

Corrier

# Puget Sound Dispatch

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## Puget Sound Dispatch.

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### Official Directory.

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 THOMAS BURKE.....Probate Judge  
 LEWIS V. WYCKOFF.....Sheriff  
 M. S. BOOTH.....Auditor  
 G. D. HILL.....Treasurer  
 H. F. WHITWORTH.....Surveyor  
 J. C. BRYANT.....Assessor  
 F. W. SPARLING.....Coroner

CITY OF SEATTLE.

O. JACOBS.....Mayor  
 E. S. OSBORNE.....Clerk  
 I. M. HALL.....City Attorney  
 J. M. BLANCHARD.....Treasurer  
 F. SEIDEL.....Harbor Master and Assessor  
 E. A. THORNDIKE.....Chief of Police

CITY COUNCILMEN.

Thos. Clancey, Geo. W. Stetson, A. S. Miller, H. B. Bagley, A. H. King, W. C. Hawthorne and John Nation.

### PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

C. D. EMERY,

*Counselor at Law,*

SEATTLE, W. T.

Office in DISPATCH Building. 31-3m\*

W. H. WHITE,

*Attorney-at-Law.*

SEATTLE, W. T.

Office on the corner of Front and Madison Streets, up-stairs.

Dr. E. L. SMITH.

OFFICE—Colman's Building, cor. Mill and Commercial Streets.

Office hours, 2 to 5 P. M.

Residence corner Mill and Commercial Sts.

O. JACOBS,

*Attorney and Counselor at Law.*

Office in building formerly occupied by Larabee and Hanford, near Occidental Hotel. Business promptly attended to.

C. H. LARRABEE.

C. H. HANFORD.

LARRABEE & HANFORD.

*Attorneys-at-Law.*

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H. G. STRUVE.

JOHN LEARY.

STRUVE & LEARY,

*Attorneys-at-Law.*

SEATTLE, W. T.

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Jas. McNAUGHT.

Jos. F. McNAUGHT

McNAUGHT BROS.

*Attorneys-at-Law.*

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Office on First Floor in Colman's Brick Block. Entrance on Commercial Street.

BERIAH BROWN, Jr.

*Attorney-at-Law,*

SNOHOMISH, W. T.

S. C. HYDE,

*Attorney and Counselor at Law.*

SEATTLE, W. T.

Office on Commercial street, west side.

R. T. FLYNN.

J. S. ANDERSON.

FLYNN & ANDERSON.

ADELPHI

SALOON.

Opposite Yesler's Hall, Seattle.

## Independent Candidate

FOR

### TREASURER.

I hereby announce myself to the citizens of King County an Independent Candidate for Treasurer, and ask the support of their suffrages in the coming election.

I promise to do the best I can to secure my election, and if elected I promise faithfully to discharge the duties of the office.

Seattle, June 12, 1880.

G. F. FRYE.  
30-2m

## DENTISTRY.

DR. J. C. GRASSE, DENTIST. OFFICE over L. P. Smith & Son's Jewellery Store, Sullivan's Block, Seattle. Also Agent for Chickering & Son's celebrated Pianos.

## M. R. MADDOCKS,

Seattle Drug Store,

SEATTLE, W. T.

DRUGS AND CHEMICALS,

TOILET AND FANCY ARTICLES.

SIGN—SEATTLE DRUG STORE.

## North Pacific

### BREWERY.

AUGUST MEHLHORN, PROPRIETOR.

[SUCCESSOR TO M. SCHMIEG.]

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 "R" is in,  
You're on the bill of fare—

IN EVERY STYLE AT THE

## SADDLE ROCK RESTAURANT.

COMMERCIAL STREET,

—AT—

25 Cents Per Plate.

CHAS. KIEL, Proprietor.

## Summons.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE

Third Judicial District of the Territory of Washington, holding Terms at the City of Seattle, in and for the Counties of King and Kitsap.

D. T. WHEELER, Plaintiff,

VS.

GEORGE WHITE, Defendant.

Complaint filed in the County of King, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.—No. 2439.

The United States of America send Greeting, to George White Defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff, in the District Court of the Third Judicial District of the Territory of Washington, holding Terms at the City of Seattle, in the County of King for the Counties of King and Kitsap, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within sixty days or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of the complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court for the foreclosure of a certain Mortgage described in the said complaint, and executed by the said George White, on the 2d day of June, A. D. 1877, to secure the payment of a certain promissory note, dated June 2d, 1877, for the sum of Six Hundred Dollars, gold coin, made by said George White, and payable on the 2d day of June, A. D. 1878, to Charles V. Tompkins, or order, with interest thereon at the rate of two per cent. per month, from date until paid; that the premises conveyed by said Mortgage may be sold and the proceeds applied to the payment of said promissory note, with interest thereon, at the rate aforesaid and costs of suit, and in case such proceeds are not sufficient to pay the same, then to obtain an execution against said George White, for the balance remaining due, and for other and further relief; And you are hereby notified, that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint as above required, the said Plaintiff will take default against you, and apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Witness the Hon. R. S. GREENE, Judge of said Court, and the seal thereof, this 8th day of June, A. D. 1880.

L. S.

JAMES SEAVEY, Clerk.  
By JAMES P. LUDLOW Dep'y.

STRUVE & LEARY, Attorneys for Plaintiff. 29-6

## Democratic Territorial Convention.

After consultation personally and by correspondence with the members of the Territorial Committee, it has been determined to call a Convention of the Democracy of Washington Territory, to meet at KALAMA, on Wednesday, September 15, 1880, at 1 o'clock, P. M., for the purpose of nominating a candidate for Delegate in Congress, and candidates for Prosecuting Attorney in the several Judicial Districts. The following will be the representation of the several counties:

Chehalis.....2	Pierce.....5
Columbia.....8	Spokane.....4
Clallam.....1	Stevens.....2
Clarke.....4	Snohomish.....2
Cowlitz.....3	Skamania.....1
Island.....2	San Juan.....2
Jefferson.....3	Thurston.....6
King.....8	Walla Walla.....8
Kitsap.....2	Wahkiakam.....1
Klickitat.....3	Whatcom.....4
Lewis.....3	Whitman.....4
Mason.....2	Yakima.....3
Pacific.....1	

L. B. NASH, Chairman.

## Gen. Pearson for Hancock.

Gen. Pearson a distinguished Republican citizen of Pittsburg, has taken the stump for Hancock. The following are his letters of resignation of distinguished positions he held in the Republican party:

PITTSBURG, Pa., July 3, 1880.

To Gen. U. S. Grant, Chairman Union Veterans' National Committee:

GENERAL: After seven years' connection with the Union Veteran National Committee, over which you have the honor to preside, I am compelled to tender my resignation as the member from Pennsylvania. I have reluctantly come to the conclusion that the influence of the great historic party is ended and ought to end; that those who pretend to keep up its organization are doing so for office and gain, and that its encouragement of sectional hate is a constant menace to the Union. No permanent issues worthy of being called National issues divide the two parties. Free trade and protection are alike the accident of localities, and hence we find free trade Republicans in the West and East with protective Democrats in the Middle States.—The entire issue that divides the two parties is the issue of hate and usurpation on the side of the Republican party with military dictation at the polls.—Against this dangerous policy the Democratic party has arrayed itself and has chosen for its standard bearer the gallant General Winfield Scott Hancock, who has placed himself squarely on that issue by proclaiming that the right of trial by jury, the habeas corpus, the liberty of the press, the freedom of speech, the natural rights of person and the rights of property must be preserved. In choosing between these two parties I cannot see how a patriot can blunder. Surely every soldier who fought with Hancock to conquer peace will vote with him and for him to make that peace effectual and permanent. Entertaining the highest respect for my fellow Committeemen, and earnestly hoping that they will view this important matter in the light that I do and come to the same conclusion, viz: to vote for Gen. Hancock, I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant.

A. L. PEARSON.

PITTSBURG, July 3, 1880.

W. M. Decamp, Esq., Secretary of City Republican Executive Committee of Pittsburg:

DEAR SIR: Having concluded to support Gen. Hancock for President, I very respectfully tender my resignation as Chairman of the City Republican Executive Committee of Pittsburg's. Entertaining the highest regard for every member of that Committee, I yet conceive it my duty to sever my political connection with the Committee. Very truly yours, A. L. PEARSON.

A "Blue and Gray" Hancock Club has been organized in San Francisco.

## RATS.

### Mrs. Benedict's Remarkable and Valuable Discovery.

It has always been easy for housewives who are troubled with rats to poison them, but the problem has been to induce them to die upon the field of honor, so to speak—to wit, the kitchen floor.—They have usually preferred to retire to their inaccessible retreats in the walls as soon as they have felt the symptoms of arsenical poisoning, and the low state of sanitary science prevailing in their communities is such that poisoned rats are never properly buried or incinerated by their associates. The problem has been how to kill rats without bringing unpleasant odors into the house.

Mrs. Benedict has solved the difficulty and is entitled to the honor we give an inventor and benefactor. She was engaged, it appears, in the domestic manufacture of plaster casts of various kinds. Complaint having been made of the fragility of these wares, Mrs. Benedict began a course of experiments with the hope of giving greater durability to her casts. One of her devices was to mix wheat flour with her pulverized plaster of Paris, so that the gluten of the flour might make the paste less brittle. One evening she had visitors, who rang her door-bell just as she was sifting the mixed plaster for the third time, by way of mixing them intimately as the chemist says. She had already set a dish of water at hand, intending to make a cast at once, and when the door-bell rang she hastily removed her apron and went to welcome her guests, leaving her materials upon the kitchen table. The guests stayed until late bedtime, and when they bade her adieu, Mrs. Benedict went to bed without returning to the kitchen.

What happened in the night was this: A rat, sniffing the odor of flour, made up the legs of the table to the top, where he was speedily joined by other foragers—his brethren. The dish of flour and plaster was easily reached, and the rats ate freely and hastily of it, as it is their custom to do. It was rather a dry supper, and water being at hand, each rat turned from the savory dish of flour and plaster to slack his thirst with water.—Everybody who has had to do with plaster of Paris will guess at once what happened. The water drank first wetted the plaster in the rat's stomachs, and then, in technical phrase, "set" it; that is to say, the plaster grew hard in each rat's stomach, making a cast of all its convolutions. The event proved that with such a cast in existence, it is impossible for a rat to retreat even across a kitchen.

The next morning thirteen of them lay dead in a circle around the water dish. Mrs. Benedict, like a wise woman, kept her secret and made profit of it. She undertook, for a consideration, to clear the premises of her neighbors of the pests, and succeeded. It was not long before the town was as free of this sort of vermin as it the piper of Hamelin had traveled that way. Then Mrs. Benedict advertised for agents to work up the business throughout the country, selling each the secret for a fair price.—N. Y. Evening Post.

WIFE OF GEN. HANCOCK.—Mrs. Hancock, the wife of the General, is a few years his junior in age, and as a woman is as imposing in appearance as he is as a man. Tall and well proportioned, with a most winsome smile, a manner that puts you at your ease at once, and a pair of eyes that animate every line of a handsome face, she is still a beauty, although her hair is becoming streaked with gray. She was married when the General was but a young Lieutenant doing duty in the far West. It was entirely a love match, and neither of them have since regretted it—in fact, their home is one of the happiest imaginable. Mrs. Hancock has always been opposed to her husband becoming a candidate for the Presidency, and she is even above the weakness of

wishing to be mistress of the White House. She dreads the worry of the canvass, and if her husband is elected she thinks that the honor which the position brings will be dearly purchased by the renunciation of all domestic life for four years to come, and of his position as Senior Major-General, and his chances of soon becoming Chief of the Army. While she prefers her own home existence, however, there is no one better qualified to play the hostess on a grand scale than she. A society belle, even after her marriage, she has all the self confidence and resources needed to entertain the most varied company. There is nothing in the range of conversation about which she does not know something. Her greatest charm, however, is—and it is the General's also—the art of making every individual atom feel as if he was the one sole object of her attentions.—N. Y. Graphic.

## An Old-Fashioned Girl.

She flourished thirty or forty years ago. She was a little girl until she was fifteen. She used to help her mother wash the dishes and keep the kitchen tidy, and she had an ambition to make pies so nicely that papa could not tell the difference between them and mamma's; and she would try griddle cakes at ten years of age, and darn her own stocking before she was twelve, to say nothing of knitting them herself.

She never said "I can't," and "I don't want to," to her mother, when asked to leave her play and run up stairs or down on an errand, because she had not been brought up in that way.

She arose in the morning when she was called, and went out into the garden and saw the dew on the grass, and if she lived in the country, she fed the chickens and hunted up the eggs for breakfast.

We do not suppose she had her hair in curl papers or crimping-pins, or had it "banged" over her forehead and her flourishes were no trouble to her.

She learned to sew by making patchwork, and we dare say she could do an "over and over" seam as well as ninetenths of the grown-up women do now-a-days.

The old-fashioned little girl did not grow into a young lady and talk about her beaux before she was in her teens, and was not fancying a hero in every plow-boy she met.

She learned the solid accomplishments as she grew up. She was taught the art of cooking and house-keeping. When she got a husband she knew how to cook him a dinner.

A THRILLING STORY.—Foreign papers get localities in this country sadly mixed up, and occasionally publish some startling tales. Sangalli, the danseuse, is now doing Europe, and is in Paris. She has evidently been putting up a job on a newspaper man. She makes herself the heroine of the following thrilling tale:

Once, when a manageress of a traveling circus in the wilds of Ohio, she was suddenly attacked by a band of savage Sioux Indians, led by Sitting Bull. Everybody fled, and all was consternation and despair, many persons being drowned in the tempestuous waves of the Amazon.—Suddenly this heroine sprang upon an unsaddled horse, rallied round her P. T. Barnum and a few other of her employes, and with a revolver in hand attacked and dispersed the murderous red devils. Kansas City awarded her a commemorative medal, and Col. Buffalobill, of Lieut. Gen. Sheridan's staff knelt at her feet and offered her his hand and fortune.

The Oregon Railway and Navigation company has performed a very creditable act in allowing the wife of the late Commodore Connor, long in the employ of that corporation, a pension of \$100 per month, during her widowhood.

Rev. M. S. Hunt, pastor of the Congregational church at South Vernon, Mich., committed suicide recently in Galesburg.

**Remember What You Say.**

Remember what you say, my friend,  
For the day will surely come,  
And every promise that you make  
To memory will return.  
For other minds shall hold them well,  
And if thou shouldst prove untrue,  
'Twill cause regret in future days,  
When the promise then you rue.

Remember what you say, my friend;  
It will save you many tears;  
And it will give me joy to know  
You can be faithful for years.  
Then you and I can each rejoice,  
And your faith, as well as mine,  
Shall stronger grow, and ever bright,  
Through each dreary day shall shine.

Remember what you say, my friend;  
Never trifle with the heart;  
It may turn and ever scorn thee,  
Make your own with sadness smart.  
Let conscience guide you in the way  
You would have all others go,  
Then hope will build a monument  
That no time can overthrow.

—Waverley.

**The Lost Invention.**

BY W. D. ROBERTS.

On a certain street in the city of L— stood the palatial residence of the renowned Prof. G— which, on the evening our sketch opens, was brilliantly illuminated. In the large drawing-room a number of gentlemen were assembled. After listening with some amusement to the many inquiries and surmises of his guests, at length Prof. G— spoke.

"Gentlemen," he said, "of what you are to see or hear to-night none are more ignorant than myself. I know only this; some evenings since, as I was in my study, a visitor was announced. Directing the servant to show him to my library, I presently repaired thither, and was met by a stranger, who impressed me as being a man of intellect. After a few commonplace remarks, he informed me that he had made a most wonderful discovery which he did not care just then to explain, but would like the honor of meeting some of my scientific friends, when he would make a test of his invention. His manner so impressed me that I acceded to this, and appointed to-night as the time of meeting."

At this moment the door bell was heard to ring, and Prof. G— prepared to receive his guests. As the door opened, there entered a person who, after shaking hands with Prof. G—, placed a small box on a table in the center of the room, and advanced to the fire. He appeared to be a man some fifty years of age. His hair was iron-gray, while the thick beard which covered his face was almost black. An ordinary observer could tell from his countenance, and especially from his cold gray eyes, that he was a man of great ingenuity. Advancing to the table in the center of the room, he took from the box a small, circular, metal plate, through which ran two wires projecting some three or four feet on either side. Holding it up to the inspection of the audience, he spoke as follows:

"Most of you gentlemen are possessors of that knowledge of science of which I am utterly ignorant. I have come into the possession of a secret which, it seems to me, will revolutionize the scientific world. I have not as yet discovered the direct cause of the effect of which I will presently make you sensible. To-morrow I intend to write what I know concerning it, and deposit it in some safe place, so that should any accident befall me, that benefit of my discovery will not be lost to the world. But you seem impatient, and I will proceed. I have reason to think that with this little instrument I am enabled to almost entirely destroy the weight of any body to which I attach it; in other words, I can temporarily overcome the laws of gravitation."

As these words fell from the lips of the speaker, a smile of incredulity flitted over the faces of his audience.

"You appear to doubt what I say," he continued, "but I will presently demonstrate what, if not true, will at least puzzle you to explain."

With these words the speaker attached the wires of the instrument to a chair standing near him. By retaining his hand under the metal plate alluded to, he moved the chair through the atmosphere with the utmost ease, as though it were indeed weightless. At length, detaching the wire from the chair, it fell to the floor with a crash. He then applied the instrument to the piano, and other objects in the room, with the same result.

"I will now make a test that I think far more wonderful than any other that I have as yet made."

He then wrapped the wires around his neck and arms. Springing lightly from the floor, by merely placing his fingers upon the different objects in the room, wonderful as it may seem, he moved through the atmosphere without the least exertion. Finally he detached the instrument from his person, and for a moment seemed quite giddy, almost falling. Placing the instrument in the box, he continued,

"You are no doubt puzzled by what you have seen. I can assure you it is no trickery or legerdemain. The charm lies in the instrument alone. I desire to meet you all again on to-night

week, when we may make some further experiments, and discuss the merits and your explanations of the instrument. I can trust to your honor not to disclose what you have seen to any one at present."

During the remarks of the stranger, his audience listened with the most marked attention, and observed his actions with the most intense interest.

Among those present was an Italian, a person who had recently arrived in L—, and who, by his genial, engaging manners, and familiarity with learned subjects, had induced himself into the friendship of Prof. G—. Hence his presence here. During the experiments of the stranger this person seemed ill at ease, sometimes even starting from his chair as he described some different powers of his invention. His countenance changed from an open, intellectual expression to an expression of intense jealousy and envy.

The wind had driven away the snow clouds, and the moon now shed its mellow light over the city. Along a deserted street fronting the river, a muffled figure trod the snow-covered pavement, seemingly in deep meditation. Some distance behind there followed another figure, closely muffled, dodging along in the shadows as though he desired his presence unknown. Out upon the bridge that spanned the broad river, now filled with ice, walked the figure in advance, closely followed. Near the center of the bridge, he paused and leaned against the railing. At this moment a passing cloud obscured the moon. The figure peered into the darkness below, where could be heard the rushing waters and crashing ice. A deep toned bell in a neighboring spire tolled forth the hour of midnight.

"What a time and place to die!" muttered the figure.

A step was heard behind him, he half turned, and received the blade of a poniard in his breast. He sank to the floor of the bridge with a smothered groan.

The assassin bent over the lifeless body of his victim, and presently arose with a small box closely clenched in his hand. With an effort he raised the body and cast it over the rail. It struck the water with a splash, and all was still save the rushing of the river. The murderer walked swiftly, stealthily away, and upon the bloody pages of the history of crime was written another scene of horror.

On a low chair sat the figure of a man, his attention riveted upon some object he held in his hand. On his face were the deep, furrowed lines of weariness and care. An expression of remorse was upon his countenance.

"I can't find it," he muttered, time, and again, and still worked eagerly on.

He became more excited, and walked the floor with a quick, nervous tread. He laid the instrument he had held in his hand aside, and seemed in deep meditation. Thus he sat for perhaps an hour. Presently he arose.

"I'll do it!" he said. "The world shall never know my secret, nor my guilt."

He went to a desk, opened a drawer and took out a pistol. Deliberately he examined it, then placed it to his forehead, pulled the trigger, and sent a bullet crashing through his brain. Seavants rushed in and found him upon the floor, dead—weltering in his own blood, the author of his own as well as another's destruction. A servant saw a metal plate upon the table and carelessly threw it into the fire-place, little knowing the wonderful secret it contained.

Thus it was that a wonderful discovery was lost to the world—a discovery that would have indeed worked miracles. By it, freight and passengers might have been transported across the broadest river, the heaviest ships might have been moved from the water to the docks in the space of a minute, houses could have been lifted from their foundations and moved with ease to any distance—the monuments of ages, the catacombs of Egypt, might be transported across the seas and set in the public places of our cities. Truly it was a loss never to be repaired, unless the old maxim is sustained, "What has been done can be done."

While a quiet family were seated around the hearthstone, the various professions which are open for a man of ability came up for discussion, a large majority of the children expressing a decided preference for a snug sinecure, where the work was unimportant and the salary excessive. One of the children said, "Well, I should like to sit on the roof all my days, and have nothing to do, just like Joseph in Egypt." Very naturally the attention of the family was excited by the remark, and the boy was asked to explain himself. He at once quoted the passage "And Pharaoh put Joseph over his house." "There," he said, "that's what I should like—to sit on the roof, and have a large salary."

The railroad system is extending rapidly in Japan, two lines having been recently completed in the island of Nippon, and a third in the island of Yesso, the most northerly of the Japanese group. The rails are of English make, but the rolling-stock and engines have been ordered in America. The first two engines are to be named Benkei and Yoshitaze, after two celebrated early Japanese heroes. It is the first order of the kind that has been given by Japan to American houses.

Montreal illuminates its harbor with the electric light.

progress north the greater the immunity the inhabitants enjoy from the disease, and very far north consumption is either extremely rare or altogether unknown. In the bleakest, coldest and most exposed portions of the globe, and where sudden and severe changes of the atmosphere hold to a maximum, consumption is very infrequent. Indeed, so true is this that we are forced to the conclusion that extreme cold is inimical to the production of consumption. The primary effect of a cold climate is increased demand for oxygen; tissue changes take place more rapidly, together with the products of increased tissue metamorphosis. To meet this increased demand on the economy, more food is taken, the digestive power and appetite are increased, and all the processes which govern organic nutrition are improved. The processes of absorption, secretion, sanguification, assimilation, respiration and circulation are carried on much more actively than in warm climates. Cold, whether it be water or climatic, is well known to be a powerful tonic. That increased oxidation of the tissues takes place in a cold climate is shown by the increased carbonic acid which is thrown off from the lungs. The most robust health is maintained where consecutive and destructive metamorphosis of tissue is most actively carried on, and it is the fair balance of this process of destruction and reparation which constitutes the phenomena of life. The effects of heat on the system are much the opposite of those of cold. Heat is relaxing and enervating. Oxidation of the tissues is greatly lessened when the body is in an atmosphere warmer than itself. The effect of humidity combined with heat is not only immediately harmful and dangerous, but is very likely even to give rise to the tuberculous cachexy through suppression of cutaneous transpiration.

Out of the vast accumulation of facts with regard to climate, there are some upon which the profession are agreed. Among these is that of altitude. Careful investigation of this matter made by competent and trustworthy men, both in this country and in Europe, clearly indicates the importance of altitude in the climatic treatment of consumption. There is much more ozone in the higher than in the lower strata of the atmosphere, and that this is exceedingly valuable in the climatic treatment of phthisis is clearly indicated. Ozone possesses high oxidizing power and purifies the atmosphere by chemically uniting with the products of decomposition. It destroys organisms by combining with them. It also promotes nutrition and blood changes by supplying to the respiratory organs a most active form of oxygen.

A careful study of the facts adduced in his paper, leads Dr. Jones to the following conclusions: 1. No zone enjoys entire immunity from pulmonary consumption. 2. The popular belief that phthisis is common in cold climates is fallacious; and the idea now so prevalent that phthisis is rare in warm climates is as untrue as it is dangerous. 3. The disease causes a larger proportion of deaths on the sea-shore—the mortality diminishing with elevation up to a certain point. 4. Altitude is inimical to the development of consumption, owing chiefly to the greater purity of the atmosphere in elevated situations, its freedom from organic matter, and its richness in ozone. 5. Moisture arising from a clay soil or due to evaporation, is one of the most influential factors in its production. 6. Dampness of the atmosphere, from whatever cause or in any altitude, predisposes to the development of the disease, and is hurtful to those already attacked. 7. Dryness is a quality of the atmosphere of decided value. 8. The most unfavorable climate possible for a consumptive is one of uniform high temperature and of high dew point (warm and moist.) 9. The effects due to change in the atmosphere are by no means so pernicious as are generally supposed, and upon this subject present views require modification.

In conclusion, Dr. Jones adverts to the influence exerted upon consumptives by the climate of Minnesota; and, after pointing out the various facts relating to its geographical position, altitude, geology, character and configuration of its soil, and other physical aspects, gives it as his conviction that those predisposed to the disease, or laboring under its first stages, are likely to be benefited or cured by a residence in that State. Between the pleasant rolling prairie, the wooded lake region and the dense pine forests of the north-western section of the State they can choose what seems most agreeable and best adapted to them; while the dry, bracing atmosphere will enable them to live much of the time out of doors without fear of taking cold, the latter feature being one of the greatest charms of the climate. The author strongly insists, however, on the utility of sending phthisical patients to Minnesota who are in the advanced stages of the disease. Where the stage of ulceration and excavation has been reached, this climate does positive harm, although there are numerous exceptions to this rule.

"Drinkwater is dead at last," remarked Jonesbury as he entered the house the other evening. "Oh, dear!" exclaimed Mrs. J.; "but then his widow is left comfortable. He's well, off, isn't he?" "He is now," replied Jonesbury with an emphasis on the "now," that Mrs. Jonesbury didn't more than like.—[Boston Transcript.

**Female Priests in Africa.**

One of the most singular customs of Grewhe, says an African traveler, is the admission of females into the order of priesthood. A young female, generally the daughter of a fetiche man, or priest, is selected for the purpose, who undergoes a probationary penance that continues six months previous to her admission into holy orders. During this period she is initiated by the priests into all the mysteries and chicanery of the religion of their forefathers, which consisted of the worship of the black and white snake, and in the mummery of giving sanctity to bones, rags, etc.

When she appears in public during the period of her probation, her manner is grave and solemn; her skin is painted with a kind of white clay; rows of shells, of various forms and sizes, are hung upon her neck, arms and ankles; and her loins are girt with long grass, which reaches to her knees. A dwelling is provided for her, in which she eats and sleeps alone, and into which none are admitted but fetiche men and women.

At the expiration of six months, a large assemblage of men, women and children, accompanied by the various orders of priesthood, and the musicians belonging to the town, takes place in an open space of ground, to assist at, and also to witness, the last grand ceremony. Soon after assembling the women form a circle by joining hands, among whom are the companions of the novitiate's youth, and also her relatives, who commence dancing circularly, reversing the movements alternately, after making one complete circle. The dancing is accompanied by the most barbarous and horrid din imaginable, caused by the musicians beating on drums, tom-toms, gongs, and blowing-horns manufactured out of elephants' teeth and reeds; to which are added the most strange and uncouth grimaces and contortions of the faces and bodies of the priests, so that a spectator might easily imagine them to be a number of maniacs, who had been turned loose to give effect to the ceremony; and were it not for the presence of the little children, who look on with fear and astonishment depicted in their countenances, would be no bad representation of Pandemonium.

The novitiate, soon after dancing commences, is brought out, by apparent force, from a little hut which had concealed her from the spectators, and placed in the center of the circle formed, from which she endeavors to escape to the hut whence she had been brought, and this she is allowed to accomplish. This ceremony is repeated three times. An incantation is then delivered by the chief priests, and the farce ends.

One of the chief conditions by which a female is admitted into the order of priesthood is that of leading a life of celibacy, and renouncing the pleasures of the world; and but few are permitted to enter it at all.

**The Prince Consort's View of Death.**

It was characteristic of the Prince Consort that he contemplated the prospect of death with an equanimity by no means common in men of his years. This was owing to no indifference or distaste for life. He enjoyed it, and was happy and cheerful in his work, in his family circle, in loving thoughtfulness for others, and in the sweet returns of affection which this brought back to himself. But he had none of the strong yearning for life and fullness of years which is felt by those who shrink from looking beyond "the warm precincts of the genial day" into a strange and uncertain future. He had no wish to die, but he did not care for living. Not long before his fatal illness, in speaking to the queen, he said, "I do not cling to life. You do; but I set no store by it. If I knew that those I loved were well cared for, I should be quite ready to die to-morrow." In the same conversation he added: "I am sure, if I had a severe illness, I should give up at once, I should not struggle for life. I have no tenacity of life." This was said without a trace of sadness: he was content to stay, if such were Heaven's will; he was equally ready to go hence, should that will be otherwise. Death in his view was but the portal to a further life, in which he might hope for a continuance, under happier conditions, of all that was best in himself and in those he loved, unclogged by the weaknesses, and unsaddened by the failures, the misunderstandings, the sinfulness and the sorrows of earthly existence. "This spirit," the queen writes in a memorandum in 1862, "this beautiful, cheerful spirit it was which made him always happy, always contented, though he felt so deeply and so acutely when others did wrong, and when people did not do their duty; it was this power he had of taking interest in everything, attending to everything, which prompted those blessed feelings about eternity. He was ready to live, ready to die, not because I wish to be happier, as he often remarked, but because he was quite ready to go. He did not do what was right for the sake of a reward hereafter, but as he always said, 'because it was right.'"—From Vol. 5 of Mr. Martin's "Life."

Response to an invitation to lend \$5— "It is impossible, sir. It is in total opposition to the instructions and would be a serious infraction of the unwritten law."—*Elmira Free Press.*

A thieving boy, who the other day was apprehended for stealing a pigeon, said he took it for a lark.

**The Admiral and the Father.**

Probably few governors have ever been placed in such a trying position as that in which Governor Desha, of Kentucky, found himself shortly after his accession to office. His only son was tried and convicted of murder. The melancholy event made it necessary for the governor to decide between signing his son's death-warrant or his pardon.

Two or three weeks subsequent to the trial Judge Bushrod Washington, of the United States Supreme Court, was chatting with a number of lawyers at Trenton. One of them remarked that the governor was placed in a sad difficulty.

"Do you really think his position a difficult one?" asked the judge.

"Certainly. What, as an upright judge, would you do in such a case?" "Do! Do you doubt, sir, what I would do?" replied the judge, with vehement energy. "Why, sir, I would pardon him at once. The time has long gone by when it was deemed either honorable or natural to play the Roman father."

This anecdote was recalled by an incident which exhibits the late Admiral Farragut as subordinating the feelings of a father to the judgment of a commander.

A short time before the admiral's fleet made the memorable attempt to pass the batteries at Port Hudson, in which only the Hartford and one gunboat succeeded, his son, an only child, visited his father on board the Hartford.

All hands knew that the passage would be hot work. An hour or two before the attack, the fleet surgeon, Mr. Foltz, requested the admiral to permit his son to assist him (the surgeon) below with the wounded. The son was not in the service, and had everything to lose and nothing to gain by exposure on the deck. The surgeon, therefore, thought it exceedingly proper that he should be in the most protected part of the ship.

Admiral Farragut listened patiently to the request. But the reply was a decided refusal.

"No, that will not do. True, my only child is on board by chance, and he is not in the service. But, being here, he will act as one of my aids, and we will trust in Providence."

The surgeon also made the same suggestion to the son. "I want to be stationed on deck and see the fight," was his answer.

As the ship neared the batteries, the admiral, who was standing on the poop-deck, became, for a moment, the anxious father. He took from his pocket a piece of hempen rope, about a yard in length, to which was fastened a wooden cross-piece.

In the most affectionate manner, he showed his son how quickly the rope could be passed round a wounded limb and twisted tightly by the cross-piece. After this practical lesson as to the mode of using a tourniquet and staunching a wound, the father retired, and the admiral resumed sway.

We are inclined to the belief that Admiral Farragut could have played the Roman father if duty had called for the part.

**Cold Climates in the Treatment of Consumption.**

No subject perhaps has received a greater share of attention from the medical profession than that of the proper method of treating consumption; and a more important subject has never enlisted the consideration of scientific men; for, of all the diseases with which mankind is afflicted, tuberculous consumption is perhaps the most serious, and, excluding epidemics, causes the greatest proportion of deaths. Indeed, statistics show that of the 968,909,000 people inhabiting the globe, 3,000,000 die each year of this dread disease. In view of this fact, Dr. Talbot Jones has prepared and published in the current number of the *New York Medical Journal*, an elaborate paper to show that, of all the resources at our command in warding off this malady where a predisposition to it exists, or in the combating it when once established, dependence alone can be placed on climate. When we begin to inquire into the character and comparative merits of climates, he remarks, we are at once struck with the fallacy of the doctrine, which has obtained for generations, that the disease is more frequent in cold than in warm latitudes. Just the reverse of this is true. If there is anything with reference to climate which is definitely settled, it is the fact that phthisis is vastly more common in warm, tropical countries than in cold latitudes.

From an extensive series of data, it has been shown that the farther we

Iowa and twenty other States of the Union have a constitutional provision requiring a previous residence in the county or township as a qualification for voting. Indiana is one of the States that have not such a provision, and it is proposed to amend the Constitution in this regard. It is a strange omission from the safeguards of the ballot box. It deprives but an inconsiderable number from the right to vote at any election and lessens the opportunity for fraudulent voting. There is no demand whatever for the removal of the limitation in Iowa.—*Hawkeye.*

The saddest, the most pathetic utterances are the utterances of men who with the farthest and subtlest reach of thought grasp only negatives. A man can no more live on negatives than he can live on stones, a negative creed is the creed of death.—Prof. BROWN.

Wit and Humor.

A STRAIGHT "TIP." — Tramp: "Whose 'ouse is this, sir?" Gardener: "Squire Noakes's."

An observing five-year old boy inquired of his mother, recently: "Do men love tobacco, mamma?"

A worthy couple in a Massachusetts town had lost their only daughter, and were deeply depressed.

Professor Geiger sat in an easy chair on the deck looking very pale. The compassionate captain asked how he felt.

The Rev. Mr. A. was more prominent in his day for the brilliancy of his imagination than for the force of his logic.

She was a Boston lady of culture. She stood watching a canal-boat loaded with ice as it was being locked into the canal from Lake Champlain.

"What is that boat loaded with?" she asked.

"Ice," was the reply. "Oh, my!" she exclaimed in surprise; "if the horrid stuff should melt, the water would sink the boat!"

THE RIGHT OIL.—The Latin term for cod-liver oil is oleum jecoris aselli. A doctor prescribed it for an old lady the other day, and, as usual, in his prescription abbreviated the terms, which read "R. Ole. Jec. As., oz. iii."

Old Tom Purdie, Sir Walter Scott's favorite attendant, once said: "They are five novels of yours, Sir Walter; they are just invaluable to me."

Professor: "Can you multiply together concrete numbers?" The class are uncertain. Professor: "What will be the product of five apples multiplied by six potatoes?"

A cook complained to her mistress that the page-boy, "George," directly the dishes were removed from the table, picked from them all the "tid-bits."

A French military student, home for his Christmas holidays, wished to do a little shooting. Accordingly he possessed himself of his father's gun, dog and permis de chasser.

How HE CAUGHT HIM.—Dana Krum, one of the conductors on the Erie Railroad, was approached before train time by an unknown man who spoke to him as if he had known him for years.

"Yes," said he, as he pulled out a watch, "it is twenty minutes past nine."

The Overrated Ant.

Now and then, while we rested, we watched the laborious ant at his work. I found nothing new in him—certainly nothing to change my opinion of him.

He makes his capture, as I have said; it is generally something which can be of no sort of use to himself or anybody else; it is usually seven times bigger than it ought to be; he hunts out the awkwardest place to take hold of it; he lifts it bodily up in the air by main force, and starts—not toward home, but in the opposite direction; not calmly and wisely, but with a frantic haste, which is wasteful of his strength; he fetches up against a pebble, and instead of going around it he climbs over it backwards, dragging his booty after him, tumbles down the other side, jumps up in a passion, kicks the dust of his clothes, moistens his hand, grabs his property viciously, yanks it this way, then that, shoves it ahead of him a moment, turns tail and lugs it after him another moment, gets madder and madder, then presently hoists it into the air and goes tearing away in an entirely new direction; comes to a weed; it never occurs to him to go around it. No, his must climb it, and he does climb it, dragging his worthless property to the top—which is as bright a thing to do as it would be for me to carry a sack of flour from Heidelberg to Paris by way of Strasburg steeple; when he gets up there he finds that that is not the place; takes a cursory glance at the scenery, and either climbs down again or tumbles down, and starts off once more, as usual, in a new direction.

At the end of half an hour he fetches up within six inches of the place he started from, and lays his burden down. Meantime he has been all over the ground for two yards around, and climbed all the weeds and pebbles he came across. Now he wipes the sweat from his brow, strokes his limbs, and then marches aimlessly off, in as violent a hurry as ever. He traverses a good deal of zigzag country, and by and by stumbles on his same booty again. He does not remember to have ever seen it before; he looks around to see which is not the way home; grabs his bundle and starts. He goes through the same adventures he had before, finally stops to rest, and a friend comes along. Evidently the friend remarks that a last year's grasshopper leg is a very noble acquisition, and inquires where he got it. Evidently the proprietor does not remember exactly where he did get it, but thinks he got it "around here somewhere."

The spots on Jupiter don't trouble some young men half as much as the spots on their last summer trousers. The cashier of an Eastern bank ran away with all the funds and the directors placarded the door "No Cashier."

A young married man plowing, his wife hoeing, and his baby sleeping in the fence corner in a cradle is what a gentleman saw near Hartwell, Ga., recently.

The remarkable surgical feat known as the "Caesarean Operation" has recently been performed at Baltimore. The child is living, but the mother is dead.

The Making of Bells.

Only two metals are now used in large bells, tin and copper. The Belgians use twenty-three to thirty per cent of tin; the English lean to more tin, twenty-five to thirty per cent. Tin makes the bell sound bright, but it also makes it brittle, and the reason why the English can afford to put in more of this brittle element is because they make their bells thicker as a rule; and the reason why they are made thicker is, that instead of being merely chimed they are swung around on a wheel, which brings the hammer with great force upon the bell.

If we treated the delicate Belgian bells in this rough fashion we should probably crack them, though if it were known that they would be swung, the Belgian makers could doubtless thicken them to order; they are not meant in Belgium to be whacked like big drums, but to be struck with hammers from pp to ff, like a piano-forte. They resonate more easily than English bells, requiring a gentler stroke to elicit their full tone. In a word, the Belgian bell is a musical note, not a gong or a drum. Secondly, the thickness and proportions of the bell are of the utmost importance. Bells vary from 1 1/5 to 1 1/2 of the diameter at the thickest part of the sound-bow, and the height is commonly about twelve times the thickness. English bells are, roughly, as broad as they are long, if you measure diameter from outside rim to rim, and length from rim to top of cannon.

But in truth, the thickness of the bell at different levels is all-important. The thickness near the top is as important as that of the sound-bow, and the diameter of the crown as critical a dimension as that of the rim. The deep, rich tone (in proportion to size) of the smaller Belgian bells is probably largely due to the wide top diameter, combined with the thinness in certain portions of the sides half-way down. The way in which altering the thickness affects the tone, and even the pitch of a bell, is shown by the fact that a sharp bell can be flattened by shaving off the metal inside above the sound-bow; and Mr. Lewis tells me that he has destroyed beats by scooping the bell elsewhere until they disappeared at a certain point, but that on continuing to scoop they reappeared.

All this shows how purely tentative and experimental is at present the art of bell founding in England. In Belgium it is not scientific, but empirical, the accumulated experience of ages. A certain tact or rule of thumb takes the place of science; rules there must be founded on principles, but the masters cannot explain their secrets of success. They produce the work of art, others are left to discover the laws they have obeyed. When we have analyzed their methods, we may be able to make their bells. So thought the Germans when they measured and analyzed Raphael and Tintoret, and produced the correct but lifeless banalities of Ary Scheffer; so thought Vaillat when he imitated the very worm-holes in the Amatis, but for all that the French fiddles are not Amatis. It may turn out that in the making of rich musical bells like these of Van Aerschoot, there is something which cannot be taught—the instinct, the incommunicable touch.

All Sorts.

A man may be right and yet be left.

'Tis very easy to re-cover an old umbrella.

The jockey leans on a 2:40 gait.—[Boston Transcript.]

Every tramp carries a roamin' nose.—[Quincy Modern Argo.]

The civil engineer would like to be monarch of all he surveys.

Pas Encore—A stepfather.—[New York Commercial Advertiser.]

Croquet, says the Boston Commercial Bulletin, will be popular this season, notwithstanding that it is played out.

Jackson—"But say, who gave away the bride?" Jones—"I forgot; but at any rate it was a perfect give-away."—[New York Herald.]

The need of many an editor, From long time immemorial, Is a pair of double action shears That can write an editorial.

—[Hackensack Republican.]

The spots on Jupiter don't trouble some young men half as much as the spots on their last summer trousers.—[New York Herald.]

The cashier of an Eastern bank ran away with all the funds and the directors placarded the door "No Cashier."—[Philadelphia Herald.]

When Webster said "there is always room at the top," he was not referring to the advertising page of a daily newspaper.—[Bridgeton News.]

No man, for any considerable period, can wear one face to himself, and another to the multitude, without finally getting bewildered as to which may be the truer.

A certain junior has at last discovered one advantage in the faculty. He says that they write to his parents so often that it saves him the trouble.—[Yale Courant.]

A touch of nature—Paterfamilias asks his daughter, apropos of an aspirant for her hand: "By the way; is he well educated?" "Well educated? I should say so—at times!"

A western newspaper announces that "a young lady with a taste for painting can in six weeks decorate a room so fully that a visitor is bothered to know whether it is a private house or a faro bank."

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**Official Ignorance.**

Of the hundreds of thousands of dollars appropriated by the present Congress for the improvement of rivers and harbors in Oregon and Washington Territory, the latter, with more miles of navigable rivers, more seaboard, more harbors and more tonnage employed in its ocean commerce than Oregon, gets \$3000 only for its own exclusive use; and this may be taken as the measure of the influence and sagacity of Delegate Brents. This \$3,000 was appropriated ostensibly for the improvement of the Skagit river. Major Gillespie, engineer in charge of the works, has reported to the Department projects for carrying on the same, which have been approved. With reference to the Skagit river, in Washington Territory, he says it is impossible to state how the appropriation should be applied. An immense raft near the head has long obstructed it. If the raft could be cut so that boats could get through on favorable tides, it would be navigable for fifty miles for boats drawing from 4 1/2 to 6 feet. He recommends an examination, and if it can be done, he proposes that experienced axemen, under the direction of superintendents, shall open a channel by day's labor. The work cannot be done by contract, as it is impossible to prepare specifications. It should be done at low water which occurs in August and September.

We thank Congress, Major Gillespie and our Delegate for nothing. Major Gillespie's head-quarters are at Portland. Twelve hours running time, by railroad and steamboat, would have brought him to Seattle, where he could take passage by steam boat to the head of navigation on the Skagit river three or four times a week; which is a delightful trip to the tourist and a journey of imperative duty to the superintending engineer before reporting upon a matter of public expenditure for an object of which he is manifestly profoundly ignorant. Though we are aware that the course he has adopted is that usually practiced in carrying on Government jobs in Territories; the vouchers for the expenditures being considered the only thing requisite.

If Major Gillespie had made a personal examination, he would have found no raft in the Skagit, or any other obstruction to navigation; and he would have found five well appointed steamers plying regularly between Seattle and the head of navigation on that river, seventy (instead of fifty) miles above its mouth, profitably engaged in the transportation of freight and passengers, with settlements of farms and villages where there was neither access by roads nor by water before the rafts were removed. He would have learned upon inquiry that the removal of those rafts—the cost of which was estimated by a Government engineer at \$10,000—was accomplished by "a party of experienced axmen," by their own labor, without the aid of a dollar from the Government, or from any other source, except some voluntary contributions of supplies, from other citizens who recognized the importance of the work, and had for years vainly sought aid from Congress to that end.

Had Delegate Brents given as much attention to the interests of his constituents as he gave to party matters in which he had no interest but to magnify himself, he might have had this beggarly appropriation, which cannot now be used for any practical purpose, turned to the account of the laboring men who did the work for which they received no remuneration from the Government, and for which their petition was on file at Washington; or he might have had it applied to the removal of rafts in the Nooksack, by which another fine agricultural region would be opened to settlement. But either through ignorance or willful negligence, he allowed the pittance wrung from the shame of Congress to fail of its object. This is a specimen of the way in which our interests are served by the General Government.

**A CHINESE CITY.**—The total population of Astoria and Upper Astoria, Oregon, according to the recent census, is 5,721, of which number 2,098 are Chinese. Of the male adults, the Chinese outnumber the whites more than two to one. If a Congress agreeing in sentiment

with Mr. Garfield, should pass an act conferring the right of suffrage upon the Chinese, their votes would control Clatsop county and hold the balance of power between the two parties of the State.—Then would the people of Oregon begin to have some comprehension of the condition of many parishes in Louisiana and other Southern States, where plantation negroes of less average intelligence than the Chinese, constitute majorities of the legal voters. The only pretext upon which Mr. Hayes holds the office of President of the United States is, that a portion of the voters of that class were intimidated and not allowed to cast their votes for the Republican candidates. No one pretends that he was elected by a majority of the white votes.

**The Gospel of Love.**

A friend has sent us a slip from a Chicago paper, containing a report of the proceedings on "Decoration Day," under the auspices of Whittier Post, G. A. R., commanded by Capt. Howard, at the Oakwood's Cemetery, where are buried many Confederates, who died at Camp Douglas when held as prisoners of war. The exercises were opened with the reading of the post ritual by Capt. Howard. This was followed by vocal music, the Lumbard quartette signing "Texting on the Old Camp Ground." The Post Chaplain, Rev. T. H. Lawrence, offered a prayer, after which Capt. Eugene Brownell, the man who killed the man who killed Col. Ellsworth, recited an original poem. Then there was more singing by the quartette, and after that C. S. Thornton, Esq., delivered a short address commemorative of those who fell in the great struggle. Referring to the Confederate dead, the speaker said:

"What shall I say of those whose cause was lost? Their cause we deemed misguided, but their generous natures, their valor and steadfastness of purpose in pursuit of what they thought was right, never will be questioned. Their courage was recognized on many a well-fought battle field. Pay a tribute to it. Remember how we fought together under the old flag fifteen years before at Buena Vista, Cerro Gordo and Monterey; just as long years ago their and our ancestors fought together at Princeton and Bunker Hill. Forgive their one error. Divide your flowers with them, and if by any chance a larger share shall fall to them, it will but strengthen those ties which now bind the blue and the gray together."

Compare these sentiments of forgiveness, love and fraternal affection, uttered by a soldier in relation a conquered enemy, with those uttered by a Christian minister, in this city, on the same day, upon a like occasion:

"Wither right arm that to-day drops flowers on disloyal graves! Turn livid with leprosy the hand that decorates the graves of the Gray!"

The account of the floral decoration at Chicago from which we quote, further says: "The flowers were strewn upon the graves by ten girls selected from the Presbyterian Sunday School at Hyde Park, under the leadership of Miss Hopkins. These little folks were dressed in white. Forty-eight boxes of flowers were deposited upon the graves. In addition to these floral offerings a potted flower was planted at the head of each grave."

Perhaps at the very moment when these vestals in angel garb were administering the holy sacrament of love to enemies, as taught by our Lord Jesus Christ and instructed by those in authority over them, a minister of the same denomination, under the same Omniscient eye, is invoking our common Father to "Turn livid with leprosy the hand that to-day decorates the graves of the gray!"—those innocent hands guided by the purest, holiest impulses that can actuate human effort; and may be in the same hour he was repeating with self-satisfied unction the Lord's Prayer: "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us." So blind is bigotry and short-sighted is partisan zeal; one is mistaken for religion and the other for patriotism, of which they are the antipodes. These lighted the flames of civil war and continue to fan the smouldering embers.

**Social Customs.**

All advancement in civilization and refinement is marked by certain social customs, trifling in themselves, but essential as indices of the best types of the mind and manners of the times. These customs are most observable and the most arbitrary in the social habits of feasting, which affords the greatest contrast between the civilized and the sav-

age. Chaucer, one of the earliest contributors to English literature, describes the fine lady at table as follows:

At mete she wel ytaughte withalle;  
She let no morsel from hire lippes falle,  
Ne wette hire fingers in hire sauce depe  
That no drope ne fell upon hire brest.  
In curtesie was sette ful moche hire lest.  
Hire over lippe wiped she so clene,  
That in hire coppe was no ferthing sene  
Of grese, whan she dronken had hire draught.  
Ful semely after hire mete she raught.

In this country, where merit is the only basis of aristocracy, lowly birth is no barrier to the highest social or political distinction; conformity to established customs is, however, deemed an essential mark of good breeding, nonconformity being proof positive of base birth and low breeding, a total absence of gentle instincts which can be refined and wrought into gentle manners. Every parent of nice sensibilities, however lowly in station, regards it as the highest duty of the parent to instruct his or her children in the amenities of social intercourse, taking the highest types of social refinement as their models. All teachers of any refinement make personal deportment an essential branch of instruction. A vulgar teacher is a social pestilence, eradicating by teaching and example the gentler influences of home culture; an educated boor is a social nuisance, the more offensive on account of the education which alone gives him access to and the means of annoying persons of refined sensibilities. The most offensive of that class is the editor who holds no position in respectable society but by virtue of his vocation, and betrays his base birth and vulgar breeding by assailing those customs which are taught to their children by all mothers of gentle instincts as essential marks of good breeding, and observed by the most untutored backwoodsman who has any proper self-respect, when admitted to the association of persons of refinement, who uniformly observe the customs pertaining to the highest degree of culture. Of that quality of boorish impudence we have the following specimen in the *Intelligencer*:

"Eating with a knife is certainly easier and more natural than eating with a fork. Just as much danger and delicacy is associated with one as with the other. This tabooing the knife is simply one of fashion's toils, and is as foolish as thousands of others. It is but a very few years since drinking tea or coffee from the cup was as much out of favor as eating with the knife is now. The saucer, which is now a sort of slop bowl only, was the correct and fashionable thing for drinking, though, like the fork in eating, much less convenient than the cup."

Eating with the fingers is easier and more natural than eating with a knife.—Society establishes rules and customs which distinguish the civilized being from the savage, and every gentleman and lady observe those rules. More than a century ago it was published of the Prince Regent, as an evidence of his politeness, that he once took tea at a farm house, and cooled his tea in his saucer as the peasants did. That was an evidence of true politeness which comes of gentle breeding. Had he done the like at the table of the nobility or gentry, it would have been a boorish act. We come of plain people, but among our earliest recollections—more than half a century ago—are a mother's instructions never to put a knife to the mouth at table; that forks and spoons were invented to convey food to the mouth. Tommy Prosch has an undoubted right to lick his knife when he eats, to dispense with a pocket-handkerchief when he has the snuffles, to wipe his nose on his sleeve and clean his teeth upon the public tooth-brush furnished for the use of guests at country hotels, for those things are perfectly consistent with his breeding. But when, as the publisher of a family newspaper he advises our children to disregard the instructions of their mothers and teachers in the matter of social proprieties, and to imitate his own vulgar ways, we protest.

**SARGENT WHITE AT THE FRONT.**—The *Standard* of Friday, in noticing a Hancock meeting in Portland, says: "Col. W. H. White, a prominent attorney from Seattle, an old soldier in the Union army, and at present the Commander of the Grand Army Republic Post of that city, happened to be present and was introduced. He proceeded from the onset to throw hot shot into the enemy's camp, and having been a Republican for many years he was well posted as to their movements and objects. His speech was received with shouts of applause from the beginning to the close. It is impossible in our short space to give even an idea of his remarks, suffice to say, that at its close several long lived Republicans stepped to the front and signed the roll.

**HO FOR THE Skagit Gold Mines! THE NEW STEAMER**



**JOSEPHINE**

J. W. SMITH, MASTER.

Will leave Seattle for the head of navigation on the Skagit every Monday and Friday.

Easiest and Cheapest Route.

Cheap! Cheap! Cheap!

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All kinds of HARNESS, SADDLES, BRIDLES, WHIPS, ETC.

A large stock of **Miners' Pack Straps** ON HAND.

Repairing neatly and cheaply done. Everything marked down to PORTLAND PRICES. **J. FUSSELL, Manager.** Foot of Washington Street, in rear of Horton's Bank SEATTLE, W. T.

**GROCERIES!**

THE LARGEST AND BEST SELECTED STOCK ON PUGET SOUND ON HAND, AND FOR SALE CHEAP FOR CASH.

— FULL LINE OF —

**FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC WINES AND LIQUORS**

**SKAGIT MINERS HEADQUARTERS**

—A T—

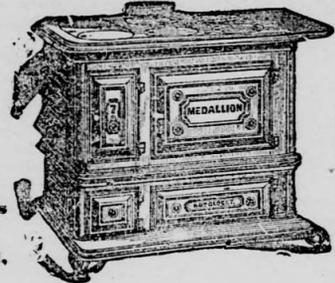
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Copper Ware, Lead Pipe, Steam Pipe, Copper Pipe, Steam and Gas Fitting, Sheet Lead,

Sheet Copper And Zinc, Granite Ironware, Gas Pipe, Etc.

**MEDALION RANGE**

—AND—

**BUCK STOVE.**

All JOB WORK pertaining to the business promptly attended to. Orders from abroad solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.

**H. MCALEER & Co.,** Commercial Street, Seattle, W. T.

**STETSON & POST.**

SEATTLE PLANING MILLS.

MANUFACTURERS OF ALL KINDS OF

**ROUGH AND DRESSED LUMBER,**

Kustic, Flooring, Casings, Gutters, Packing Boxes.

Sashes, Doors, Blinds, Shutters and doors

Finish of Every Description.

EASONED LUMBER OF ALL KINDS CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Local News.

Found.—A large square gold sleeve button, with a shell setting. The owner can have the same by calling at this office and paying for this ad. July 26.

Democratic County Convention.

At a meeting of the King county Democratic Committee held in Seattle, July 23, 1880, it was resolved that the primaries for the next County Convention be held in the respective precincts on Saturday, August 28, 1880, at the usual voting places, and that the County Convention be held at Seattle, Saturday, September 4, 1880, at 1 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of nominating County officers and members of the Legislature, and electing Delegates to the Democratic Territorial Convention, and that the representation be one Delegate for each ten votes cast for Caton at the last general election, one for each fractional thereof, and one for each organized precinct, as follows.

- Seattle.....35 Duwamish.....4
White River.....6 Slaughter.....4
Porter's Prairie...3 Green River.....2
Squak.....2 Tolt.....2
Mox La Push.....4 Newcastle.....6
Samamish.....2 Snoqualmie.....2
Milton.....4 Juanita.....2
Duvals.....2 Cedar River.....2

All Democratic conservative, and other citizens of King county, irrespective of party political associations or differences, who can unite with us in an effort for pure, economical government, are cordially invited to join in sending Delegates to the Convention.

Judges of Election for Seattle—1st Ward, M. Andrews; 2d Ward, M. R. Maddocks; 3d Ward, Moses Keiser.

The election for Delegates, in Seattle, will be by ballot. ALBERT M. SNYDER, Chairman.

S. F. COOMBS, Secretary.

Skagit News.

From Prof. Tiernan who arrived from the Upper Skagit by the Chehalis last night, we obtain the following items. Many of the miners who have been over the trail, made by Cochran & Day, with whom I conversed, expressed themselves well pleased with its condition, considering it very passable for pack animals, the Professor himself had traveled over the most of the route, and reports favorable. By Saturday next the bridge will be completed and the snow slide removed from the canyons, so that probably by Monday next a train of pack animals will go through from Goodell's. The Professor was authorized by Messrs. Cochran & Day to inform Judge Jacobs that they were ready to have a committee come and report on the trail, as to the acceptance or rejection of the same.

Prof. Tiernan brought 150 pounds of rock from the lead on the Upper Skagit, of which THE POST made mention a short time since. About 600 lbs. more will arrive in a few days; specimens will also be sent to San Francisco. The rock is silver bearing and will run from \$125 to \$200 to the ton, so the Professor states. He further says it is the richest rock yet examined by him in this Territory. The Prof. talked with about fifty miners during his trip, and they all feel confident of finding good pay as soon as the water falls in the creeks. Several who were out after provisions informed him that from \$3 to \$10 a day was being washed out wherever the water had not driven them from the creeks.—Post, 22d inst.

The Steamer City of Chester sailed from San Francisco on Tuesday, July 20th, for Victoria and Sound ports, with the following passengers: For Seattle—B. F. McKay, W. D. Clark, Henry Bird, Thos. Barrett, Daniel Bailey, C. W. Barrett, J. Codling, wife and children, Miss M. E. Waite, J. C. Bates, Mrs. Maude Sebastian and E. A. Roberts. For Tacoma—S. Pirney and wife and D. W. Moore. Olympia—J. Traver.

CHINESE DICTATION.—We saw the following item in the Tacoma Ledger some time ago, but could not believe it. We thought the editor had been misinformed. We could not believe that Capt. Starr was such a sneak. But we learn that there is no doubt of the fact:

Capt. Grant has been removed from the command of the steamer Alida, running between New Tacoma and Port Townsend. The reasons of the Captain's displacement is said to have been the fact that he refused to allow Chinamen to occupy seats at the same table with white people. The Mongolians thus excluded made complaint to the Chinese Consul at San Francisco, Col. Bee, who in turn addressed Mr. Starr on the sub-

ject, suggested to avoid trouble—meaning probably some kind of legal prosecution—it would be a good plan to discharge Capt. Grant, which was accordingly done as stated.

Attempt at Murder.

Some time since the death of Charley, the young Chief of the "Old Man House" Indians, was announced. At the same time it was reported that the Indians had attributed his death to the bad "Tamanas" of an old Indian medicine man named Howard, and predicted that serious trouble would ensue, as the Indians are accustomed to punish all such imaginary offences by death. However, nothing more came of it until Friday last when Howard was shot at on the beach between this city and Tacoma while engaged in fishing with some other Indians. Upon looking around, the Indians noticed Charly George, father of the defunct Chief, hid in the brush just up the bank, preparing to draw another bead on Howard. Howard immediately repaired to this city and swore out a warrant for Charley George's arrest. Form testimony in a preliminary examination, it appears that Howard visited the reservation last April, and desired to stay there, shook hands with Chief Charley; that just subsequent to his departure, Charley sickened and died and the Indians claimed that the bad "Tamanas" of Howard killed him. The ball which the Chief's father shot at Howard, passed through his hat barely grazing his skull. Howard is an intelligent civilized old Indian, who some eight years ago severed his tribal relations, denounced the charm of the "Tamanas" and settled down as a farmer on a homestead claim at Port Orchard, and has not practiced as a medicine man since.

KILLED IN THE MINES.—Mr. Andrew Erskine and his son, aged 17 years, were occupying a tent near a white pine tree on Slate creek. On Saturday evening, just before going to bed, the son asked the father if he was not afraid the tree would fall on them? The father said he was not, and both turned in for the night. About twenty minutes after the son heard the tree crack, and forthwith he sprang up and rushed out. The tree fell across their tent, and in its fall drove a crosscut saw, which was hanging teeth down over Mr. Erskine, completely through the body of that unfortunate man. He was buried the next day by the miners. Mr. Erskine was a brother-in-law of Mrs. Meaney, of this city, whose husband was drowned near Goodell's last spring, and he left a wife and five young children in Rock Island county, Illinois.

The census of the precincts of Upper Skagit, Goodell's and Ruby creek numbers 519. Of these only 77 are what may be termed bona fide settlers, residing along the Skagit river from the boundary of Mount Vernon precinct, at Jamieson's camp, to Sauk river; 48 were found at the town of Sauk, quite an important little business point and the principal head of steamboat navigation; 13 at the Portage; 86 at Goodell's landing, another little business point; and 295 in the mining district proper.—Mail.

A Republican Hancock Club in San Francisco numbers 200 members—says a dispatch.

The Bureau.

Messrs. Plummer & Young have just received a Large and Fresh stock of Confectionery which arrived on the Idaho from San Francisco. This last invoice comprises many new varieties heretofore unknown in this City, and are very delicious. By same steamer was also received a new stock of all the favorite brands of Cigars, both Foreign and Domestic; also Cigarettes, Tobacco, Pipes, etc. The prices on these goods are put down at the lowest living rates, and the public are invited to test our sincerity in this matter as well as the quality of our goods. PLUMMER & YOUNG, corner Mill and Front sts.

JOHN KENNEY. Boot and Shoemaker,

Prices low and good fit guaranteed. Repairing neatly done. Commercial St., Seattle W. T.

GENUINE GERMAN MILK BREAD, FRESH DAILY, —AT— PIPERS' BAKERY.

Chicago Market,

FRONT ST. SEATTLE. Fresh and Salt Meats ALWAYS ON HAND. Farm Produce Bought and Sold. CONSUM & OLSTAD. N. T. CODY & CO.,

CITY DRUG STORE

(Successors to Geo. W. Harris & Co.) Wholesale & Retail Dealers in DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

ORDERS FROM THE INTERIOR ATTENDED TO WITH PROMPTNESS AND DISPATCH.

We carry a full line of TOILET AND OTHER ARTICLES usually kept in a First Class Drug store. Corner Mill and Commercial streets. SEATTLE, W. T.

Fountain Beer Hall.

FRONT STREET, OPPOSITE SULLIVAN'S BLOCK.

FRED. GASCH . . . Proprietor.

MEHLHORN'S CELEBRATED LAGER BEER

On Tap. —ALSO—

WEINER, BUDWEISER, MILWAUKEE AND ST. LOUIS BEER, IN QUARTS & PINTS

Always on Hand.

SWISS CHEESE, SARDINES IN OIL, SARDINES IN MUSTARD, ETC. And the Finest Cigars from 5 to 121-2cts.

TO THE VOTERS OF KING COUNTY.

BELIEVING THAT PARTY POLITICS ought not to influence the Administration of Local affairs, and owing fealty to no party, untrammelled by personal or caucus dictation, having no other claims than my own fitness and equal right with others to aspire to office; I hereby offer myself as a Candidate for the office of Sheriff of King county, and respectfully solicit your votes at the coming election. Seattle, June 7th, 1880. J. T. JORDAN.

Wanted, 400 Men

IN THE TOWING BUSINESS To haul schooners over the Bar, at the Bavaria Beer Hall and Loading 100. All kinds of Lunches to order. Bottled Beer a Specialty. New Billiard and pool tables. Two drinks and a game of Billiards, 25 cents. Corner First and Mill Streets, Seattle. J. BEER, - - Proprietor.

Express and Cab.

I will have my comfortable new CAB In attendance on the arrival of steamers, and will carry persons to and from any portion of the city on the most reasonable terms. Calls at any time—day or night—will be promptly answered. I am also prepared to do a general Express and Delivery Business. Coal or other articles delivered on the shortest notice. Orders left with Jack Levy will receive prompt attention. JOHN HILDEBRAND.

THE BOSS BEER SALOON.

The above resort is located on Commercial St, opp. Opera House. Headquarters for Miners Bound for the Skagit. The Best Brands of Beer and Cigars ALWAYS ON HAND. A finely furnished Club Room in the rear for patrons. Give us a call, we soicit your patronage. EVERSHAM & DILLON.

University of Washington.

Four complete courses of study: Classical, Scientific, Normal and Commercial. TEN INSTRUCTORS.

Boarding Department.

FALL TERM—Begins Wednesday, Sept. 1st, 1880. For admission or Catalogue apply to the President, A. J. ANDERSON, A. M. Seattle, W. T.

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IMPORTERS OF FOREIGN WINES AND LIQUORS.

WINE AND LIQUORS.

AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

Domestic Wines,

Liquors, Cigars, and Tobacco.

EXPORTERS OF

Wool, Hides, Furs, Grain. Potatoes, Hops, Etc.

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

IN BOND OR DUTY PAID

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

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

PATRONIZE

DIRECT IMPORTATION

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We are the sole agents for the Pacific Coast of the

Celebrated Fair Oaks

Bourbon Whiskies,

UN-MEDICATED.

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

For further particulars apply to S. BAXTER & CO., Seattle, W. T.

S. & W. W. R. R.

SEATTLE TO RENTON

—AND—

NEWCASTLE.

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.

PONY SALOON.

KEPT BY

Ben. Murphy

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

A quiet place where can always be found the very best of CIGARS AND TOBACCO, WINES AND LIQUORS.

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SULLIVAN'S BLOCK,

FRONT ST., SEATTLE, W. T.

Watch-Makers

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JEWELLERS.

DEALERS IN

WATCHES, JEWELLERY SILVERWARE & CLOCKS.

Notarial and other seals made to order.

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"BOSS"

BEER!

STILL TAKES THE LEAD!

NEW ENGLAND HOTEL.

Cor. Commercial and Main Streets.

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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.

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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.

nft149

### "Had I But Known."

We oft exclaim—poor pilgrims vexed  
With earthly cares, and sore perplexed—  
"How different were I should have walked  
My given way; how different talked;  
What different seed I should have sown—  
'Had I but known.'"  
"What different friends I should have made;  
What different rules and plans have laid;  
How many times I should have dropped  
My theories false, and wisely stopped  
To think, ere from my hobby thrown—  
'Had I but known.'"  
"Where now I serve, I might have ruled;  
My children have been better schooled;  
My joys exchanged, my wealth increased,  
And I be bidden to the feast  
Where now I sit and weep alone—  
'Had I but known.'"  
"Could I my life live o'er again,"  
We say, when suffering with the pain  
Of some mistake or some misdeed  
Brought on by thoughtlessness or greed,  
"I'd profit by the seasons flown,  
And what I've known."  
Believe it not, oh, neighbor mine;  
But let your present light so shine  
That you can say from day to day,  
"God leads me in the narrow way;  
His grace could not have brighter shone  
If I had known."  
—N. Y. Ledger.

### The Child of the Beach.

BY J. WM. VAN NAMEE, M. D.

It was a wild place, where the winds swept furiously among the stunted trees that lined the coast. Back a little distance from the shore stood a small and ill-built cottage, the home of Irene Manning. Here she had been born, here she had lived without companions, save her old uncle and her invalid mother, until she had reached the age of fifteen years. Beautiful she was not, and yet there was something in her eyes that charmed and fascinated, a music in her voice that attracted, a grace in her movements that could not fail to please all with whom she came in contact. To be sure, her advantages had been limited, for it was many miles to the nearest neighbor, and the little cottage could boast of but a scanty library; the books, however, that were on the little hanging shelves were well selected, and had been read over and over again by the young girl whose lot seemed so strangely cast.

There was not a rock on the coast but that she was familiar with. She could manage a boat with all the grace and skill of a master hand. She could fish and hunt, and sing the wildest songs a maiden ever sang; and, knowing nothing practically of the life beyond her rock-bound and sea-girt home, she was contented and happy.

But as Irene advanced toward the years of womanhood, Mrs. Manning often looked at her with tearful eyes, and wished that it might be that her daughter could enjoy those advantages she, as a woman of culture, could so well appreciate, but, alas! was powerless to give. And so day followed day, and Irene was happy in the careless, untrammelled life she led, and wished for nothing more. To be sure, she often said—

"Oh, uncle I wish you could find me some more books; I know all we have by heart, and do so long for something I have never read!"

But it was a vain wish; for Uncle Ben, as she had always called the old man, never left home but twice a year, and then brought with him, on his return, only such things as were necessary for life and comfort. When he went on these journeys he always went alone, and said but little of what he saw or heard while absent; and if Irene questioned him, his answers were invariably both short and unsatisfactory.

But a change was about to dawn in the life of Irene Manning—a change that none of the occupants of the little cottage once dreamed of.

One night a fearful storm came up soon after the sun went down, and the waves dashed high on the rock-bound coast, the lightning sent its livid gleams of fire across the black and bending sky, and deep-voiced thunder shook the very earth. Irene stood by the window, looking out upon the sea in its fury, and listening to the deafening roar of the wild and turbulent waters. At length, when a flash longer and brighter than any that had preceded it lighted up the sea far out, she turned, and, with a look of horror in her eyes, said—

"There is a ship but just beyond the rocks; it will be dashed to pieces, and every soul on board will be lost."  
"A ship!" echoed the old man, who sat in his arm-chair before the fire, smoking his short clay pipe; "impossible! it is many years since a ship has been driven upon this coast."

"A ship!" almost shrieked Mrs. Manning, as she raised herself upon her arm, as if to spring from the low couch on which she was lying. "No, no, Irene! Not a ship—you are mistaken, child."

"I am not mistaken; and there, I see it again, and nearer than before. It is coming directly to the rocks!" she added, as another flash of lightning lighted up the heavens. "Come, Uncle Ben, let us light the lanterns and go out and help the poor creatures who will soon be at the mercy of the waves."

The old man made no reply, but arose and prepared the lanterns, while Irene flung her arms about her mother's neck, and said,—

"There, there, dear mamma, do not get nervous. You know I am used to the storms, and there can no harm come to us."

And without waiting for a reply she seized one of the lanterns from the hand of the old man, and dashed out into the storm, while he followed closely behind her. Hardly had they reached the rocks when they heard a crash, and heart-rending shrieks for help, above the noise of the storm; and they knew the ship had gone to pieces on the treacherous ledge out into the sea.

For some time they waited, hoping that some of the poor wretches would be cast ashore; but it seemed as if their vigils were to be in vain. At length Irene saw something floating on top of the waves, and it came nearer and nearer, till at length they could reach it, and draw it upon the rock on which they stood, when they discovered that it was the body of a man lashed to a plank. Uncle Ben drew out his knife and quickly severed the cords which bound him, and, with Irene's assistance, carried him to the cottage. He was utterly senseless, and the cold salt water was dripping from his long, chestnut hair and his clothing.

"He is a gentleman," said Uncle Ben; "you can tell that by his dress," and he bent himself to the task of bringing life back to the apparently lifeless form.

An hour or more passed by before they saw any signs of life; then the eyelids trembled slightly and the lips quivered, and they knew that he lived. Leaving Irene to watch with the stranger, Uncle Ben again sought the shore, hoping to give aid to still another suffering fellow being; but the storm raged on, and brought the old man no reward for his watching.

### CHAPTER II.

The morning dawned, bright and beautiful, leaving but little trace of the storm. The rocks here and there showed fragments of the wreck, but not a trace of a human being could be found. Uncle Ben searched the coast for miles either way; but returned with nothing, save some pieces of garments, fragments of furniture, etc.

As the day advanced the stranger regained his faculties, and, though weak, was able to converse. He was returning home after an absence of many months. There were twenty passengers, beside the crew and officers, on the ill-fated ship; all of whom save one man perished. His name was Charles Haight; his home New York; and how he had escaped the fearful fate of the others was an unexplainable mystery, or it seemed as though nothing short of a miracle could have brought any man alive upon that rocky shore in such a storm. He was young—hardly twenty-one—and handsome. His friends were wealthy, he said, and would reward the preserver of his life with becoming gratitude.

The days passed on, and Irene untiringly nursed the stranger; but his strength came back slowly; and, as the days went by, she dreaded to think of the time when he would leave them, for they had become deeply attached friends. He had talked to her by the hour of the great world beyond her little home; had told her of his home and friends; how his mother and sister would love her for his sake; and how the time would come when she should see for herself all the things he had told her of.

At length he had so far recovered that he felt he would be able to return to his anxious family, who were, no doubt, mourning for him as one dead; but ere the day decided upon for Uncle Ben to take him to the nearest point from whence he could pursue his journey, arrived, he said to Irene,—

"Dear girl, in these days of my sickness, and while you have so tenderly and untiringly watched over and cared for me, I have learned to love you; and in pledge of that love I put this little ring upon your finger. You have often, in these pleasant days, told me in many ways that you loved me; but you have never been out into the world, to mingle with the throng, and I shall not be ungenerous enough to ask you to bind yourself to me until you have had opportunity to judge well the strength of your attachment for me. To-morrow I shall leave you; but it will not be long before you hear from me. And I trust to be able to repay the debt of gratitude I owe you, at least in some measure."

Irene took the ring, and with tearful eyes looking into his, artlessly said,—  
"Oh, Charlie, you cannot think that I could ever love any one more than you? No, no; I might mingle with the world, see all the beautiful things you have told me of, receive the homage of kings, but still my heart would be all yours. Do not doubt me; but trust me ever, as I trust you."  
Then followed a long conversation with Mrs. Manning, in which he expressed his love and devotion for her daughter; and his desire, when the proper time came, to make her his wife. Mrs. Manning listened, and then replied,—

"Sir, I appreciate your affection for my daughter, and know that she has learned to love you with all the sincerity, and depth of her nature. I trust you will both be happy in that love, and that nothing may occur to darken the dreams you now entertain of future bliss. But, in justice to myself, I must explain why you find us here, situated as we are. I married my husband, George Manning, against the wishes of my parents, who were proud and wealthy people. We were going to a new home, where my husband hoped to

rise in the world, when the ship encountered a storm, we were wrecked off this coast, and nearly all on board perished. My husband was among the number lost. I was picked up by the old man who lives in this cottage, and brought hither. Soon after Irene was born, and I have been a suffering invalid ever since; and being without means and without friends, for my husband was my only friend, I could not leave this place, and so I have lived on year after year, hoping that something would happen to remove us from a place with so many unpleasant associations, and so unfit to develop the years of womanhood in my child. I have taught her as best I could from the limited resources at hand, and though her advantages have been few, her mind is not entirely uncultivated. God grant that the future may be brighter for her than her mother's life has been!"

Charlie Haight listened attentively to the narrative, and, when Mrs. Manning ceased speaking, he said:

"Your husband's name, you say, was George Manning. May I ask the name of the vessel which was wrecked, and the date? Do not think me curious, for I have an object in view."

"The vessel's name was Neptune, and she was wrecked on the night of August 6th, 18—"

"Thank you; perhaps the future may be brighter for you as well as Irene. I leave you to-morrow, but it will not be long before you hear from me."

### CHAPTER III.

Irene was very lonely after Charlie Haight left, and would sit out on the rocks looking off upon the sea, thinking of the hours they had passed together, and dreaming dreams of the future. Her light and merry heart had never before known a sorrow; and it seemed to her as if, in parting from her love, she was sundering every tie that bound her to life and earth.

Charlie hastened home with as little delay as possible, and found that those he loved were mourning for him as dead; and, when he appeared among them, they hailed him as one risen from the grave. Again and again he told the story of the shipwreck and his rescue; and those loving hearts beat warmly with gratitude and friendship for the fair young girl who had saved his life and won his love.

Warmly his mother and sisters seconded his plans of having Irene and her mother removed at once from the desolate sea-shore, and every advantage offered him betrothed for improving herself, and making herself fitted to adorn the position she would occupy as his wife. After all the plans had been discussed he said:

"And now the best of it all is, I think I know who Irene's father is."

"Why, I thought you told us he was lost at the time of the shipwreck," said his mother.

"No, I said all were supposed to be lost. His name was George Manning—the same as father's partner. And you know that Mr. Manning has often said that all that he held dear was buried beneath the ocean's cold waves. Now, I have the name of the vessel and the date of the wreck on the coast; and it will be an easy matter to prove whether I am entertaining false hopes or not. To-morrow will decide."

And the morrow did decide. Cautiously he approached the subject, and, when he discovered that he was correct in his suppositions, he hardly knew how to break the news to the sad and silent man who for years had been his father's partner in business; and how he succeeded he never exactly knew. But the truth was told, and Mr. Manning was unwilling to lose an hour, but set out at once, accompanied by Charlie to claim his wife, and the child he had never seen.

And who shall depict that meeting between husband and wife, after a separation of sixteen years? Pen would be unequal to the task, for it was as if the grave had yielded up its dead, and a new life opened before them. It did not take long to make preparations to leave the cottage; and Irene was overjoyed to meet again the one her heart had chosen as its king.

Old Uncle Ben wept like a child when he bade Irene good-by; but he stoutly resisted all appeals to accompany them, saying:

"No, no! I have lived too many years within the sound of the old ocean's roar to leave it now for the noise and confusion of the city. My life is nearly spent; and I will end my days in the same quiet way I have lived these many years."

And so they bade him good-by, determined, however, that he should make a home nearer them, where they could see him once in a while, and make some return for the kindness he had lavished upon them for years. In order to carry out this idea, Mr. Manning purchased a cottage near the sea-shore, a few miles from New York, and Uncle Ben was induced to leave his rock-bound home, and take up his abode in the more comfortable quarters prepared for him, in view of the fact that he might by the change be enabled to see Irene once in a while.

Mr. Manning had amassed wealth, and was enabled to surround his wife and child with every luxury and comfort. Competent medical aid was obtained, and Mrs. Manning soon regained her health and strength, and was capable of enjoying the benefits of her husband's almost unlimited means.

Masters were procured for Irene, and with astonishing rapidity she advanced, until her education was deemed completed. Then she was introduced into society, and soon became a reigning

belle in the circles where her accomplishments and position gained her admission. But amid all the dazzling gaiety and adulation she remained true to her first love; and the little gold ring he placed on her finger by the sea-shore still remained there, although surrounded by more costly gems.

Four years passed rapidly by, and Charlie Haight proudly claimed the hand promised him; and Irene, after enjoying the pleasures of the gay world, and receiving homage from the proud and distinguished, placed her hand in that of Charlie Haight, and, with the orange wreath twined in her hair, and the bridal veil shading her brow, promised to "love, honor and obey," and the child of the beach became the choice of Charlie Haight, one of the most distinguished men in metropolitan society; and the white dove of peace hovered over them, and the blossoms of happiness scattered rich perfume along their earthly way.

### The Destruction of Milton.

Few calamities are more appalling than one which in a single day destroys a whole town. The flourishing little town of Milton, Pennsylvania, was attacked by fire, and before another morning had dawned was transformed into the heap of smoldering ruins. Milton is in Northumberland county, on the west branch of the Susquehanna river. It lies between the larger towns of Sunbury and Williamsport, being thirteen miles above the former, and twenty-seven below the latter. Like them it had great railroad and manufacturing interests. A bridge crosses the river at Milton, and the Philadelphia and Erie, and the Catawissa and Williamsport railroads had their depots there. Before the fire there were nine churches, two national banks, a newspaper office, and about six miles of factories. The last census showed the population to be about two thousand souls, but since then the number has more than doubled.

Precisely how the fire originated is not known, but shortly before twelve o'clock in the morning smoke was seen to issue from the roof of a framing-work connected with the car-works of Murray, Dougal & Co., adjoining the depot of the Philadelphia and Erie Railway, and in a few moments the whole building was ablaze. There was a strong northwest wind blowing at the time, which fanned the flames to such an extent that they were soon beyond control, and began spreading rapidly. In less than an hour four of the main buildings of the works were destroyed. The course taken by the fire was from the Susquehanna river bridge, on Front street, through that street to Broadway (the main thoroughfare), and on through the town, destroying in its way the P. esbyterian and other churches, the Adams and Philadelphia and Reading Express offices, Western Union Telegraph office, Philadelphia and Erie passenger depot, the *Miltonian* newspaper office, the gas-works, and all the hotels, banks, places of business, stores, factories, tanneries, and work-shops. The fire reached its worst phase at three o'clock, when the town presented the appearance of a sea of flames. A clear swath of about one mile long, and a half to three-quarters of a mile wide was burned through the center of the town, and by seven o'clock in the evening between six hundred and seven hundred buildings were in ruins as the result of the conflagration.

As soon as the probable extent of the fire was discovered, telegrams were sent out in every direction for assistance. The Fire Department from Sunbury was the first to respond, but the wind was then veering so that it was impossible to place the engines where they could do effective work, and there was danger in taking position anywhere in the course of the fire, which made its way toward the main business thoroughfares, and at the same time shifted to and fro from the main to the side streets in a most baffling manner. The wind increased with the increase of the flames, and soon all hope of saving the place was abandoned, the efforts being thenceforth directed to save life and movable property. Trains soon brought up the Fire Departments from Williamsport, Danville, Watons town, and Lewisburg, but they could only endeavor to rescue some of the houses and buildings on either side of the pathway cut clean by the rolling flames, which held their destroying sway until they had burned through the village, and reached the open country at its southern boundary.

During the fire the scene was one of indescribable excitement and confusion, heightened by wild and exaggerated stories spread about as to the number of persons lost and missing. Trains came from the north and south, bringing hundreds of curious spectators. Hundreds more came flocking in from the country round about, on foot or in wagons and carriages. The trains and people alike were employed to save household goods. Cars loaded with movables of every sort were run along the track in both directions, and the goods dumped precipitously out. The fields soon presented a curious spectacle—people clinging to their scattered furniture and utensils, and preparing to keep a night watch over their household relics. During the confusion thieves were not wanting to improve the excellent opportunity, and many articles were carried away, one unfortunate lady being robbed of \$60,000 in government bonds.

As soon as the extent of the calamity was grasped by the appalled residents, measures were taken for soliciting re-

lief. While the fire was in the height of its fury, information was sent to the Governor of the State, who immediately forwarded the following dispatch to the mayors of the various cities:

"The town of Milton has this day been almost entirely destroyed by fire. Two thousand people are now homeless, destitute of clothing, provisions, and all the necessities of life. I would suggest that you call a meeting of your citizens at once, to furnish immediate aid to these stricken people."

During the night many of the homeless residents slept under the sheltering roof of the river bridge. Others were sheltered in Lewisburg and the surrounding towns, and such persons as had homes still standing welcomed all they could accommodate. Provisions were sent in from all directions, and were distributed at three points in the town, but many went supperless, and spent the night in the open fields.

The scene the next morning was heart-rending beyond description. Nothing remained except the black and desolate ruins of the once prosperous town. Hundreds of homeless and famished people gathered round the still standing planing-mill, where food was distributed by a relief committee. During the day several car-loads of provisions arrived from Harrisburg, Williamsport and other places. A telegraphic order also came from the treasurer of the Philadelphia Relief Committee for \$5,000 and promising more. During the afternoon two hundred and fifty tents were sent from the State Arsenal by Governor Hoyt. These were erected in the fields, and gave shelter to a large number of persons. Toward evening four car-loads of people were sent to Watson town to spend the night. Food was distributed again at the planing-mill, men and women who within twenty-four hours had been worth thousands of dollars, and lived in luxury, gladly accepting the charitable dole. Among other provisions sent to the relief of the unhappy town were thirty kegs of beer. Remonstrance was made against its distribution, and the kegs were finally returned to the shipping-point.

The future of Milton can not as yet be sketched out. Considerable work has already been done toward removing the debris. A temporary post-office has been erected, and many of the leading men of the town have commenced rebuilding. Much will depend, however, upon the action of the proprietors of the car factories and others whose interests are no further local than that they must be situated upon the line of the railroad.—*Harper's Weekly*.

### Intelligence Items.

Brooklyn's population is claimed to be over 625,000.

The slave-trade in Egypt is being suppressed vigorously.

Russia and China have settled their differences, and will not fight.

Several cases of death resulting from vaccination are reported in New York.

Fifty five thousand emigrants arrived in New York in May. Never so many in a month before.

In the eleven months ending with May, the government debt was reduced nearly \$75,000,000.

Some of the census-takers are having a trying time of it. A number of arrests for refusing information have been made in New York.

Some manufacturing firms in Brockton, Mass., are making shoes from horse-hair, which will outwear, it is claimed, any other leather.

A train ran on Monday from Philadelphia to Jersey City, 90 miles, in 93 minutes, stopping four times, and slowing up twice to cross bridges.

There is a demand in San Francisco for more Chinese. The number now in the country is put at 90,000, with the emigration steadily decreasing.

The Spanish Government has prohibited the importation of pork from the United States and Germany into Spain, on account of the trichina.

A Connecticut experimenter in atmospheric electricity proposes to force the growth of vegetables and plants by the application of electric currents to the roots.

The average wages of the girls working in the cotton mills in Massachusetts have greatly advanced since 1860, while the hours of work are shorter by six hours per week.

The production of pig iron in this country in 1879 was 3,070,000 tons, or 500,000 tons more than in 1878, and 300,000 more than were ever produced before in any one year.

The San Francisco *Post* shows some quick discernment when it says that minks eat up \$25,000,000 worth of goods in the country every year, while elephants don't injure us a bit.

There are twenty-seven young ladies from Mount Holyoke Seminary now engaged in teaching in various parts of South Africa. They use American text books in their schools, and adopt the American system of teaching.

M. De Lesseps told the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce, on Monday last, that he offered the British public \$166,000 worth of shares in his canal stock, but did not care whether they were taken or not, as he could get plenty of funds.

Terms of Office too Short.

There has been a good deal written and said about changes of the Constitution of the United States. But your correspondent regards it as one of the best republican constitutions ever conceived by man, and does not believe it can be improved or made better in its main and general provisions, and would regard it as unwise and hazardous to attempt any material modification or change in that instrument, and the people should guard and protect it from innovation. But there is one change that the writer thinks ought to be made, and that our experience and present condition as a republic requires that change, and it is this: To lengthen the terms of all office-holders, from President down to the lowest officer, whether elected or appointed, and make them ineligible ever afterward to be elected or appointed to the same office. The continual scramble for office has brought our Government near the brink of ruin.

The frequent changes in officers and elections keep the country in a constant excitement. Office-holders are scarcely established in their offices until they commence intriguing and managing for re-election, and too often subsidize and prostitute their offices for party purposes. But were they never eligible for the same office again there would be no motive or temptation for such abuses of office for party purposes. And instead of trying to build up parties, as now is generally the case, all office-holders would try to do their duties, and retire at the end of their term honored and respected by their constituents. Such a change certainly would tend to remove and obliterate party and sectional lines, and restore in a measure peace and quietude to our country. Such a change of course, will be opposed by all professional politicians and office-seekers, for the more changes and frequent elections are, the more chances such aspirants have to obtain offices and places. The politicians and office-seekers compose a very small portion of our population, it is true, but they exert an immense influence in our country in directing the thoughts and actions of the masses of our people who do none of their own thinking.

There is another great hindrance to our prosperity, peace and welfare as a people, and it is the fact that so large a portion of our wisest and best men take no active part in politics and abandon the interest and destiny of our country to selfish and bad men, and thereby become to a great extent responsible for the many political evils and abuses that now environ and menace our very existence as a free and independent people.

It is the duty of every patriot in our country to do something for his country in this eventful and critical period in our history as a republic. And not to supinely let slip from our grasp the rich and priceless inheritance bequeathed to us by our fathers, as is foreshadowed in the third-term movement.

Your correspondent is as much opposed to changes and amendments in the Federal Constitution as any one can be, except the one above indicated, and thinks the crisis now on us imperatively demands such a change, and regards it as the only safeguard to us as a free and independent people.—*AREOLA, in Courier-Journal.*

Happy Accidents.

Many a Micawber, "waiting for something to turn up," waits in vain and shuffles along through life, aimless and penniless, because of a lack of that energy which would lead him to compel something to turn up. That was a wise old man who left his son a fortune buried in his garden. The young heir turned up the sod in all directions, and though he found no gold, discovered the fortune his father had promised, finding it in the increased productivity of the land so thoroughly broken up. As a rule, fortune comes only to those who exercise brain or hand, inherited fortunes being comparatively few, and those acquired by sheer luck even fewer. And yet there are happy accidents, unforeseen, unsuspected circumstances that result in fame or fortune, sometimes in both, to those in whose experience they occur. It is a significant fact, however, that these accidents occur almost invariably in the career of toilers—men whose minds are busy with useful speculation, or whose hands are plied industriously in pregnant experiment. The history of them would be an interesting one, were some one to write it out, and many would be surprised to know how much the world owes to accident. No story is more full of interest than those of the falling apple which led Newton to his investigations concerning the law of gravity, or of the boiling tea-kettle, the song of which suggested to Watts the power of steam. In the history of science, of manufactures, of literature, of art—in fact in every department of history—instances of the happy accident may be found. An actor, playing a foppish part, accidentally trips in crossing the stage, and forthwith adopts a tripping step that is considered one of the features of his performance of a character in which he has appeared successfully thousands of times. The instance is simply an amusing one. Contrasting with it is the accident by which Edison was led to a series of experiments resulting in the invention of an electric lamp, which gives light by means of the incandescence of burnt paper. Something is always turning up for people who have the readiness to seize and the ability to develop it.

Parisian Bonnets.

I have paid a visit to the celebrated establishment of Madames Virot and Geargette. All the bonnets there, as everywhere, are richly and heavily laden with gold, for which those modistes make the ladies settle bills that would warrant it to be all real and unalloyed metal. At Mme. Virot's there was a simple, rough-and-ready hat, trimmed with a single bow of red satin, simply lined with satin of the same color, and the price of that hat was simply—\$20! Only that and nothing more. A handsome bonnet was one which, at a certain distance, looked like a golden ball. Its crown was made of transparent filigree work, shaped in either Japanese, Chinese or Egyptian designs. (One must be familiar with so much lore now to be explicit in fashions.) The front part of the little thing was totally covered with an immense bow of filigree gold. What do you think the strings of that bonnet were? Wide black satin. Another close-fitting bonnet had a crown of white satin, on which was embroidered with gold threads in relief the most beautiful sheaf of wheat, studded with white daisies exquisitely worked with beads of gold. The trimming was a bunch of gold-colored marabout feathers topped with a white egrette tipped with gold filigree. A young lady's bonnet was of white silk, embroidered all over with forget-me-nots. The front was made of tufts of forget-me-nots relieved on the left by a long net of pinkish rosebuds. Dead heliotrope color is getting to be fashionable. It is not pretty, nor should I think it would be very becoming. It has only one redeeming point—it is new. I saw several bonnets trimmed with it, one entirely composed of heliotrope flowers. Birds of every hue and kind are still making bonnets and hats the last resting place. The other day, walking along the boulevards, I saw a funny-looking gray something on a lady's hat; I drew near to see what it might be; it was a big owl's head with its great glass eyes staring people out of countenance. An odd-looking hat is the one Mademoiselle Pierson wore to the salon, "The Nabob." It was an immense black broad-brimmed Van Dyke, covered with black plumes; that, of course, is no novelty; but along the inside rim, lined with black velvet, was a bird of paradise stretched and lying very flat with its long tail covering the whole left side. Not many straw hats have come out as yet; perhaps they will not be worn as much as those made of glittering combinations. Here are two very pretty ones, however, that I saw at the Compagnie Lyonnaise on the boulevard: A large scoop made of alternate narrow brown and cream-colored straw, trimmed with a paradise bird on the left side. Its long feathery tail was confined in one or two places by a twist made of brown velvet and cream-colored satin. That twist was the only trimming on the right side, being there fastened to the hat by gold-headed pins. The inside was lined with bias bands of brown velvet and cream satin. The other, a navy-blue straw trimmed with shirred satin, color to match. On the left side was a series of pompons of about six shades of blue. The pompons were made of fringed-out silk. It was a beautiful spring hat for a young lady.—*Paris Cor. Cincinnati Gazette.*

Rich Congressmen.

I see a paragraph floating around the newspapers to the effect that Senator Henry G. Davis is the richest man in West Virginia. I guess this is true, and, like all the rich men in Congress, he did not inherit, but earned his money. When he was 17 years old Senator Davis was a brakeman on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. He was promoted from one position to another until he became a man of considerable importance upon the road, when he found more lucrative employment as Superintendent of coal mines in West Virginia. Here he began to grow rich, until by able management and wise foresight he has accumulated an immense fortune. Senator Davis is a man of some oddities, and often annoys his fellow Senators with the persistency with which he pursues whatever he undertakes, whether it be an ignis fatuus or something practical; but, leaving his hobbies out of consideration, he is an excellent man and a useful Senator. The rich Congressmen are Newberry of Michigan, Morton and Starin of New York, Loring and Russell of Massachusetts, Singleton of Illinois; and the rich Senators are Sharon and Jones of Nevada, Don Cameron, Davis of West Virginia and Davis of Illinois, McPherson of New Jersey and Baldwin of Michigan, and as I stated, they all commenced life in poor and humble circumstances. Senator Baldwin made his money in the mercantile business, commencing in a small way in Detroit in 1838, about the time the late Senator Chandler commenced. Congressman Newberry made his money in manufacturing. He has been a jack at all trades, a railroad man, a civil engineer, a lawyer and a manufacturer. He is now President of thirty-five corporations for manufacturing enterprises. Judge Davis, of Illinois, made his way by wise investments in the early history of that State. Gen. Singleton made his in a similar way. Sharon and Jones made their money in mines. McPherson, of New Jersey, in cattle dealing. Loring and Russell in manufacturing.—*Washington Letter.*

They were looking at the hippopotamus at the Aquarium. Said she: "Augustus, dear, did you say that was a horse?" "Yes, duckie, I did; a river-horse." "Well, isn't he made up wrong, or deformed, or something of that sort?" "Oh, no; that's the only model blood stock they have in Africa; he isn't very pretty, is he?" "Well, no, not very; but do you know he reminds me of you sometimes, Augustus, dear?" "How, dearie? When he shuts his eyes and drifts into those delicious phases of reverie?" "No, you old blessing, it's when he yawns."

Queen Victoria, while at Brussels recently, after a thirteen hours' night journey, got no rest, "being at once rushed off to view some tombs of her defunct relatives."

Theory vs. Facts.

All established theories are set aside by solid facts. The solid facts in this case are, that business interests of our fair city have been more greatly enhanced within the past year by one single enterprise, conducted by one single mind, than by all other productive institutions in Rochester. We refer to the manufacture of Hop Bitters. The remedial properties of hops, with the herbs introduced, principally buchu, mandrake and dandelion, had long been known, but there had been so much mere stuff—aye, deleterious stuff—foisted upon the country, under the general cognomen of "bitters" and "remedies," that this medicine, which had been perfecting under the experiments of skilled pharmacutists and chemists, had to overcome the distrust of all such "remedies" by the slow process of information, which had been so successfully done, that to-day, the druggist who does not embrace Hop Bitters in the list of his regularly-ordered medicines, or the family that does not know its beneficial effects would be difficult to find.

THE MANUFACTORY

is located on Mill street, from which emanates the preparation that is daily shipped to all parts of this country, and to sections of the globe over which the American flag does not float. The business is splendidly systematized, and everything goes on so quietly that it would be difficult to imagine that so extensive a business was done in that locality. Each department is overseen by competent persons. The items for bottles and for packing-boxes are enormously surprising, and those who furnish these two articles alone have reason to rejoice at the discovery of Hop Bitters, while the myriads of sick people who have been cured by this invaluable remedy have grander reason to rejoice.—*Rochester Evening Express.*

MORE FACTS.

STERLING, ILL., August 22, 1879. We feel we must write something of the success of Hop Bitters. Their sale is treble that of any other article of medicine. Hence we feel it but justice to you and your Bitters to say that it is a medicine of real merit and virtue, and doing much good and effecting great cures. Yours, J. F. & H. B. UTLEY.

ASHTABULA, O., Nov. 16, 1878. Gents:—We have used your Bitters, and like them very much. SNYDER & HARRIS, Mrs. Shafts, Poles, &c.

HAYESVILLE, Ohio, Feb. 11, 1880. I am very glad to say I have tried Hop Bitters, and never took anything that did me as much good. I only took two bottles and I would not take \$100 for the good they did me. I recommend them to my patients, and get the best of results from their use. C. B. MERCER, M. D.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Sept. 15, 1878. We take pleasure in giving you a notice and a nice, strong one, as it (Hop Bitters) deserves it. We use it, and we know it deserves it.—*The Register.*

WENONA, Ill., Aug. 6, 1879. Hop Bitters Co.:—O. Wingate bought of us a bottle of your Bitters a few weeks ago, and they did him an immense amount of good. We sell two and a half dozen per week. DENNY BROS.

How Great Men Die.

Since the death of Speaker Kerr and Senator Morton, of Bright's Disease, it has been noticed and noted that a large number of our public men and leading business men die too early from the same or a similar cause. By using Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, their diseases might be cured, and their valuable lives prolonged. The time is coming when, because of this remedy, no one will die of such diseases as Bright's and Diabetes.

The public are indebted to Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., not only for their standard medicinal preparations, but also for improving the looks of the community by their incomparable Hair Vigor.

The New Seal

Of the World's Dispensary Medical Association of Buffalo, of which Dr. R. V. Pierce is president, consisting of a figure of Esculapius, the Father of Medicine, surmounting the globe, fitly symbolizes the world wide reputation gained by the Family Medicines of Dr. Pierce now manufactured by this incorporated company and sold in all parts of the world. With a mammoth establishment, the World's Dispensary and Invalids' Hotel in Buffalo, and a correspondingly large branch establishment in London, this Association make medicines for the whole world—not only that but they personally examine and treat with special medicines thousands of cases. Among the most celebrated of the proprietary or family medicines are Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery—the great blood-purifier, and Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets (Little Pills)—and Dr. Pierce's Compound Extract of Smart-Weed for bowel affections, colds and painful attacks, as colic, neuralgia, and rheumatism—Favorite Prescription furnishes relief from female weaknesses, and kindred affections. All sold by druggists.

The Robertson Process

For working rebellious ores is remarkable for its simplicity and cheapness. No other method is known which so completely reduces rebellious gold and silver ores to the same condition as free milling ore. Parties who have the machinery for pulverizing and amalgamating can erect a suitable furnace for using the Robertson Process at a cost of from \$1,000 to \$1,500, according to capacity required. For full particulars address John A. Robertson, the patentee, P. O. box 552, Oakland, Cal.

A smart family can conceal its poverty from the neighbors very well, but it is given dead away the minute a burglar gets into the house.

Get Out Doors!

The close confinement of all factory work, gives the operatives pallid faces, poor appetite, languid, miserable feelings, poor blood, inactive liver, kidneys and urinary troubles, and all the physicians and medicine in the world cannot help them unless they get out of doors or use Hop Bitters, the purest and best remedy, especially for such cases, having abundance of health, sunshine and rosy cheeks in them. They cost but a trifle.

Oculist and Aurist.

J. A. Hunter, M. D., devotes special attention to diseases of the Head, Throat, and Chest, embracing Catarrh, Deafness, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Asthma, Consumption, Heart Affections, etc. All letters of inquiry will receive attention. Office No. 321 Sutter street, San Francisco.

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.

Dentistry.

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

Furniture.

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

We call attention to the advertisement of Mr. C. A. Poage, the publisher of *The Occident*, in every respect a first-class paper, one of the very best on this Coast, and Mr. Poage will do exactly as he agrees. He offers every one a fine chance to get a good watch.

J. W. Shaeffer & Co., 321 and 323 Sacramento St., San Francisco, employ no drummers. Cigars sold very cheap.

All Photographs made at the New York Gallery No. 25 Third St., S. F., are guaranteed to be first-class. Prices to suit the times. J. H. PETERS & Co.

Caners a Specialty without the knife excising pain. Mrs. Dr. Cook, 224 Post street, San Francisco.

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

GARLAND'S VEGETABLE COUGH DROPS, the great-sounding remedy for all Throat and Lung Complaints. For sale by all druggists.

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## Mail and Telegraph.

PORTLAND, July 19.—On Saturday morning H. C. Paige, formerly agent for Wells, Fargo & Co., was arrested in this city by Detective Hudson, charged with robbing the express company of about \$2,000. The circumstances attending the robbery are as follows: The stage running between Pendleton and Umatilla left Pendleton on Monday morning the 11th inst., with the mail, Wells, Fargo & Co.'s box and two passengers, one of them being Paige, the agent, who occupied the outside seat with the driver. When the way passenger arrived at his destination at the twelve mile house, Paige said he was sleepy and fatigued, so he crawled into the boot to take a nap. The treasure box is always kept in the boot, directly under the feet of the driver, who knew Paige perfectly well suspected nothing, and made his passenger as comfortable as possible. When the stage arrived at Umatilla the discovery was made that, although the box was properly locked, the money, gold dust and other valuables, together with waybills, known to have been in it when the stage left Pendleton had mysteriously disappeared. A rapid investigation followed. The mail sack, freight in the stage and boot was taken out, but the only thing found by the driver or agent, was a package of gold dust lying in the bottom of the boot. This, however, was the clue which showed that the box had been rifled while in transit from Pendleton. The box contained at the time of that robbery, a package of \$100, another package of \$100 in small bills, and several packages of gold dust. Paige was naturally suspected, but was not molested there. He proceeded to this city, arrived here last Tuesday evening. The agent at Umatilla immediately notified S. D. Barstow, Assistant Superintendent of the company at San Francisco, who advised Colonel Dudley Evans, the Portland agent, to keep a sharp lookout for Paige, and not allow him to escape. Chief of police Lappens was also notified of the robbery by telegraph, and at once set Detective Hudson on the track of Paige and they have shadowed him night and day ever since he arrived here. It was generally known that Paige has been in straightened circumstances, but upon his arrival in this city he began a series of extravagant debauches. He left at Lent & Jenness' assaying establishment 15.79 ounces of gold dust to be cast into a brick. This he sold to Ladd & Tilton for \$247 32. He then bought two gold watches, one of which he wore when he was arrested, the other was at the jeweler's being engraved with the initials of some one to whom he intended to give the watch. Detectives also learned where he had exchanged two \$100 bills for smaller notes. When arrested he proclaimed his innocence, and declared that a mistake must have been made. He engaged W. W. Page, to defend him. His trial was called in the police court on Saturday afternoon, but the hearing was postponed until Thursday next. In default of \$2500 bail he was committed to jail, Hon. J. N. Dolph, attorney for Wells, Fargo & Co., will assist deputy prosecuting attorney M. F. Mulkey in prosecuting the case. Paige is well known throughout Oregon and Washington Territory, Idaho and British Columbia. He held the position of traveling agent, for the company and showed more than ordinary skill and perseverance in ferretting out and bringing to justice those who had robbed Wells, Fargo & Co.'s treasure boxes.

MERCER, July 4.—A fire broke out in the old jail, or lock-up, in this place at about 10 o'clock to-day, in which an old man named C. B. Howard was incarcerated, temporarily, for being drunk, and before the unfortunate man could be rescued from the building he was so badly burned that it is thought he can not recover. He is an old Mexican war veteran, who served in General Twigg's division from the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma to the capture of the City of Mexico. The building was almost totally destroyed. It is supposed that Howard set fire to the building in a fit of desperation. The loss of property amounts to nothing, as the building has long been looked upon as a nuisance.

DETROIT, July 19.—A violent wind, hail and thunder storm swept through Monroe county Sunday afternoon, cutting a swath seven miles long and half a mile to a mile wide, taking trees, build-

ings, crops, etc., clean. Vineyards were yielding plentifully in this section and they were most severely injured, many being completely ruined; loss at least \$20,000.

### William H. English.

The Colfax Tribune, a Republican paper, gives the following very fair reminiscence of Mr. English, the Democratic candidate for Vice President:

It transpires that the Democratic candidate for Vice President is Hon. W. H. English of Indiana, instead of James E. English of Connecticut, as first reported. He was a member of Congress from Indiana in 1857, when the Pro slavery party in Kansas called a Constitutional Convention and adopted what was known as the "Lecompton Constitution." According to the provisions of that instrument, the State was prohibited from abolishing, or in any manner interfering with slavery. Application was made by the framers of the Constitution to Congress for admission into the Union under its provisions, the Convention which framed it refusing to submit it to the people for ratification or rejection. Intense excitement prevailed throughout the Union because of this attempt to force Kansas into the Union as a slave State. The Democrats controlled both Houses of Congress, and James Buchanan was President. Buchanan threw the whole influence of the Administration in favor of admitting Kansas under the Lecompton Constitution, and against what was supposed to be the wishes of the majority of the people of the Territory. Stephen A. Douglas, then United States Senator from Illinois, who advocated the principle that the people of a Territory had the indisputable right to regulate their domestic affairs, opposed the admission of Kansas under the Lecompton Constitution until the people ratified it at the polls. In this he was seconded in the House of Representatives by William H. English of Indiana. These men, with all their energies, eloquence and influence, maintained on the floors of the Senate and House of Representatives the right of the people of Kansas to adopt or reject the Constitution by popular vote. This was all the Free State party demanded, and in accordance with their wisher, W. H. English, now the Democratic nominee for Vice President, introduced a bill in the House of Representatives to submit the Lecompton Constitution to a vote of the people of Kansas. The Douglas Democrats in the House and Senate passed the bill and the Constitution was submitted to the people of Kansas and rejected by an overwhelming majority. A Free State Constitution was then framed and adopted, and under it Kansas was admitted a sovereign State. To Stephen A. Douglas and William H. English the people are indebted for the maintenance of the right of the people by popular vote to adopt or reject a Constitution, a right which has never since been questioned. To them also Kansas is indebted for a Free Constitution, as they were the leaders in their respective Houses of what became known as the "Anti-Lecompton Democrats," and afterwards, in 1861, when Douglas was a candidate for the Presidency, as "Douglas Democrats."

A SHEEP THIEF'S PUNISHMENT.—We cannot for a moment call to mind the particular article of the Russian Criminal Code in virtue of which sentence was recently pronounced in a case of sheep-stealing by a Judge in the Perm Government. Yet, remembering how literally the laws are interpreted by the Czar's Judicial functionaries, it would be impertinent to express a doubt as to that sentence's strict conformity with some sagacious statute which happens to have escaped our attention. A peasant accused one of his neighbors of stealing a sheep from his flock and of slaughtering it, thereby causing its lawful owner prejudice to the amount of 2 rubles. In answer to this charge the defendant alleged that, one afternoon, a sheep, with which he had no previous acquaintance, had certainly called upon him in a promiscuous kind of way; whereupon he, regarding its visit as Providentially intended to supply a vacuum in his larder, had promptly converted it into mutton by the usual process. Taking this frank confession into consideration as an "extenuating circumstance," the learned Judge pronounced the following sentence: "The defendant shall, first of all, receive twenty blows from a rod. He shall then be arrayed in the skin of the murdered sheep, and be conducted, to the beat of drums, through all the streets of the village.—

At the door of each house he shall be halted, and the respective house owner shall deal him a blow with a stick." As the condemned peasant, by declining to appeal to the higher Court against this sentence, tacitly admitted its justice, it was forthwith carried out, to the manifest enjoyment of his fellow villagers.—*London Telegraph.*

### Klickitat County, W. T.

In 1870 the population of Klickitat county was 329; in 1878 it was 2000; in 1879 it had increased to 2898 and rounding up in 1880 to 4108—an increase of 3780 in ten years. The increase has averaged 1000 a year for the last three years.

Two years ago this coming November, the total vote polled for Delegate to Congress, Democrat and Republican, was 600—394 for Brents, Republican candidate, and 206 for the Democratic candidate, Mr. Caton. The legal voters now according to census returns of the county, are 1166.

This is a great increase in so short a time for a country purely grazing and agricultural. It is not like the population and growth of a mining country, as suddenly to be dispersed as collected. They have come to stay, take up the land, fence it, and are farming, darning, stock raising, building school houses, churches, mills, stores, and laying the foundations of society. Read the Fourth of July celebrations and see that the mainspring of all States is present—women and children.

The country west of the Big Klickitat, which two years ago had a few settlers at the mouth of that stream, the White Salmon and on Camas prairie, now has 439; while from there to Rock creek, including Goldendale, there are 2979 inhabitants. The country for miles near the city is solidly fenced and well cultivated; also good houses and barns. East of Rock creek, where two years ago the families could be counted on the fingers and nothing was done but stock raising, now are some 591 inhabitants.

The land is not more than half taken up in this county and the population is increasing rapidly by home production immigration, and will double in the next three years.

There is water power for mills, hides and bark for tanneries, good soil, and fruit grows well. The affairs of the county have been economically and well administered and the debt is light.—*Klickitat Sentinel*

FISHING FOR A COMPLIMENT.—A Danbury man tells a good story of his aunt, who is a model housekeeper and a scrupulous stickler for a good table. The clergyman called near the dinner hour and was pressed to stay to the meal. At the table there was a good supply of well prepared food, but the lady felt compelled to make many apologies for imaginary deficiencies. In the grace the clergyman asked our Heavenly Father to "bless the frugal meal." This made the lady very mad.

The *Paluse Gazette* says: "Wm. S. Ladd, the Portland banker, who is afflicted with paralysis, and has sought relief at all the celebrated watering places in Europe and America, is trying the waters of Medical lake, and is reported as being benefited thereby."

A Philadelphia clerk, who is somewhat smarter than his employer, was heard to remark the other day: "Thank fortune, the boss has stopped advertising for the season. Now we will have a rest."

### Civil Service Reform.

The following is President Hayes' commentary on his civil service reform order to Federal office holders:

WASHINGTON, July 21.—The President was approached yesterday by members of the Republican Congressional Campaign Committee with a request that he make several speeches during his visit to the extreme West, especially in California, in behalf of the Republican Presidential ticket. The President said that ever since it had become known that he was going to California, he had been in receipt of letters from that State, asking him to make speeches during his visit. He had first determined not to have anything to say but what is usual in reply to speeches of welcome. He was, however, anxious to do everything in his power to secure the election of the Republican ticket, as were all the members of his Cabinet. As it was thought that a word or so from him would do good, he had no hesitancy in saying that he would be prepared to respond in behalf

of the Republican nominees. He would prepare himself for that work as a part of his Western trip.

Republican managers are generally pleased at the President's reply, and say that it insures entire harmony in the party and consequent success.

At the late city election in Walla Walla 604 votes were cast, the heaviest vote ever polled at a municipal election in that city, and an increase of 218 in a year.

WHEN HE LOST HIS APPETITE.—A gentleman called professionally on a prominent physician and complained of a total loss of appetite. "I'll just give you a little tonic to take before dinner," said the doctor. "Oh, I'm all right just before dinner. It's after dinner that I suffer so much."

CANNOT REMEMBER.—The census has disclosed that there are thousands of women in this country who cannot remember their age. Every one knows to a day, however, how much younger she is than that vain old thing next door.

WHAT A CHANGE.—Gen. Pearson, of Pittsburg, was a Republican Brigadier General; a member of the National Committee of the Veteran League, of which Grant is Chairman, and Chairman of the Republican Committee for the City of Pittsburg. He recently announced himself a Hancock man, and the *Oregonian* now says: "Gen. Pearson is one of those gushing and visionary individuals, sons of the feeble, who mean well enough but always fail in an emergency. Pittsburg papers say that his present defection is only pitted and laughed at. Nobody goes with him." What worthless characters the Republican party has promoted to high places.

A Philadelphia woman who gave her age as ten years younger than she really was, made the explanation to a friend that she was overlooked at the last census and did not want to get the records mixed up.

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

### Soldiers' Additional Homesteads.

Every soldier, sailor or marine who served for not less than 90 days in the Army or Navy of the United States "during the recent rebellion," and who was honorably discharged, if he has entered less than 160 acres of land under the provisions of the home-lead law, is entitled to a certificate from the General Land Office, recognizing the right of the party to make additional entry to make up the full 160 acres. These claims are assignable by the use of two powers of attorney, and can be located on any surveyed land that is subject to original Homestead entry. That is, any surveyed land, whether \$1.25 or \$3.50 land that is not mineral land. The right attaches without settlement or improvement, at once on filing the scrip in any district land office, to the exclusion of any subsequent claim under any law. I have the official blanks furnished by the Government and can obtain them at short notice. Orders for certificates already issued taken by me, and can be furnished on deposit of money at the following rates: 120 acre-pieces, \$3.85 per acre; 80-acre pieces, \$3.75 per acre; 40 acre pieces, \$4.38 per acre.

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