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Spokane Falls Review.

VOL. I. SPOKANE FALLS, SPOKANE COUNTY, W. T., SATURDAY OCTOBER 20, 1883. NO. 23.

Chas. McNab & Co., DRUGGISTS, PAINTS, OILS AND GLASS, Notions and Stationery, Cor. Riverside Avenue and Howard Street, Spokane Falls, Wash. Ter.

SPRAGUE HOUSE, Spokane Falls, W. T. Regular meetings of the City Council are held on the first Monday of each month, in Wells Fargo Express office, on Riverside avenue, east of Howard street.

W. KAISER, Proprietor. Accommodates Strictly First Class. HEAVY CARTERS FOR DRUMMERS AND MILITARY MEN.

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Northern Pacific Railroad.

Passenger Time Schedule. EAST BOUND. Leave Wallula Junction at 5:30 p. m. Arrive at Spokane Falls at 2:11 a. m.

WEST BOUND. Leave Spokane Falls at 12:53 a. m. Arrive at Wallula Junction at 8:55 a. m.

CONNECTIONS. At Wallula Junction with O. R. N. Co's line. At Spokane Falls with Great Northern, P. & G. R. R., and C. & N. W. R. R.

Notice for Publication.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, to wit: Edwin F. Benson, Public land in Spokane county, at Brents, W. T., on Oct. 29, 1883.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of said land, viz: Noah Hamner, Melissa Fudge, Geo. W. Sherman, and John C. Wood, all of Brents P. O., Spokane county, W. T.

J. M. ARMSTRONG, Register.

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NOTICE-TIMBER CULTURE.

ROBERT YARBOROUGH vs. GILBERT L. SMITH. U. S. LAND OFFICE, Colfax, W. T., Sept. 7, 1883.

COMPLAINT is filed in this office by Robert Yarbrough against Gilbert L. Smith for failure to comply with the provisions of the Timber Culture Act, approved March 3, 1879, and the act of Congress, approved July 2, 1880, relating to the same.

It is ordered that the said Gilbert L. Smith be and he is hereby required to plant trees on said land to the satisfaction of the land office within the first four years after making said entry, the said parties to be bound by the provisions of said act, and to appear in this office on the 1st day of November, 1883, to show cause why he should not be required to furnish testimony concerning said act.

JNO. L. WILSON, Receiver.

LOST.

BETWEEN Spokane Falls and Marshall a certificate of deposit No. 1209 bank of Spokane Falls. Payment has been stopped on the same. The finder will please leave it at this office or the bank.

STOLEN.

ONE bay stallion about 18 hands high, eight years old, black mane, tail and legs, has a white stripe on his nose and the water of one eye is white. Reasonable reward will be paid for the recovery of the horse and the apprehension of the thief. Notify from my place on the night of the 4th of September, 1883, near Juliette, T.

For Sale.

THE UNDERSIGNED OFFERS FOR SALE a handsome new two-seated hack, three springs, cushions and everything complete, at a very low price.

Also a new three-seated hack, with fixtures complete.

Both vehicles are of the very best make and warranted sound and perfect throughout.

Apply to W. H. RUE, Big Island, Spokane Falls.

500,000

FIRST CLASS WHITE PINE

Cedar Shingles, PERCIVAL BROS. MANUFACTURERS. Geo. Davis and Spreen & Co. Agents Spokane Falls.

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TUITION. PER TERM OF TWELVE WEEKS. Collegiate Department, \$15 00 Preparatory " 9 00 Primary " 7 00 Commercial course, 13 00

Music and Modern Languages Extra. The special colleges will be in the hands of competent specialists.

Full term begins Wednesday, September 19th, and closes Friday, December 14th, 1883. A fine new college building is to be occupied November 1st. Prior to that time the institution will use the M. E. Church, as heretofore.

For further particulars inquire of the President or of REV. M. A. ANDERSON, Agent, Spokane Falls, W. T.

NO TIME TO QUARREL.

Life is not long at the best of years. Off at its close man is debbar, And in its twilight remembers through tears Much that he might have done better.

But of all the wearisome things we know, It is, when regrets no longer smother, To wish or rue words that make a foe Of one we had known as a brother.

There's a time to rest and a time to run— To sit or to wear the laurel— But there's a time for more things under the sun, But not one moment to quarrel.

Are there not mountains of trouble to climb? And are of doubts to cross over? Were it not wiser to walk through time With a will life's wounds to cover? True greatness lies not in power, vanquished Or the gold your hoars inherit; But the calm, bright memories goodness leaves

Around the life weary spirit. There's a time to rest and a time to run— To sit or to wear the laurel— But there's a time for more things under the sun, But not one moment to quarrel.

THE WEATHER COCK.

The town of Saint-Vrain-sur-Meuse is justly proud of its church. This monument is a marvel of active architecture. It was built by the Premonts, who had there their mother convent, and who, during many years had appropriated to this work one-half of their immense income.

The order was then in all the splendor of its power and opulence, and the monks, to exalt as high as the clouds their enthusiastic piety and the glory of St. Augustine, their patron, decided that the steeple of their church should soar above all the spires of Burgundy.

The steeple, carved throughout like all the rest of the monument, shoots up straight to the height of three hundred feet, to a tower surrounded by a balustrade of wrought iron, from which arises a spire one hundred feet high, surmounted by a cross. The spire is octagonal, with a ledge of stone along each arm. The architects of this building seem to have had no idea that it might ever become necessary to repair it, and as they wished to preserve its summit for the birds or the angels, provided no access to it.

Above the platform, there is no staircase and no ladder in the interior; outside, the smooth and polished roof, without any other relief than the projecting stone of each arm, and the rounded facing of the slabs which form the covering.

The steeple of Saint-Vrain seems destined to justify for years, and perhaps, for centuries to come, the blind faith that its constructors had in its eternity. It has been standing for four centuries, and neither rain nor sun, nor wind nor lightning have succeeded in wrenching from it a stone or even a grain of cement.

People begin to believe that it is indestructible, and to whisper to one another that oftentimes, after a stormy night, at the dawn of day, before the inhabitants of Saint-Vrain are awake, invisible hands have come to repair it.

It must be acknowledged that, in a country somewhat superstitious, the aspect and the shape of this steeple favor singularly the numerous legends which it is the subject. Its prodigious height seems to be doubled by the smallness of the dwellings enclosed below it; and one can see that, if it happens to fall, it would annihilate the town at one blow.

The citizens of Saint-Vrain are inwardly in dread of it. It is so bold, so slight, that it is difficult to see how it can stand. The bell-ringing is so terrible, and the heavy gales, it sways to and fro like a poplar, and that more than once they have been terrified at feeling themselves thus rocked between its stones.

Its profiles, though rigorously true to the purest and most exquisite principles of Gothic art, shoot forth so boldly as to make the flesh creep and the hair turn giddy. With the exception of the fingers, who never give up their hold on the tower, and where the bells hang, and the surveyor of historical monuments, who pretends he has done it, no one has ever dared to ascend to the platform. This platform, jutting out in the shape of a basket, is the more appalling from the fact that on three of its sides it hangs straight over the parish of the entrance paved with large white flag-stones which glitter in the sunlight. The balustrade, scarcely knee-high, is so near the wall that there is just space enough to creep along, and any one moving sideways to go round the balcony, particularly when passing the angles, feels as if the wall pushed him into the void.

He who possessed coolness enough to examine the carvings of this part of the tower could not consider without agitation the fantastic ornaments and the truly diabolical faces writhing and sneering in every corner and on every ledge. An old tradition relates that a stranger who ascended to the platform, more than a hundred years ago, went stark mad in consequence of having stared at the figure of a demon squatting down with his feet under his skin.

However, as after all, poor humanity always manages to peer, at any cost, a small share of happiness in the midst of its fears and its sorrows, the citizens of Saint-Vrain lived in peace with their steeple, though looking at it occasionally with a scared and doubtful look, for, in fact, with the exception of the stranger who had gone mad, the oldest inhabitant could not remember that it had caused any disaster. The harmony between the humble parish and the formidable steeple would have continued to this

very time had not an unexpected accident, caused, moreover, by a power worthy of so colossal an opponent, impaired the majesty of the monument by destroying its most sublime ornament. Lightning had struck the weather-cock of the steeple and there remained of it nothing but fragments.

This event disturbed every soul in the village. Superstitious people saw in it a fatal omen for the church, for the town and for the harvest; the enlightened parishioners were grieved by it as by an irreparable accident, depriving them of the only vane to be relied on. There had always been a weather-cock on the steeple of the church and now there would be none.

They used to it and they loved it. They were all the more that they had lost it, and with no chance of having it replaced, as, in everybody's opinion, it was impossible to reach the summit of the spire.

As is often the case, when some great disaster is brewing, a sinister shadow of the supernatural had thrown a mystery on this event. By constantly looking at the remains of the thunder-struck bell, still hanging motionless at the top of the tower, people discovered with terror that, seen from the door of this presbytery, this shapeless object etched out on the sky the silhouette of the evil one, and so perfect was the likeness that it was possible to see in that fact the premonition of a more than ordinary casualty.

Now everybody was acquainted with the very strange legend of how the blessed Pancreas, prior of the Premonts, being one day praying and at the same time thinking too much of the future greatness of his church, then in course of construction, the devil had wickedly thrown under his hood a sentinel of pride; the body man, while praying, was an act of contrition, had drawn his beads from his waist, and had thrown them around the devil's neck. Then, after dragging the rogue several times about his cell, sprinkling holy water over him at the same time, he had forced him to promise to keep in perfect repair the church from the foundations to the summit of the cross, upon all commensurations seasons.

But he had not mentioned the weather-cock; no allusion to it could be found in the legend, and most evidently the devil was now wreaking his spite on the poor bird.

The spire of Saint-Vrain, who was a very enlightened priest, was soon made cognizant of these silly stories. He took as a text for a sermon in which he reprimanded severely the rash and superstitious people who dared to mix up the name of Satan with the history of the most venerated founder of the church, and ended by forbidding his flock to speak any longer about this affair, announcing, moreover, that the vane was going to be replaced.

This spread immediately over the town, and caused an immense relief. The anxiety which oppressed all hearts vanished, and made way for the inexpressible joy of a small town knowing that at last it is going to have its event; for it would be to recover all its glory; the devil would be tricked, and let me confess everything that it was the true cause of all these every-day dramas in which the spectator, in the midst of the most perfect security, enjoys the sight of a fellow-creature grappling with fate and death.

Nothing looks more comfortably at home than a tin rooster turning to all winds on the point of a steeple; the difficulty, however, is not to see it, but to place it there. When the church authorities began to deliberate upon the means to be employed to replace the weather-cock, great perplexity was felt. In order to know what its size should be, all the parish records were ransacked, and finally it became necessary to correspond with the vicars of several metropolitan churches. A month was spent in these preliminaries, and the result was the best of the bird, without the head and tail, should be the size of a sheep; that it should be made of galvanized zinc of appropriate thickness, weighing twenty pounds, and that it could be manufactured in Paris by a man whose address was given.

A fortnight later the bird was brought to the presbytery, where, after being carefully unpacked, it was exhibited to the curiosity and admiration of the faithful.

During the few days that the receptions lasted the bird did not show much courtesy to its visitors; its crest, cut out in sharp points, lacerated severely the lips of a young child who had leaned over the arms of his mother to kiss his head; its beak opened the forehead of a little girl who was pushed too near by boys scrambling to get a better view; the point of its tail caught the surplice of the priest and tore it badly.

Strange to say, even the animals seemed to experience, at the sight of it, a repulsion not unmixed with terror; the priest's dog growled at it, hanging his head with a sacred look, and, when at some distance, turned to bark; the cat would sit in front of it, staring strangely with its green eyes, then, arching its back would give away, sketching fantastic circumvolutions in the air with its tail. This ill-omened influence, so evident and so constant, finally distressed the

mind of the priest himself, so much so that one day, when the placing of the bird was spoken of, the worthy divine could not help saying to one of his colleagues, that "candidly he longed to be rid of this horrid beast." Saying which, whether influenced by remorse for this flash of superstition or from some fatal presentiment, he stared for a moment, bent his head, and made the sign of the cross. Now that you know the locality and the prototype of the tragedy, I will show you the victim.

The man who is now entering the hall of the presbytery, it is he; he is the one who is doomed.

What he is, what his name is, where he comes from, what matters it? He is, if you wish it, any one, the artisan who chanced to be there when a workman of his profession was needed; in short, he is a man; is not that enough?

Here he is, as sanguine in his own life as you may be yourself confident in yours while I am speaking. His cap in his hand, he listens with deference to the words of the priest, nodding his head slowly while listening to the explanations given to him, calculating with a thoughtful and intelligent look the difficulties and expense of his task. He passes his hand across his forehead, rubs his chin, names his reward; so much for the pole, so much for the ropes, so much for the hooks and rings, so much for the tools!

The risks are not paid for; that is his business.

The bargain is concluded. He bows with a smile and retires. As he crosses the threshold, the good priest, suddenly seized by terrible anguish, calls him back, inquires in a tender voice if he is very sure of his strength and courage; if he does not fear gibbets, if he has well chosen and calculated all the dangers of the undertaking.

The man looks at him with an astonished air, pulls up his sleeve to show his arms, strikes with his hand his enormous limbs, swells out his chest, and, lifting his head, stands erect like a Titan ready to scale the heavens. And he goes home, poor man, to rest.

Now for the time. The sun has risen two hours since. Refreshed by a good sleep, restored by a solid meal, the brave tier climbs the steps of the steeple, followed by the two assistants, who carry up to the platform the weather-cock, the pole and the ropes.

All the population of Saint-Vrain, swelled by a concourse of people from the surrounding parishes, crowd at the foot of the steeple. The parishes, keeping sentry, come and go, with a subdued step around the parvise, to maintain an empty space in case "something" should fall from the top of the spire. The large door of the nave, opening on the side of the tower, is close to the public. In the church some old women, with anxious, plying hearts, watch the progress of the work, the unknown man who up there is going to risk his life. The priest, turning with a trembling hand the pages of his breviary, bustles about in the vestry-room, not daring to go out to look, or to speak to anybody, or to ask for news.

Suddenly a sort of yelling, dull and prolonged, rises from the midst of the crowd gathered in the streets; the man appears in the platform. Partly seen within the opening of the door, he seems to be pulling at something, and, in fact, is unrolling the ropes that he lays in bundles on the edge of the parapet. He afterwards can be seen putting up along the base of the spire a pole higher than himself, and finally wrapping in some covering the vane which he deposits between the parapet and the wall.

He is at the foot of the spire. A horizontal ledge, three feet wide, allows him to stand and to walk. He goes around the spire and encircles it tightly with a thick rope fastened by a running knot. Within this rope he passes two others which are hanging and fastened, one to the bird, the other to the pole.

And now he starts. Facing the roof, he has girded his loins with the thick rope, the running knot of which he tightens until it draws him near enough to the roof, and then using his hands and knees, he pushes himself sideways, rising a little at every movement, tracing thus the first turn of the spiral which brings him to the platform. Partly seen within the opening of the door, he seems to be pulling at something, and, in fact, is unrolling the ropes that he lays in bundles on the edge of the parapet. He afterwards can be seen putting up along the base of the spire a pole higher than himself, and finally wrapping in some covering the vane which he deposits between the parapet and the wall.

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TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION. Single copies 10 cents. Three Months 2.50. Six Months 4.50. One Year 8.00.

SATURDAY, OCT. 20, 1888.

We see it intimated that a delegation left Spokane Falls with grip sacks full of coin with the full purpose in view of buying up the legislature in the interest of the county dividers. This would be very laughable were it not a serious reflection upon the honesty of those men elected by the people to frame laws for the territory.

At this late hour anything that may be said for or against the division of the Spokane county can have little or no effect in the result of the deliberations of the body of territorial law makers now holding session at Olympia, before whom the matter has been presented for adjudication.

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Perhaps there is not another railroad office on the line at which the railroad company expect a small force of employees to do so much work, or where the trains arrive and depart at such unreasonable hours, as right here in Spokane Falls.

crease in the office force. J. F. McElroy, the pleasant, affable agent, has labored faithfully to perform the duties falling on his shoulders, and has succeeded well. He stood the work as long as possible, and asked for a lay off. This has been granted by the company, but for how long we are unable to say.

One day this week one of our leading citizens was struck with a desire to haul off from the cares of business for a day or two and take a run up to the lake, where he could bathe his mind in the invigorating zephyrs that play over the bosom of that sheet of water, and stretch his legs among the pines and feel happy in the distance that separated him from the vexatious obligations.

Wednesday and Thursday of this week Mesdames Davies & Bertrand held a reception at their cozy little millinery rooms, on Howard street between Riverside avenue and Sprague street, which many of the ladies of our city attended.

Frank A. Bowen, late of California, has purchased an interest in B. F. Stoff's Dental Office, and the firm will be known as Bowen & Stoff. He is a fine workman and the junction makes a solid company.

Nothing in It. A rumor gained circulation during the latter part of the week that Senator Washburn's son, of Minneapolis, who was in the city for a day, had made arrangements to rent the Echo Mills, and would at once take possession of the premises.

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IS IT A NEW DISCOVERY?

The story told by a Reliable Party. Early this week G. Palmatag, of the firm of Palmatag & Wilson, started for a visit to the Cour d'Alene gold mines. He never reached there, but found diggings 40 miles north of Spokane Falls that promise to equal if not eclipse the better known field.

Fred. Post is engaged putting in a dam from the north bank of the river to the small left solid pyramid of rock that stands in the middle of the main upper falls, and divides the tumbling sheet of water in two.

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Notice for Publication. LAND OFFICE AT SPOKANE FALLS, W. T., October 2, 1888.

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MRS. GEO. BRANDT, Professor of Music. PIANO--ORGAN--VOCAL.

Notice for Publication. Elizabeth A. Belknap.

Notice for Publication. C. H. Arnold.

Notice for Publication. SPOKANE FALLS, W. T., Oct. 1, 1888.

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NASH & STOUT, Attorneys and Counselors at Law.

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IT LEADS ALL. No other blood-purifying medicine is made.

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Special Attention. Is called to our line of Ready Made Dresses.

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Notice for Publication.

Carey S. Haines. LAND OFFICE AT SPOKANE FALLS, W. T., October 2, 1888.

Notice for Publication. Frank Ziegler.

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Trunks and Valises, HATS, CAPS, AND GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS, LINE OF GROCERIES.

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