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Selected Miscellany.

MARCH.

March! March! March! They are coming
In troops, to the tune of the wind;
Red-headed woodpeckers drumming,
Gold-crested thrushes behind;
Sparrows in brown jackets hopping
Past every gateway and door;
Finches with crimson caps stopping
Just where they stopped years before.

March! March! March! They are slipping
Into their places at last—
Little white lily-buds, dripping
Under the showers that fall fast;
Buttercups, violets, roses;
Snowdrop and blue-bell and pink;
Throng upon throng of sweet posies,
Bending the dewdrops to drink.

March! March! March! They will hurry
Forth at the wild bugle sound—
Blossoms and birds in a flurry,
Fluttering all over the ground.
Hang out your flags, birch and willow!
Shake out your red tassels, larch!
Grass-blades, up from your earth-pillow!
Hear who is calling you—March!

—*Lucy Larcom, in St. Nicholas for March.*

A LONG-LOST UNCLE.

I LOVE her, and yet she is not beautiful, nor has she any of the freshness of youth which often possesses the attraction of beauty. Neither is my love of that blind nature which invests its object with attributes existing only in the imagination of the worshiper. On the contrary, I am able to state candidly that she is old, and that her appearance is certainly not prepossessing. I do not love her for her virtues. She is not wise or learned, and her disposition is none of the most amiable. It is true she is pious, but I fear I do not value her more on this account. I should not be sorry if her piety were less, and if it were less demonstrative and less aggressive. My affection is not of that romantic and exacting nature which is never happy save in the presence of its object. On the contrary, I am fondest of her when she is farthest away. Yet I am confident the feeling with which I regard her will outlast many more fierce and pretentious attachments.

The reader will understand my sentiments when I inform him that the lady I refer to is my wife's aunt, and that the esteem with which we both regard her is founded on her possession of a considerable sum in railway shares and consols, and a comfortable and yearly-increasing balance at her banker's.

At the present moment we entertain toward her feelings of peculiar tenderness, for it is but only the other day that we had nearly lost her. No, she had not been ill. We had no fear that she was going to die. We could have borne that. It is the lot of all, and resignation in such a case is a duty. The danger which she had just escaped is of a different nature. I tremble, even now, to think how imminent it at one time appeared. But, thank Heaven! it is passed, and the tears which blot this page are tears of gratitude and happiness.

* * * * * *

I have an office in the city. I do a little in wine and cigars on commission, *and occasionally travel in tea.*

I am a married man with a small family. My income, I regret to say, is also small. The former, of late years, has been increasing; the latter has not. My Emily is an excellent manager, and, I honestly believe, lays out to the best advantage the limited amount that I am able to allow for our household expenditure. But we are exceedingly pinched at times. The nature of my business obliges me to reside in a genteel neighborhood, and we are frequently forced to sacrifice comfort for the sake of appearances.

My wife's aunt lives in the country, but she is good enough to visit us two or three times during the course of the year and spend a week or two with us.

On these occasions I need not say that we do all in our power to make her comfortable. This is not always a task unattended with difficulty. Like many elderly maiden ladies in easy circumstances she possesses a peculiar talent for making other people uneasy. The remarks which she frequently feels herself called upon to make concerning our domestic arrangements are generally more distinguished for freedom than politeness. And though the spirit of piety which prompts the utterance may be undoubted, it is not pleasant for a man to be told that he is "a heathen," and that he is "leading his family in the broad path of destruction." This, too, when my conscience acquits me of any such improper designs.

"But we must bear with her little weaknesses," says my wife. "You know, Samuel, she does not possess the blessings which we do, in these dear children. Besides, we are her nearest relations, and——"

"Ah, true," I return. "The old girl will cut up well, one of these days, no doubt, and in the meantime we must be civil to her, I suppose. This is what you mean to say, my dear?"

"I mean to say nothing of the kind, sir, and you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

I was sitting at home one evening, in a rather melancholy mood—for I had just been reading a letter from "our" aunt, in which she announced her intention of coming to see us in a day or two and making a "long, long visit"—when there came a loud ring at the street-door bell.

I started up.

"That can't be her, surely?" I said to my wife.

"Oh, no, that is not Aunt Jane's ring," replied Emily. "Besides, I did not hear any carriage drive up to the door."

I felt comforted. It could not very well be Aunt Jane. No, the idea was absurd. But, you see, I had just been reading her letter and I felt nervous and easily startled.

Presently our little maid-of-all-work came up-stairs and informed me that there was a gentleman below who wished to see me.

I went down and saw a man standing in the hall. He was a tall, stout, elderly man, with a weather-beaten face. He was well dressed and displayed a quantity of jewelry about his person. But his clothes fitted him badly. He seemed like a man who had been got up to look like a gentleman, but the attempt had failed somehow.

He advanced toward me, holding out his hands

"Are you Sam Courcy?" he said.

"My name is Samuel Courcy," I replied, drawing back.

For I disliked the tone of familiarity in which he addressed me.

"Then tip us your flipper, my boy. Why, Lord love ye, don't you know your old Uncle Joe?"

I looked at him but I did not recognize him. This was not extraordinary, as I had never seen him before. However, I had heard that I had an Uncle Joe at the antipodes somewhere—whom, by the by, I had always thought of as Uncle "Joseph." But it was all right.

So this was my long-lost uncle.

I "tipped him my flipper" at once.

I took him up-stairs and introduced him to my wife. That dear creature, whose impressions of people are always very quickly formed, did not seem to be greatly delighted with my relation. And I must confess that, after the enthusiasm of the first greeting had subsided—and cold indeed must be the heart of him who is not moved when he grasps the hand of a new-found uncle—I myself was disposed to receive him somewhat distantly. His language was coarse; and the man's manner exhibited a peculiar mixture of self-assertion and diffidence that was not prepossessing.

But as he warmed into confidence, and as he related to us the simple story of his life and his wanderings, our hearts turned toward him, and we felt how base had been the prejudices which had caused us to be repelled by a rough and homely exterior. He had not been in England for twenty years. During that time he had traversed many strange and distant lands. He had undergone numerous privations. He had been a soldier in Mexico. He had been shipwrecked on the bleak, inhospitable shores of the Auckland Isles, in the far South Seas. He had hunted the wild buffalo on the boundless prairies of the West. He had dug for gold in the deep and sunless mines of Ballarat. He had been a shepherd on the lonely plains of Warnambooler; and now, in his old age, he had returned to the land of his fathers to lay his bones with theirs and to leave his gold, the fruit of long years of toil, to his friends and relations.

It was at this point of his narrative that my wife, who is of a very tender disposition, was affected to tears.

"Aye, ma'am, and it's an old saying that blood is thicker than water; and though he don't recollect it many's the time I have dandled your husband on my knee when he was no bigger than little sonny there. Come, Tommy, and kiss your old uncle."

This was addressed to our eldest hope, an urchin of some five years old. The boy, however, held back and did not seem inclined to accept the invitation.

"Run and kiss your uncle, you naughty, willful boy, do," said my wife.

The boy obeyed with a very bad grace and immediately afterward ran and hid his face in his mother's lap.

"No, thank you, ma'am—I don't seem to care for another cup o' tea. But if you have a drain of anything handy I think I could take a drop along with my pipe. Rum's my favorite tipple, ma'am—not to put you to no inconvenience."

He was actually smoking a pipe in our drawing-room, and my wife was looking on and smiling.

"Oh, certainly," replied my wife, in reply to the last demand. "It's no trouble, I assure you. I—I think we have some in the house."

"Of course we have, Emily," I said. "Why, rum is our favorite tipple, you know."

My wife said nothing, but she gave me one of those peculiar looks with which she sometimes favors her devoted slave.

She went down stairs, and shortly afterward I heard the front door close, by which I understood that our domestic had been dispatched to the nearest public house for a bottle of rum.

I was not mistaken. In a short time she returned with a bottle and two glasses.

"And now," she said, "I will leave you two together while I go and put the children to bed. Say 'Good-night' to your uncle, Tommy."

"Good-night, little one," said Uncle Joe. "Will he take a little of this, ma'am?"

"Oh, no," said my wife, hastily, drawing the child toward her.

But Tommy had seen the rum in the glass, and liked the look of it; and he declared stoutly that he would have some.

"A little drop won't hurt him, ma'am," said Uncle Joe.

And before my wife could interfere the child had the glass to his lips, and had drank off half of it.

It nearly choked him; and, after a brief interval, during which his countenance presented an amusing picture of surprise and consternation, he was led out of the room, howling.

Uncle Joe remained some days with us, during which he developed some pleasing traits of character.

"I like you, Sammy, my boy," he would say to me. "I have more money than I ever will have any use for, and you won't regret your kindness to your old uncle."

Still his presence in our household was productive of some inconvenience. He had a great fondness for rum, which he drank from morning till night; and this, with his continual smoking, made our parlor begin to smell like a tap-room. He had a great partiality for cards, and he initiated me into several strange games. There was one of them, I recollect, called Blind Hookey, in which you bet on a card; and another styled Poker, in which you anted up, and saw your opponents half-crown, and went five shillings better.

I betted on a card, and saw my opponent's half-crown, and in a very short time I found that I had lost five pounds to my relative. This sum, of course, was a mere trifle to him; but it was more than I could afford, and I had to decline to ante up in future.

One thing gave me serious annoyance. Uncle Joe had contracted a habit of using very powerful expletives; and Tommy, who is a very observant child, began to repeat some of these most unnecessary words.

One day I heard a dispute between the boy and his mother.

"I want some more cake, ma."

"You have had enough. Too much cake is not good for little boys."

"I will have some more cake. If you don't give it to me I will say 'dam,' like Uncle Joe."

I had a private interview with the child; and, after an argument which involved some slight physical exertion on my part, I think I convinced him of the impropriety of saying "dam."

Another matter gave me great uneasiness. I was in daily expectation of a visit from my wife's aunt. A meeting between her and my uncle seemed inevitable. How were two such contrary elements to be brought together without collision? I feared the most disastrous results, and I looked forward to the meeting with much trepidation. But one evening, on returning home from business, I found Aunt Jane, my uncle, and my wife in the parlor together, conversing most amicably. Uncle Joe was smoking as usual. I had told him of Aunt Jane's expected arrival, and I had asked him not to smoke in her presence. I looked frowningly at his pipe.

"Oh, it's all right, Sam, my boy," he said, "Miss Lillicrap don't object. She rather likes smoking in a single man."

Does she? I know if I had attempted to smoke in my own house she would have gone into hysterics, at the very least. And here was Uncle Joe pouring his foul tobacco-smoke almost into her very face, and she was sitting opposite him, smiling graciously. I learned afterward that, on Aunt Jane's first arrival, my wife had explained to her privately the presence of Uncle Joe in the house. She had described my relative as a man long unused to civilized society, but of a kind and generous disposition; and—oh! so rich! And these were the two people I had been afraid to bring together. Fool! to think that any difference in mere social usages could dissever the bond of sympathy which unites the possessor of money with—the possessor of money! Oh, Mammon, Mammon!

I find the reflections here suggested have run out into the form of an essay of some length, and of far too valuable a nature to be inserted in a mere casual sketch like the present. They are therefore omitted.

Uncle Joe and Aunt Jane became great friends; and the change that this companionship wrought in the old lady surprised me. Hitherto I had found her to be of a very staid and sober disposition, with a fondness for tea and gossip, but with a horror of all lighter and more frivolous amusements. Now she would accompany Uncle Joe to theaters and concerts, and she encouraged me to give parties at which music, cards and whisky and water were leading features. And in the two latter departments Uncle Joe distinguished himself.

"I say, Courcy," said my friend Flathede, during one of these gathering, "that uncle of yours is a regular old sharper. He has just swindled me out of thirty shillings at the three-card trick."

I looked grave at this announcement.

"And look here, Courcy, my boy, I think you know me."

I said I rather thought I did.

"My name's Flathede, and I'm a man of the world."

"Nobody more so."

"I fancy I know what's what, and can put two and two together as well as most people."

"Better."

"Well, better than some, perhaps. Now, look here, my boy. You'll have a marriage in this house before many weeks are over."

I started.

"What do you mean?" I said.

Then this great observer simply nodded his head, and gave utterance to a monosyllable—

"Twig?"

I looked in the direction indicated. A number of people were gathered round the piano, at which a lady was seated, evidently about to sing; and a gentleman was bending above her affectionately, and preparing to turn over the music. The lady was Aunt Jane, and the gentleman was Uncle Joe.

Of the performance which followed I will say nothing. I am a charitable man. The idea of a marriage between Aunt Jane and Uncle Joe did not give me unalloyed pleasure. I spoke to my wife about it. She treated the announcement with contempt.

"At their age," she said, "it would be too ridiculous." Nevertheless that night Emily said to me:

"Couldn't we persuade Uncle Joe to take lodgings somewhere—at least while my aunt is here? His habits are so uncivilized and Aunt Jane is such a sensitive creature, you know."

I failed to perceive that Aunt Jane's sensitive nature was shocked and I could not see my way clear to turn my uncle out of the house; but my mind was troubled.

I was in the office one morning when I was surprised by a visit from our family solicitor, Mr. Sawyer.

"You have a person calling himself Joseph Courcy residing with you at present?" he said.

"Yes, of course—Uncle Joe."

"Hum! Are you sure he is the person he represents himself to be?"

"Why, of course I am. He is my uncle. He told me so himself."

"Indeed! Then allow me to inform you I have strong reasons to believe that this man is an impostor."

"Gracious powers! you don't say so. How?"

"In the first place this is a much younger man than your uncle would be; and in the second place I happen to know that your uncle has been dead for ten years."

"Dear me! And for these reasons you think this man cannot be my uncle?"

"For these reasons I think this man cannot be your uncle."

I reflected seriously for some minutes and I could not but admit that the lawyer's conclusion was just.

"Nevertheless," I said, "I must still regard him as an uncle—as more than an uncle. Alas! how few real uncles deserve the name."

The lawyer looked puzzled.

"Know," said I, "that he whom you so cruelly stigmatize as an impostor has conferred upon me the greatest of benefits. He has promised to make me heir to all his wealth."

The lawyer laughed.

"So he has been humbugging you too, has he? I don't believe the fellow has five pounds in the world."

"I am sure he has," I said. "He has won more than that of me at cards."

But I began to feel uncomfortable.

"But this is not the worst. I fear he has designs upon your aunt, Miss Lillicrap."

"Ha!"

Then the lawyer told me all. Miss Lillicrap, accompanied by Uncle Joe, had called upon him the previous day, and informed him that she wished him to sell out certain shares which she possessed. She intended to invest the money in some Australian mining company, which was paying large dividends, and which had been strongly recommended by her friend, Mr. Joseph Courcy.

The lawyer was naturally curious to know something of Mr. Joseph Courcy, and was rather surprised to learn that he was then in that gentleman's presence, and that he was my uncle. Further, he was informed that Miss Lillicrap was to become Mrs. Courcy very shortly; but that for the present it was to be a secret. He had made no remark, but told Miss Lillicrap that her business would take some time to transact, and that she had better call upon him in a couple of days.

"I expect," he said, "that they will be in my office at two o'clock to-morrow."

"And now," said Mr. Sawyer, "I will tell you shortly what I know of the matter. Your uncle, Joseph Courcy, went to Melbourne twenty years ago. He had been bankrupt and I was left trustee of the estate. The cause of his bankruptcy was fast living and bad society. He was accompanied to Melbourne by one Thomas Bryne, a person with whom he had been for some time intimate, and who was one of those who helped him to his ruin. This Bryne, it was afterward discovered, had been guilty of a forgery, for which crime he is still liable. Your uncle died in Melbourne ten years ago; and it is this fellow Bryne who now personates him. From inquiries I have made I believe he is almost without money, and his object evidently is to gain possession of your aunt's property, either by marriage or otherwise."

"The infernal, mercenary scoundrel!" I exclaimed. "But we will balk him."

"Yes, I think we will. Call at my office a little before two o'clock to-morrow, and we will arrange what is best to be done."

"Fear not—I will be there. Good day, my very dear sir—good day."

Next day I was at Mr. Sawyer's office shortly before two o'clock. His expected visitors had not arrived, but they came presently. They both seemed somewhat disconcerted on seeing me, and sat for some minutes without speaking. Miss Lillicrap was the first to break the silence.

"Of course, Mr. Sawyer," she said, "you will understand that we wish this to be a private meeting."

"Oh, certainly. Only your nephew, Mr. Courcy, is here by my invitation, as I thought you might want his assistance."

"We neither require nor desire it," said Miss Lillicrap, rising.

"By no means," said Uncle Joe, standing up, and looking dignified.

"Before we proceed to business, then," said the lawyer, "may I ask you, Miss Lillicrap, if you are aware of the character of the person sitting beside you?"

"Hallo, sir! Do you use this language to me?" said Uncle Joe, blustering.

"I do not understand you," faltered Miss Lillicrap.

"I mean simply to say that that fellow is an impostor."

"I'll break your lawyer's head for you if you call me those names," said Uncle Joe.

"No, you won't, my man. I know you. Your name is Thomas Bryne. You are a thief and a forger; and, if I choose, I can at the present moment call in a constable and send you to jail."

"It's a lie!"

But he turned very pale, and his voice faltered.

"Come," said the lawyer, "let's us have no nonsense. There is the door; you may walk out if you choose. Nobody will harm you. Or shall I call in the constable?"

Uncle Joe scratched his head.

"I expect you've got me to rights, governor. No use showing fight, I suppose?"

"Not a bit."

"Honor?"

"Honor!"

"Then I'd better go. Good-by, old gal. Good-by, Sammy. I'll leave you all my money when I die. Compliments to the missus."

And he walked slowly out of the room.

"Rather a cool hand that," said the lawyer.

"What a dreadful thing!" said Aunt Jane, "and to think of all his money going out of the family."

"Well, that's no great loss," said Mr. Sawyer. "I don't believe the fellow's worth a sixpence."

"What!" said Aunt Jane, "no money? Oh, the villain!"

I took Aunt Jane home, and, having related the story to my wife, together we endeavored to console her.

This was at first rather difficult, as she persisted in laying all the blame of the affair upon me. But by degrees we got her into a better humor. She is staying with us at present. She says all men are deceivers, and she is determined to die an old maid. I think this highly probable. Her railway shares have risen in the market lately, and we love her dearly.—*Once a Week.*

A Magician Puzzling London.

FOR some time past we have been amused in London by the presence and ingenuity of two rival conjurers—Dr. Linn and Mr. Maskelyne. They outdid one another in marvels, and are found to occupy rooms side by side at the Egyptian Hall, in Piccadilly. At last Dr. Linn came out with a clever but ghastly trick of cutting a man's head off. But Mr. Maskelyne, not to be beaten, has invented a mechanical contrivance called Psycho which is a marvel among automata, and already the talk of all London. Psycho is a human figure resting on a square box or case, literally filled with clockwork and elaborate machinery, and this case, with the dummy figure or doll resting upon it, is placed on a glass cylinder in the center of the stage. It is absolutely impossible that a man can be concealed under the figure to work it, as was the case with the once celebrated automatic chess-player. The box under Psycho is extremely small, and completely filled with machinery of an elaborate kind. But at the command of Mr. Maskelyne Psycho adds figures together, multiplies, subtracts, and performs various astounding feats in mental arithmetic. He is also able to tell what cards have been subtracted from a pack by several people in the audience. But the most marvelous trick performed by Psycho consists in his playing a hand at whist with three gentlemen selected from the audience. When the cards are dealt Psycho's cards are arranged in front of him on a semi-circular frame. The cards played are called out by Mr. Maskelyne, and, when Psycho's turn comes to play, the figure looks wise, turns his head, puts out his hand and selects the necessary card. He plays an excellent game, never revokes or makes a mistake, and the feat is rewarded with the most unbounded applause. Mechanicians are wild about the discovery, which reflects great credit on the ingenious skill of the inventor. Psycho was first introduced down at Sandringham by express order and command of H. R. H., the Prince of Wales. —*London Letter.*

A CORRESPONDENT of the Utica *Observer* says an old lady of Remsen for over seventy years has lived on roasted potatoes and tea.

CURRENT ITEMS.

WHAT is slosh? It's snow matter.

A TENNESSEE bridegroom of seventeen presented his bride, aged thirteen, with $30,000 as a marriage gift the other day.

CAMELS and dromedaries are becoming plentiful in Nevada, and in some places are supplanting horses, mules and oxen as beasts of burden.

AT a recent masquerade ball in Chicago one of the city papers says there were enough "Nights" and "Mornings" to make a new month in the calendar.

A NEWSPAPER warmed and placed inside the waistcoat will keep out cold far better than a large quantity of clothing. Now is the time to subscribe.—*Rome Sentinel.*

MRS. MARY LEFEVRE said in her lecture in Washington that man's inhumanity to man cannot compare in severity to woman's "inhuwomanity" to woman.

A VIRGINIA lady, Mrs. McGruder, claims to have a feather bed ninety-eight years old, and upon which three of her husbands have died. It's not strange that they died.

THE latest collars and cuffs in colors are made of solid blue, pink, lavender, brown and other shades. The collars are high, with flaring corners, and the cuffs flare to match.

IT is such an uncommon thing to have good order in a Texas court that recently Judge Hare, of Dallas, published a card thanking the people for their quiet and orderly behavior.

IT is declared by authority that braids of all kinds—Hercules, Titan and the rest—will be much used on spring costumes; the braid in all cases matching the color of the material.

SINCE the complete success of the suicide who jumped from the dome of the Capitol at Washington St. Louis is less loud in her praise of the new bridge as a point for suicides.—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

A POUGHKEEPSIE parent lately induced a croupy youngster to make quite a hearty meal of buckwheat cakes and "maple molasses," but the latter proved to be nice sirup of squills. The boy said he thought something ailed the molasses the very minute his father told him to eat all he wanted.

MR. STURTEVANT was arrested in Milford, Mass., for starving a horse to death. Upon the trial it was shown that he had a memory so defective as to nearly amount to mental incapacity, and had actually forgotten that he owned a horse. The animal was a valuable one, which fact in itself was strong proof of the theory of defense, and he was acquitted.

THE poor brutes have suffered worse than mankind during the severely cold weather. The Rochester *Democrat* says it will cost the New York Central Railroad $50,000 to pay for the forty carloads of cattle frozen and injured by the cold near that city lately, and that a similar case of the wholesale freezing of cattle to death also occurred on the Erie Road near Hornellsville. The *Democrat* calls upon Mr. Bergh to investigate these cases and punish the inhuman culprits responsible for this terrible suffering.

A MISTRUSTING HUSBAND.—Wednesday evening a Detroit business man saw his wife walking alone on the avenue. Not being accustomed to see her on the street in the evening, he concluded to follow her. She stepped into a grocery store on Congress street east to make a purchase, and he took a position on the opposite side of the street until she came out, when he recrossed and followed closely behind her. As soon as she discovered that a man was following her she hastened her steps, not even stopping to see who it was. When she arrived at her gate she saw that his face was muffled, and rushing up the front steps she rang the bell. Just then a policeman came along to whom she pointed out the prowler. He at once arrested him, and upon being confronted with the wife she recognized him by his scarf and called him by name. The policeman was dumbfounded, but after an explanation on the part of the husband and a handsome apology to his wife the officer concluded to let him go, and he sneaked penitently into the house.—*Detroit Free Press.*

MR. HARRY BECKETT, the comicadn, has a fund of humor upon which he draws in every emergency. In the house where Mr. Beckett resides a melancholy-looking individual occupies a room just above him, and for a week past has annoyed the comedian by walking the floor all night. When Beckett could not stand it any longer he jumped out of bed about daylight one morning, mounted the stairs and pounded upon the door of the perambulating nuisance. It was opened, and a sepulchral voice cut its way through the early gray of morning with the inquiry: "Well, my friend, what's the matter?" "See here, old man," said Beckett, "you are keeping me awake walking the floor here night after night for weeks. I can't stand it any longer. What's the row?" After a slight pause the fellow drew a sigh and said: "My friend, I am the most miserable of men. I owe a man $500 and can't pay it." "Oh," exclaimed Beckett, "is that all? Why don't you let him do the walking, then, you've got the best of him?" A new light broke upon the mind of the unhappy debtor and there was no more floor-walking after that night.

A Most Remarkable Escape From Death.

A SHIP some time ago arrived at Bristol, after a successful Pacific whaling voyage. Time was when thousands of vessels tracked the great sea monsters in search of oil, but the discoveries of the mineral article have made the trade no longer remunerative, or, at least, much less an object of pursuit. The ship referred to was the West Wind, commanded by Capt. Parker, who met with a most perilous adventure during his cruise, and which came very near costing him his life. Under the most favorable circumstances the occupation of the whaler is one of great danger and physical trial, and very few ships ever return to port without losing one or more hands by the ordinary exigencies of the service.

It seems that Capt. Parker was out from his ship with a boat's crew chasing a whale, and, having fastened his harpoon in the creature, it dived, as usual, and the line, coiled in the bows of the boat, began to run out with lightning speed as the monster sank to the extreme depth of the ocean. At this critical juncture Capt. Parker went to the forward part of the boat to be sure that there was no twist in the rope to prevent its working clear. The line was running out with such rapidity as to cause smoke to arise from the woodwork of the boat, and the Captain threw water, as is the custom, upon the spot. By some unlucky lurch of the boat he was canted from his position, and he naturally threw out his left hand to prevent himself from falling; but, in doing so, he unfortunately placed it so that the rope coiled about his wrist, and he was overboard and out of sight in an instant.

He was perfectly conscious while he was rushing down head foremost, and with an incredible swiftness, and it appeared to him that his arm would be torn from the socket so great was the resistance of the water. During these awful moments he was well aware of his perilous situation, and that his only chance for life was to cut the line. But how could he do this? He could not move his right arm from his side, to which it was so closely pressed by the force of the element through which he was being drawn. The pressure on his brain grew more and more terrible and a roaring as of thunder sounded in his ears. He opened his eyes for a single instant and it seemed as though a stream of fire was passing before them. And now came that inevitable activity of the brain which characterizes all such perilous situations, where one's whole life seems to pass in review in an instant of time. But the Captain was a very practical man, cool and courageous always, and consequently still self-possessed.

He began to struggle with all his muscular power to reach the knife which he wore in his belt. He felt that he was growing weaker every instant and it was now or never with him, though we should say parenthetically that what requires so long to describe occurred in time which was reckoned by seconds rather than minutes. Oh, if he could but command his right hand for one stroke upon that fatal line! Now his heart began to fail him. He did not absolutely despair, but his brain reeled, his nerves seemed to relax their tension, light and darkness appeared to alternate before his eye-balls and his head felt as though compressed in an iron vise. Were these his last moments? He thought, in spite of the agonizing pain he endured, he would make one more brave effort.

The line providentially slackened for a second; he reached his knife and, as quick as thought itself, as the rope became taut again the keen edge of the blade was upon it, and by a desperate effort of the arm it became severed. He was freed, and then commenced his upward passage, caused by the natural buoyancy of the human body. After this he only remembered a feeling of suffocation, a gurgling spasm and all was over until he awoke to an agonizing pain of reviving consciousness in the arms of his boat's crew. Truly one of the most remarkable escapes from death on record.

A Kansas Hero.

THE stickful of information in the Associated Press dispatches concerning the recent coal-mine fire at Osage, Kan., conveys but a stingy idea of the horrors attending that event, as related by the local papers. The fire broke out about mid-day, and when first discovered the main shaft of the mine was in a blaze, with thirty-two men and boys at work beyond and beneath the flames, nearly forty feet below the level of the earth. In a few minutes the whole population of the place rushed to the scene and a thousand or more men, women and children—the relatives, friends and neighbors of the entombed miners—were gathered at the mouth of the burning shaft, stupefied with fear and anguish. All the wells in the town had run nearly dry weeks before and scarcely enough water could be obtained to subdue the heat above ground, much less to arrest the conflagration inside the mine. Thus matters stood for two awful hours, when a railroad engine arrived with a full tank, which was hurriedly emptied into the shaft and a great shout of hope went up from the people. At this juncture a man emerged, like a specter, from the blaze and smoke and fell in a swoon at the very edge of the shaft. An hour later two more men cried up through the flames for help, and a ladder was lowered to them, on which they made their way to the top and were dragged forth, alive, but burned and blackened beyond recognition. Three were now saved, but twenty-nine others were still below and the fire was not yet under control. The terrified crowd stood aghast for a few minutes, and then suddenly a panic of despair seemed to seize them, the stifled moans of the women and children breaking out afresh and the men drawing back from the mines with blanched and averted faces.

The supreme moment of the emergency had come and the one man to meet it was there, thank God! as he always is. His name this time was Marks—William Marks—and stepped to the front with the promptness and the modesty of a true hero. "Fasten a rope around me and let me down into the shaft," he said. The proposition was appalling, but the quiet courage of the man tied every tongue and stilled the agony of the tremulous crowd like a special providence. Down he went into the horrible cavern, without another word, and, reaching the bottom, freed himself for his search in the entries diverging from the main shaft. At almost the first step into the stifling darkness he stumbled upon the inanimate form of one of the miners in a coal car, which he pushed to the entrance, secured the rope around the body, called to those above to hoist away, and in a moment the man was safe. Further search soon revealed the whereabouts of the remaining twenty-eight, and slowly but surely Marks piloted them to the mouth of the mine and delivered them, one by one—many insensible, but all alive—out of the jaws of death into the hands of their wives and children. Then, when the last one had been rescued, he came himself to the surface, scorched and blinded, and nearly suffocated, and stood there silently among the cheering townspeople, the master of the situation.

Thus the peril was surmounted without any sacrifice of life; but the heroism was there all the same. The rescue of the helpless miners, and the escape of the man who gave death scorn to save them, spoiled the perfection of a tragedy; but the destruction of all concerned could not have added to the radiance which belongs to the superb and unselfish bravery of William Marks. He was only a common workingman facing a duty to his fellows; but he met that duty like a Roman monarch, and made grasshopper Kansas splendid for one day with his conquering courage. He probably never heard of Cato pausing, sword in hand, to welcome death; or Cleopatra putting on a crown to make a royal ending; or even of Hay's Jim Bludso, or Harte's Flynn, of Virginia. He merely saw and felt the imminent need of risking one life to redeem twenty-nine other lives, and coolly accepted the challenge. He was the right man in the right place at the right time. May he live long and prosper.—*St. Louis Globe.*

Diffey's Dog.

ALMOST everybody in town has heard of Jimmy Diffey's dog Duplex. He had a thousand tricks, but none that were "vain." Catching ball and all that sort of business afforded him much pleasure. Make but a single motion as though throwing something in the air and Duplex was all attention. His nose was aloft in a moment, and his ears were vibrating "six ways for Sunday," while his tail was extraordinarily flexible. When he had fallen into this attitude the majority of external things were not heeded by him until he became convinced that he was not going to hear anything drop. Not only in this but also in many other respects the dog was a study. Well, poor Duplex is dead now. Last Sunday afternoon the Chinese residents of this place tendered their god Gumboots an ovation, in which firecrackers and bombs largely predominated.

Jimmy Diffey went down to Chinatown to see this blow-out. Duplex followed at his heels. Hardly had the Joss-house been reached when a Chinese worshiper of the cross-eyed god above-mentioned threw high into the air one of those wicked, spherical, wicker-covered bombs, a thing which no other nation except the Chinese would ever have thought of inventing. Poor Duplex saw the ball ascend and rushed forth from his master's side, confident that as a trained dog he was expected to do his duty. The ball had not yet done ascending when Duplex was underneath it, squatted upon his haunches, nose in the air, ears vibrating and laying tail out along the ground as stiff as a small crowbar. In vain did Mr. Diffey shout and call: "Here, Duplex! You, Duplex! Get out! Come here! Ah, you!" Duplex knew too well what, under similar circumstances, had always been expected of him—knew his duty. As the hissing sphere reached its greatest altitude, paused the fractional part of a second and then began its descent, the slightest bit of tremor imaginable was to be observed in the extreme point of the tail of the alert animal; then as the ball descended nearer and nearer he was as firm as a rock—he was accurately measuring his distance. At the exact and critical moment Duplex darted from the ground straight as an arrow from the bow, his rigid, well-formed tail pointing directly to the ground and his mouth open to the widest capacity. Down between the distended jaws of the dog fell the bomb. "Drop it, you rascal!" shouted Mr. Diffey; "drop it, drop it, sir!" But Duplex did not drop it. A heavy, dull explosion was heard—a sort of thud—and Duplex, where was he? The greater part of him lay where the explosion occurred, but one of his eyes was sent across the street through the window of Hop Lock, the Chinese doctor, the end of his nose fell in the boudoir of Miss Soo Chow, and a shower of teeth rained in the meat market and pig-killing establishment of the fat and easy-going Ah Luck.—*Virginia (Nev.) Enterprise.*

Where Your Perfume Comes From.

Our fair readers may be interested to learn where, for the most part, the flowers grow, the sweet perfumes of which are found in those pretty flacons on their dressing tables. The chief places of their growth are the south of France and Piedmont, namely: Montpelier, Grasse, Nimes, Cannes and Nice; these two last especially are the paradise of violets, and furnish a yearly product of about 13,000 pounds of violet blossoms. Nice produces a harvest of 100,000 pounds of orange blossoms, and Cannes as much again and of a finer color; 500 pounds of orange blossoms yield about two pounds of pure Neroli oil. At Cannes the acacia thrives well, and produces yearly about 9,000 pounds of acacia blossoms. One great perfumery distillery at Cannes uses yearly 140,000 pounds of orange blossoms, 140,000 pounds of rose leaves, 32,000 pounds of jessamine blossoms, 20,000 pounds of violets and 8,000 pounds of tuberoses, together with a great many other sweet herbs. The extraction of the ethereal oils, the small quantities of which are mixed in the flowers with such large quantities of other vegetable juices that it requires about 600 pounds of rose leaves to win one ounce of otto of roses, demands a very careful treatment. The French, favored by their climate, are the most active, although not always the most careful, preparers of perfume; half of the world is furnished by this branch of their industry.—*Inter-Ocean.*

A Parisian "Industry."

There is an artful dodger in Paris whose operations have been so clever as to deserve respectful notice. He is a middle-aged person of an innocent aspect, and his pretty plan was to meander slowly along, and, seizing the first mild-eyed old gentleman he met, to lisp in a childlike manner: "Totty has lost his mammy; take Totty back to mammy." The mild-eyed would naturally feel somewhat confused and alarmed, when to him would further appear a confederate of Totty's, who would remark in accents bland that Totty was a harmless idiot, and if the stranger would see Totty home it would be a real charity. Fired by benevolence, the old gentleman would undertake to bear the soft, sweet Totty to his abode, and would trot along the boulevards among the toy-shops, which appeared to enchant Totty. That gentle being would observe: "Totty wants a harlequin; buy Totty a harlequin;" and his antique warder would hasten to gratify that mild longing. Before the ingenious Totty reached his home he was usually laden with the marketable results of the kind-hearted old creature's benevolence, and did a thriving business until several benefactors happened to compare notes, and Totty's innocent industry was quenched.

THE difference between the sexes may be stated thus: A man gives forty cents for a twenty-five-cent thing he wants, and a woman gives forty cents for a twenty-five-cent thing she does not want.

THE people in some parts of the country this winter pump water with an ax and bring it home in a basket.

Weekly Statesman.

R. REWELL.....EDITOR.

SATURDAY.....April 3, 1875.

TO ADVERTISERS.

The Walla Walla STATESMAN has a much larger circulation than any other paper published in the Territory of Washington, and hence offers superior advantages to advertisers who would reach the best class of paying customers.

SUBSCRIBERS OUTSIDE THE COUNTY.

With January 1st, 1875, the New Postage law went into effect, which requires the publisher to pay the postage in advance on all papers sent outside of the county, where printed. The postage will be about 10 cents a year. In view of this new law, we will be able to send no papers outside of the county after January 1st, unless *paid for in advance*. We must meet advance money for white paper, ink, labor, etc., and pay postage besides, and send papers away on credit. Persons outside of Walla Walla county, who desire the STATESMAN after this date, will, therefore, please bear this in mind. If those who are indebted to us now will remit the several amounts due, and three dollars additional, we will mail our paper to them, postage prepaid, for one year. To enable all to avail themselves of this offer, we will send bills to those in arrears.

FRANCE.—The Versailles Assembly has agreed to adjourn from March 20 to May 5, a committe of twenty-five members to sit during the recess. On the important matter of the dissolution of the Assembly the Ministers refused to express any views, and the proposition to order no more partial elections was referred to a committee. Unless the dissolution is agreed to the Left will urge the prompt filling up of all vacancies. An attempt to restore Paris to her position as the capital was defeated by a close vote. The legislators are evidently getting tired of their self imposed exile. If Versailles were a few miles further away from the Palais Royal they would have long since surrendered at discretion.

HON. E. S. KEARNEY has tendered his resignation as U. S. Marshal for Washington Territory. We understand that it is Mr. Kearney's intention to retire entirely from public life, and that most likely he will take up a residence at Seattle. Possessed of an ample fortune, and blessed with an amiable and intelligent wife, we doubt not that he will enjoy the quiet comfort of domestic life. In taking leave of Mr. Kearney in his official capacity, we can bear witness that he has at all times acquitted himself an able and efficient officer, and that he has been a zealous guardian of the public interests committed to his keeping. This much by way of expressing our regard for a friend whom we have known from his boyhood, and who we have at all times found as true as steel.

THE NEXT SPEAKER.—The contest among the democratic Congressmen before they left Washington, relative to the Speakership of the next House, was between S. J. Randall, of Pennsylvania, and Michael C. Kerr, of Indiana. The latter gentleman, so far as newspaper indications goes, has now the best prospect. Mr. Kerr is an able and scholarly legislator of experience; but he can never make such an efficient Speaker as Blaine has been—a Speaker whose capacity has not been equalled within the memory of those now living. Alert, full of tact, clear-headed, with all the rules and precedents at his finger-ends, Mr. Blaine was just the man to guide so large and turbulent a body as our Congressional House of Representatives has become. He will be the leader of the opposition on the floor if Kerr be the head of the majority in the Chair.

GERMANY AND THE POPE.—The struggle between Bismarck and the Pope is carried on vigorously at Berlin. It must be confessed that the odds, so far, appear to be heavily in favor of the Man of Iron. He has just given his enemies another knock-down blow, notwithstanding their skillful fence. By an immense majority the German Parliament has decided on withdrawing the State grants from the Roman Catholic bishops. The debate appears to have been very lively, as the ultramontanes fought fiercely. One sturdy member insisted on reading the Pope's Encyclical letter in spite of the protests of the House. It does not appear to have had the effect of converting Bismarck's followers. It is questionable whether these victories are not somewhat dearly purchased. They must have the effect of encouraging religious fanaticism and dividing North and South Germany into two hostile camps, one supporting the Kaiser, the other the Pope.

A PARTING SHOT.—The Baltimore *Gazette* makes the following summary of the votes on the force bill: Of the 157 votes in favor of ordering the main question, 103 were cast by men whose terms had expired, and all of whom—with the exception of 17 from the South, who may seek a re-election this year—have been rejected by their constituents. It was their legacy revenge. All the Massachusetts delegation voted for the bill except Pierce and Dawes. The latter, true to his pledge, voted against it. Garfield, as usual, professed to oppose it, and then, with a number of other radicals, dodged the vote. The number of dodgers and absentees were 30—not enough indeed to change the result; but it was a cowardly act nevertheless, and will be remembered against them hereafter. This fact we now put on record. Only 54 republicans re-elected to the next Congress voted for the bill, 103 votes were cast by men who had no longer any constituencies behind them.

FAILURE OF THE BOUNTY BILL.—One of the big steals up at the last session of Congress was the bounty bill that was expected to take several hundred million dollars out of the National Treasury. The failure of this bill was attended by certain peculiarities that will bear repeating. The bill had passed the House, passed the Senate with amendments, and returned to the House, where the amendments were non-concurred in. It then went to a conference committee, which agreed to concur in the Senate amendments. The concurrence of the committee was then reported to the House and adopted. At this stage of the proceedings there were only a few minutes left of the session, and time was very precious. As the Senate action had not been changed in any wise by the conference committee, it was not believed by those in charge of the bill that any further action by that body was necessary, so the bill was sent directly to the officers of the Senate, and received the signature of the Vice President. At this juncture the Senate conference committee made its report, and, on motion of Mr. Sprague, it was *laid on the table* It then appeared that the bill had received the signatures of the presiding officers of both Houses, and on the point of order being made, the Vice-President declared that the bill was no longer before the Senate—that is to say, that it had passed and gone to the President. What might have been the outcome of this curious question it is impossible to say, had not the President cut the Gordian knot by omitting to sign the bill. His reasons are understood to have been two fold—first, that in the present depleted condition of the national finances, the outlay necessitated by the measure (variously estimated at from $30,000,000 to $387,000,000) could not safely be made; and, second, that it was by no means certain that the measure had received the constitutional assent of the Senate. So the bounty bill failed to become a law.

JUDGE CHRISTIANCY, the new Senator from Michigan, delivered a very able speech against the admission of the negro Pinchback, as the Senator from Louisiana. The Judge took the ground that the Kellogg government was not a legal one—that it could not have existed for a moment had not the President come to its aid with the troops of the federal government, and that therefore it had no right to send a Senator to Washington. Judge Christiancy has been for many years the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Michigan, and his speech was heavily judicial in its character. The papers generally state that his speech made a great impression upon the Senate and doubtless increased the majority against Pinchback's admission. It is gratifying to know that such a man as Judge Christiancy now wears the toga so long disgraced by Zach Chandler. He is claimed as a republican, but his speech puts him more in sympathy with such democrats as Thurman and Bayard than with republicans like Morton and Ben. Butler. He is still in great vigor and his mind, owing to his judicial habits, is clear and logical. He is a tower of strength to the side in the Senate which stands up for the rights of the people, and radicalism has already found that it cannot lean upon him to support any of its schemes of violence or rascality.

SPRING ELECTIONS.—New Hampshire was a drawn battle. Everybody expected it to go democratic and be carried off in the tidal wave which swept the country last fall. Even this uncertain result has had the moral effect of a republican victory. New Hampshire, even in the palmiest days of the republican supremacy, was always a doubtful State. In the olden times the cry was "As Maine goes so goes New England." But Maine has grown more and more republican, and we say now, "As New Hampshire goes so goes New England." In New Hampshire and others of the New England States the party lines were not strongly drawn. The introduction of temperance and other questions into the canvass prevented the republicans from polling their full vote. We presume that so long as minor questions are allowed to intrude upon a canvass there will always be an edge of the party, a thin, scattering remnant, causing annoyance to the calculating politicians, and even at times—as when Birney defeated Clay—destroying the result of a Presidential election.

THE CENTENNIAL.—The preparation for the proper celebration of the first Centenial of American independence goes on bravely over the country. It is now evident the undertaking will be as successful as it undoubtedly deserves to be. The State Legislatures are voting the necessary funds to allow them to be properly represented in the great fair.

Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 17, 1875.

EDITOR STATESMAN:—Milroy having declined the appointment of Prosecuting Attorney for Washington Territory, the President, yesterday, sent the name of John Allen to the Senate for confirmation. Just who Mr. Allen is I am not informed; but suppose some of your readers may know him, as I learn that he is a resident of Puget Sound. The other applicants for the position were Colonel George and Chas. Bradshaw, of Port Townsend, the latter being recommended by Smith Kearney. If Col. George had been in the field at an earlier day, I am satisfied that he would have received the appointment. As I have already said, I have no knowledge of Allen, but will venture the assertion that in point of legal ability and every other requisite, he is the superior of Milroy.

An effort is being made to remove several of the Territorial officials. The effort, however, I think will prove unsuccessful. Of one thing I am certain, and that is, Smith Kearney can be Governor if he wants it. The appointment of

GIDDINGS,

judging from the number of telegrams received here protesting against his confirmation, must have created a profound sensation in and around Olympia. Giddings is Collector, appointed in the face of the objections of both the Secretary of the Treasury and Commissioner of Internal Revenue, both of whom strongly endorsed Hayden, and as long as Grant remains President he will continue Collector. Therefore all further opposition will be fruitless. I would advise gentlemen who have been financially injured by this appointment to turn their attention to some other occupation than that of office-holding, which at the best is very precarious, and, in Washington Territory, the most uncertain thing in life.

A word in your ear. It was Elijah, not Joshuah, who was translated in a chariot of fire. This statement is necessary to correct an error which appeared in one of my letters published in the STATESMAN of the issue of February 27th. To those who know me it is hardly necessary to say that the mistake was not of my own making, for my reputation as a biblical scholar is firmly established.

Some three weeks ago an agent of London capitalists arrived here for the purpose of consulting with Col. Chapman and other Oregonians in relation to building the Portland, Dalles and Salt Lake Railroad. After a thorough investigation and careful inquiry the agent, on behalf of the principals, signed an agreement to

BUILD THE ROAD,

work to be commenced at an early day. The agreement, which was drawn up by Senator Kelly, was telegraphed to London Thursday last, and a favorable answer is hourly expected. It is the intention to commence work at Portland and build the road up the Columbia, and thus relieve the country of the oppressive monopoly that now controls that great highway of nature. The English gentlemen who have embarked in this enterprise are the proprietors of extensive rolling mills, and in addition have abundant means at their command to carry out their projects. In addition to the aid already received by the Company from the State of Oregon, the people of that State and the Territories of Idaho and Washington will be called upon to contribute in labor and material a sum equal to $200,000. The vessels bringing the iron will on their return trip for England be loaded with wheat. This will furnish the farmers with much greater facilities for getting rid of their surplus wheat than ever before offered, and it is thought that, owing to the impetus that will thus be given to all branches of business and industry, the $200,000 can be raised without difficulty. I am confident that the road will be constructed, and, also, that work will be commenced early the coming season. Washington, during the recess of Congress, is fearfully gloomy.

THE USUAL GLOOM,

however, is at present intensified by the hungry and sorrow-stricken countenances of members of the late Congress, the dismission of which has left a large number out of a job, and their great intellects are much exercised as to how they may turn some more honest pennies to keep the wolf away. A private secretary to the President says that no less than forty-nine ex Congressmen have filed application for office. Nearly all of them want to be ministers plenipotentiary, but failing in this they are content to be made judges, marshals, and the like. The President is anxious to reward their devotion to his political fortunes, and to retain their valuable services to the Government, but there is a limit to the number of offices to be filled, and the President has not enough to go around among the host of the disappointed. You may think Ben Butler is the personification of all that is depraved. Listen to what he said to a colored friend in relation to

BAR ROOMS.

A few days since Ben. received a letter from the South, written in behalf of a number of colored persons, inquiring whether, under the civil rights bill, negroes have not the privilege of the accommodations of bar-rooms. He has replied to the effect that the civil rights bill does not confer such privilege, that only white people have the right to get drunk in bar-rooms, and that he hopes never to hear of colored people endeavoring to thrust themselves into such places. Talking of bar-rooms, I am reminded that Walla Walla has the reputation of hankering after foaming beverages. For further particulars, the anxious inquirer is referred to the statistical information concerning the consumption of beer. From my knowledge of your readers I feel confident that they will be delighted to learn that among the many important measures rushed through the closing hours of Congress was one to the effect that every beer-keg may have two spigot-holes. Why the law should heretofore have smiled on beer kegs with one spigot-hole with favor, and frowned on those with two, is a conundrum; but any beer drinker can see that

THE TWO HOLE THEORY

is the most liberal, and Congress, sympathizing doubtless with the Walla Walla beer drinkers, most of whom have heretofore struggled to extract comfort through the inadequate facilities of one spigot-hole, almost unanimously declared in favor of two spigot-holes. And yet there are men who say that our last Congress was without a redeeming trait. The other day a crazy colored man created a sensation by roaming through Pennsylvania Avenue, and with a large club, declaring he represented

THE ALMIGHTY

on behalf of the colored people, said that he was going to knock the brains out of Congress. He certainly was a maniac. What man in his right mind would for a moment imagine that the Almighty had anything to do with Washington, or that Congress, now no more, had any particular, specific palpable or tangible brains to knock out. That fellow, if he really wanted brains, should have waited until LaDow had taken his seat.

MISCELLANEOUS.

In the Senate, yesterday, the Pinchback case was discussed by Senator Edmunds, of Vermont, who, though a pronounced republican, made a most effective and logical argument against the admission of Pinchback. One of the Senators characterized it as a "democratic speech by a republican." Senators Howe and Logan advocated Pinchback's claims, after which Senator Morton closed the debate in earnest advocacy of the same. A motion was then made and carried to postpone the further consideration of the matter until next December. This unexpected result was reached through fear that if Pinchback was refused a seat in the Senate a vacancy would thereby be declared, and the present Legislature of Louisiana would elect a conservative.

The persistency of the irrepressible paleface in locating upon the lands of the Sioux in the Black Hills has had at least one effect in stirring up the government to an effort to extinguish the Sioux title and open the country to immigration. If the stories of the intruding expeditionists are to be believed, the Black Hills are full of gold and silver, but it must be remembered that such stories have been told before.

The aggregate of the appropriation bills passed at the last session of Congress amounts to $142,000,000.

Judge McFadden secured an appropriation of over $5000 for repairs to the capital building at Olympia.

The appropriation for the survey of public lands in Washington Territory this year is $40,000.

Senator Mitchell secured $55,000 for the improvement of the Upper Columbia.

PERSONAL.

Judge McFadden and family leave for home in a few days.

Dr. R. H. Towler, at one time Ben. Holladay's private secretary, has been appointed Paymaster with the rank of Major.

A patent has been granted Alonzo Gilman, of Lewiston, for improvement on railroad car-trucks.

Meacham, accompanied by Scar-faced Charley and several other members of the Modoc tribe, gave three entertainments here last week. The attendance was very poor. N.

EQUINOCTIAL STORM.

Destruction of Property—Buildings Unroofed and Blown Down—Vessels Sunk and Dismasted—Ruin and Devastation Everywhere.

From the Victoria *Colonist* of the 25th and 26th inst., we collate the following account of the terrific storm which passed over the north-western coast:

Yesterday, 25th, dawned brightly and calmly. The wind, which had raged for several days from every point of the compass had died away during the preceding night, and was replaced with light zephyrs from the south. The sun came out warmly and people as they met each other on the thoroughfares exchanged congratulations upon the prospect thus afforded of better weather ahead. A few invalids who had been closely confined during all the long, hard winter, ventured out of doors and their well known forms and faces—though shrunken and pinched by the keen suffering they had undergone—were accepted as a bright augury of a near-at-hand spring. These favorable indications continued until about 11 o'clock, when the barometer quickly showed signs of falling, and within an hour sank to 28.85, an exceptionally low stage.

Soon great masses of wind-laden clouds were observed to scurry across the sky, the bright sun and the poor invalids retired from observation and the wind veered to the southwest and gradually freshened until 2 o'clock, when it became what would be called a stiff blow. Gathering renewed vigor at 15 minutes to 3 o'clock it attained the proportions of a gale, and by 3 o'clock a fierce, relentless hurricane, that shook the strongest buildings and caused the destruction of a vast amount of property, broke over the city and vicinity.

The mighty wind bore on its pinions heavy rain-charged clouds, which torn into shreds, reached the earth in great sheets of water that drenched the few persons who remained out of doors to the skin in a moment. The wind came in great long gusts, that roared and shrieked, and then swept on to continue their madcap career elsewhere, to be followed in quick succession by other gusts equally strong and vicious. Soon the effects of the pitiless pelting upon buildings, fences, &c., became apparent. Among the first structures on Government street to succumb was the veranda in front of the old postoffice, which came down with a crash, crushing in part of the front of the next building, and creating a panic in the glass market. Next followed the tin roof Carswell's block, on Front street, owned by Mr. Lowenberg, which was rolled up like a scroll and deposited in the next lot, breaking the telegraph line and exposing a stock of valuable goods belonging to Oppenheimer Bros. to damage from the rain. Next the glass doors of the present custom house were driven in, and the collector and his clerks driven out. About the same time the lumber piled in Sayward's and Moody and Nelson's yard became instinct with motion, and about 20,000 feet waltzed away with Old Boreas.

In some places inch planks were caught up, whirled in the air and broken like pipe stems, and the lots for several blocks are covered with them. The schooner *Industry*, Captain Jones, which arrived the day before from Nanaimo, with a cargo of coal, for Captain Clarke, was lying at Kholes' wharf alongside the bark *Clifton*. The schooner sunk at her moorings at 2½ o'clock, Captain Jones narrowly escaping with his life. The *Clifton* was chafed against the wharf, but sustained no damage. The *Otter* and other steamers escaped injury. About this time the sea rolled into and across the harbor in great waves and broke with a thundering roar upon the beach, threatening destruction of any small craft that might venture upon its bosom. The roof of the Occidental building and a part of the firewall were carried away at 4 o'clock, and a tremendous crash in the vicinity of the new postoffice revealed the fact that Heathorn's verandah and firewall had gone by the board, crushing in part of Nuttall's building. A chimney from Schl's furniture wareroom next fell, crushing through into Fawcett & Co.'s workroom. A man passing Heathorn's was struck on the back by a flying brick and severely but not dangerously bruised. Denny & Spencer's, Rickman's and several other shop fronts on Government street were driven in. A large frame building on Langley street, rear of the *Colonist* office, was leveled with the ground. A whitehall boat lying on Davis' wharf was carried clear across the slip to Broderick's wharf, crushed and then sent overboard to bob helplessly up and down among yeasty waves. An historical oak tree, a last memento of the old Fort yard and the only relic of a dense forest which once occupied the site of the city, beneath the friendly shade of which the Hudson Bay Company's officials were wont to recline in the pristine days of the province, was uprooted and broken into kindling wood. Near Rhodes & Co.'s warehouse on Store street, a frame building had been occupied by a man who made quite a lucrative living by collecting sawdust and selling it to the saloon-keepers for their floors. The wind seized this frame building in its arms, toyed with it a few minutes and then tore it into fragments. The imprisoned sawdust made its escape in a great cloud, and was scattered in every direction. Persons walking up town and observing the dense cloud of sawdust approaching imagined that Walkem & Co. were engaged in their favorite game of throwing dust in people's eyes. The chimneys of Reid's block toppled over like ninepins, and Muirhead & Mann's shop front was only saved by the timely application of strong braces.

The roof of the H. B. Co.'s tin shop was lifted off and deposited on Wharf street. The side of the California Saloon was torn down and Waddington alley is filled with debris. But it is useless to attempt to describe in this issue all the damage inflicted in the city by this hurricane, of which no parallel has been known since 1856, when men and animals were carried off their feet and great trees were snapped like sticks of macaroni. Chimneys fences and firewalls are down in every direction; but we are happy to say that no loss of life has resulted, so far as we can hear. We fear that the country has suffered great damage.

PENDLETON LETTER.—We call attention to the letter from our Pendleton correspondent. "Mack" wields a ready and graceful pen, and we shall be pleased to hear from him more frequently.

MINERS.—We have hitherto refrained from writing anything which we thought would induce laboring men to come to Boise Basin this spring to seek employment, for the reason that the prospects for a good water season were anything but encouraging until since the recent storms, and we know that the loss of a season's work and a few hundreds of dollars result[illegible] almost irreparable injury to many, [illegible]d most of the class of men who[illegible] a livelihood upon day's or mon[illegible] now that we are assured of at[illegible]nd one of the best seasons for pl[illegible] perienced in the county, we [illegible] saying to men out of emp[illegible] come to Boise county, a[illegible]ill have no difficulty in getting employ[illegible] during the mining season at from four [illegible] five dollars a day. The present smiling appearance of nature indicates the beginning of active mining as early as the 10th of April, and from that time until the water begins to slack labor in the mines will be in demand and good wages paid.—*Idaho World.*

THE STATESMAN has the largest and most complete Job Printing Office in the Territory. Orders for first class work promptly filled, and in all cases at the lowest cash prices.

EXPRESSION OF CONDOLENCE.

We are permitted to copy the following tribute to the memory of a most worthy lady from the official proceedings of Frenchtown Grange, No. 7, Patrons of Husbandry:

Worthy Master, Brothers and Sisters:—Your committee to draft resolutions of condolence with the family of our late sister, CYNTHIA ANN JOHNSON, find the usual style of sympathy and condolement totally inadequate to utter in words the regret—the profound regret—we feel in their bereavement, and also the loss of a worthy and honored matron of our Grange.

The death of a parent is a sad affliction at any time; but the loss of such a wife and mother, cut down in the prime of life, at the very time when a mother's watchful care and council is most needed, is indeed a serious loss. Although her family have cause to regret her, we and they have reason to be proud of her, as she never forgot the high position assigned her sex, and walked worthily in it. She was ever foremost in deeds of charity, ever lenient and forgiving, and when affection or duty claimed her aid there was none more devoted. She died as she lived, beloved by and devoted to her family and respected by all who knew her.

Peace be with her!

With her family fortitude to bear with resignation her departure to another and higher sphere of duty; where we trust she has gone to prepare an eternal resting place for them.

JAMES MADIGAN,
A. J. HAMILTON,
MARY E. LOUDEN. } Com.

New Advertisements.

NOTICE!

WM. H. UTTER,

OF

NEIMEYER & UTTER,

Merchant Tailors,

PORTLAND, OREGON.

Will be at the Stine House, Walla Walla, for a few days, soliciting orders.

Splendid Fits Guaranteed!

The largest and most carefully selected assortment of fine

Cassimeres, Cloths,
Coatings, Tweeds,
Diagonals, Vestings,

North of San Francisco. 1w

EGGS! EGGS! EGGS!

FROM PURE BRED POULTRY, FOR

HATCHING,

AT LESS THAN STATES' PRICES. Guaranteed pure bred and fresh. Will be sold at the following prices and greenbacks taken at par:

Dark and Light Brahmas, ₱ dozen.....$3 00
Buff and Partridge Cochins, ₱ dozen..... 3 00
White Leghorns, ₱ dozen..... 3 00
Rouen Ducks, ₱ dozen..... 4 00
Bronze Turkeys, ₱ dozen..... 6 00

Address, E. D. HANNAH,
17-tf Boise City, Idaho.

Sheriff's Sale of Real Estate.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That in pursuance of a decree of foreclosure, order of sale and judgment, issued out of the District Court of the First Judicial District of Washington Territory, holding terms at Walla Walla City, in and for the Counties of Walla Walla and Whitman, in a certain action therein pending, wherein SAMUEL M. KEES was Plaintiff, and NANCY J. SNOWELL and JOHN B. SNOWELL were defendants, which said decree, order of sale and judgment was rendered in said action on the 13th day of March, 1875, in favor of said plaintiff and against said defendants, for the sum of Three Thousand and Forty-Three Dollars, gold coin, and interest thereon at the rate of one and one-half per cent. per month from the said 13th day of March, 1875, until paid; and the further sum of two hundred and eleven dollars gold coin, attorney's fees in said action; and the further sum of twenty-four dollars, costs and disbursements in said action.

Now, therefore, by virtue of said decree, order of sale and judgment, and in pursuance thereof, a certified copy of which has been duly issued out of and under the seal of said Court, and to me directed and delivered, I will, to satisfy said judgment and interest, said attorneys' fees and all costs,

On Monday, the 3d day of May, 1875,

at the Court House door, in the City of Walla Walla, County of Walla Walla, and Territory of Washington, at the hour of half-past two o'clock, P. M., of said day, sell at auction to the highest bidder, for cash in gold coin, the mortgaged premises or so much thereof as may be necessary, in said decree, order of sale and judgment mentioned and described as follows, to wit: The south half of the southwest quarter of Section Eighteen, (18,) and the south half of the northwest quarter of Section Nineteen, (19,) in Township Seven, (7,) North of Range thirty-six (36) East. Save and except the following described part or portion of said above described mortgaged premises, to wit: Commencing at a point five chains and sixty seven links south, and twelve chains and seventy-one links east of the adjoining corners of Sections thirteen, eighteen, nineteen and twenty-four, on the Range line, in Township seven, between Ranges thirty five and thirty six East, thence running south 2 deg. 5 sec. west, six chains and eighty-five links; thence south 88 deg. 21 min. East, fourteen chains and sixty links; thence North 2 deg. 5 sec. East, six chains and eighty-five links; thence North 88 deg. 21 sec. West, fourteen chains and sixty links to the place of beginning, containing ten acres. Said lands lying and being situated in the County of Walla Walla, and Territory of Washington.

Dated, Walla Walla, April 2, A. D. 1875.

GEORGE F. THOMAS,
Sheriff of Walla Walla County, W. T.
KENNEDY & GEORGE,
Attorneys for Plaintiff. 17-4s

Sheriff's Sale of Real Estate.

PURSUANT TO A DECREE OF FORECLOSURE and Order of Sale, made by the District Court of the First Judicial District of Washington Territory, holding terms at Walla Walla City, in and for the Counties of Walla Walla and Whitman, in a certain action therein pending, wherein N. B. DUTRO was Plaintiff, and CHARLES ADDIS was Defendant, judgment was rendered in said action, on the 17th day of November, A. D. 1874, in favor of said Plaintiff, and against said Defendant, for the sum of Three Thousand Five Hundred and Ninety-one Dollars ($3591 14) and Fourteen Cents, gold coin, with interest thereon at the rate of two per cent. per month until paid, and $179 50 gold coin attorney's fees, with costs of this action.

Now, therefore, by virtue of said decree, a certified copy of which has been duly issued out of and under the seal of said Court, and to me delivered, I will,

On Saturday, the 24th day of April,

A. D. 1875, at the Court House door, in the City and County of Walla Walla, W. T., at the hour of two o'clock, P. M., sell to the highest and best bidder, for gold coin, the mortgaged premises in said decree mentioned and described as follows, to wit: The undivided one-half of the south half of the southeast quarter, and the southeast quarter and west half of the southwest quarter of Section Number Eleven, (11.) Also, the north half of the northeast quarter, and the northeast quarter of the northwest quarter of Section Number Fourteen, (14,) in Township Number Eleven, (11,) North of Range Number Forty (40) East of the Willamette Meridian, situate, lying and being in the County of Walla Walla, and Territory of Washington, containing THREE HUNDRED AND TWENTY ACRES, or so much thereof as will be necessary to satisfy said judgment, with interest, attorney's fees, and all costs.

Given under my hand, this 17th day of March, A. D. 1875. GEO. F. THOMAS,
Sheriff of Walla Walla County.
B. L. SHARPSTEIN,
Attorney for Plaintiff. 17 ts

Probate Notice.

IN THE PROBATE COURT, Walla Walla County, Washington Territory: The undersigned has been appointed by said Court Administrator of the Estate of JOSEPH TEEL, deceased. All persons having claims against said Estate are hereby notified to present the same to the undersigned, with the necessary vouchers required by law, at his residence, in Walla Walla city, within one year of the date of this notice, or be thereafter barred.

JOSEPH L. TEEL,
Administrator.
Walla Walla, March 29, 1875. 17-4w

Clearance Sale

Owing to contemplated change in Firm,

DUSENBERY BROS.,

WILL CLOSE OUT THEIR

MAMMOTH STOCK

OF

Clothing, Dry Goods,

Boots & Shoes, Hats,

Carpets, Groceries, &c., &c.

AT

Invoice Prices!!

Thus giving Purchasers an opportunity to get Goods at

Unheard of Bargains!

With unsurpassed facilities at our command, we challenge competition, and very cordially invite the public to come and see us and judge for themselves. Our word for it, no one will go away a victim of disappointment. Come while Bargains are going at the

CLOTHING, DRY GOODS & GROCERY HOUSE

OF

DUSENBERY BROS.

WE WILL RETAIL

Good Coffee, 4 pounds for.....$1 00
Good Island Sugar, 9 pounds for..... 1 00
Good Japan Tea, per pound.....62 1-2

Walla Walla, January 30, 1875. 8tf

OREGON STEAM NAVIGATION CO.

Upper Columbia River.

FREIGHT AND PASSENGER RATES,

To take effect March 12, 1875.

RATES OF FREIGHT:

PER TON MEASUREMENT.

PORTLAND TO DALLES.....$10 00
" " UMATILLA..... 20 00
" " WALLULA..... 25 00
" " LEWISTON..... 40 00

LIVE STOCK:

In lots, shipped from PORTLAND to DALLES same day (including railroad) at the following rates, owner's risk:

HORSES.....$3 00
YEARLINGS..... 75
2-YEARS' OLD and COWS..... 1 50
3-YEARS' OLD and upwards..... 2 00
SHEEP and CALVES..... 37½
HOGS (stock)..... 50

DOWN FREIGHT:

Taken from the different points on the river to PORTLAND at the following rates:

From.....	Dalles.	Umatilla.	Wallula.	Lewiston.
Wheat, Flour and Barley, per ton.....	$5 00	$6 00	$6 00	$10 00
Flax Seed, per ton.....	5 00	7 00	7 00	10 00
Broom Corn, per ton (weight)		10 00	12 00	
Green Fruit and Vegetables, per ton, fast freight.....	5 00	7 50	7 50	
Wool, per pound.....	½	1	1	1½
Hides, each.....	20	25	25	50
Sheep and Calf Skins (laied,) each.....	5	6½	6½	10

SPECIAL RATES:

From PORTLAND to.....	Dalles.	Umatilla.	Wallula.	Lewiston.
Separators, 6 horse.....	$40 00	$70 00	$80 00	$150 00
" 8 "	45 00	80 00	90 00	175 00
" 10 "	50 00	90 00	100 00	200 00
Endless Chain Threshers.....	50 00	50 00	60 00	110 00
Grain Drills.....	7 00	12 50	15 00	20 00
Reapers.....	8 00	15 00	17 50	30 00
Mowers.....	7 00	12 50	15 00	20 00
Headers.....	15 00	25 00	30 00	50 00
Wagons, set up.....	10 00	15 00	17 50	30 00
" knocked down in lots of 10 and over..	7 50	10 00	12 50	
Lumber, per M.....	19 00	20 00	22 50	
Shingles, per M.....	1 00	2 00	2 50	
Lathe, per M.....	1 50	2 50	3 00	
Raw Hide Chairs.....	2 50	4 00	4 50	
Crockery, Loose, per gal.	2			
Apple Boxes—Shooks in pkgs. per box.....	5		10	

Live Stock Shipped to Portland.

From the different points on the river, at the following rates, owner's risk:

From.....	Dalles.	Umatilla.
CATTLE.....	$2 00	$
SHEEP.....	37½	60

Furniture (set up) taken at half measurement, owners' risk.

Gunpowder, Friction Matches, Acids, Turpentine, and other combustible materials, will be rated at one and one-half tariff rates at owners' risk.

Burning Fluid, Varnish, Looking-Glasses (boxed), Castings, Fanes, Billiard Tables, at owners' risk.

An EXTRA CHARGE of $2 50 per ton to the DALLES, and $5 00 per ton to UMATILLA, WALLULA and LEWISTON on Fast Freight.

PASSAGES.

Portland to Dalles.....$5 00
" Umatilla.....10 00
" Wallula.....12 00
" Lewiston.....20 00

All Bills Payable in U. S. Gold Coin.

J. C. AINSWORTH,
15-tf Pres't O. S. N. Company.

Last Call.

ALL PERSONS INDEBTED to the late Firm of KASEBERG & SHROEDER, H. Kaseberg or A. Shroeder, are requested to come forward and settle their accounts, by Cash or Note, on or before the 1st of April next, and save cats.

H. KASEBERG,
A. SHROEDER.
Walla-walla, February 18, 1875. 11-1m

LOW PRICES FOR JOB PRINTING is the rule at the STATESMAN Office.

1875 HARDWARE 1875

Iron and Steel,

AGRICULTURAL AND

Farming Implements!

THE UNDERSIGNED being compelled to make space for a large consignment of

Heavy & Shelf Hardware!

Now being forwarded by Eastern Manufacturers will arrive about this date,

Sell at Cost and Freight!

the present large and well assorted Stock, comprising in part,

Saddlery and Building Hardware!

BLACKSMITH'S TOOLS,
WAGONMAKER'S TOOLS,
CARPENTER'S TOOLS

And a miscellaneous variety of other Merchandise consisting of FRESH GROCERIES; Linseed, Lard, Castor and Lamp Oils and Turpentine; Crockery and Glassware. Also,

MEN'S CUSTOM-MADE BOOTS,

of excellent material, suitable for Farmers and Teamsters, to whom I also offer

The Clipper, Champion and Collins' CAST-STEEL PLOWS.

The Seneca Falls celebrated THIMBLE SKEINS AND BOXING, direct from the Foundry. Wootenholm's, Rodgers' and Wilson's TABLE AND POCKET CUTLERY. Assorted kegs of No. 2, 3 and 4 Burden's HORSE AND MULE SHOES. New London U. B. Putnam and Ausable brands of HORSE SHOE NAILS. Tire, Round, Square, Band and Hoop Iron all sizes. Plow, Spring and Pick Steel; Cast-Steel for Harrow Teeth, Drills, etc. Single and Double Gun Locks, Main Springs, Tubes, Bar Lead, Shot, Sporting and Blasting Powder, etc.

Enamelled Drill Ducking and Leather, suitable for Buggies, Spring Wagons and Upholstery use. Carriage and Seat Springs; Anvils, Vises and Bellows; Wagon-Jacks, Borax, Pulley Blocks, and a great variety of other Goods, too numerous to mention even in abridged detail.

A Kirby Combined Reaper, Mower and Self-Rake on sale, a Bargain.

Eastern Drafts Bought.

Doing business on a Sound Basis, both in Buying and Selling, and importing direct from the Manufacturies, thereby saving intermediate Profit or Commission, I can, therefore, offer the

Best Goods on Best Terms!

E. P. FITZ GERALD,
Walla Walla and Dalles City, Oregon.
7-tf

FRUIT TREES!

20,000 Fruit Trees!

FOR SALE AT THE SPRING CREEK NURSERY, one mile South of Walla Walla, at the following prices per hundred:

Two-year Apple Trees.....$10 00
One-year Apple Trees..... 6 00
One-year Plum Trees..... 20 00
One-year Pear Trees..... 20 00
One-year Cherry Trees..... 30 00
One-year Peach Trees..... 15 00
One-year Poplars..... 2 00
Two-year Poplars..... 5 00

3-tf A. BLACKHALL, Proprietor.

Stine House,

(BRICK BUILDING, HARD FINISHED,)

MAIN STREET, Walla Walla, W. T.

THIS MAGNIFICENT HOTEL,

Newly Furnished Throughout,

is now open for the reception of Guests.

THE FINEST ROOMS AND BEST TABLE!

this side of San Francisco,

At MODERATE CHARGES!

General Stage Office.

34-tf THOS. O'BRIEN, Proprietor.

PRINTING IN COLORS, cheap and quick, at the STATESMAN Office.

Weekly Statesman.

SATURDAY.....April 3, 1875.

NO SERVICES in St. Paul's Episcopal Church, to-morrow (Sunday.) Sunday School as usual.

THE FIRST BOAT will leave Celilo this (Saturday) morning. Passengers to connect will go down to the Landing by to-morrow's stage.

FRUIT TREES.—We learn that Mr. Ritz has a large lot of fine trees dug at his nursery which are too large to transplant back into the nursery, and he will dispose of them very low. Now would seem a good time to get an orchard.

DIED.—In this city, an old man known as "Colonel" Smith. He came to Walla Walla in the year 1864, and has followed the occupation of a bootblack ever since. His colored friends return thanks to the public for defraying his funeral expenses.

CHIEF JUSTICE LEWIS and family leave us by to-morrow's stage for their new home at Seattle. Judge Lewis and his estimable wife carry with them the best wishes of our people, and the heartfelt hope that all of their future may be prosperous and happy.

FASHIONABLE CLOTHING.—Wm. H. Utter, of Portland, will be at Walla Walla with the arrival of the first boat, when he will be ready to take the measure of gentlemen who may desire good suits and proper fits. We are well acquainted with Mr. Utter, and can guarantee that those of our friends who may give him their orders will be well suited.

FIRE DRILL.—The Washingtons were out for drill on Wednesday evening, and placed their steamer at the corner of Main and Third streets. The engine was in excellent order and looked fine, but owing to the cistern being short of water, the performance was scarcely up to expectations. Great care should be taken in relation to the water supply, as on this depends the safety of the city.

THE NORTH PACIFIC.—Hon Philip Ritz has returned from Washington, having passed the winter at the National Capital. Mr. Ritz was at Washington in the interest of the North Pacific Railroad, and as a consequence is well posted in regard to all matters connected with that enterprise. His opinion is, that the failure to obtain favorable action at the last session of Congress, practically seals the fate of the Company, and that the people of the Northwest coast have nothing further to look for from that quarter. The principal men in the Company had embarked nearly all their means in the work, and its failure has so crippled them that they are unable to raise the means necessary to continue work on the road. The impression now is that the Company will cease to exist, and the land grant lapse to the Government.

THE OLD COLONEL.—For years a feature of our town has been an old colored man known to every man, woman and child as "Colonel Smith." The old "Col" occupied an humble position in life—his occupation that of a waiter and boot-black—but notwithstanding his lowly position, he had many friends, and was held in great esteem by a large number of persons. In his way the "Col." was somewhat of a wit, and his sayings were characterized by what is termed "hard horse sense." For many years the poor old man was the victim of inflammatory rheumatism, and life to him had become a burden. At an early hour, Thursday morning, death came to his relief. He was a native of North Carolina, born a slave, and for many years followed the sea, a portion of the time in the U. S Navy. The arrangements for his funeral were made by his colored friends, and the remains of the old "Colonel" were laid away with all proper solemnity.

A CHEERFUL SPRING.—All the indications point to a cheerful spring, with fine business prospects and energy in trade. The long winter is breaking, our people are recovering from the disappointment incident to the failure of the railroad schemes in which they were so largely interested. The farmers are preparing for their crops. In every branch of industry and commerce we have cheerful signs. It is time that this "long strike," as it were, this long season of depression, should come to an end. And there is no reason why it should not end. All we want is energy, patience and confidence. Above all things, however, we desire to prevent our people from plunging into any wild schemes of speculation. We desire to see our business pulsing and throbbing with the activity of health, and not feverishly beating with the activity of disease. Now that spring opens so brightly, and now that our business heavens are bathed in sunshine, the future brightening with hope, we cannot be too careful in avoiding the speculations that in other communities have proved so disastrous. Slow and sure, is the best motto, and the people who steadily adhere to it are certain to come out ahead in the long run.

THE MAILS.—This is the season of the year when the roads are sure to be in bad condition, and as a consequence the mails are more or less irregular. The papers published at La Grande and Baker City, Oregon, are loud in their complaints about the irregularity of the mails, and are disposed to lay the blame on the contractors. Now, it is well known that the past winter has been unusually severe, the snow on the mountains very heavy, and generally the obstructions in the way of carrying the mails have been in excess of former years, and yet it is worthy of remark that in the face of all these obstructions the Stage Company during the whole winter has made but two absolute failures—the 17th and 18th March. During the winter of 1873—'74, when the stages crossed the Blue Mountains by way of the Meacham road, we had a week at a time when not a single mail got through. This season the stages have traveled the Summerville road, and to this change the stage men attribute the greater regularity of their trips. Last year the Stage Company for ten days at a time was unable to run sleighs over the Meacham road, and the mails were dragged through on raw hides. This year they have hauled the mails regularly all but three days, and during the whole season have made but two absolute failures. Considering that we have just passed through the severest winter that has been known since the first settlement of the country, this regularity in the transmission of the mails is eminently creditable, and shows that the contractors are men of energy and untiring perseverance.

Pendleton Correspondence.

PENDLETON, March 29th, 1875.

EDITOR STATESMAN:—The winter here, as with you, has simply been terrible and hangs on with all the tenacity of grim death. In consequence, a large amount of stock have passed in their checks, and stock raisers are wearing countenances somewhat elongated. But as "spring time" has now come, "gentle Annie," I trust soon to see everything again lovely and all going merry as a dinner bell.

Our village is improving slowly, but steadily. Byer's flouring mill will soon be completed; a fine building, in the business part of town, intended for a restaurant, will be ready for use in a few days; the Methodists are already getting the material on the ground for a church, and the Episcopals are or soon will be ready to begin work on a church edifice, and several residences will soon go up.

The news from the East in reference to the railroad from Portland to Salt Lake, if correct, will give us a population, within one year, equal to the present population of Walla Walla, and will at least double that of the county.

Our school, under the supervision of Prof. Arnold, is in a flourishing condition, and is second to none in the State. Mr. Arnold is a natural teacher, having his whole heart in the work and giving his attention to his business, consequently he is eminently successful.

The Rev. Van Horn, of Walla Walla, spent a few weeks with us, preaching once or twice nearly every day while here, and it seems with some considerable degree of success, as he captured the entire Episcopal church membership, save one, and a goodly number from the Methodist church, besides several outsiders. They are now keeping holy the *true* Sabbath, (Saturday), some of them *apparently* in great distress because they have been heretofore mistaken in the day—having kept the wrong day holy, when, in fact, I presume they have never kept any Sabbath at all. They are now, however, on the right track, anxiously looking forward to the time, when "time shall be no more," on tip-toe, listening to catch the first sound of Gabriel's trumpet.

One of our prominent citizens came very near losing his life while at Weston, on his return from Walla Walla, Saturday last. In attempting to go from the business house of Mr. Hayes to that of Mr. Salings, after night, and being a little near sighted, and having been stuck a few times in a game of "Pedro," he lost his balance in crossing the bridge and tumbled into Pine Creek. The citizens, however, turned out with hooks and ropes and soon succeeded in dragging him ashore, a wiser and it is to be hoped a better man.

MACK.

FRESHET.—Mill Creek was on the rampage all of Thursday night and yesterday. The result is that the bulk head put in at Roberts' place to keep the water from breaking through and flooding the back part of the town was washed away. The bridge at the crossing of Main street had part of the foundations washed out, but sustained no material damage. At the intersection of Third street the bridge was wrecked and the water washed all around it. The Fourth street bridge rode out the storm, but the one at Fifth street is badly damaged. The freshet demonstrated what all knew who had given the matter any attention, that the bridges were poorly constructed, and offered no resistence whatever against a severe pressure. These structures, as well as the bulk head noticed above, cost the city a large amount of money, which to say the least was spent with very little judgment.

PLATS FILED.—On the 2d of April, P. B. Johnson, Register U. S. Land office, received and filed the following authenticated plats of Townships in Whitman and Stevens counties: Townships 19 and 20, North of Ranges 39, 40 and 41 East, and Township 20, North Range 423, being the lower Rock Creek and Rock Lake country. Townships 15 and 16, North Range 44 and 45 East, being the South Palouse country, and Townships 15, 16, 17, 18, 19 and 20, North Range 463, being the country along the Idaho line. These plats are of the Truax survey. Settlers must file within ninety days to save any rights gained by settlement before survey.

THE SEVENTH DAY ADVENTISTS will hold their quarterly meetings in their house of worship, in Walla Walla, on Saturday and Sunday, April 3d and 4th. Public services will be held on Saturday, at 11 A. M. and 7.30 P. M., and on Sunday, at the same hours. On Sunday evening, Elder Van Horn will begin a course of lectures on the Prophecies, to be continued each evening through the week. The Books of Daniel and Revelation will be explained, and other bible subjects examined. Subject for Sunday evening, "Nebuchadnezzar's Dream." The public are cordially invited to attend.

LADY SPORTS.—We hear of a couple of young girls attending a female seminary, who are reported to have set two roosters fighting in one of their rooms last Sunday. Bets on the result ran high, and at the conclusion of the contest the winning mail en was "bettered" by a gold watch, a pair of silk stockings, a French corset, two rolls of false hair, a patent bustle, and a beautiful book mark with "Christ our Guide" worked on it in colored silk.

PAT. BOYLE, a mean white man, went around town, Thursday, and succeeded in collecting some $30, on the pretence that it was to be used in giving Col. Smith a proper burial. The mean scamp pocketed the money and at once decamped. Pat. Boyle must be the fellow who "robbed the dead nigger."

EGGS.—Persons who desire to raise improved breeds of fowls, will read Mr. Hannah's card. He will pack and forward the eggs so that there need be no apprehension about their hatching.

LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

To the President and members of the Walla Walla Lyceum and Library Association.—GENTLEMEN: Although not in the regular course of business, yet the fact of our losing the President of this association, who so ably assisted to bring into existence, labored and guided to bring it into the position it now occupies. I therefore deem it a fit and proper moment to submit to you a statement of our four months' operations. The members are the proper judges of how it has been conducted, and together with the general public know how much good it has accomplished; also whether they will give it that tangible support that is required to keep it in its proper state of operation.

The Library, in common with all other institutions, which depend upon the voluntary patronage of the public, has felt the effect of the dullness of the times and the scarcity of money. Although yet in its infancy, all well informed persons will admit that our Library is one of the features of Walla Walla, and to the careful observer its good effects are everywhere visible amongst us and its existence an honor to the city.

Its beneficial influence, therefore, taken into consideration in this community leave no cause to entertain fears of its future success. We are in debt as will be shown by the statements submitted before you this evening, yet while you have accumulated a debt to our city on this institution, we have nevertheless, a balance in our favor in donations of books. The total number of bound volumes on hand is 513.

The thanks of the Association are due to the publishers of the papers who have kindly furnished us gratuitously with files of their publications.

The total number of books loaned from the Library to date is 1141. The average number of readers per day at the room were 22 or 2940 in four months. The number of visitors introduced and registered to date is 113.

In submitting the above, I would respectfully suggest the purchase of a cabinet for the safe-keeping of mineralogical specimens and other curiosities, a large number of which are withheld for want of a proper place.

All of which is respectfully submitted,

FRANK SEIBELL, Librarian.

PATRONS OF HUSBANDRY.

Vote of Thanks.

At the regular meeting of the County Council, Patrons of Husbandry, held at Walla Walla, April 24, 1875, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That a vote of thanks be tendered by this Council to the Committee who so ably compiled the pamplet entitled, "Homes in the Walla Walla Valley, with a description of the county, its resources and advantages;" and that we recommend that the same be widely distributed, and vouch for the correctness of the statements there set forth.

JAMES MADIGAN, Secretary. W. S. GILLIAM, President.

SALE OF REAL ESTATE.—Monday last the Bank Exchange Building was offered at public sale, but failed to draw a higher bid than $1700. The property was finally sold for $1900, Hon. Dan. Stewart, the purchaser. Three years ago the same property sold for $3000, and at that figure was regarded as a great bargain.

A. SEITEL, former sheriff of this county, and a gentleman who has held a number of public positions, is confined to his residence from severe ill-position. At this writing his condition is such as to give but slight hopes of his recovery.

MARRIED.

SPAULDING—WARREN.—At the residence of the bride's parents, March 31st, by O. P. Lacy, J. P., Mr. Henry Spaulding, of Whitman county, to Miss Mary H. Warren, of Walla Walla county. [Albany, Oregon, papers please copy.]

RAE—FILES.—At the residence of the bride's parents, March 31st, by O. P. Lacy, J. P., Mr. William Rae, of Umatilla county, Oregon, and Miss Sarah E. Files, of Walla Walla county.

A CARD!

The new and greatly Reduced Freight Tariff of the Oregon Steam Navigation Co., will very materially lower the Prices of Goods, when brought into effect with the opening of Navigation in the Spring.

Schwabacher Bros.,

hold out this inducement to the Public, NOW and from this date on, their Goods will be Marked Down to Prices corresponding with the decline of Freight Rates on the River, and thus sell Lower than any other house here.

Our Stock of Clothing, Dry Goods, Boots, Shoes, Hats, &c., is complete, and for sale at cost. We mean business. Call and see.

7 1m SCHWABACHER BROS.

Russell & McLane.

General Merchandise,

FOR SALE CHEAP!

Produce Taken in Exchange.

16-tf

AMERICAN STALLION

FOR SALE OR TRADE—A fine, large 4-year old AMERICAN STALLION, just the animal required by any one desiring to breed fine horses. He stands over 16-hands high; is well proportioned; color a bright bay, having black points about his legs, mane and tail; was sired by a fine stallion out of one of my best brood mares. I will sell the above described Colt cheap for cash, or I will trade him for a good, likely young Work Mare or Gelding.

Colts and Filleys.

Also, a lot of 3-year old COLTS AND FILLEYS, all good stock. Will be sold at a very low figure for cash, or I will trade them for Walla Walla City Property. For further particulars, enquire at the Statesman Office; or at my Farm on Dry Creek, five miles from town. [5-3] BENJ. GEANY.

LADIES' DRESS MAKING.

MRS. CLOWE AND MISS CORD HAVE started a

DRESS MAKING ESTABLISHMENT,

on Main street, next door to Lampson & Taylor's, for the purpose of furnishing Ladies' and Children's

Ready-Made Clothing.

☞ They are also prepared to do all kinds of SEWING to order. 16-tf

Probate Notice.

IN THE PROBATE COURT, Walla Walla county, Washington Territory: The undersigned has been appointed by said Court Administratrix of the Estate of JAMES BROWN, deceased. All persons having claims against said Estate are hereby notified to present the same to the undersigned, with the necessary vouchers required by law, at her residence, near Dayton, in said county, within one year of the date of this notice, or be thereafter barred.

MARTHA ANN BROWN, Administratrix.

Walla Walla, March 2, 1875. 13-4w

UNDERTAKER

OPPOSITE THE COURT HOUSE.

THE UNDERSIGNED RESPECTFULLY INforms the public that he now has on hand a full assortment of COFFINS, which he will sell at greatly reduced prices.

THE HEARSE

Is one of the finest this side of San Francisco, which is tendered to the public free of charge.

Orders promptly attended to by leaving them at my residence, or at the Walla Walla Bakery.

33-tf JOHN PICKET.

$5 to $20 Per Day at Home. Terms free. Address G. STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

Reduction in Freights

BUT A GREATER

REDUCTION IN PRICES!

AT

Adams Bros.

In consequence of the great Reduction of Freights on the Columbia River, and a

Great Decline

in Goods of all kinds in the Eastern Markets

ADAMS Bros.

WILL OFFER THEIR ENTIRE

STOCK OF GOODS

FOR THE NEXT

Sixty Days

AT

San Francisco Cost!

Don't fail to give us a call and secure Great Bargains! 7-tf

NEW

Drug Store!

MEAD & COCK,

PRACTICAL

Chemists & Druggists,

(BRICK BUILDING)

Main Street,.....Walla Walla.

ARE PREPARED TO SUPPLY

Fresh Drugs,

MEDICINES,

Proprietary Articles,

PERFUMERY,

Druggist's Sundries, &c.

ON MOST REASONABLE TERMS.

All articles guaranteed to be of the best quality, and to be just what they are represented.

Store on Main Street, corner of Third Street, next door to Schwabacher Bros., opposite Adams Bros. 14-tf

Important.—Endorsed by the Medical profession. DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS cures Coughs, Colds and Consumption, and all diseases of the Throat and Chest. DR. TOWNSLEY'S TOOTHACHE ANODYNE cures in one MINUTE. 40-y*

GREENBACKS!

TAKEN

AT PAR!

TO CLOSE BUSINESS

WE OFFER OUR

ENTIRE STOCK

OF WELL ASSORTED

General Merchandise

AT

COST PRICES!

FOR THE NEXT

ONE HUNDRED DAYS.

AND

UNITED STATES CURRENCY

TAKEN

AT THEIR FACE.

WHEAT AND OATS

Taken in Exchange for Goods.

8-tf BALDWIN & CO.

BELLFOUNDER!

THE TROTTING STALLION, BELLFOUNDER, will make the Season of 1875, from April 1st to July 1st, to a

A Limited Number of Mares,

AT

MACK'S RANCHE,

on Dry Creek. The BLOOD of this celebrated Horse is derived from the three most fashionable, most noted trotting families, and his success as the eminent sire of trotters is too well established to need further comment. His excellent health, condition and vigor promise well to sustain a reputation for certainty in the stud. TERMS: The Season, $50.

Bellfounder Chief!

Also, BELLFOUNDER CHIEF, four years old, will stand four days of each week—Mondays, Tuesdays, Fridays and Saturdays—at the Livery Stable of Messrs. PUTNAM & JUBER, in Walla Walla; and three days at Mack's Ranche, on Dry Creek.

BELLFOUNDER CHIEF is the best son of the veteran Bellfounder; his dam an excellent road mare of Oregon "George stock." He is untrained but shows remarkable trotting action—weighs 1100 lbs.; is about 15¼ hands high; of dark rosewood bay color, and for symmetry of form cannot be excelled.

TERMS—The Season, $25; payable in cash or grain, delivered at the market price. Mares proved not in foal will be bred next season free of charge. If the Horses are sold, the money will be refunded.

☞ Pasture and good care will be furnished at the Ranche, but accidents or escapes of mares must be at their owner's risk. Mares to be bred at the Ranche will be taken from town free of charge.

Apply to Capt. J. E. PUTNAM, Walla Walla; or to FRED BELMORE, on the Ranche.

16-2m C. H. MACK.

1875.

First Premium Sash & Door Factory.

NOTICE

—TO—

MECHANICS & BUILDERS!!

PLANING MILL

—AND—

Sash, Door, & Blind Factory.

☞ All orders promptly attended to.

Plans and estimates made, and contracts taken in town or country, and all work warranted.

WM. GLASFORD.

12-tf Alder street, Walla-walla.

MERCHANT TAILOR.

F. VETTER,

MERCHANT TAILOR—CLOTHING made to order and REPAIRING and CLEANING attended to. Will make a speciality of CUTTING and FITTING GARMENTS for those who wish to make up their own Goods.

36-y F. VETTER.

PARLOR MELODEON.

A PARLOR MELODEON, in good order and a desirable instrument, will be sold cheap, on application to WM. KOHLHAUFF,

12 St. Louis Hotel.

General Business Cards.

THOMAS QUINN.

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN

Saddles, Bridles, Harness, &c.

HAS REMOVED TO THE brick building, corner of Main and Third streets, where he will at all times have on hand a very full stock of

Team and Buggy Harness,

Saddles, Whips, Spurs, Halters, Collars, Curry Combs, Brushes, &c.,

And everything usually kept in a first class Harness Shop.

☞ REPAIRING promptly attended to. 47-tf

WAGON & CARRIAGE DEPOT.

M. A. CARIS

HAS ON HAND, and will continue to keep for sale,

THE SCHUTTLER

Farm and Freight Wagon,

With Patent Lever Brake. Also,

Spring Wagons and Buggies.

DEPOT—*Corner Main and Sixth streets, Walla Walla.* 22-3m*

GEORGE SAVAGE,

Watchmaker and Jeweler,

Established in Walla Walla, 1862.

IS PREPARED TO DO ALL WORK in his line of business, and from his long experience—over 20 years in WATCH WORK, feels confident of giving satisfaction. All orders will be promptly attended to.

FINE WATCHES.

Especial care given to Fine Watches. Jewelry made to order. All Work sent by Express.

☞ Shop on Main street, two doors above Lampson & Taylor's Candy Manufactory. 4-y

JOHN B. LEWIS,

(Successor to Lewis & Jackson,)

Bookseller, Stationer,

AND

NEWS AGENT,

MAIN STREET,

POSTOFFICE BUILDING,

22-tf Walla Walla.

☞ Agent for the Portland BULLETIN.

To Farmers and Merchants!

NO COMBINATION!

THE undersigned having purchased REESE'S MILL, will at all times have on hand

Flour, Middlings, and Bran,

Which he will sell for CASH, or in EXCHANGE FOR WHEAT.

Cash Paid for Wheat.

47-y A. McCALLEY.

THE DAYTON

Woolen Manufacturing Co.

OFFER FOR SALE at Walla Walla and Dayton a superior article of

Blankets, Cassimers, Doeskins, Tweeds, Flannels, and Yarns,

CHEAP FOR CASH, to the Trade.

☞ Samples shown and orders received at A. H. REYNOLDS' Office, and at the Mills. 14tf

GET THE BEST!

GROVER & BAKER'S

NEW IMPROVED

Lock-Stitch Sewing Machine.

C. SCHUMACHER, after a long experience with the mechanism of different Sewing Machines, has accepted the Agency of the above, which he pronounces the

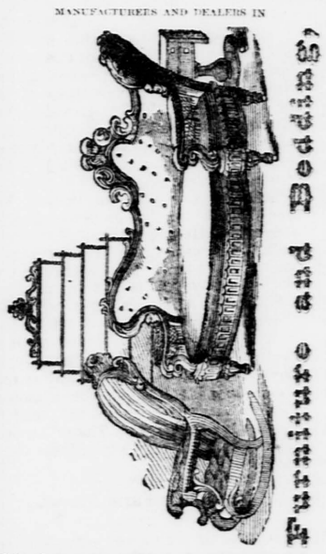
Best Sewing Machine!

now in use. The different varieties of Grover & Baker's celebrated Sewing Machines now on hand and for sale at his Lock & Gunsmith Store, Main street, Walla Walla, at San Francisco prices, with freight added.

☞ I will guarantee to keep these Machines in good order for three years, free of charge to the purchaser. 18-tf

EVERTS & ABEL,

MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN



Window Shades, Picture Frames,

MOLDINGS, MIRRORS, &c.

☞ **UPHOLSTERING** ☜

Done in a workmanlike manner.

Furniture Repaired and Varnished.

☞ WAREROOM, Main street, Walla Walla, below Third street. 24-tf

ABBERTON & SEXTON,

PROPRIETORS OF THE

WALLA WALLA FOUNDERY

AND

PLANING MILL.

HAVING THE BEST FACILITIES AND FINEST machinery, we are prepared to manufacture Sash, Doors, Blinds, Mouldings, Brackets, Stair Railing, Banisters, Newel Posts, School and Church furniture of various designs. We furnish plans, estimates and specifications of buildings when desired. We pay prompt attention to the manufacture of

GRIST & SAW MILLS!

We are fully prepared to manufacture all kinds of

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS!

Made and repaired. Castings and pattern making done to order.

7-tf ABBERTON & SEXTON.

E. B. WHITMAN,

MAIN STREET, WALLA WALLA,

Auction & Commission MERCHANT.

GENERAL BUSINESS AND FIRE INSURANCE Agent; Accounts and Notes Collected; Loans Negotiated; Taxes Paid and Rents Collected for non-residents; Dealer in Real Estate; City and Country Property bought and sold; Deeds, Mortgages and other Papers drawn up. The Public Records Searched and Abstracts of Title to City and Country Property carefully prepared at reasonable rates.

☞ All business entrusted to my care will receive prompt attention. 37-tf

JOB PRINTING, NEAT, QUICK AND CHEAP, at the STATESMAN Office.

Bakers, Brewers & Markets.

Walla Walla Bakery

—AND—

PROVISION STORE.

☞ **Reduction in Prices!** ☜

O. BRECHTEL,

MANUFACTURER OF

Bread, Pilot Bread, Cakes,

—AND—

CRACKERS OF ALL KINDS.

Also, Wholesale and Retail

Dealer in Family Groceries,

CONFECTIONERIES,

WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.

MERCHANTS, PACKERS and others in want of CRACKERS to ship to the Mines, will find it to their advantage to call on me before going elsewhere, as I will sell them Crackers

Cheaper than they can be Imported.

Having machinery for manufacturing Crackers, I can fill orders at short notice. A supply kept constantly on hand.

☞ Bread, Crackers and Cakes will be sold at reduced prices, and promptly delivered in any part of the city.

Customers will please call at the Bakery and state where they will have their Bread left.

☞ The Bread Wagon will go around the city every morning. 4-y

CITY BAKERY

AND

Provision Store,

GARRECHT & HOFFMAN,....Proprietors.

HAVING BOUGHT THE CITY BAKERY AND thoroughly repaired and improved the same, I will have constantly on hand fresh

Pies, Cakes, Bread, Crackers, &c.

Also, a large assortment of FAMILY GROCERIES, CONFECTIONERY, and in fact everything usually found in a first-class Bakery.

THE SALOON.

A Saloon is attached to the Bakery, where can always be found the very best brands of Wines, Liquors, Lager Beer, Cigars, &c.

First door above the St. Louis Hotel, Main street, Walla-walla. 14-tf GARRECHT & HOFFMAN.

STAR BREWERY.

THIS WELL-KNOWN ESTABLISHMENT, AT the lower end of Main street, opposite the St. Louis Hotel, is now prepared to serve the most excellent

☞ **LAGER** ☜

to its numerous customers, and will furnish the same quality to families, by the keg, at reasonable rates.

je8-tf GEORGE SEISSER, Proprietor.

CITY BREWERY.

JOHN H. STAHL, Proprietor

WHOLESALE

Dealer in Wines and Liquors

ALSO, MANUFACTURER OF

Rock and Lager Beer,

And Dealer in PORTER, ALE and CIGARS. Second street, Walla Walla, W. T. 43-3m*

EAGLE BREWERY.

E. KLEBER,.....A. STANG.

KLEBER & STANG,

BREWERY, North side of Main street, between Third and Fourth streets, Walla Walla, W. T. We manufacture and keep constantly on hand the best article of

LAGER BEER,

which we offer for sale, at wholesale or retail.

☞ Orders for Beer will receive prompt attention. Give us a call and satisfy yourself of what we say. 9-tf

DOOLEY & KIRKMAN,

PROPRIETORS OF THE

PIONEER MARKET,

Main Street, Walla Walla,

WILL KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND THE very choicest cuts of

BEEF, PORK, HAMS, LARD, MUTTON, VEAL, BACON, SAUSAGES.

Being practical stock men, largely engaged in the business, we have very superior facilities for carrying on a Meat Market and supplying customers with the best in the country.

☞ Give us your custom if you wish to be suited, as we are determined to spare no pains to satisfy the public. 7-tf

Walla Walla Market.

MAIN STREET,

Corner of Second Street,

CHAS. RUSSELL,.....Proprietor.

THE subscriber has leased the building at the corner of Main and Second streets, where he has opened a

FIRST-CLASS MEAT MARKET,

and will at all times furnish customers with the choicest cuts of

BEEF, PORK, MUTTON, VEAL, HAMS, BACON, LARD, SAUSAGES.

MR. WM. H. BENDER, an experienced butcher, will be in charge of the market, and his well-known reputation is a sufficient guarantee that customers will be faithfully attended to.

Butchering my own stock, and killing none but corn-fed Pork, I confidently invite the patronage of the public. 43-tf

EMPIRE MARKET.

A. SCHOLL,.....Proprietor.

THE PROPRIETOR has resumed business at the old stand, and is prepared to supply Hotels, Restaurants, and Families with the choicest cuts of

BEEF, MUTTON OR PORK,

and at the very lowest prices. The Empire Shop, can always supply customers with the very best in the market. Give us a call. 31-tf

District Court Summons.

TERRITORY OF WASHINGTON, County of Walla-walla, } SS.

In the District Court of the First Judicial District of Washington Territory.

JAMES A. OGLE, Plaintiff, vs. PHILIP CORWELL, J. M. JOHNSON and F. M. RICE, Defendants.

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA—To PHILLIP CORWELL, J. M. JOHNSON and F. M. RICE, Defendants: You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by JAMES A. OGLE, Plaintiff, in the District Court of the First Judicial District of Washington Territory, holding terms at the City of Walla-walla, in and for the counties of Walla-walla and Whitman, to answer the complaint of Plaintiff, filed in Walla-walla county, within twenty days after the service of this summons, exclusive of the day of service. If not served in said county, but in said District, in thirty days; otherwise within sixty days, or the said Plaintiff will take judgment against you by default, according to the prayer of the complaint.

The said action is brought to recover the sum of Two Hundred and Twenty-Two Dollars gold coin, due on a promissory note executed to FENCIL SUTHERLIN and by him assigned to Plaintiff. And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer the said complaint as above required, the prayers of the Plaintiff will be granted.

Witness the Hon. JOSEPH R. LEWIS, Judge of the District Court of the First Judicial District of Washington Territory, and the Seal of said Court affixed, this 13th day of February, A. D., 1875.

[L. S.] WM. H. ANDREWS, Clerk.

A. F. ISHAM, Attorney for Plaintiff. 11-6

Application to Sell Real Estate.

In the Probate Court of Walla Walla County, Washington Territory.

In the Matter of the Estate of ABRAHAM P. PARRISH, Deceased.

CITATION.—It appearing to the Court by the petition presented and filed in this Court by LOUISA F. PARRISH, Administratrix of the Estate of ABRAHAM P. PARRISH, deceased, praying for an order of sale of real estate, that it is necessary to sell certain Real Estate, belonging to said Estate, to redeem a certain mortgage upon said property; and to pay the debts, expenses, and charges of Administration. It is ordered by the Court, that MONDAY, the 12th day of April, A. D. 1875, being a day of the regular January term, 1875, of this Court, at eleven o'clock, in the forenoon of said day, at the Court Room of said Probate Court, in the Court House, in the said city and county of Walla Walla, be and the same is hereby appointed for the hearing of said petition; and that all persons interested in the said Estate appear before the said Probate Court on that day and hour, to show cause, if any there be, why an order should not be granted to the said Administratrix as in said petition prayed for. And that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in the Walla Walla STATESMAN, a weekly newspaper printed and published in said city and county.

Dated Walla Walla, March 12th, 1875.

R. GUICHARD, Probate Judge.

14-4w

Medical and Dental Cards.

H. G. MAUZEY.....J. E. BINGHAM.

MAUZEY & BINGHAM,

PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS.

☞ **OFFICE—Next door to Dr. Day's New Drug Store, Walla Walla.** 2-y

N. G. BLALOCK, M. D.,

OFFERS HIS PROFESSIONAL SERVICES to the public in the general practice of his Profession, and especially

SURGERY and OBSTETERICS.

Calls attended to at all hours. Office, Dr. Day's new building, (second floor.) Residence on Second street, lower side, one block from the Bridge. 48-y

EDW'D SHEIL, M. D.,

HAS RESUMED THE GENERAL

Practice of His Profession,

HAVING devoted several years to the study and practice of all Chronic Diseases of the Head, Throat, Heart, Lungs, etc., will give special attention to the treatment of the same, and of the

NERVOUS SYSTEM GENERALLY.

Charges in accordance with the times.

☞ **OFFICE, ORIENTAL HOTEL, Walla Walla, W. T.** 51-tf

DENTISTRY.

WM. B. CLOWE,

DENTIST,

OFFICE

AND

Laboratory

ON THIRD STREET, one door from Kimball & Day's corner.

☞ Persons wishing superior operations and moderate prices, will do well to call.

REFERENCES—Drs. Day, Hunter, Thilodo and Birch. tm17

North-Western Stage Co.

GREAT

Reduction in Fare to the East.

LOCAL RATES OF FARE:

			Coin.
Walla Walla	to	La Grande, Oregon	$12 00
"	"	Union, Oregon	14 00
"	"	Baker City, Oregon	20 00
"	"	Boise City, Idaho	40 00
"	"	Winnemucca, Idaho	75 00
"	"	Kelton	75 00

Through tickets to OMAHA, CHICAGO, KANSAS CITY, SAINT LOUIS, PHILADELPHIA, NEW YORK, BOSTON, WASHINGTON, and all points *via* BOISE CITY and KELTON, the direct Overland Route East, we now offer at greatly reduced rates over the line of the North-Western Stage Company.

New coaches, good stock, skilled drivers, and reliable performance of service on time are special features of the Company.

OFFICE AT THE

Stine Hotel,.....Walla Walla, W. T.

W. B. MORRIS, General Superintendent, Boise City, I. T. **J. M. GORMAN, Agent.** 20-tf

District Court Summons.

TERRITORY OF WASHINGTON, County of Walla-walla, } SS.

In the District Court of the First Judicial District of Washington Territory.

MAX LILIENTHAL and ERNEST R. LILIENTHAL, Plaintiffs, vs. JOHN STORY, Defendant.

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA—To JOHN STORY, Defendant: You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by MAX LILIENTHAL and ERNEST R. LILIENTHAL, Plaintiffs, in the District Court of the First Judicial District of Washington Territory, holding terms at the City of Walla Walla, in and for the counties of Walla Walla and Whitman, to answer the complaint of Plaintiffs, filed in Walla Walla county, within twenty days after the service of this summons, exclusive of the day of service. If not served in said county, but in said District, in thirty days; otherwise within sixty days, or the said Plaintiffs will take judgment against you by default, according to the prayer of the complaint.

The said action is brought to foreclose a certain mortgage made by you to Plaintiffs in their firm name, Lilienthal & Co., on a certain lot or parcel of land, being 50 by 100 feet, in the Town of Waitsburg, in Walla Walla county, W. T., made and dated October 23d, 1873, to secure the payment of a promissory note of the same date, made by you and Edward Harris, in the firm name of Harris & Story, for the sum of Four Hundred and Eighty-Two Dollars and twenty-five cents, U. S. gold coin, payable to the order of plaintiffs, in their said firm name, 5 months after the date thereof, with interest from date until paid at the rate of one per cent. per month. And for a sale of the mortgaged premises, and application of the proceeds of sale in payment of expenses of sale, costs of this suit, and of plaintiffs' demand, so far as the same will pay the same. And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer the said complaint as above required, the prayers of the Plaintiffs will be granted.

Witness the Hon. S. C. WINGARD, Judge of the District Court of the First Judicial District of Washington Territory, and the Seal of said Court affixed, this 16th day of March, A. D., 1875.

[L. S.] WM. H. ANDREWS, Clerk.

JAMES K. KENNEDY, and W. A. GEORGE, Attorneys for Plaintiff. 15-6w

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A Living Automaton.

The attention of the medical profession in France has recently been called to a very remarkable case. A young man during the German war received a gunshot wound by which a portion of the right parietal bone was carried away to the extent of nearly three inches. A paralysis of the right side was the consequence of this wound. By degrees, however, the paralysis disappeared and the use of the limb was restored; but the mind remained singularly affected. The man was by profession a public singer. He has, since his restoration from bodily paralysis, been subject to fits, or crises, lasting from twenty-four to forty-eight hours, during which his condition presents some extraordinary phenomena. He seems, in fine, to be a veritable automaton. He walks continually, mumbling without cessation, and appearing to be wholly unconscious of persons or objects by which he is surrounded. He walks straightforward, never speaking a word. When he encounters any obstacle he stops, feels with his hand, and seeks a way of avoiding or going around it, without giving the least sign of intelligence, as if he were in a state of somnambulism. He is absolutely without feeling. Pins may be stuck into his flesh without producing the slightest sensation, and violent electrical shocks fail to move him in the least degree. This state is not, however, that of entire unconsciousness, as is shown by the remarkable fact that if a pen is put into his hand he immediately seeks for ink and paper, and upon obtaining them writes a letter, in which he speaks correctly and intelligently of various matters which concern him. So, also, if a piece of cigarette paper is placed in his hand, he immediately takes tobacco from his pocket, rolls a cigarette, lights it with a match from his box and smokes it. If one extinguishes the match before it reaches the cigarette he takes another from his pocket and lights it as before, refusing absolutely to take one which may be offered him already lighted. He will allow his mustache to be burned without appearing to notice it; but will not take a lighted match which may be offered him. If chopped lint be substituted for the tobacco contained in his pouch he makes his cigarette of it and smokes it without appearing to notice the difference of taste. Among the experiments of Dr. Mesnet upon this singular subject is one which is particularly curious. He places in the hands of the man who, as has been said, had been a public singer, a pair of kid gloves. The man immediately puts them on and seeks for his sheet of music. A roll is given him, like a piece of music, upon which he assumes the attitude of a public performer and begins to sing. When the crisis is passed he becomes perfectly reasonable, but has not the slightest recollection of what has occurred. The case presents an interesting subject of investigation for physicians and psychologists.

Tonsorial Delights.

There is a faint life-picture in the old memory-chest of nearly every man in the land, the central figure of which is a tow-headed youth, perched on a milking-stool in a Windsor chair, a long calico apron tied at the neck, and revolving about this center a spectacled dame, cruelly wielding a pair of not overly-keen shears, while to the cheerful chirrup of the rickety mowing machine great shocks of the ripened straw fall scattering to the kitchen floor like chaff in an autumn breeze; and tears, bitter as a November rain, go coursing over the face of the nut-brown boy.

But it is done differently now. The apron-strings are broken—the spectacles have become a relic, the boy a man. He saunters into a tonsorial parlor, suave, bronze statues become animated at his approach, deft hands remove his outer garments, and half a dozen arm-chairs are at his service. *Into the nearest*—if he has no preference—he casts himself with the abandon of a convicted felon, despair settles on his countenance, and "a little straighter up, sir," restores him to consciousness. The comb, the brush and the tongue perform a trio. He must select a style—"very short," "shingled," "half shingled." The teeth of the comb are sharp, the hand that holds it is powerful, but never turns back. Oh, that ears were made removable or constructed of tin! "Sharp-pointed shears, with about three rough spots in the blade, will be the rage this season," is the way Marie Le Baron would say if she were writing a barberus fashion letter. Not more than a dozen hairs are cut at a clip, but the plow crashes through the scalp incessantly. Suggestions are in order. "Shampoo, sir?" [Heads are like watches when experts get a look at them, you know. "Hair is coming out, sir; better have a bottle of my restorer, sir;" and still the snip, snip, scratch, scratch goes on till another change in the vocal solo suggestive of coloring: "Gray hairs pretty thick, sir; try my hair color; madê without any lead, sir;" and this leads up to cologne, oil, bay rum and other equivalents for the perfume of a wet dog, and the agony is about over. No; for the crop of clippings is about equally divided between the lap of the apron and the ears and neck, and nettles are no sharper than well-anchored bristles in a woolen garment. Hair shirts are only for penance.

When the martyr again emerges from the close and choky air of the shop he belches forth a great sigh of relief, consults his watch, finds he has missed an engagement, and sneaks away with the guilty air of a petty thief, thinking, after all, the new-fangled way is not so much better than the old.—*Louisville Commercial.*

A Family of Astronomers.

What an example and what instruction may be found in the long career of William Herschel, who passed half a century in sounding the mysterious depths of the universe! The son of a poor musician—burdened with a numerous family—he embraced the paternal profession, and went, when twenty years old, to try his fortune in England. He barely earned a living by giving music lessons and directing concerts or oratories, when he was appointed organist at Halifax, then soon after filled the same office in Bath. He passed his leisure time in studying works on astronomy. As he was not rich enough to purchase a telescope he went to work, and, after a thousand attempts, succeeded in making, in 1774, a five-foot reflector, with which he observed Saturn's ring. Encouraged by this first success the organist of Bath entered upon the construction of mirrors of seven feet, then ten and twenty feet of focus. He made more than 200 before attaining the desired perfection, and the total number of mirrors that he worked upon in succession exceeded 400. In 1781 he had the good fortune to discover the planet Uranus, which extended the boundary of the solar system. He was then forty-three years old. This discovery drew upon him the attention of Europe; George III. granted him a pension and a dwelling at Slough, near Windsor Castle. He then commenced that methodical review of the heavens by means of which he discovered more than 2,000 nebulæ, and suggested so many new views of the universe. The greatest part of his labor was executed with instruments of moderate dimensions; he rarely used the great telescope of forty feet, the mirror of which was easily tarnished by the action of the moisture of the night; he used it, however, in the discovery of the sixth satellite of Saturn. William Herschel died in 1822; the year before his death, at the age of eighty-three, he communicated his last paper to the Astronomical Society of London, which since its foundation had chosen him for President. In all his researches he was assisted by his sister Caroline, who had lived with him ever since she was twenty-two years old, and who aided him in his observations as well as in his calculations. In this way he was able to astonish the scientific world by the rapidity with which his publications succeeded each other. Caroline Herschel died at Hanover, her native city, in 1849, at the age of ninety-eight. Sir John Herschel, the only son of the great astronomer, worthily continued these illustrious traditions. He resumed and completed the exploration of the heavens commenced by his father, at first at Slough, then at the Cape of Good Hope, where he transported a telescope of twenty feet. He died in 1871, after having contributed by labors of the highest order to the progress of science. One of his sons, Alexander Herschel, is equally devoted to astronomical pursuits.—*Emma M. Converse, in Popular Science Monthly.*

The First Trial of Salem Witches.

The magistrates took seats in front of the pulpit, faced the assembly and announced that they were ready. The prisoners were brought in and put upon a platform, in sight of all present. The officers in charge of them said they had made diligent search for images or puppets belonging to the accused, but had found none. Prayer was offered, and Sarah Good was examined.

This woman was an object of general dislike. Her husband, a weak, dependent person, had become alienated from her. She was forlorn, friendless—broken down by her sad condition and bad repute. The minutes of her examination are in the handwriting of Ezekiel Cheever, the village schoolmaster, as follows:

"Sarah Good, what evil spirit have you familiarity with?"

"None."

"Have you made no contract with the devil?"

"No."

"Why do you hurt these children?"

"I do not hurt them; I scorn it."

"Who do you employ, then, to do it?"

"I employ nobody."

"What creature do you employ, then?"

"No creature, but I am falsely accused."

"Why did you go away muttering from Mr. Parris' house?"

"I did not mutter, but I thanked him for what he gave my child."

"Have you made no contract with the devil?"

"No."

Hathorne, the magistrate, desired the children, all of them, to look upon her, and see if this were the person that hurt them, and so they all did look upon her and said this was one of the persons that did torment them. Presently they were all tormented.

"Sarah Good, do you not see what you have done? Why do you not tell us the truth? Why do you thus torment these poor children?"

"I do not torment them."

"*Who do you employ, then?*"

"I employ nobody; I scorn it."

"How came they thus tormented?"

"What do I know? You bring others here, and now you charge me with it."

"Why, who was it?"

"I do not know, but it was some you brought into the *meeting-house* with you."

"We brought you into the meeting-house."

"But you brought in two more."

"Who was it, then, that tormented the children?"

"It was Osburn."

"What is it you say when you go muttering away from people's houses?"

"If I must tell, I will tell."

"Do tell us."

"Then if I must tell, I will tell; it is the commandments. I may say my commandments, I hope."

"What commandments is it?"

"If I must tell you, I will—it is a psalm?"

"What psalm?" (After a long time she muttered over some part of the psalm.)

"Whom do you serve?"

"The God that made heaven and earth" (though she was not willing to mention the word God). Her answers were in a very wicked, spiteful manner, reflecting and retorting against the authority with base and abusive words, with many lies she was taken in. It is alleged that her husband had said that he was afraid she either was a witch or would be very quickly. The worshipful Mr. Hathorne asked him why he said so of her—whether he had ever seen anything by her. He answered: "No, not in this nature;" but it was her bad carriage to him, "and indeed," saith he, "I may say, with tears, that she is an enemy to all good."—*The Galaxy for March.*

A Poisoner's Note-Book.

A curious document, of especial interest to the students of psychology, is a note-book containing the last thoughts and reflections of Moreau, the herbalist, who was recently guillotined for poisoning his two wives. Subjoined are a few extracts:

"Sept. 7.—I have no more hope, but I should like to die pluckily. Shall I suffer after execution? Does the body or the head feel anything after? It is said that when the knife falls you are already dead. It is frightful!

"Sept. 13.—I have no grudge against the executioner. He merely does his duty. I will ask to shake his hand to show that I forgive him. I don't know him, but I should like to know what sort of a man he is.

"Sept. 17.—I knew Heindrech, the former executioner, very well. He was very polite and very gentle. I remember that when he guillotined Lapommeraye he addressed him as 'Monsieur' several times. I also saw him guillotine Troppmann, who resisted. He said to him: 'Now be quiet, like a good boy!' But I don't know my executioner. What a terrible thing it must be when he puts his hand on your shoulder!

"Sept. 28.—It will soon be over, perhaps to-morrow. They have been very kind to me. They have taken off my strait-jacket to let me write. They lent me books. However, yesterday, when I asked for the *Dernier Jour d'un Condamne* they refused it me.

"Oct. 9.—I should like to know what *Figaro* and *Gaulois* say about me. They must have ferreted out my existence, as they always do. Who would have said I should ever be in those papers?"

Le Figaro, from which these extracts are taken, adds: "Three days later the head of Moreau fell into the basket."

A certain eminent lawyer is celebrated at the bar for the following mode of examining a witness: "Now pray listen to the question I am going to ask you. Be attentive; remember, you will answer as you please; and remember, I don't care a rush what you answer," etc. One of the Judges, somewhat tired of the monotony of his exordiums, one day accosted him in the street: "Ha! is it you, ——? Now pray listen to the question I am going to ask you. Be attentive; remember, you will answer as you please; and remember, I don't care a rush what you answer. *How are you?*

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

—Aunt Eliza's Tapioca Cream.—Soak a half coffee cup of tapioca in a pint of milk over night; next morning add one quart of milk, the yolks of three eggs well beaten; sweeten and salt to taste and cook it by standing in a kettle of hot water; stir the tapioca every few minutes until about as thick as cream; when done flavor with vanilla or lemon, pour out in dishes or forms, then lay on the top or stir in gradually the whites of three eggs beaten to a stiff froth; stand away to get cold.

—Cream Cakes.—Take one cup of butter and one pint of water and bring them to a boil; while boiling stir in slowly two cups of flour, mix thoroughly and when cold break into the batter seven eggs; be sure not to beat the eggs before putting them into the batter; stir until the lumps are thoroughly mixed, drop from a spoon into a pan and bake in a quick oven. This quantity will make two dozen cakes; you will find the mixture pretty thick.—*Cor. Household.*

—How to Prevent Damp From Entering Into Stone.—The following ingredients melted and mixed together and applied while in a hot state to the surface of a stone will prevent all damp from entering it and also vegetable substances from growing upon it. One and one-half pounds of rosin, one pound of Russian tallow, one quart of linseed oil. This simple remedy has been proved upon a piece of very porous stone made into the form of a basin, and two coats of this liquid being applied caused it to hold water as any earthenware vessel.

—Boiled Chestnuts.—Peel off the shells of the chestnuts with a sharp knife, cover them with water and boil them until the skin can be peeled off readily. Peel this off, return them to the water in which they were previously cooked (unless it be very dark), cover close and stew gently until they are very tender, drying the water nearly or quite out. They are much whiter and sweeter if the hard "shucks" are taken off before boiling and they are nicer to handle. Serve warm for breakfast. If, however, this requires too much time, boil them in the shucks until tender, then rinse them thoroughly with boiling water and dry them with a soft cloth. In this case every plate should be provided with a sharp knife.

—To Keep Plants Over Night Without Fire.—I have kept many plants nicely all winter without any fire at night in the following manner: Have made of wood or zinc a tray of any size—you may need it about four inches deep, with a handle on either end, water-tight—paint it outside and in, put in each corner a post as high as the tallest of your plants and it is ready for use. Arrange your flower pots in it and fill between them with sawdust; this absorbs the moisture falling from the plants when you water them and retains the warmth acquired during the day keeping the temperature of the roots even. When you retire at night spread over the posts a blanket or shawl and there is no danger of their freezing. The tray can be placed on a stand or table and be easily moved about.—*Cor. American Farm Journal.*

Keep Hens Out of the Stable.

Hens are lovely and profitable creatures except when they are allowed to trespass on forbidden ground, or to have access to apartments in which everything should be kept scrupulously neat and clean. We would as soon allow our gallinaceous birds to remain in our living apartment and to roost on our bedstead as to permit them to enter either the cow's box, the apartment of the horse, the feeding-room or the haymow. Wherever they are allowed to remain only a few minutes they will besmear everything with droppings exceedingly offensive. In many instances they are allowed to hop into the mangers not only after the horses have finished eating their feed, but while a team is actually feeding. We have frequently seen timid and nervous horses back away from their mangers when the fowls invaded their legitimate rights. Most horses are exceedingly neat in their habits, so much so that they will no sooner eat from a manger where fowls have been running about and have smeared the feed than a neat person will take his accustomed meal from a dinner-plate that emits offensive odors. When fowls are allowed to have access to a haymow they will often foul more hay than a horse will require at one feeding. When it is desirable that the stable doors and windows should be open temporarily let the doorway be closed by a portable grate door, made of lath or some other narrow strips of lumber. Fowls should be provided with suitable and comfortable quarters, so that they will not always be ready to slip into the barn or stable as soon as a door or window is opened.

Many farmers contend that if hens have access to the haymow and the mangers of teams they will pick up much feed which would otherwise be lost, which is true. But when they are allowed to lay eggs in the mangers and haymows the loss in eggs will often amount to ten times more than the gain. Our fowls are always provided with appropriate quarters, and if one happens to run into the stable or feeding-room when a door is left open for a moment all other business is suspended until the intruder is driven out. The stable is no place for fowls of any kind.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Wintering Farm Horses.

I have noticed for some years that farm horses have had a hard time during the winter months, not because of work but of the want of care. Farm horses wear out as fast if not faster than horses that work during the year. Now there is a cause for all this. In the first place horses that have been in the open air and sunshine should have these hygienic influences all of the time, and horses that have been in active exercise should still be allowed ample room and opportunity for what exercise nature requires. Then again horses that have been fed high should by all means have enough feed to so recruit them that they will look sleek and have fat enough to keep them warm.

Therefore when horses have accomplished the work of the season and are to rest for some weeks or months to come the first thing to be done is to have the shoes taken off, then give them their regular feed for a few days at least, that is, till they look fresh and their eyes look bright, and they show signs of good rich blood in their veins; then drop the noon feed of grain and go on for a time with two feeds per day, and then leave off the morning feed of grain, and finally drop the feed of grain at night; still I would never let a horse stand and paw or ask for food at night, for it is a loss rather than a gain to try and cheat a horse out of his honest living.

As the noon feed is withdrawn give some green food, say potatoes, carrots or turnips, but I would limit the roots to a fourth or a half peck for a few days, then give once, twice or thrice a week as the case may be. By all means give plenty of hay and good, fresh, pure water, with salt as they may require. Now as to exercise, after the horse has eaten his morning meal turn him loose in a good, large yard and let him remain till noon; after the noon feed turn him out again until night, then put him up and feed for the night; of course stormy days I should keep him in the stable. If horses are kept at work part of the time keep the shoes on and feed according to the work, but by all means give the yard exercise whenever he is let up from work.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

English Domestics.

Col. Forney jots down these observations: "Take domestic service in England. There are almost as many grades in it as in high rank. Each is appointed to his or her place; each has definite privileges and deference to the one ahead is the rule. The butler or stewart is the chief and exacts respect from all below; and from him through all the grades of waiter, coachman, cook and dressing-maid there is always somebody above to follow and obey. There is a rude maxim that every Englishman is the idolator of some bigger Englishman right before him. The wages of a servant-of-all-work in London is about £12 (sixty dollars) a year, and for this she does all the labor and is often the cook as well, getting few perquisites. I know some places in the great capital where one poor girl for this money is as utter a slave as ever worked on a Southern plantation. She washes, sews, scrubs, cooks the meals for the boarders, does chamber-work and tends the door for five dollars a month! If such a poor creature rebels the answer is prompt: 'If you leave me you shall never get another place, because I will give you no certificate of character.' But it is a mistake to suppose that this rule has not many exceptions. In well-ordered private houses the servants are models of comfortable propriety. There the ladies' maids and upper servants are rarely called by their Christian names; it is always 'Brown,' or 'Jones,' or 'Robinson,' while the lady of the house is 'mistress,' and the gentleman 'master.' The cook is invariably 'cook' when she is spoken to. The governess, no matter how gifted, rarely sits at the table with the family, and never when there is company. A lady friend advertised for a governess for her children, and the number of applicants was legion, proving the heavy struggle among girls who are fighting the battle of life in a great city. Situations like these are well paid and comfortable. I have already referred to the generosity of the English Government in providing for hundreds of females in the General Post-office Department. But nothing is more interesting than the domestic establishments of the noblemen or gentry, especially when three or four hundred invited guests from London gather in one or the country palaces during the shooting season, each guest with his retinue of servants of both sexes. The quarter set apart for these latter is divided into as many grades and tortured by as many jealousies as their superiors', and they live often as sumptuously. During the holidays the servants must be specially provided with presents according to their rank, but this rule has its exceptions in the humbler walks. There the one servant often gets little enough during the holidays."

Reed & Sons' Organs.

If you wish to buy a first-class organ with the latest improvements, the sweetest quality of tone and the newest style of case, send to Reed's Temple of Music, Chicago.

The "prominence and acuteness" of the noses of San Francisco young women have attracted the attention of a California writer, and he fears that female suffrage will begin to raise its hydra head there presently.

The American Organs, advertised in another column, have the *guaranty* which comes from twenty-five years of successful experiment, and from the well-known high character of the manufacturers. They now offer entirely new styles, *unsurpassed* in quality and beauty.

—A joke is going the rounds in press circles at Toronto, Canada. The editor of the *Globe* on a recent Friday engaged the chief Parliamentary reporter of the *Mail*, Mr. Parkhurst, by an offer of £50 a year higher salary. The *Mail*, on the following Monday, returned the compliment by securing the services of Mr. Horton, chief reporter of the *Globe*, at a like increase.

The official report to the Austrian Government respecting musical instruments at the Vienna Exposition declares the Mason & Hamlin Cabinet Organs to be "the most distinguished and praiseworthy instruments" of their class; praising in detail their power and resonance of tone, variety of combination and solo effects; fine power of expression; smooth, even and sympathetic tones, and thorough workmanship. They were awarded the first and highest medal. Other American organs in competition were declared to be far less meritorious, the tones and workmanship being both inferior. In comparison, it was said: "Judged leniently, they do not rise above a respectable mediocrity." This was undoubtedly the most extensive, thorough and competent comparison of such instruments ever made.

—There is a Bureau of Education in the Department of the Interior at Washington, of which Alex. Shiras, D. D., is Commissioner. Its business is "to collect such statistics and facts as shall show the condition and progress of education in the several States and Territories, and of diffusing such information respecting the organization and management of school systems and methods of teaching as shall aid the people of the United States in the establishment and maintenance of efficient school systems, and otherwise promote the cause of education."

To the Suffering.—An old retired physician, who is candid enough to tell the truth about progress, has declared that the recent discovery by Dr. Walker, of California, of his herb remedy, Vinegar Bitters, is one of the most important in medicine. He has tested them thoroughly, in his own family, among his friends, and upon *himself;* and he is driven to the conclusion that they possess rare and unexcelled curative properties. He says of them: "They contain no dangerous *drug.* They never reduce the patient—never render one liable to take cold—never interfere with the every-day business of life—never make their continuous use a condition of cure, and are adapted to even the most delicate organizations. They act as kindly on the tender infant, the delicate female, or infirm old age as on the vigorous and athletic system; exercising healthful effects upon every blood-vessel—on the brain, nerve and lymphatics—on the Blood, Bile, Gastric Juice, etc., enriching impoverished fluids and imparting vigor to mind and body." 24

There are probably a hundred or more persons in this and neighboring towns who daily suffer from the distressing effects of kidney troubles who do not know that *Johnson's Anodyne Liniment* is almost a certain cure. In severe cases great relief may be obtained, if not a perfect cure.

We notice that the agricultural papers all over the country recommend the use of *Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders.—Exchange.*

Farmers and others in this section have long known and appreciated the advantage of these powders over all others.

A Few Words to Feeble and Delicate Women.

By R. V. Pierce, M. D., of the World's Dispensary, Buffalo, N. Y.

Knowing that you are subject to a great amount of suffering that delicacy on your part has a strong tendency to prolong, and the longer it is neglected the more you have to endure and the more difficult of cure your case becomes, I, as a physician, who is daily consulted by scores of your sex, desire to say to you that I am constantly meeting with those who have been treated for their ailments for months without being benefited in the least, until they have become perfectly discouraged and have almost made up their minds never to take another dose of medicine nor be tortured by any further treatment. They had rather die and have their sufferings ended than to live and suffer as they have. They say they are worn out by suffering and are only made worse by treatment. Of anything more discouraging we certainly cannot conceive, and were there no more successful mode of treating such difficulties than that the principles of which teach the reducing and depleting of the vital forces of the system, when the indications dictate a treatment directly the reverse of the one adopted for them, their cases would be deplorable indeed. But, lady sufferers, there is a better and far more successful plan of treatment for you—one more in harmony with the laws and requirements of your system. A harsh, irritating, caustic treatment and strong medicine will never cure you. If you would use rational means, such as common sense should dictate to every intelligent lady, take such medicines as embody the very best invigorating tonics and nervines, compounded with special reference to your delicate system. Such a happy combination you will find in my Favorite Prescription, which has received the loudest praise from thousands of your sex. Those languid, tiresome sensations causing you to feel scarcely able to be on your feet or ascend a flight of stairs; that continual drain that is sapping from your systems all your former elasticity and driving the bloom from your cheeks; that continual strain upon your vital forces that renders you irritable and fretful, may all be overcome and subdued by a persevering use of that marvelous remedy. Irregularities and obstructions to the proper workings of your systems are relieved by this mild and safe means, while periodical pains, the existence of which is a sure indication of serious disease that should not be neglected, readily yield to it, and if its use is kept up for a reasonable length of time the special cause of these pains is permanently removed. Further light on these subjects may be obtained from my pamphlet on diseases peculiar to your sex, sent on receipt of two stamps. My Favorite Prescription is sold by druggists.

Allen's Lung Balsam causes the lungs to throw off the matter that is collected over the air-cells, and makes the patient breathe more freely and purifies the blood, gives strength to the body and tone to the digestive organs, heals the irritated parts and give life and health to the system. Asthma is soon relieved by its use.

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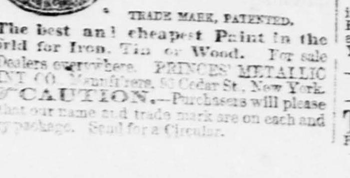

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