C., to a Russian port a cargo of cotton weighing nearly 1,000,000 pounds.

It is estimated by Collector A. M. Swope, of Lexington, that this year's product of Kentucky whisky will yield \$10,000,000 in taxes.

A brother of Dr. Livingston, the great African explorer, has the assegai which a native threw at the doctor while he was on his way to Ujiji, mistaking him for an Arab slave trader.

The value of the oranges shipped from Columbus, Ga., during the season just closed was \$17,204 40. Columbus is the shipping port for a considerable portion of Florida.

A lady at Columbus, Ga., has a telephone connecting the pulpit in one of the churches of that city with her room, and is able to hear sermons perfectly and with no inconvenience.

The Mississippi Legislature has decided to tax all bachelors over twenty-five years old. It is thought that within ten days after this law takes effect Mississippi will be overrun with Massachusetts "girls."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A bill has been introduced in the California Legislature "to encourage the emigration of Chinese from California to other States." It appropriates \$250,000 for the purpose. The Californians say to the Chinese, "Go East, young men," and they are going.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

On a joint ballot the Mississippi Legislature includes 157 members, of whom 147 are white. Politically, 136 are Democrats, 16 Greenbackers and 7 Republicans. Only eighty are natives of Mississippi. One hundred and thirty-five are married, nine are widowers and only thirteen are single. Occupations are as follows: Farmers, seventy-eight; lawyers, forty-seven; merchants, nine; ministers, five; physicians, six; editor, one. All have religious preferences except five senators and three representatives. There are fifty-five Methodists, thirty-one Baptists, twenty-six Presbyterians and ten Episcopalians.

Last Words.

A family of notable housekeepers in a farming district of New England, where good housekeeping is reckoned the corner-stone of all womanly virtue, were wont to tell with pride the last words of their grandmother when she lay a-dying.

Beckoning feebly to her son, she whispered, "Take a cambric handkerchief out of my drawer, go to the parlor, and rub it over the center-table. I am afraid it has not been dusted to-day, and all of the neighbors will be crowding in when I am dead." He obeyed her, and brought back the handkerchief spotless in its whiteness. She nodded, satisfied, closed her eyes and died in peace.

To most people it may seem horrible that an immortal being should go forth to meet her Maker with no higher thought than the dust on a parlor table; but the horror and loss and pity lie not in the devotion to paltry nothings in the moment of death, but through the preceding long years of life. A neat house, good cooking, tasteful dressing and business affairs are all good useful things in their place in life, but their place is but a subordinate one. When men or women give their whole life, thoughts and affections to one of these pursuits they will probably cling to the rotten earthly thing even as their souls go trembling out in the presence of the Almighty.

A superstitious feeling that the ruling passion is strongest in death has caused men to preserve the last words of most eminent people. They have often been highly characteristic.

We all are familiar with Chesterfield's polite "Give Dayrollis a chair;" Maller's "The artery ceases to beat;" the witty Frenchman's quip to the priest who was leaving the room, "One moment, Father, and we'll go out together;" Goethe's "More light;" Fontenelle's nice distinction, with his last breath, when dying at one hundred years, "I do not suffer, but I feel a certain difficulty in existing;" De Stael's dramatic "God, my father and liberty!"

But the truth is, dying words are apt to refer to mere bodily sensations, and in any case matter but little. It is our living, not our dying, that concerns us.

If mortals could discover the science of conquering themselves, we should have perfection.

Household Receipts.

To preserve woolen from moths—Give them to the poor.

To remove stains from books—Translate them into better language.

To prevent cake getting dry—Give the small boy access to the pantry.

To keep bread from molding—Give it to the poor woman who keeps boarders and hens.

To cleanse brass—Turn the hydrant on the sewing machine and book agent that knocketh at your door.

To make your chimney draw—send it to a Boston school where it can have the advantage of regulation instruction.

To remove spots of grease, oil or fat from woollens—Saturate the cloth with kerosene of naphtha, and press it with a hot iron on the wrong side. Then treat it with a lighted match. This is the only sure way to remove grease from woollens.

It is regarded in England as a breach of etiquette to gaze on the members of the royal family or the "my lords" of parliament through opera-glasses.

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Recognition of God.

An exchange says: "Bob Ingersoll had to make an oath to some documents before Judge Carter, in Washington, the other day, and the pious Judge put him through the whole formula, making him solemnly swear, in the presence of Almighty God, the searcher of all hearts, etc., etc. Ingersoll winced a little when laughed at about it, but declared it was no more to him than if Judge Carter had said, 'in the presence of the sun, moon and stars,' or 'in the presence of all the pious, dead and living.'"

Ingersoll had a right to regard the invocation of the Divine presence as nothing to him; it did not impair any of his civil rights, subject his belief or non-belief to any test as requisite to enforce his legal remedies, nor add to or diminish from his liabilities under the civil laws to the pains and penalties for perjury. Test oaths are discountenanced and generally disused in all enlightened governments at the present day, as not only useless but pernicious, the consequences being the reverse of the intention, impeaching only the credibility of those who are too conscientious to take a false oath and admitting all who are not restrained by any such considerations. The form of the oath is another consideration; while it makes no test and prescribes no form of religious belief, it serves as a perpetual declaration that God is recognized in all our civil institutions; that while our constitution and laws guarantee perfect religious freedom, of which Ingersoll is himself a living monument, the nation has not degenerated into heathenism—the twin of barbarism—or the more brutal doctrine of Atheism, which denies the existence of a God or to man a spiritual essence or immortal principle differing from that of the brute creation. Our Government, in common with every organized civil government on earth, but acknowledges an overruling Providence—

"Father of all, in every age,
In every clime adored,
By saint, by savage or by sage,
Jehovah, Jove or Lord."

Every attempt to found a government on the Atheistic sentiments taught by Mr. Ingersoll, has proved a disastrous failure. We need only cite the French Republic, with "Liberty, Fraternity and Equality" as its motto, and a glorified harlot as its emblem, to illustrate the model of government which would come from the success of the teachings of Mr. Ingersoll and his followers. Or we may turn to a more modern example in Mexico, where the "Liberals," notably under Juarez, proclaimed themselves as hostile to religion in every form, despoiled the churches, outlawed the priests, broke up the missions, destroyed church schools and drove back to barbarism thousands of the native Indians who had been reclaimed by the Jesuit Fathers and were peacefully and intelligently pursuing the arts of agriculture under religious discipline. There are valleys in Mexico of a hundred miles in extent, of unsurpassed luxuriance, but a few years since abounding in well tilled farms, gardens and orchards, with comfortable homes occupied by docile natives, with churches and school houses at convenient intervals, all under the care and absolute control of the priests through whose teachings and labors these people had been reclaimed from nomadic habits and savage life.—To-day the same valleys present nothing but scenes of ruin and desolation; ruined churches and school houses, homes and fences, and the fields and gardens overgrown with weeds and wild vines, the few remaining inhabitants, principally women and children, squalid and miserable, the men having enlisted or been pressed into military service by some of the guerrilla leaders who alternately dominate the country. Religion, as bad as that of the Jesuits is represented, was the sole cause of the civilization of that people; "Liberalism," which professed to emancipate them from the domination of priestcraft, was alone responsible for reducing them again to barbarism. There is not in the history of the world an instance of advance in civilization disconnected with religion; nor an instance in which infidelity to religion has promoted public order or social happiness. Veneration is an essential element in moral

discipline and social order. That religion has survived the manifold wrongs which have been committed in its name and under its cloak, is conclusive proof of its Divine origin. Nothing of human invention ever withstood such abuses.

Chief Justice Carter, who is represented as a "pious Judge," is as far as possible from any religious bigotry, cant or intolerance; he but considered the sanctity attached to the administration of his judicial functions, which the blatant infidel sneered at. In his personal appearance, his daily walk and conversation, he would no sooner be mistaken for a pious man than Bob Ingersoll himself. We remember travelling with him from Washington to New York, about twenty-four years ago, when he was a Democratic member of Congress from Ohio.—While awaiting the departure of the steamer at Baltimore, a boy peddling yellow covered novels approached us with a tender of his wares, which we both respectfully declined. He then turpitude called Carter's attention to a contraband book, highly embellished, which he kept secreted under his coat. Carter commenced lecturing him in the most solemn and impressive manner upon the enormity of the crime of offering to sell to strangers, away from home, immoral books. The boy, with a look of blank astonishment, said apologetically: "Why, sir, you don't look like a moral man; I thought that other gentleman was the moral man." "It is astonishing," commented Carter, "what expert readers of character by physiognomy these street Arabs become." We then little expected to live to see Dave Carter spoken of in the public prints as "the pious Judge." But we have observed as a general rule, what a wonderful change it makes in a man's moral reputation, to change his politics. There is Grant, Phil Sheridan, B. B. Butler, Matt. Carpenter, and John Logan, when they were Democrats, they were uniformly represented by their political opponents as men of dissipated habits and shocking morals. We never hear anything of that kind of them now, and we presume they have become just as pious as Dave Carter. None of them were professed infidels or practical hypocrites when they were Democrats.

The Mails.

The Government enters into a contract with the people, and the carriers with the Government, to transmit the mails including everything of a mailable character, on schedule time, and the Postmasters are under oath and bonds to deliver the same, when called for, without unnecessary delay. The time was, within our recollection, when these rules were strictly observed and rigidly enforced, not only in the case of letters, but of newspapers and all other mailable matter as well. If the entire mail was not transmitted on schedule time, every Postmaster cognizant of the fact was under positive orders to report the same to the Department instantly, and a corresponding fine or forfeiture was imposed, at the discretion of the Postmaster General. If a subscriber failed to receive his paper at the post office where and when due, the Postmaster was required to investigate the cause of the failure and report the delinquent for admonition or dismissal. If a Postmaster failed to have his mails ready for delivery within the shortest reasonable time after their receipt, he would be promptly removed if he could give no valid excuse for the delay. No matter at what time of night the mails arrived, they must be immediately distributed and ready for delivery on the opening of the office at the customary hour in the morning. We held an important post office under Amos Kendall, and we know that he never permitted the slightest deviation from these rules, and there is no more reason why there should be than there is for disregarding the laws regulating any other department of the government in matters of public convenience. With the increase of mail facilities there has been a woful falling off in the promptitude and efficiency of the service, and the controlling authorities take no measures to correct delinquencies. Contractors pay no attention to schedule time so long as they make the required number of trips, and whenever the amount of mail matter interferes with other carrying offered, it is put aside for a more convenient season. With a daily mail our daily newspapers from a road arrive here in clumps of from three to six or eight days at a time, with as many intervening days without any. This is proof positive of willful carelessness and neg-

lect somewhere. Postmasters, as a rule, consult only their own convenience as to time of distribution and delivery of the newspaper mails. Our Postmaster at this place is exceptionally accommodating, attentive and trustworthy, and yet he follows the general custom of allowing the new-paper mails to await his own leisure and convenience, to the great vexation of subscribers who want the freshest news, and to the material detriment of publishers who depend upon the mails for the transmission and delivery of their papers. The mail from the south arrives here at 8 1/2 p. m. The Oregonian comes by express and is delivered to subscribers the same evening. The Standard of the same day comes by mail at the same time, is distributed the next morning some time after breakfast, when the morning rush is over, and is ready for delivery some time between 9 and 11 o'clock, and persons who find it inconvenient to leave their business during working hours do not get the Standard until nearly a day after the Oregonian has been delivered to its subscribers.—This is but one of the many annoyances arising from the loose and lawless manner in which our postal system is managed. Postmaster Carr is much better than the average and would be among the last to offend if the Department required impartial observance of the laws and regulations laid down for the government of that branch of the public service.

Probabilities.

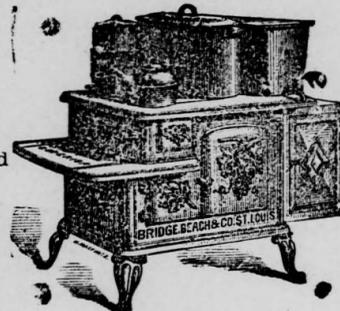
It is deemed of sufficient importance to telegraph from Washington, that Senator Davis, of Illinois, thinks the two candidates will be Grant and Tilden. It is now quite probable. It is any way almost certain that Grant is nominated at Chicago Tilden will be nominated at Cincinnati. That would be in accordance with Grant's uniform luck and uniform Democratic mismanagement, through that Bourbon element in the Democratic party which never learns anything and never forgets anything. It was one of Grant's wisest sayings, that the Republican party might always rely for success upon the mistakes of the Democrats.—The nomination of Tilden, even against Grant, would be another illustration of its truth. Against almost any other candidate than Tilden, Grant would be beaten worse than Scott was; he could not carry New York, New Jersey, Ohio, Connecticut, Illinois, California or Oregon, and not a single Southern State.—With Tilden for a competitor, he would be almost certain to carry all of the Northern States above named, together with Virginia, North and South Carolina, Florida, and probably Louisiana. Tilden is the very last choice of the leading Democrats of the South, and they would regard his nomination as another lost cause, and seek to make the best terms they could get from their former conqueror. That is the spirit of the Southern press and the expression of leading Southern statesmen. There can be no greater mistake than to count upon the opposition to Grant in New York to counterbalance the opposition to Tilden. The Republican opposition to Grant in New York is composed of a few thousand malcontents, who would not accept Tilden as an alternative on any terms. The Democratic opposition to Tilden has an organized party of 90,000 enrolled men, led by many of the oldest and ablest Democrats in the State, as determined to beat Tilden as were the followers of Van Buren to defeat Cass, in 1848, and are as certain to accomplish their purpose. So long as machine politics, run in the interest of the manipulators, prevail in the government, it makes but little difference to the masses which party succeeds.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.—Mr. De Cosmos, member of the Dominion Parliament from British Columbia, in a recent debate on Pacific Railway bill, estimated the population of British Columbia at "50,000 whites, Indians and Chinese," and stated that the people of that Province paid \$553,762 in excise and customs. Estimating the white population at 12,000, (the estimate of a colleague) it would make the taxation \$47.38 per capita. If the Province of Ontario paid at the same rate, it would pay \$94,426,000 annually into the treasury. Washington Territory has a population larger than that of British Columbia, and it is estimated that a State government under the constitution which has been adopted by the people can be run for \$70,000 a year, which shows a material difference.

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STEAM AND GAS FITTING.

Call and examine the FRANCONIA RANGE; Single and Double Oven; an improvement over all others.

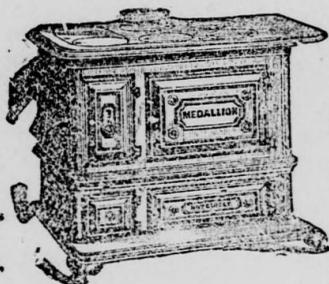
Agents for the celebrated Superior Stoves, the best sold on the Pacific Coast. plates warranted not to crack by fire. Fire backs warranted to last five years

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SEASONED LUMBER OF ALL KINDS CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Local News.

P. S. S. DAKOTA.—The Dakota arrived from San Francisco on Friday evening with the following named passengers— Mrs. Spencer, child and nurse, Gen. Taylor, Mrs. Wheeler, A. Gilmora, Mrs. Pixley, Miss M. Frayne, Capt. Redfield and wife, M. Berry, George Schade and wife, Mrs. Maloney and 3 children, S. McCall, J. J. Tracy, C. L. Cudworth, wife and child, C. W. Wooster and wife, Mrs. P. Troff and infant, S. H. Sanderson, M. R. Wells, M. H. Connors, Mrs. J. W. Harsille, W. Boyd, Wm. Warren, D. A. Berridge, G. Hurl, C. Johnson, G. R. Bird and wife, Mrs. P. C. Masteck, Cornelius Conway, R. Gildersleeve, D. McKicker, C. C. Blakeley, J. T. McDonald, Mrs. Baker and nephew, N. Touchson, L. Hirsch, D. Jensen, J. Cassidy, C. Stahl, James Farren, D. McCormick, J. Spratt, H. Legiels, W. Kohn, W. Stehmer, C. and J. Hohl, James Lyons, C. M. Waterman, A. Henderson, F. Skinner, J. P. Thatcher, A. H. Reed, F. Holcher, A. L. Lewis, James Burns, J. Deas, J. Egan, E. D. Gates, J. S. Knowles, J. McGlaway, R. Smith, J. Baker, J. Woaser, C. Wood, E. F. Sanford, H. Stiffer, H. Mollens, T. Rogers, H. Wright, B. Fleming, E. Zaborn, A. Smith, H. A. Raymond, George Stroup, J. Pierce, C. Cold, F. Richards, E. Davis, J. McKeene, and 19 Chinamen.

MAN KILLED.—On Thursday evening, while working in one of the rooms in the Seattle coal mines, at Newcastle, John Thomas, aged about 20 years, was struck on the head and instantly killed by falling coal. His father, who was near him at the time, also received slight injuries.

MURDERER.—A sheep-herder who went by the name of Murphy, recently committed a cold blooded and unprovoked murder upon an inoffending farmer of the name of French, in Umatilla county, Oregon. A man was arrested here on the 12th inst. on suspicion of being the murderer. In an interview with a correspondent of the Oregonian he made the following statement:

My name is Con McGregor; am a native of Scotland and aged 37; have been on the Pacific coast some eight years. J. C. Fox, former Superintendent of the Willamette Iron Works, Portland, now of this city, knew me well; also Frank Algar, of this city, knew me four years ago in Cassiar. I have been employed at Camp Harney, Grant county, Oregon, since last fall, and am well known both there and at Canyon City. I left Camp Harney on the 15th ult., and went to Portland via The Dalles; arrived at Portland on or about the 27th, and stopped three days at the Burton House. From there I went to Astoria and stopped at Mirtze's restaurant; remained there till the 8th inst., and came to Seattle on Monday last bound for the Skagit mines. Heard nothing of the murder of French till after my arrest. This is the first time I have been under arrest or in jail. McGregor is about 5 feet 9 inches high, rather slim built, weighs 148 pounds and has lost his right eye, the ball of the eye being partially visible between the lashes. In appearance he answers to the description of Murphy.

BARREL FACTORY.—The barrel factory in North Seattle is now in the full tide of successful operation, giving employment to 80 men and boys in the factory and many others in getting out and transporting bolts. Hon. L. Sohn, Mayor of Vancouver is resident agent; Mr. Root Superintendent, and L. Sohn, jr., Bookkeeper. This is but a beginning. It is the intention of the Company to increase its capacity, from time to time, until it becomes the largest barrel factory in the world.

MEAT.—Notwithstanding our unprecedented hard winter, our markets are abundantly supplied with beef and mutton of as good quality as can be found anywhere and one firm is regularly shipping beef cattle to Portland which is an uncommon direction of trade.

ODD FELLOWS.—At the session of the Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows for Washington Territory, at Vancouver last week, G. T. McConnell was elected M. W. G. Master for the year ensuing; E. L. Powell, R. W. D. G. Warden; J. M. Swan, R. W. G. Secretary; H. C. Wilkinton, R. W. G. Treasurer.

The subordinate Lodges in the Territory number 17, of which 15 were represented in Grand Lodge by about 30 delegates.

PERSONAL.—Our occasional fellow townsman, Col. W. C. Squire, who came recently from New York with the Villard party of railroad operators, has been sojourning here for the past week and proposes to remain for many weeks more, actively engaged, as usual, in improving his properties and striving to promote enterprises for the public benefit.

F. AND A. M.—The 23d annual communication of the Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons of Washington Territory will be held in Olympia on the 2d proximo. Half fare rates are being secured on the various routes of travel for those members of the Order who wish to attend.

DEPLORABLE.—It is said that the Bee has the largest circulation of any paper published in Portland. That is a sad commentary on the intelligence and literary tastes of the people of Portland.—The Bee is unquestionably the poorest apology for a city daily journal published outside of Seattle.

ADVANTAGES OF WHITEWASHING TREES.—An old New England practice was to apply a good coat of whitewash to orchard and shade trees every spring. This, together with the fashion of white-painted houses with green blinds, has been recklessly abused by modern reformers, who have objected to paint on wood on the inside of houses, and have advocated the bare surfaces oiled and varnished as being more consistent with truth and honesty of appearance. But lime wash has other uses than for appearance's sake, and it might have been spared for its utility. It removes moss from trees, kills bark lice and the eggs of insects, destroys fungi, and renovates the appearance and health of the bark, and its use therefore to be advised rather than objected to. The cleanly appearance and smoothness of the bark after the lime has been washed off by a few rains is no exorbitant, and the lime washed down to the soil is doubtless of much use as a fertilizer for the trees.—Agriculturist

Statistics prove that a man who is knocked out in the world lives longer than one whose life is one of ease and comfort, and it is somewhat singular that they also prove that married men live longer than unmarried men.

A dispatch from Boston states that the third trial of the suit for damages brought by Charles H. Worthen against the Grand Trunk railway company resulted in a verdict of \$45,000 for plaintiff. The latter was a commercial traveler for Field, Lester and Co., and by a smash up at the Grand Trunk Junction, three years ago, one of his legs was crushed so that amputation was necessary. There had been two previous verdicts in the same case of \$18,000 and \$20,000 respectively, but the railroad company obtained new trials.

The old frigate Constellation, now on her voyage of charity to Ireland, laden with provisions and supplies for the distressed people of that island, was launched in 1798—the year of Ireland's last most gloomy trial and suffering through the mercileis tyranny of the British Government. And now, in her green old age, the famous old frigate goes to relieve the destitution of that unfortunate land, caused as it has been mainly by the incompetency and indifference of the Ministry just driven from office by the overwhelming verdict of a deceived wronged and indignant people.

HOW \$2,500 OF JAY COOKE'S MONEY WENT TO HELP "SENATOR" SAWYER.—WASHINGTON, April 21.—Washington is always having reminders of the old days of the carpet-baggers. Yesterday, in the District Court, the case of Lewis, trustee for Jay Cooke & Co., against A. R. Shepherd, was begun. This is a suit on a note for \$2,500, and the defense is that the defendant did not make the note.—Mr. Shepherd testified that in 1872, ex-Senator Sawyer of South Carolina, then a candidate for re-election to the United States Senate, came to him and said he was poor and unable to pay the expenses of his election contest, and he thought that the National Republican Committee ought to help him. Mr. Shepherd said he thought so too, and both went up to Jay Cooke's bank and into the office of ex-Governor H. D. Cooke, Treasurer of the Committee, to whom Governor Shepherd explained the needs of Senator Sawyer and his claims upon the party, and Governor Cooke agreed that he ought to be helped in his election contest, and said

that the Republican Committee funds were low and would be replenished in a short time. So the money was raised for Sawyer, Shepherd giving his note, which he says was merely a memorandum to be used for raising the amount from Republican politicians. He won his case.—Courier Journal.

A CHANGE IN FAITH.—A few days since this is a fact—a little fellow in Clinton, Conn., anxious to find a home for a pet kitten where it would stand a right good chance of being well brought up, carried it to the residence of one of our clergymen, asking him as he responded to the knock, if he would like a kitten. "Oh, I don't know," said he. "What kind of a kitten have you got?" "A Unitarian kitten, sir." "No, I guess not that sort." A few mornings after the little fellow appeared at the same door, rang the door bell and again found himself face to face with the "man of the house." The boy repeated his offer of the juvenile feline. "But aren't you the same boy that called the other day, and isn't this the same little Unitarian kitten you had then?" "I know it," responded the little man, "it's the same kitten, but he's got his eyes open now and he's an Episcopal kitten." It is fair to surmise that the "opening of its eyes" proved the salvation of pussy and found for it an agreeable and congenial home.

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 John H. Ryan, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT ALL persons having claims against the said deceased, are hereby required 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 Law Office of Han & Osborne, on James street, opposite the Occidental Hotel, in the City of Seattle, King county, Washington Territory. Dated Seattle, W. T., May 6th 1880. EBEN S. OSBORNE, Administrator of the Estate of John H. Ryan, deceased.

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

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 required 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. Reing, 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

NEW ENGLAND HOTEL. Cor. Commercial and Main Streets, SEATTLE, W. T. THE NEW ENGLAND Is eligibly located and its accommodations for families are unsurpassed. The house is newly built, is hard-finished throughout, has large and well furnished rooms and first class board, on the European Plan Can be had at moderate prices. — IT IS — The Best Hotel in the City. L. C. HARMON, Proprietor.

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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.

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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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STILL TAKES THE LEAD! For Tacoma, Steilacoom & Olympia THE STANCH AND SEAWORTHY STEAMER ZEPHYR— W. R. BALLARD, Master. Carrying U. S. Mails and Wells, Fargo & Co's. Express. 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

The Conquest of the Mule.

The western pack-mule is small, sinewy, and, like old Joey Bagstock, "tough, sir, tough! but de-evlish sly!" Most of them are bred from Indian ponies and are born on the open plains. Having previously been lassoed and branded, when three years old they are driven (or inveigled) into a corral and exhibited for sale as bronchos. An untamed horse is a model of gentleness beside them. Sometimes they are accustomed at once to the saddle by one of those wonderful riders who can stick on the back of anything that runs, and more rarely they are broken to harness: but ordinarily their backs are trained to bear the pack, which is generally the only practicable method of transporting freight through these rugged mountains.

The first time the pack-saddles are put on, the excitement may be imagined. The green mule, strong in his youth, having been adroitly "roped" or lassoed, is led out into an open space, stepping timidly, but not seeing any cause for alarm, quietly; before he understands what it all means, he finds that a noose of the rawhide lariat about his neck has been slipped over his nose, and discovers that his tormentors have an advantage. He pulls, shakes his head, stands upright on opposite ends, but all to no avail. The harder he pulls, the tighter the noose pinches his nostrils, so at last he comes down and keeps still. Then a man approaches slowly and circumspectly, holding behind him a leather blinder which he seeks to slip over the mule's eyes. But two long ears stand in the way, and the first touch of the leather is the signal for two jumps—one by the beast and one by the man, for packers are wise enough in their day and generation to fight shy of the business end of a mule. The next attempt is less a matter of caution and more of strength, and here the animal has so much advantage that often it must be lassoed again and thrown to the ground.

It is a fine sight to witness the indignation of such a fellow! He falls heavily, yet holds his head high and essays to rise. But his fore-feet are manacled by ropes and his head is fast. Yet he will shake almost free, get upon his hind-feet, stand straight up and dash down with all its weight in futile efforts for liberty. Secured with more ropes, allowed but three legs to stand upon and cursed frightfully, he must submit, though he never does it with good grace. It is not always, however, that this extremity is resorted to. Some animals make little resistance while the strange thing is being put upon their backs and the fastenings adjusted—all but one; but when an effort is made to put that institution called a crupper under a young mule's tail, language fails to express the character of the kicking! The light heels describe an arc from the ground to ten feet above it and then strike out at a tangent. They cut through the air like whiplashes and would penetrate an impediment like bullets. But even mule flesh tires. Strategy wins. The crupper is gained and the first hard pull made upon the *sinch* (as the girth is termed), which holds firmly every hair-breadth, and will finally crease the contour of the mule's belly into the semblance of Cupid's bow. But this one pull suffices to set him springing again—bucking, now, with arched back and head between his knees, landing on stiff legs to jar his burden off, or falling full weight on his side and rolling over to scrape it free. He will sit on his haunches and hurl himself backward; will duck his head and turn a somersault; finally will stand still, trembling with anger and exhaustion, and let you lead him away, conquered.—[From an illustrated article by Ernest Ingersoll on "Rocky Mountain Mules," in *Scribner*.

All About Love.

Cynical people tell us that the days of romance are gone by; that Augustus no longer falls in love with beautiful, though poor Araminta, but schools his affections wisely, and looks about him for a rich wife. Well, it is true that young people are not much given to falling desperately in love in these later days. Culture seems to have the effect of transforming the process of falling into one of sliding. The amatory sentiment is allowed to develop itself very slowly. It is commonly said that more and more persons now marry for definite objects, such as wealth, social position, or domestic adornment; yet the normal mode of selection is still held to include the play of an instinctive emotion as well. What the higher culture seems to do, over and above strengthening the controlling power of will, is to make this emotion more reflective and self-conscious. People learn to understand more clearly their own feelings and tastes, and to know better beforehand what kind of object is likely to satisfy them. The emotional impulse now shows itself as a conscious wish to possess an object of a certain definite character. Still the actual conception of a strong affection is a process that goes on outside the will, and while men and women are young they must love perforce, even if their judgment does not always approve. So that falling in love is not yet obsolete.

Boy—four—taken to church for the first time, listened to the organ for a few moments and then said, "When will the organ man let the monkey out?"

Wit and Humor.

The Rochester Express complains that the mornings get up too early.

After all, thinks the Philadelphia Chronicle, Queen Victoria is only a governess.

"Papa," said his little girl, aged six years and nine months, to him one day, "why do you say step-daughter? Is it because she has been trodden upon?"

It is very difficult to find fault with a dear little three-year-old who buries his head under the clothes and sings: "Now I lay me down to sleep. Pop goes the weasel."

The New Haven Register says that girls only know one-quarter as much about courting as boys, because they have only one year in four in which they are allowed to practice.

The report that Barnum has captured a Boston girl who does not wear eyeglasses has been officially contradicted. He has, however, discovered one who cannot talk Latin but can make bread.

The Rochester Herald speaks of the horribly-mutilated trunk of a man picked up on the Central railroad. The Elmira Free Press adds: Those baggage smashers continue to have their own way.

A lady said to a little boy, aged four—"Don't stand up in the carriage, because you might tumble out, and then there would be no Harry." "Oh, yes," replied he, "there would be Harry on the road."

Laurence: "You going out to-day, ma?" Ma: "Yes." Laurence: "Pa going too?" Ma: "Yes." Laurence: "You take me?" Ma: "No." Laurence (with emphasis): "Then I'll smash all the things!"

At a BALL.—Two nice elderly young things talking of pretty Mrs. Mankiller waltzing with the captain: "How dreadfully her dress is made!" "That can't be helped. If it were well made it would not fit her."—[Judy.

A MIGHTY PROBLEM.—Algernon—"Might I then dare to hope, Mary? You see, there might be a war, and I might go into the militia, and then I might get a commission in the Line. (After a pause.) Might I?"—[Fun.

A FRIENDLY HINT.—Willum: "Not quite so active as you was twenty years ago, Tummas." Tummas: "No I baint, Willum; I find I can't run up a score lately, but if onybody asks me to 'ave a drink, I jumps at the hoifer."—[Fun.

Little Charley had his hair "bobbed" the other day, but did not like the operation of brushing. "Ma, that barber's brush made me squawk." Mother—"I did not hear any noise." Charley—"But I squawked in my thinks."

A man who had \$65 stolen from him received a note with \$25 saying: "I stole your money. Remorse naws at my consens, and I send some of it back. When remorse naws again I'll send you some more."—[Buffalo Express.

OUR GIRLS.—Grandma (with whom the girls have had a slight difference of opinion): "I'm sure, girls, I don't know where you get your nasty temper from." Nellie: "Certainly not from you, grandma, for you have never lost any."—[Fun Almanac.

"When I was a boy," said a very prosy, long-winded orator to his friend, "I used to talk in my sleep." "And now," said his friend, "you sleep in your talk." But somehow that didn't seem to be just exactly the point the orator was going to make.

SUPPORT.—Vicar—"Sorry I never see you at church, Squire. As a leading man in the parish, you should be one of the pillars." Squire—"Well, at all events, if I'm not a pillar, I'm one of the buttresses—always to be found outside, you know!"—[Punch.

A teacher in the Wiltwyck school recently electrified her pupils, who were annoying her with questions: "Children, I am engaged." Noticing the general look of astonishment, she added: "But not to any fool of a man," and the excitement died away.—[Kings-ton Freeman.

"Well, Harry, how did you like the preserved cherries?" Harry (on his fifth birthday he had preserved crystallized fruits for the first time): "Oh, auntie! I liked them so much that if I could have made a hole in my throat I'd have taken them out and eaten them over again."

AN OLD NEST-OR.—Giles: "Ah! Master William, its dangerous work. When I was your age I climbed a tree bird-nesting, and a branch broke, and I fell on the bank." Willy: "Well, Giles, where would you have been if the bank had broke too? Uncle's did."—[Fun Almanac.

A paragrapher attended the funeral of a man named Murch, the other day, and as the body was being laid away to its last resting place, the ruling passion proved strong in death—or near death—and the paragrapher put his twenty-cent handkerchief to his eyes, and moaned, "Oh, this is tomb Murch!" He escaped.—[Norristown Herald.

An old farmer out in Indiana says, that for his part he don't know where the present rage for trimming bonnets with birds is going to end. Only four or five years ago he bought his daughter a humming bird; next year she wanted a robin, the next a pheasant, and this season he declares he had to chain up the Thanksgiving turkey or she'd have had that perched on top of her head.—[Andrews Bazar.

Learning to Sing.

Let us consider for a moment how the case stands in regard to that small fraction of mankind who attempt to sing in some fashion or other. The great majority of these never learn at all; they sing by the light of nature, using their voices in any way that will produce the notes their ears guide them to; and, no doubt, with naturally good voices and naturally good ears, music may result which is quite tolerable, though infinitely inferior to what it might be made. But many persons do "learn to sing," and instruction of this kind forms a tolerably large professional avocation. What, then, does this imply? In most cases, unfortunately, little or nothing, so far as the true art is concerned. If a girl who finds she can sing a little asks for some lessons from an ordinary teacher we know pretty well what will be done: there may be, just as a matter of form, a few exercises given; but the great aim will be to teach her the notes of certain songs, so as to provide her with a small repertory for social exhibition. This, however, is rather teaching music than singing, and the same may be said of the large number of classes for vocal performance in parts, where nothing is attempted beyond attention to the pitch of the notes used, and the time they are sung in. If we go a little further and include the cases where the teachers endeavor to give their pupils some idea of style, we about exhaust the category of vocal instruction which is common in private circles, and we need not wonder at the fact that, to educated judges, ordinary amateur singing, when it is not offensive, is, at all events, wretchedly poor. To learn to sing, in the proper sense of the word, is quite a different thing from learning songs; the voice is an instrument, the capabilities of which, in many respects, transcend those of any other known, and the cultivation of the voice, and of the singer's power over it, so as to use it to the best advantage, requires not only careful and judicious training, but long, hard and laborious practice. It is, consequently, only among the professional ranks that we are accustomed to expect thoroughly good singing, and even here, whether from deficient education, imperfect powers, or defective taste, it is not often that what we expect is really found.—*Nature*.

A Marriage For Money.

In New York City, a princely mansion was offered for sale a few years ago, about which hung a sad story. A man of enormous wealth lived in the city where she had lived on an income of a servant—these were temptations too strong for her, as they are for too many American women.

She hesitated long before accepting him; his habits, morals, person, were all obnoxious to her, for she was a girl of pure, refined tastes.

But to be the wife of a millionaire, to go to Europe, to reign like a queen in the city where she had lived on an income of a servant—these were temptations too strong for her, as they are for too many American women.

She married him without a particle of love or respect; sold herself as absolutely for money as ever slave was sold.

Her husband paid for his purchase. Before the marriage he built a magnificent dwelling; architecture, sculpture, painting, gave of their best to make it fit for a home of a royal lady; there was a Chinese room, a Persian room, a Hindoo room; there were conservatories, picture-galleries, dainty boudoirs. The plan was that the bride would spend one winter in this regal home, and in the spring go to Europe for a two years' visit.

Two weeks after the wedding, the bridegroom was struck down with paralysis, and for fifteen years lay on his bed a helpless, querulous invalid, nursed by his wife. The mansion was closed, excepting in the sick man's apartments, and resembled a gigantic tomb. By the terms of his will his wife would inherit nothing if she deserted him. She remained faithful, therefore, only to find after his death, that his estate was as hollow a sham as her marriage, and that it was swallowed up in his debts.

Net all marriages for money end as dramatically as this, but they are as tragic in reality. The young girl who sells her life for a price inevitably reaps disappointment and misery.

MINISTERS.—Mr. George B. Wendling, who has been lecturing for a year or two in reply to Ingersoll, says: "The clergy constitute the most humane and self-sacrificing class of men to be found on earth to-day. I have been in the last year in nearly every northern State, from Maine to Nebraska, and everywhere the clergy are doing the most for humanity, not only in the way of religious ministrations, but I mean in caring for the poor, the wretched, the homeless, the sick, the weak, the intemperate. They are the men who are at the front in movements designed to alleviate human sufferings; working by sunlight and starlight, and four-fifths of them half paid; having poor fare, poor libraries, poor homes and a portion of every community prejudiced against them. The men I say who are doing this are the same preachers whom Ingersoll is denouncing. He may make pretty speeches about humanity, but here is a class of men whose hats neither he nor I are worthy to hold."

A man who knows says it is better to be born in Ohio than rich.

The American Sabbath.

The New York Sabbath Committee, which is an unsectarian organization, composed of several well-known gentlemen of different denominations, held a meeting Sunday evening at Association Hall, attracting an audience that completely filled the large room. The chairman of the committee, Mr. Norman White, presided, and interesting speeches were made by Richard W. Thompson, Secretary of the Navy, Rev. Roswell D. Hitchcock, Mr. George H. Andrews, Mr. W. W. Atterbury, the secretary of the committee, and Mr. White. Secretary Thompson was received with applause. He said that in listening to the eloquent tribute of the preceding speaker to the greatness of our country he could not help asking himself the question, How did it become so? We have seen the other nations of the earth struggling for centuries through difficulties and embarrassments, and yet they have not reached that point in grandeur which we in one century have so gloriously gained. How did all this come about? The answer is plain. Our fathers brought with them across the briny-deep the Holy Word of God. (Applause.) Herein is the mystery, if there be any mystery about our grandeur and greatness. It is the Bible that has made us great. We are a Christian people, entertaining diverse views, practicing different forms of worship, but tracing all our faith to that great fundamental law given to us amid the thunder and lightning of Sinai—that God made the Sabbath day for man, not for himself. He needs no rest; He is a spiritual being—a pure essence. But when He created us of material substances—of bones, muscles, nerves and fibers—He taught us that we do not possess the power of incessant labor.

I take it there is no principle better fixed in the American mind than the determination to insist upon the conformity by foreigners to our Sunday legislation. We are a Sabbath-keeping people. (Applause.) Men say that we have no power to interfere with the natural right of individuals—that a man may spend Sunday as he pleases. But society has a right to make laws for its own protection. They are not religious laws. The men engaged in this grand work of securing the enforcement of the Sabbath laws do not want to force you into any church, for these gentlemen represent all denominations. They want to make you observe the Sabbath day as a day of rest merely—peaceably if they can, forcibly if they must, only so far as it is necessary to protect society. Destroy the Sabbath and you go out of light into darkness. A government without the Sabbath as a civil institution could not stand long enough to fall. (Applause.) Why are we so especially interested in Sabbath laws? Because there is no other government that depends so much on the morality of its citizens as ours. Here, where we have a republic with its existence depending upon the mass of the people, it is necessary to have a general observance of the Sabbath. (Applause.) Our national life may depend upon it. We may quarrel to any reasonable extent on anything else—about banks and the tariff—perhaps we could do without both; but the American people will never give up its Sabbath. Mr. Thompson concluded with an eloquent picture of the beneficent effects to the working-man of the Sabbath at home with his wife and family, and closed with a stirring appeal to the assemblage to do everything to preserve what has come to be known in Europe as "the American Sabbath." He had come to New York, not to make a speech, but because he has been interested in this cause and has been a worker for it for thirty years, and he earnestly added that he intended to work for it for thirty years to come.—*N. Y. Herald*.

Wise Words.

He best keeps from anger who remembers that God is always looking upon him.—[Plato.

If anger is not restrained, it is frequently more hurtful to us than the injury that provokes it.—[Seneca.

He submits himself to be seen through a microscope, who suffers himself to be caught in a fit of passion.—[Lavater.

I never knew a child of God being bankrupted by his benevolence. What we keep we may lose, but what we give to Christ we are sure to keep.—[Cuyler.

The guardian angel of life sometimes flies so high that man cannot see him; but he always is looking down upon us, and will soon hover nearer to us.—[Bichter.

Study rather to fill your minds than your coffers; knowing that gold and silver were originally mingled with dirt, until avarice or ambition parted them.—[Seneca.

To be happy, the passions must be cheerful and gay, not gloomy and melancholy. A propensity to hope and joy is real riches; one to fear and sorrow, real poverty.—[Hume.

Those passionate persons who carry their heart in their mouth are rather to be pitied than feared; their threatenings serving no other purpose than to forearm him that is threatened.—[Fuller.

All the good things of this world are no further good to us than as they are of use; and, whatever we may heap up to give to others, we enjoy only so much as we can use, and no more.—[Defoe.

Washington Society in 1825.

The circle of what was termed "good society" at Washington had been, and was then, very limited in its extent and simple in its habits. Few senators or representatives brought their wives to cheer their congressional labors, and a parlor of ordinary size would contain all of those who were accustomed to attend the social gatherings. A few diplomats, with the officers of the army and navy stationed at headquarters, were accompanied by their wives, and there were generally a few visitors of social distinction. The most friendly and cordial intercourse prevailed, and those who met at dinner parties and evening entertainments were like members of one family in general sympathy.

The costume of the ladies was classic in its scantiness, especially at balls and parties. The fashionable ball dress was of white India crape, and five breadths, each a quarter of a yard wide, were all that was asked for to make a skirt, which only came down to the ankles, and was elaborately trimmed with a dozen or more rows of narrow flounces. Silk or cotton stockings were adorned with fancy embroidered "clocks," and thin slippers were ornamented with silk rosettes and tiny buckles.

Those gentlemen who dressed fashionably wore "Bolivar" frock coats of some gay-colored cloth, blue or green, or claret, with large lapels and gilded buttons. Their linen was ruffled, their "Cossack" trousers were voluminous in size, and were tucked into high "Hessia" boots with gold tassels. They wore two and sometimes three waistcoats each, of different colors, and from their watch-pockets dangled a ribbon with a bunch of large seals. When in full dress, gentlemen wore dress-coats with enormous collars and short waists, well-stuffed white cambric cravats, small clothes, or tight-fitting pantaloons, silk stockings and pumps.

Incident in the Life of Senator Chandler.

Senator Zachariah Chandler was a man whose independent manners and roughness of language, under the irritations and public excitements of his later life, led many, perhaps, to judge him uncharitably—though all confessed his incorruptible integrity. Recently, at a meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association of Manchester, N. H., Rev. Dr. C. W. Wallace related an instance illustrating his gentler qualities.

Long ago he was called upon to part with a brother who had studied for the ministry, who went down by the hand of consumption before he reached the pulpit. A little while after, a second brother entered the same profession, but the same disease came to him, and he was obliged to leave for Cuba in hopes of recovery, but instead of recovery, death came, and on its near approach, he sent for his brother Zachariah to close his eyes.

He went, and was with him at his death. In that country there was no opportunity of holding a Protestant burial-service, and the mourners were obliged to take the body and steal out of the room at night and dig a grave. The night was dark and rainy, and when the hour came, they took the coffin and carried it to the open grave. The late Senator, as he afterwards said, "could not bear to see the coffin of his beloved brother buried without a prayer above the grave." There was no minister there, and he himself knelt in the rain and mud, seeking the Divine blessing.

Never did he stand in a relation so honorable as when he stood by the open grave of his brother and sought the blessing of Almighty God.

A Clever Operation.

A curious occurrence has lately taken place at the London (England) Gardens. One of the lions was observed to be in a state of great tribulation, rolling about, and trying to get something out of his mouth with his paws. Upon examining the animal to see what was the matter, Mr. Bartlett found that a great bone had become a fixture in the poor brute's mouth. The difficulty was to remove it, as the lion was in fearful temper. This was done by getting the lion into a "shifting den," where his face would not be very far from the bars. It was then ascertained that the object in the lion's mouth was the spongy, round bone—as big as a cricket ball—which forms the hip-joint of the horse. The lion had had part of a haunch of horse for dinner, and in amusing himself with the bone first got his upper large canine tooth into the soft part of the bone, and biting on it, the corresponding canine tooth in the lower jaw came through so far into the bone that it nearly met with the point of the upper tooth; the jaw thus became fixed. The animal was thus prevented from taking food or water. Mr. Bartlett, with a great deal of tact and maneuvering, managed to get this bone out of the lion's mouth, and luckily he did so, as it was found that the long projecting portion of the bone was pressing hard upon the lion's tongue. This is the third clever operation in dentistry that Mr. Bartlett has performed—first, removing a big tooth from the hippopotamus; second, operating on the base of the tusk of the big elephant; third, taking a horse's leg bone out of the lion's mouth.

Tears do not dwell long on the cheeks of youth. Rain drops easily from the bud, rests on the maturer flower, and breaks down that which has lived its day.

Familiar Things.

There is a truth that travel brings,
A truth of homely birth;
We dwell among familiar things,
And little know their worth.
The emigrant in distant lands,
The sailor on the sea,
For all that round us silent stands,
Have deeper hearts than we.
We dwell among familiar things;
And daily, with dull sight,
We touch a thousand secret springs
Of sorrow and delight;
Delight and reverential bliss
To those who, exiled far,
Stretch dreaming arms to clasp and kiss
Each little household star.
We dwell among familiar things;
We know them by their use;
And, by their many ministrings,
Their value we deduce:
Forgetful each has had an eye,
And each can speak, though dumb;
And of the ghostly days gone by,
Strange witness might become.
We dwell among familiar things;
But should it be our lot
To sever all the binding-strings
That form the household knot,
To wander upon alien mold,
And cross the restless foam;
How clearly should we then behold
The Deities of Home!

The Two Clerks.

In Market Square, in the pleasant city of Merryport, was a crockeryware store, over the door of which was a black sign bearing in gilt letters the name of Benjamin Hudson. For many years this crockery store had been there, with the great pitcher hanging in front for a sign; indeed, when Mr. Hudson first opened the store, some forty years previous, he was quite a young man, and the sign over his door was bright and handsome; but now his eyes had grown dim, and the owner was called "Old Hudson" by all the boys and girls of the city.

Mr. Benjamin Hudson had grown rich in his business, for he had conducted it all himself, and taken care that nothing should be wasted or lost by neglect. He had made mistakes, to be sure, as every man will make some blunders during a lifetime, but by skillful management he quickly recovered from them. Sixty-five years had begun to bend over Mr. Hudson's shoulders and dim the brightness of his eye, and he found business more irksome than it formerly had been.

"I must have a partner," said he one day to himself as he sat before a cheerful fire. "I must have some one interested in the business who is young and active, and will take the weight off my shoulders, for I do not care to do as I used to do."

Now, in Mr. Hudson's employ were two young men—Herbert Bond and Charles Sehmour. They had been with him an equal length of time, and had performed their duties faithfully and well. Charles did his work quickly, and had a smart way about him that made people think he was greatly superior to Herbert, who had a more quiet demeanor and accomplished quite as much without making a great stir about it.

"I must have Herbert or Charles for a partner," soliloquized Mr. Hudson; "on which can I decide? They both do very well in the store, but I ought to know something of them out of the store, and I am sorry to say that is a point I have never paid proper attention to. My clerks come here in the morning and go away at night; what becomes of them over night I know not, and yet I ought to know. Neither of them have parents in the city; they live in some of the numerous boarding-houses, and I hope are steady and well behaved. I must see them in their homes, and then decide which shall be my partner."

The next day Mr. Hudson ascertained the boarding-places of his clerks, without letting them know for what purpose, and after supper that evening his wife and daughters were somewhat astonished to see him go to the hall and put on his coat and hat.

"Where are you going, papa?" asked Lily, the youngest daughter, who could hardly remember the evening when her father had not remained at home.

"I am going to make a call, Lily, on two young men of my acquaintance; I shall not be gone long," replied Mr. Hudson, and bidding them good-by, immediately started out.

Herbert's boarding-house was the nearer of the two, and here Mr. Hudson stopped first.

It was a neat-looking house, in a very pleasant street. Mrs. Buntin, the landlady, opened the door when Mr. Hudson rang.

"Does a young man named Herbert Bond board here?"

"He does. Walk in, sir, and I will call him," replied the woman.

"I will go to his room if you will show me where it is," answered Mr. Hudson; "I presume he is in it?"

"I think so; he is seldom out in the evening. You can step up there if you like, sir; go up two flights and the first door to the right is the one," replied Mrs. Buntin.

Mr. Hudson puffed and knocked with his cane at a door. It was opened and looked very much as saw his employer, and

"Why, Mr. Hudson, matter in the store?" opened out of the way,

"No—nothing—nothing at all," said Mr. Hudson, walking in and taking a chair. "I took a notion to call around and see how you were this evening."

Bond expressed himself very glad to see his employer, and while he took his hat and cane, Mr. Hudson glanced around the room. It was an attic room, with dormer windows; a good fire was burning in an open grate; a book-rack filled with books adorned one side of the room, and the center of the floor was occupied by a table on which were writing materials.

"You look very cosy here, Herbert; but why do you have an attic room? Are there none you can have below stairs?"

"Oh, yes, sir; but this is a dollar a week cheaper, and I have all the more money to send to my father," replied Herbert.

"Isn't your father well off?" inquired Mr. Hudson.

"Not very, sir; he used to be pretty rich, but his business was disastrous, and he lost a good deal of money," said Bond.

"What do you find to do evenings? Does not time hang very heavy?"

"Oh, no, sir! I have books to read and letters to write. To-night I am writing home; they want me to make them a visit, but I write that it is a pretty busy time just now, but when it is over I shall ask you for a few days of absence," answered Herbert.

"You shall have it willingly," said Mr. Hudson, and then he added:

"Does Charles ever call upon you?"

"No, sir. I have asked him to several times, but he has never called."

"Are you contented here in this boarding-house?" inquired Mr. Hudson.

"It is a very good boarding-house, and Mrs. Buntin is very kind; but I have often wished that I could live at home," answered Herbert.

"And why can't you? How far is it from here?" asked his employer.

"Twenty-five miles, sir; rather far to travel every day, and then I can't afford the expense," was Herbert's reply.

"What time could you reach the store in the morning?"

"At half-past eight, sir."

"And you would have to leave at what hour in the afternoon?"

"At about half-past five, sir."

"Not very bad hours for the business. Perhaps it can be arranged so that you can live at home, Herbert."

"Oh, I should like it so much if I could. I am so homesick here in the city!" was the clerk's reply.

"Well, I'll look into the matter, Herbert. It seems a pity that one who is so fond of his home can't live there, in these times of railways and fast traveling," said Mr. Hudson, as he arose to depart. Herbert thanked him for his visit, and said it would please him to have Mr. Hudson call again.

The old gentleman descended the stairs well satisfied with the call, and said to himself:

"Now for Charles Sehmour. I hope I shall find him as well occupied as Herbert Bond."

The boarding-house was reached, the bell rang, and Mr. Hudson was admitted. The servant said Sehmour was in, and ushered him to the chamber door. Mr. Hudson knocked, and the door immediately swung wide open, and a voice exclaimed, "Well, old fellow, got along at last, have you? We're all ready for you; have got the—"

Charles Sehmour stopped here, and his face turned suddenly pale at seeing, instead of one of his boon companions, his venerable employer. It was several seconds before he could recover his speech. "I beg your pardon, Mr. Hudson, you must excuse me; I expected a friend this evening, and in the dim light of the entry I thought you were he. Walk in, sir, and sit down."

Mr. Hudson entered the room, and was somewhat surprised to see the identical three young men who had insulted him on the street; they were smoking cigars, and had their feet elevated on the bureau, mantelpiece and bedstead. Mr. Hudson saw at once that he was in confusion, and Sehmour's actions were painful and awkward. Nevertheless, his employer started a conversation, and had been there but a few minutes when a foot-step was heard on the stairs; the door opened a little, and a bottle of champagne came rolling across the floor, followed by a round Dutch cheese, a bunch of cigars and two more bottles. Sehmour looked dreadfully distressed, but could do nothing. It was a fourth friend, who had been out after refreshments, and took this facetious mode of introducing them into the chamber. Mr. Hudson thought it was time to go, so he took his leave and returned to his home.

Mr. Hudson was not long in making up his mind as to which one of his clerks would make the most faithful and efficient partner, and in less than a week it was announced in the papers that Herbert Bond was a member of the firm of Benjamin Hudson & Co. It was a happy day for Herbert, and it was not many years before he managed the whole business himself; and he became a wealthy man.

Charles Sehmour knew very well the reason of Mr. Hudson's choice, and he always had to regret having formed such unprofitable acquaintances as were assembled in his room on that unlucky night.—WILLIAM L. WILLIAMS.

He that pryeth into every cloud may be stricken with a thunderbolt.—JOS. COOK.

Cultivation of Old Age.

There is too much education into old age. We don't recognize it as such, yet the young of both sexes on arriving "of age" are virtually taught to become old. The girl on leaving off short frocks is soon taught that it is unlady-like or improper to romp. She must cease the impetuous run of childhood and walk in a dignified manner.

Custom gives her every encouragement to become sluggish. Her dress is a fashionable system of fettering the body. When she marries, the restrictions necessary for the cultivation of old age are still more strictly enforced. She must then associate only with married women. She is received in full membership by the married clan. It is undignified longer to associate with young girls if she be so disposed. She may do so for a few years, but the unwritten laws and social mandates of the period are more subtle and powerful in their workings. A hundred unforeseen influences force her in the conventional path. Friends and relatives reprove, advise, censure or ridicule any habit of an unconventional character. She finds herself in a thicket, where, to do ought save advance in the narrow path trodden by conventionality is to encounter a myriad of thorns. So she is doomed to the company and association of those who have involuntarily made it the business of their lives to grow old, and she grows old with them; cultivates sluggishness, walks as little as possible, and gets the liver complaint. Age is developed in many ways. Through weight of domestic cares and duties. Through dress, which imprisons and fetters. Through a life five-sixths spent in the house and when not in the house shopping at the store. Through cultivating the habit of looking on the darkest side of everything. Through grown-up dignity which can never unbend into a run or a romp. Through constant repression of the playfulness which was checked when she donned the dress of the grown-up woman. People who play and are not afraid to "make fools of themselves" retain their youth much longer than Mr. Practical Sober-sides. The habits of the mind influence the condition, and go far towards shaping the body.

The difference between the face of the man who laughs and the man who smiles proves this. Probably a corresponding difference could be found in their lungs and livers were those organs examined after death.

Ruts and grooves of occupation promote old age. The man of fifty who has spent his life in travel, and has lived in many places, and whose associations and societies have been constantly changing, will, presuming he has taken ordinary care of himself, show less signs of age than the man chained for a similar period to a desk, who moves pendulum-like from house to office, day by day, and who has made scarcely a dozen new acquaintances.

Contrast the hod-carrier of forty-five with the man of like age who has exercised moderately, lived generously but temperately, whose mind is active, broad, full of ideas and plans, and who is constantly on the move about the world. The first shows marked signs of premature age; the second is in his prime, full of blood, vigor and vitality. Breadth of mentality, fullness and activity of idea, frequent change of place and association, added to temperate habits of body, are preservatives of matured vigor. It was said of old: "Man shall not live by bread alone." Every new thought, every fresh idea in a balanced brain brings with it a certain healthy stimulus, which imparts new life. Philosophers, scientists and writers are longer-lived than those engaged in purely mechanical occupations. The cause of this goes beyond that limited range of deduction and conclusion called reason. But statistics will verify the substance of the assertions here made. Is it not, then, reasonable to suppose that as the range of human knowledge widens, and minds become more and more quickened with the living fire of thought, that existence up to the point of three-score and ten, and even later, may become an experience fuller of life, light and happiness than ever?—N. Y. Graphic.

"A CHARGE TO KEEP."—Judge Bookes, of the New York Supreme Court, is an able jurist and a first-rate singer. The *Trey Press* tells the following anecdote of the Judge's fondness for sacred music, as indicated by a recent solo while on the cars:

A lady was on the train, unattended, save by a fretful, crying baby. The poor woman's strength was nearly exhausted from the long-continued strain, and she cast an appealing look around. It was too much for the soft heart of the chivalric judge.

He arose, asked permission to take charge of the squaller, which was gratefully accorded, and then resumed his seat. The baby was at first astonished at this judicial interference with its rights through the audacious *habecus corpus*, became quiet, with its great round eyes staring up at the judge.

Having satisfied his curiosity, his indignation began to boil over, whereupon the judge, tossing the child gently in his arms, threw back his stately head, and in his best voice broke out with "A charge to keep I have."

It was not until a roar of applause came from the delighted audience that the judge was reminded how appropriate to the occasion was the hymn.

The only citizen of St. Louis who pays a tax on more than \$1,000,000 is Mr. Thomas Allen, although five are taxed on more than \$500,000.

A Scene at the Arion Ball.

Among the gay maskers that crowded the floor at the Arion Ball on Tuesday evening was one lady who apparently defied all efforts at detection. She seemed familiar with many notable people, and her frequent mention of their names and associations fairly puzzled them to locate her identity. When masks were taken off, and recognition followed recognition many good jokes were laughed over when discoveries were made as to personal identity.

But amid all this scene no one seemed to recognize the strange lady masker; her face was devoid of all disguise, and while she still persisted in calling many by name, none seemed to know her, until at last a gentleman with whom she was in conversation exclaimed: "Why, you are Mrs. — (mentioning the name of a lady well known to our theatre-goers for the past thirty years.) What have you been doing to yourself? You look—well, certainly not over twenty-five. (She is double that.) This is, without exception, the most wonderful transformation scene I have ever witnessed." "Well," replied the lady, acknowledging her identity, "I don't mind telling you, or anybody else for that matter, for I do not believe in keeping so important a matter secret, particularly when my own sex can receive so much benefit. You know very well how wrinkled my face had become, and how many great horrid red freckles I had, and in fact I was becoming generally *passee*. I had used, in old times, various cosmetics in my professional capacity, which, while being of momentary benefit only aided in proclaiming my advancing years, so that I had almost lost confidence in preparations of this kind. Quite recently I have been reading about Goutraud's Oriental Cream, and though of little faith, determined to try it. Having the Arion Ball in view, I commenced its use about three weeks ago, satisfied that, as Dr. Sayre had given it his indorsement and the Board of Health had exempted it from condemnation where so many other preparations had been forbidden to be sold, and the proprietor actually did not hesitate to place it in his mouth, that no very great harm could come from its use. I went to the principal office, No. 48 Bond Street, and, after a conversation with the lady in charge, purchased a package. You see the result. I am not ashamed of it, and while the world at large knows my age, they cannot say I am not a handsome woman. Since I have commenced its use, its merits has led me to inquire, and I find it is sold by all first-class Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout the United States, Canada and Europe, and have noticed on visiting Macy's, Ehrlich's, Bloom's, Stern's, and all the leading stores where ladies trade that it is for sale on their counters, and from the inquiries I have made at those places, find it has outdone all competitors. You are safe in recommending it to your lady friends, for here you can see its good results"—and, taking the arm of her escort, who came up at that moment, she was whirled off in the dance, the observed of all observers.—New York Evening Express.

With what sort of a pin is the lands' cape fastened?—*Roma Sentinel*. A terra-pin. If this is not the right answer we give it up.—*Norristown Herald*.

Set Back 42 Years.

I was troubled for many years with Kidney Complaint, Gravel, &c.; my blood became thin; I was dull and inactive; could hardly crawl about; was an old worn-out man all over; could get nothing to help me until I got Hop Bitters, and now I am a boy again. My blood and kidneys are all right, and I am as active as a man of 30, although I am 72, and I have no doubt it will do as well for others of my age. It is worth a trial.—*Father*.

The Doctors Yielding.

Ever since Prof. Green wrote to the *Medical Record* advising physicians everywhere to use the Safe Kidney and Liver Cure in their practice, it has been gaining in favor with the profession. They can find nothing which is a substitute for it. R. Caulkins, M. D., of Rochester, N. Y., says he would now prescribe it to all who are afflicted with serious kidney and liver diseases.

Gilt-Edge Butter Maker

Makes July, August and Winter butter equal to best June product. Grocers pay 3 to 5 cents a pound extra for butter made with this powder. Guaranteed harmless. Increases production 6 to 10 per cent. Reduces time of churning one-half. Sold by druggists, grocers and general storekeepers. Send stamp for "Hints to Butter-Makers." Address, Butter Improvement Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

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 552, 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.

Furniture.

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

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Go to Dr. Cochrane, 850 Market street, San Francisco, if you want first-class work at low rates. Cochrane stands at the head of his profession.

A FAVORABLE NOTORIETY.—The good reputation of "Brown's Bronchial Troches" for the relief of Coughs, Colds and Throat Diseases has given them a favorable notoriety.

Ayer's Ague Cure is an infallible cure for Fever and Ague in all its forms. The proprietors warrant it, and their word is as good as a U. S. bond. Try it.

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

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

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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.

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OVERALLS BY MAIL. On receipt of price I will send the following goods by mail, postage prepaid, Heavy Duck Overall, 70 cts. Miners' Overall, \$1.00. Cheviot-Strip, 55 cts. Wool Over-shirt, \$1.00. Overall are new styles, and CANNOT BE PULLED APART. Price lists of other goods free by mail. Give me a trial order. E. D. BACON, Manufacturer of Men's Furnishing Goods, No. 93, W. Pearl St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

GOLDEN GATE HOTEL, No. 134 Fourth Street, Bet. Mission and Howard, - - - San Francisco. HENRY DEBERKY, Prop'r. THE BEST AND CHEAPEST MECHANICS' Boarding House in this City. Two lines of cars pass the door.

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PLYMOUTH LAP-BOARD. It is manufactured from a material especially adapted to the purpose. It will neither warp nor crack, and with proper care will last a lifetime. The graduated scale entirely does away with the need of a yard-stick or tape-measure. Retail price \$1.25 each. Liberal discount to the trade. For sale wholesale in San Francisco by Wyatt, Haskin & Co., Harrison & Dickson, and Spence & Co., W. & J. Sloane, and Cal. Furniture M'g Co.

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HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 28 In use 25 years. The only successful remedy for Nervous Debility, Vital Weakness, and Prostration from over-work or other causes, \$1 per vial, or 3 vials and large vial powder, for \$5. SOLD BY DEALERS GENERALLY, or sent post free on receipt of price. Humphrey's Homeopathic Medicine Co., 109 Fulton Street, N. Y.

GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY, is a certain cure for Nervous Debility, and the evil effects of youthful follies and excesses. DR. MINNIE will agree to refund Five Dollars for a case of this kind the Vital Restorative (under his special advice and treatment) will not cure. Price, \$3 a bottle, four times the quantity, \$10. Sent to any address Confidentially. DR. MINNIE, M. D., 11 Kearny St., San Francisco. Send for pamphlet.

Jackson's Agricultural Machine Works AND FOUNDRY, Sixth and Bluxome Sts., Near Southern Pacific Railroad, - San Francisco. Manufacturer of Feeders and all kinds of Farm Machinery. Invented Spreader Horse Forks for Headings or hay. Folding Dricks, Roadley Straw-Burner, and other machinery. Cut-off Governor for Portable Engine. Separator Shovel, and other machinery. Windmills for Stockmen and Gardeners. Buy and sell second-hand Tractors and Engines. Machine Castings a specialty. Address BYRON JACKSON, Prop'r.

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever. DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S Oriental Cream or Magical Beautifier Removes Tan, Freckles, Moth-Patches and every blemish on beauty. It has stood the test of thirty years, and is so simple in preparation it is properly made. Counterfeit no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the nation:

(a patent):—"As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the skin preparations." Also Poudre Subtile, the only moves superfluous hair without injury to the skin. MME. M. B. T. GOURAUD, Sole Prop., 45 Bond St., N. Y. For sale by all druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout the United States, Canada and Europe. Beware of base imitations which are abroad. We offer \$1.00 toward the arrest and proof of anyone selling the same. Sold in San Francisco by the leading wholesale druggist.

Dr. Spinney & Co., 11 Kearny St., San Francisco. There are many men from thirty to sixty years of age suffering from general prostration and a weakening of the system which they can not account for. Dr. Spinney will guarantee a perfect cure in all such cases, and a complete restoration of the physical and nervous powers. P. S.—For special diseases of short standing a full course of medicines sufficient to cure, with necessary instructions, will be sent to any address on receipt of \$10.

Mall and Telegraph.

Land War.

Settlers upon railroad lands in Tulare county, California, have for some time past resisted the claims of the railroad. The U. S. Marshal was recently sent with a posse to dispossess the settlers, when a collision occurred which resulted in the killing of seven men, of which the following is the latest account:

HANFORD, May 12.—Matters are quiet this morning; no prospects of further outbreak. Six men were killed.—Dan Kelly, Walter Crow, Ives Knutson, John Henderson, James Harris and Arch McGregor; wounded mortally, M. D. Hart, and E. Haymaker slightly. The principal shooting was done by Crow, Hart, Henderson, Kelly and Harris. No others did any shooting as yet known.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 12. United States Marshal Poole has returned to this city from Hanford. Some further details regarding yesterday's tragedy are learned from him and from dispatches since received. Hart has died from his wounds, making the seventh. When Poole and his party met the leaguers he advanced with Clark and was at once surrounded. He stated his business and commenced reading his authority, when he was stopped. Pistols were presented at his head and his surrender demanded. He acquiesced. A portion of the settlers then advanced on Hart and Crow, one of the horses knocking Poole down, when the firing began. It is yet unknown who began the firing, but Crow seems to have done all the killing of the settlers, Hart falling wounded. Crow escaped in the melee, but was overtaken and shot down over a mile distant. Poole's life was spared on condition that he would quietly leave without delay. He was escorted to Kingsburg by an armed guard. Poole says that he does not know what he shall next do in the matter. He will lay the matter before the authorities, but he does not see that they are in position to help him. There is no money to meet any expenses of the Marshals' department, and Congress recently passed an act for bidding the employment of United States troops to enforce any civil process. At least 200 men would be necessary to meet the force which the settlers are in position to bring against any party that might attempt to dispossess them. The railroad company will not run trains to Hanford's until they receive assurance that their property will be protected.—Most vigorous legal means will now be taken to settle the disturbances in Tulare county, and all on railroad lands will be called upon to buy the ground of the company or vacate. It is believed that the settlers will continue their demonstrations and remain firm in their determination.

WASHINGTON, May 10.—A bill introduced to-day by Representative Newberry granting an extension of six years to the Northern Pacific railroad contains a proviso that actual settlers upon agricultural lands embraced within the limits of the land grants of the road shall have the privilege of purchasing a quarter section of land at \$2 50 per acre, provided that it shall not apply to lands already earned by the company. The bill further provides that when the company shall mortgage or sell any of its lands except for the purpose of aiding in the construction of its roads, said lands shall be subject to taxation in the States or Territories on which they may be located. It requires the company to make returns every six months to the Secretary of the Interior of all such sales of lands; also to make returns of the actual cost of construction whenever each 25 miles of road are completed, and provides that when the end of the line is finished all lands remaining unsold over and above the amount required, to be sold to aid in the construction of the road, shall revert to the Government; and, further, that the act shall not take effect unless the company, within six months after its passage, shall file its acceptance of the conditions with the Secretary of the Interior.

WASHINGTON, May 11.—Postmaster General Key informed Representative Page and John J. Valentine when, by appointment, they called yesterday to ascertain his decision in the Wells, Fargo & Co. matter, that after a full consideration of the case he had not found anything in the facts as presented that would justify him in exceeding his discretion under the law to adopt the recommenda-

tion under the Department Commission, and that he had therefore made up his mind that he will not interfere with the Express Co.'s letter carrying business as long as they comply with the existing postal laws and regulations. He added to Mr. Valentine a cautionary remark that the Company should be particularly careful to guard against insufficient stamped letters, and that they should not carry Railroad Company's letters free beyond lines of railroads.

SIX OF BRIGHAM YOUNG'S DAUGHTERS EXCOMMUNICATED.—SALT LAKE, May 3. The Mormon Church organ of this evening contains an announcement of the cutting off of six of Brigham Young's daughters for participating in a suit to recover \$1,000,000 stolen from them by the executors, Apostles Cannon, Carrington and Young, and also for imperiling the liberty of John Taylor. An effort was made to get the heirs to repent of their action, and all the machinery of the Church, except the blood-atonement knife, was brought to bear on them without avail.

CHICAGO, May 11.—A fearful cyclone swept across the eastern part of McLean county last night, damaging property at least \$100,000 in Arrowsmith township. Twelve dwellings were utterly demolished, and a 160 acre orchard eradicated. In Empire township the damage is nearly as widespread. Many persons were injured. The home of Edward Reese was destroyed and Mr. and Mrs. Reese lifted in their bed and carried a quarter of a mile and set down in a wheat field. A child of Mr. Keitz had its skull fractured and will die. The track of the cyclone was three-quarters of a mile wide. The town of Guthrie, which is situated on the Springfield division of the Illinois Central railroad and which contained only half a dozen houses, was struck by lightning and everything destroyed by fire.—No one was hurt. There was a furious wind, and the lightning was brilliant and continuous throughout the whole central part of the State. Many farms and towns were flooded for a time.

CINCINNATI, May 11.—A heavy storm of rain and hail passed over the city at midnight accompanied by much lightning. A special to the *Gazette* says that the wind storm this p. m., did much damage in various places north of Cincinnati. At Union City, Indiana, something like a tornado prevailed, blowing down buildings. Near Mount Gilead, Ohio, the storm blew down trees and destroyed much fencing. At Ashland, O., the roof of the City Hall was carried a distance of 200 yards. Near West Jefferson, O., lightning struck a barn, burning it and its contents, and killing Henry Davis, who was taking shelter there.—The day has been very warm and clear.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 12th.—Charges against Mayor Killoch were filed to-day in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court. They are, in brief, neglect of duty as Mayor and Chairman of the Board of Election Commissioners and President of the Board of Supervisors, bringing the people of the city into infamy and disgrace by his public utterances, encouraging unlawful and turbulent gatherings and advising processions endangering public peace and the stability of the Government, encouraging turbulent persons to violence, while ostensibly advising a different course. In this connection some of the Mayor's speeches are quoted. Taking and soliciting street car and Southern Pacific railroad passes.

The complaint charges him with receiving emoluments from certain minor public officials for obtaining positions for them in the offices of the Sheriff and Registrar of Elections. The complaint is made returnable May 19th.

BRADFORD, Pa., May 13.—Shortly after noon to-day fire again started in the timber land at the head of Foster Brook valley, eight miles from Bradford, a section thickly studded with derricks and tanks. The wind was blowing a gale and the fire swept over the ridge consuming everything. Continuing, the fire swept down Tram Hollow, a prolific portion of the oil field, burning the villages of Oil Centre and Adaughville.—With the exception of one or two houses they are entirely destroyed. At 10 o'clock to-night the 25,000 barrel iron tank of Mitchell & Jones' is in flames. No villages being located near, the danger from that source is not great. At Baker trestle on the Kendall and Eldred railroad, 7 miles from the place of starting, a 5000

barrel tank is now burning. The railroad trestle will be destroyed.

About dark this evening the town of Duke Centre, a place of 1000 inhabitants was threatened with fire. The organization from this city went to that place in response to a telegram for assistance. Near the town are a dozen huge iron tanks from which hundreds of men are now driving back the flames. A mile above Duke Centre a nitro glycerine repository came in the course of the flames and exploded with terrible force. The territory over which the fire swept is so wide and the points so inaccessible, that it is impossible to gain correct information as to the actual loss. It is estimated that 200 rigs besides a great amount of oil has been destroyed. Duke Centre is reported still safe at midnight. A falling tree struck a man named Wm. Reed, inflicting probably fatal injuries. No other persons hurt.

OIL CITY, May 13.—Two tide water tanks containing 36,000 barrels of oil are burning. Three have been destroyed.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 12.—Settlers about Hanford at a public meeting after the late affray passed resolutions holding the Railroad Company responsible for the tragedy, and pledging their honor to use all honorable means to prevent further bloodshed, and to urge waiting for legal vindication of their rights. Speeches were made urging settlers to stand together in this common cause, and die for their homes if need be. Hart is credited with the statement before his death that Harris, one of the settlers, fired the first shot, wounding him in the abdomen.

"Mixed husbandry is what we need," says an agricultural exchange. Now our idea is that mixed husbandry is what raises a great deal of the family trouble in this country.

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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 homestead 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, \$4.35 per acre.

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WEEKLY

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VOLUME 8, NUMBER 1.

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