

Corner

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Official Directory.

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

STPUVE & LEARY,
Attorneys-at-Law.
SEATTLE, W. T.
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LARRABEE & HANFORD,
Attorneys-at-Law.
SEATTLE, W. T.
Office in Colman's building, corner Front and Commercial Streets, up-stairs.

McNAUGHT BROS.,
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SEATTLE, W. T.
Office on First Floor in Colman's Brick Block. Entrance on Commercial Street.

W. H. WHITE,
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SEATTLE, W. T.
Office on the corner of Front and Madison Streets, up-stairs.

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SNOHOMISH, W. T.

Dr. E. L. SMITH.
OFFICE—Colman's Building, cor. Mill and Commercial Streets.
Office hours, 2 to 5 P. M.
Residence corner Mill and Commercial Sts.

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The Best Beer always on Hand.
ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED.

Bow down your head, ye haughty clam,
And oysters, say your prayer,
The month has come the "R" is in,
You're on the bill of fare—

IN EVERY STYLE AT THE
SADDLE ROCK RESTAURANT.

COMMERCIAL STREET,
—AT—
25 Cents Per Plate.
CHAS. KIEL, Pr.

In Admiralty.

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

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

PUBLIC NOTICE.

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

Monday the 7th day of June, A. D. 1880, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of the same day, then and there to interpose their claims and make their allegations in that behalf. Dated this 21st day of April, A. D. 1880.

CHARLES HOPKINS,
U. S. Marshal.
By L. V. WYCKOFF,
Deputy U. S. Marshal.
C. D. EMERY, Proctor for Libellant. 23-4w

In Admiralty.

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

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

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

PUBLIC NOTICE.

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

First Monday of June next, The same being the Seventh Day of said Month, at Ten o'clock, in the forenoon of the same day, then and there to interpose their claims and make their allegations in that behalf. Dated the 17th day of April, A. D. 1880.

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

Expectations Being Realized.

Last Fall when the first news came of the discovery of gold on the upper Skagit but little interest was felt by Seattle people in the announcement. Soon, however, parties began bringing in gold dust in considerable quantities and rumors were rife of many rich strikes along the tributaries of that river, and what at first was supposed to be but a chimera of the brain of some over zealous prospector, rapidly took the form of reality, while those who doubted and scoffed were gradually forced from their position by the stubborn fact that gold kept flowing in from the new discoveries in such quantities that to longer doubt was senseless. Before many weeks the 'gold fields' was the topic of conversation among all classes. Skagit became the watch word and cry, and its tributaries the Mecca toward which all eyes turned and high hopes centered. But just as the first locators were about getting their claims in condition for operations on a large scale an early winter closed down and put a stop to further developments. Although the little work which had been accomplished was only preliminary, and could scarcely be called a test, even of the ground on which it was performed, enough was learned of the richness of the diggings, and sufficient gold produced to cause a blaze of excitement that spread far and wide over the whole Pacific coast. The glad tidings awakened new hopes in the breasts of many an old miner who oft times had turned speculative eyes toward the Cascade range with the mental assertion of: "There must be gold there somewhere." There was ejaculated a thousand "I told you soes" from as many mining camps along the Pacific slope as the news of the rich discoveries flew from camp to camp. The winter, although the severest ever known on the coast, could not keep back the impetu us prospector notwithstanding it was a fact well known that the Skagit country was covered with deep snows even in the mildest winters, and many rushed in determined to overcome the difficulties of snow and ice and open their claims immediately. But snow storm followed snow storm until the hardest of these pioneers were compelled to cease operations and leave the diggings until the summer's sun had cleared the mountain sides and streams of their heavy mantle of frozen snow. A long and anxious winter followed. Many and high the air castles built by claim owners, and as the spring advances a thousand eyes watch the battle between sun and snow and note with glad hearts the solid encroachments old Sol has already made upon the strongholds of his antagonist. The snow that covers the golden banks of Skagit's streams is fast disappearing and expectation runs high. Already the stroke of the pick rings out through the echoing canyons, and the rasp of the shovel mingles with the sound of the waters that dash from the mountain sides. Within the past two weeks great activity has been displayed in preparations for work on an extensive scale, and in localities where the snow has sufficiently melted, several parties have done considerable prospecting with rockers with results which bear out the high expectations cherished ever since the full results from operations of last Fall were known. Every stroke of the pick more fully establishes the fact that the diggings are rich, and every tour of the prospector up the many tributaries prove them to be extensive. Although every one regards it as too early by at least a month for the commencement of general operations, yet a steady flow of gold finds its way to this city, increasing in volume as the season advances, showing conclusively that some few at least are already adding to their store of wealth. This is but the dawning of a glorious day—golden day if you will—and when the noon-tide hour is reached thousands of glad hearts along the romantic banks of

the Skagit will well up and overflow with happy songs of this golden land. Results so far show that too much has not been expected—the full measure is being realized—and we predict that before another year rolls by the Cascades will teem with the life and activity of tens of thousands of miners, and there will stream out of the Straits of San Juan De Fuca such an endless flow of gold as will cause the eyes of all nations to open wide in amazement at the wonderful wealth of Washington Territory.—Skagit News.

Incidents in the Career of DeYoung.

We find the following in the Portage (Wisconsin) Democrat:

Mr. H. C. Hansbrough, who is one of the co-editors and editors of the forthcoming history of Columbia county, and who is now in Columbus engaged in that work, was for nine years an employe on the San Francisco Morning Chronicle, leaving there in February, 1878; and during the last three years was night editor upon that journal. The assassination of Charles De Young of the Chronicle brings into prominence all his surroundings, and Mr. H. being thoroughly acquainted with him, the city, the newspaper, and the influences bearing upon it and wielded by it, is in a position to converse very entertainingly upon the current topic. He corrects the popular impression that DeYoung was a vigorous and brilliant writer by declaring that he could not write at all; that he was unable properly to construct a half a dozen consecutive sentences; and that to his knowledge he never attempted it but once. Being at Omaha on a trip east when his train was wrecked, he telegraphed back to the Chronicle a half column account of the disaster. This description was a unique one fearfully and wonderfully made. DeYoung probably knew it was formed on no model ancient or modern, and that its originality perhaps needed modification, as he sent after it a cipher dispatch to one of his editors to "fix it." But if DeYoung could not write himself, he knew good writing and could inspire it in others. He was full of ideas, and he could infuse them into his subordinates, and see that they wrought them into effective results. He was a man of affairs and peculiarly adapted to publishing a successful newspaper. Hansbrough refers to the affection existing between De Young and his aged mother as the most perfect and complete filial and maternal regard he ever saw manifested. She never went to sleep at night without knowing that her son was at home, or without having received word from him that he would be detained. As a single instance of the tenderness with which he regarded her, it is said that on the night of his shooting affray with Kalloch, a copy of the Chronicle was prepared expressly for his mother in which the account of the affair was left out; all knowledge of it was kept from her, and she probably never heard of the facts. It will be remembered that the only person injured in that interchange of shots was a little boy upon the sidewalk whose leg was penetrated by a wild bullet. DeYoung took the last into his office at the time, and he has ever since been a favored employe there. To show DeYoung's coolness, Hansbrough relates this incident. The latter and another employe were seated one day in one of the editorial rooms when the door was darkened by a stalwart desperado revolver in hand, who declared he had come for the purpose of slaying the man who wrote "that article." Hansbrough remonstrated with the truculent objector, and told him that he was liable to kill the wrong man by flourishing a revolver about in that promiscuous and uncertain manner. But the intruder continued to thirst for editorial gore, and emphasized his sincerity of purpose by incessantly pounding the desk with

his loaded weapon. One of the employes in the rooms at the time had in fact written the obnoxious article, but neither of them was armed, and they did not consider that the interests of journalism would suffer if they did not at once disclose the authorship. At length Hansbrough said that the guilty man was not present, but that he was somewhere about the building and that he would go and find him at once. Accordingly he went to DeYoung's room and told him that a blood-thirsty outlaw was raging the premises animated by a fierce desire to murder one of his editors, and that if he felt like being shot at just then there was an excellent opportunity for him. DeYoung said, "send him in." He was seated at a desk with a drawer at either side, and he placed his finger upon the self-cocking revolver which was always in the room when he was present and quietly awaited his visitor.

He came in, still swinging his artillery about, and motioning his intentions in the most threatening manner. DeYoung greeted him with the calmest possible, "Well, what can I do for you, sir?" followed by the remark that if he would be seated they could talk over his grievances more advantageously, and perhaps arrive at a better understanding. The result was that the assailant was disarmed by DeYoung's calmness, and left the office pacified. Apparently every prominent journalist on the Pacific slope takes his life in his hand when he engages aggressively in newspaper work. The last act DeYoung invariably did on leaving the office at night was to put his self-cocker in his pocket, and he departed with his hand upon it. His tread was as soft as that of a cat, and no one ever heard his going or coming footsteps on the stairways. His custom was to pause at their foot a moment, look searchingly about him and then vanish so quickly that it was difficult to tell in which direction he had gone. He never went home on two consecutive nights by the same route, and in times of unusual political excitement a coupe called at the office for him nightly and the driver accompanied him from his office to the carriage. Hansbrough knew Kalloch well, and speaks of him as a man surpassingly eloquent, but guilty of all the immoralities charged upon him by the Chronicle. Indeed he insists that that paper never brought a charge against a man unless it had the documents to sustain it. It has been prosecuted for libel 31 times; only one of these was successful, and that only partially.

Be these things as they may, DeYoung was always ready with the pistol, and used it aggressively. The supremacy of public order, had he lived would have required his punishment for shooting the elder Kalloch; and law and order now demand that stern justice be meted out to the younger Kalloch for the taking off of DeYoung. The life or death of either of these men, or all of them, is of less consequence than the maintenance of law and social safety and tranquility.

GRANT'S CUNNING ELECTIONEERING TOUR.—General Grant has a way of arriving at the most important point in the field of political operations at the critical moment of the contest for Delegates to Chicago. He visited Philadelphia a few weeks before the Pennsylvania State Convention was held. Returning from his Mexican tour he appeared in Texas and afterward in Arkansas just prior to the meeting of the Conventions in those States, and now he ends his travels and reaches Illinois at the moment when the Republicans there are in the midst of a hot contest over the question of his candidacy. These coincidences may be accidental, but they do not have that appearance. General Grant did not do things by accident when he was a soldier and it is scarcely probable that he is wandering over the country in an aimless way without any thought of the effect his travels and speeches may have on his Presidential prospects.—N. Y. Tribune.

The Heart Returned.

Autumn winds were round us blowing,
Crimson trees more bare were growing.
When I almost, without knowing,
Gave my fresh young heart to thee,
Oh, love's dream was full of gladness,
Taking from the heart all sadness,
Oh, I loved almost to madness,
When I gave my heart to thee.

Sweet, but ah, alas! how fleeting;
When I found, at our last meeting,
Your heart for another beating,
When you gave mine back to me;
Then the dark, the dread awaking,
From my heart all gladness taking,
Hope seems now my life forsaking,
Since you gave mine back to me.

Now when in my cheerless sorrow,
Dreading each unknown to-morrow,
Comfort from the past I'd borrow,
When you gave your heart to me,
What was mine you gave another,
Must I love thee as a brother?
Ever strive my grief to smother
In the heart I once gave thee?

Do not think that I am blaming,
Though to you my grief I'm naming,
'Tis not pity I am claiming,
For the heart I once gave thee;
Now life's pathway I'm descending,
Grief with heavenly joy is blending,
Every sorrow hath an ending,
Best at last, for even me.

—Waverley.

Aunt Barbara's Will.

Aunt Barbara Leffingwell had departed from this earthly ball to all intents and purposes. Her body reposed in the quiet churchyard, and her spirit might yet hover around her former home; but she was dead, and some one was heir to her property. That was a fact that none could gainsay, if any desired to do so, which was to say the least, doubtful. Poor Aunt Barbara! Not one of the twelve heirs-at-law shed a tear for her loss except plain little Lizzie Grant.

Lizzie was the poorest of them all; poor and proud, her aunt called her, but honest, brave and true. The daughter of Miss Leffingwell's youngest sister, who had married a poor artist much against the wishes of her parents, and starved in an attic over her husband's studio till death ended his career. Lizzie supported her mother comfortably until she also died, and was laid beside her husband. The poor child often wondered how it could be that "poor papa's bills were so large, and his means so utterly inadequate to provide for his family, when she, only an assistant in a grammar school, got along so very easily."

Mrs. Grant had refused the help from Miss Leffingwell, which was freely proffered after she became a widow.

"I would rather die," she said, "than take that as a charity which rightfully belongs to me, Barbara," for her father had disinherited her, so great was his displeasure.

One day Miss Leffingwell's landlady drew up before the door of Smith & Smythe, grocers, and the haughty dame gathered up her rich dress and carefully picked her way through the store to the little office, without deigning to notice the attentive clerk behind the counter.

"Does Mrs. Augustus Grant trade here?" she asked abruptly of Mr. Smythe, who started up from his long-legged stool not a little surprised at the appearance of such a lady in the dingy office.

"No, ma'am, but Miss Grant has a bill here."

"Yes!" interrogatively.

"A quarterly account; she is a teacher, you see, and so—"

"Yes, yes, I know. How much is it?"

Mr. Smythe consulted his ledger and named the sum. Miss Leffingwell laid a roll of bills down on the desk and counted out one-half the amount due him.

"There, Mr. Smythe," she said, "you will oblige me by crediting this to Miss Grant, and making out a new bill, minus items, for the remainder. Consequently she will think her bill is small, but not know that I have paid one-half of it. Does she keep any account?"

"No, indeed—leaves it all to me. Could cheat that girl, ma'am, she is so innocent and unsuspecting."

"I hope you don't try it," returned Miss Leffingwell, tartly.

"Bless you, no. I've daughters myself."

"This transaction is to be kept a profound secret, Mr. Smythe," laying a bill on the desk again, which the good man promptly returned, not caring to take a bribe.

Miss Leffingwell was rich, and her little peculiarities were well worth humoring. The butcher and the coal-dealer that Lizzie patronized were likewise honored with a visit from "the richest woman in town;" also Mrs. Grant's landlady, and Lizzie was much surprised, a few days later, to receive a courteous little note from him saying that rents were low now, and she might consider the next quarter's rent paid, as the sum paid for the previous quarter was as much as his conscience (?) would allow him to take for both.

"Why, mother, dear, I'm a famous business woman," she cried, enthusiastically; "I've paid all our bills and fifty dollars left. Only think! You shall have new flannels and a nice shawl this winter."

Lizzie laughed and cried alternately, with delight, for she had been secretly

anxious about making both ends of the year meet.

Thus, all unknown to them, Miss Leffingwell lifted the burden from Lizzie's slender shoulders. After Mrs. Grant died, she desired that Lizzie should live with her, but Lizzie preferred to be independent.

After her mother's death it was more difficult for her to assist her, and the girl's life was bleak and lonely. No pleasure in the present, no prospect in the future. None of her cousins, the Van Wirts and Starritts, gay people moving in the best society, noticed her, and they looked upon her as an intruder at her aunt's funeral.

The will was read by the lawyer. She gave all of her large property to Guy Van Wirt and Augustus Starritt, the eldest sons of her two prosperous sisters. The rest, including Lizzie, were cut off without a shilling. It was a little queer, for these fast young men had by no means been favorites with her. She desired that her house should remain as it was for six months, during which time any one of her heirs-at-law, who was willing, should, in person, open the house once every month, and carefully sweep, dust, and air every room.

The Van Wirts were in haste to return to Newport from whence they had been summoned, and hardly gave her request a thought. The Starritts were aristocratically shocked at the idea, and it fell to shabby Lizzie Grant to do it or let her aunt's last request go unheeded.

Mr. Wheatley, the brisk, shrewd lawyer, showed real pleasure when she modestly offered to perform the service.

"You will never be sorry, child," he said, kindly, as he gave her the keys. "I knew your father. He would have made his mark in the world had he but lived."

How Lizzie's heart throbbed at those words!

It was an arduous undertaking for her, but she performed her labor of love faithfully, arranging the rooms as carefully and neatly as if her aunt had been present. Everything was costly and elegant, and the dim rooms seemed gloomy and ghost-like, but Lizzie was not nervous.

As she was dusting her aunt's library for the last time she noticed a folded paper among the pile of books on a large study table. It was evidently put in its position carefully, being held in place by a bronze paper weight.

She examined it, and, with a thrill of surprise, she opened it. It was the last will and testament of Barbara Leffingwell, spinster, giving Lizzie Grant all her property, real and personal, without reserve. The date was one month later than that of the one read after the funeral, and Mr. Wheatley was appointed executor. Lizzie flew rather than walked to that gentleman's office.

"I knew it; she desired to teach those young men a lesson; it will do them good, perhaps. Had you not found the last will, I should have produced it at the expiration of six months, the original one, of which you found only a copy," said he, after warmly congratulating her. "She rightly thought you, of all the heirs, would heed her request. She was a good woman, but peculiar—very."

The chagrin of the other heirs may be imagined, and they vainly tried to break the will.

So Lizzie Grant became "the richest woman in town," and last summer was one of the season belles of Newport.

Men and women differ about her somewhat, the former calling her handsome after leaving her electric presence; the latter calling her plain, sallow, stupid, abstracted and peculiar.

All of which is true; but Lizzie Grant's mind had taken a wider range of thought and speculation than theirs in her days of loneliness and poverty, and she was more companionable to the sterner sex than to the light-hearted and light-headed, perhaps, critics. She has inherited many of her aunt's eccentric ways of doing good, and the poor often bless an "unknown friend."

Judge Drake's "Evening Music at Sea," recalls a story told me by William Ashmore, the chief of Baptist missionaries in China. He was at Hong Kong when Commodore Perry, returning from the expedition to Japan, anchored his fleet in the harbor. Every evening, Captain Buchanan, of the flag-ship, had the band of the squadron give an outdoor marine concert at sunset, which drew all the foreign residents to the shore. Mr. Ashmore invited a saintly Chinaman, a native helper, to attend with him, one evening. The little company of exiles gathered on the quay, and for an hour listened entranced to the delicious music, mellowed by distance, as it floated over the water. At the close, as the sweet tones of "The Last Rose of Summer" still lingered on the ear, there came the tender notes of the melody of the heart, "Home, Sweet Home," which flooded every soul with loving memories and longings. Under the spell so near akin to heaven, slowly and silently they walked homeward. At last the almost-eyed convert broke the silence: "If they had only had a goog!"

LAMB CHOPS.—Trim off fat and skin, leaving a bare bit of bone at the end of each; broil quickly, over a clear fire; butter, salt and pepper each, and stand them on the larger end, just touching each other around, your mound of potato.

His Telephone.

"I guess I haf to give up my telephone already," said an old citizen of Gratiot avenue yesterday as he entered the office of the company with a very long face.

"Why, what's the matter now?"

"Oh! eferytings. I got dot telephone in mine house so as I could speak mit der poys in der saloon down town, and mit my relations in Springwell, but I haf to gif it up. I never haf so much droubles."

"How?"

"Vhell, my poy Shon, in der saloon, he rings der pell and calls me oep und says how I vhas dish efings? I says I vhas feeling like some colts, und he says: 'Hello!' und he says: 'Come closer.' I ghoes closer and hellos again. Den he says: 'Shtand a little off yells vunce more, und he says: 'Shpeak louder.' It goese dot vay for ten minutes, und den he says: 'Go to Texas, you old dutchman?' You see?"

"Yes."

"And don mein brudder, in Springwells he rings der pell and calls me oep und says how I vhas dish efings? I says I vhas feeling like some colts, und he says: 'Who vphants to puy some geats?' I says: 'Colts—colts—colts!' and he answers: 'Oh! coats. I thought you said geats!' 'Vhen I I goese to ask him of he feels petter I goes a voice crying out, 'Vhat Dutchmans ish dot on dis line!' Den somebody answers, 'I don't know, but I likes to punch his head!' You see?"

"Yes."

"Vhell, somdimes my vwife vphants to spehak mit me vhen I am down in der saloon. She rings mein pell und I says, 'Hello!' Nopody speaks to me. She rings again, und I says 'Hello!' like dunder! Den der central office tells me go ahead, und den tells mein vwife dot I am gone avhay. I yells outt dot ish not so, und somebody says, 'How can I talk if dot old Dutchman don't keep sthilt?' You see?"

"Yes."

"And vhen I gits in bedt at night, somebody rings der pell like der house vas on fire, und vhen I shumped outt und says hello, I hear somebody saying, 'Kaiser, don't you vant to puy a dog?' I vphants no dog, und ven I tells 'em so, I hear some peoples laughing, 'Haw! haw! haw!' You see?"

"Yes."

"Und so you cak it outt, and vhen somebody likes to speak mit me dey shall come right avhay to mein saloon. Oef mein brudder ish sick he shall git petter, und if somebody vphants to puy me a dog, he shall come vhere I can punch him mit a glub!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Put Your Shoulders Back.

Much of the proverbial slenderness and physical frailty of our girls, as compared with those of other countries, has been charged to intellectual habits and over-work in study. It is unquestionably true that they need out-door life, and more education in bodily development. Many American girls, through inattention to the way of carrying themselves, unconsciously contract the habit of bringing the shoulders forward and stooping. This position not only detracts greatly from their appearance, but is also very pernicious in point of health. The celebrated Aaron Burr, in a letter to his daughter, Theodosia, afterwards the wife of Gov. Alston, of South Carolina, writes as follows on this subject:

"Your habit of stooping and bringing your shoulders forward upon your breast not only disfigures you, but is alarming on account of the injury done your health. The continuation of this vile habit will certainly produce consumption. Then farewell pleasure, farewell life! This is no exaggeration! No fiction to excite your apprehensions. But, setting aside this distressing consideration, I am astonished that you have no more pride in your appearance; you will certainly stint your growth and disfigure your person."

There is reason to believe that Miss Burr gave heed to this admonition of her good father; for she afterwards became renowned for her beauty as well as for superior mental endowments and accomplishments.

A PLUCKY INDIAN.—An Indian known as Peaving Tom had a hand-to-hand encounter with a lot of bears the other day, on the mountain above Buck's ranch, which must have been a terrible battle. He was hunting in the locality spoken of, and found a "bear wallow" in a little valley, and suddenly came upon five bears. He says he shot the first one, killing it, when another attacked him. His only dependence was his butcher-knife, and with this he managed to kill the second one. About this time another attacked him, and the conflict must have been fearful. Part of the Indian's scalp was torn from his head, his face badly lacerated, and his arm, side and one thigh fairly eaten up. No bones were broken, however, and he managed to stagger and crawl to the road, where he was found and taken to Buck's ranch. Mr. Wagner dressed his wounds, and at last accounts he was improving, and in a fair way to recover. He says he would have been killed but that he kept his face down most of the time, and that he let the bears bite at his back. A party went out to the scene of the fight and found three bears dead and found the knife sticking in one of them. He must have been "game to the backbone," and deserves the title of the "boss bear hunter."

Detroit Currency.

Spring umbrellas are on the rise. Have patience—that obelisk is coming.

Now is the season for boys to go West and slaughter Indians.

Georgia intends to grow one million 50-pound watermelons this year.

Seventy-five cents' worth of crude ore will make \$200,000 worth of watch-springs. Let's ore and ore.

No man can come upon a sign of "Keep off the grass" without feeling a spirit of defiance clear down to his heels.

It is estimated that a handsome woman weeping before a jury has more effect in five minutes than two hours' talk.

The conscience fund of the treasury is growing all the time, but it is fear, and not honesty, that compels restoration.

Railroad eating houses in Connecticut employ religious waiters altogether. They won't talk back when the coffee is called "slop."

A New York farmer has been trying to invent something to take the place of hop-poles, and the mental strain has made him a lunatic.

"Bet you two to one that I don't go to prison," said Mr. Walker, of Illinois, and he out with a pistol and banged a bullet into his head.

Krupp, the German gunmaker, has orders ahead for 3,000 cannon, and yet all the crowned heads are writing taffy letters to each other.

The *Modern Argos* says that the frogs were the first to organize leap-year parties. Yes, and they were the inventors of the bellows, too.

If the white paper ring is busted, every man in the country will have occasion to rejoice, for it is a ring which robs even the school-boys.

When the news reached Russia that Beaconsfield was a goner, several gentlemen of high renown said they wouldn't go home till morning.

Prof. Huxley says it is just as safe as to marry on a three weeks' courtship as to wait longer. Each side will conceal all faults as much as possible anyhow.

The author of "Is Life Worth Living?" is said to be so solemn-looking that he couldn't laugh if paid for it. What he lives for is a secret of his own.

Those treasury girls will learn, after a few more Christianity cases, that true happiness can only be found in marrying young men on a very small income.

Watch every Congressman who seeks to delay or strangle the free paper bill. It will be the duty of every honest man to help defeat such men at the polls.

William Penn was no doubt a very honest man, but for all that he exchanged six hatchets and a gun for enough Indian land to make one big country.

Two or three centuries hence the name "angel" may still endure, but the artist who illustrates them with bare feet and robes flying, will be hooted at.

The biggest bustle of the season was detected at the Custom House in New York the other day. A steamship passenger had forty yards of broadcloth wrapped around her.

How foolish for artists to represent Cupid as the god of love, when we all know that an old stocking full of money has more influence than forty Cupids crowded up together.

A Vermont man spent 120 successive days in trying to run down and kill a fox, and when at last he got sight of him and fired a shot the bullet killed a \$200 horse and the fox sloped away.

If you get on the right side of the King of Siam he will decorate you with the Order of the White Elephant. If you get on the wrong side he will decorate your grave with a pumpkin vine.

A Boston paper thinks there ought to be a law in this country to compel every girl who is engaged to wear a red bow at her throat. That wouldn't do a bit of good. Every girl would wear one

GLoucester Chowder.—Boil six pounds of ood or haddock (the latter is better) five minutes in one quart of water. Take the kettle from the fire, put the fish on a plate to cool, strain the water, and return it to the kettle with five or six (more if liked) sliced potatoes and sliced onion; boil until they are nearly cooked, then add the fish, the bones and skin having been removed; add two quarts of milk, with pepper and salt to taste, and boil five minutes; take off the kettle, add six or eight Boston crackers, split; add two and a half ounces of butter and stir gently, to mix the ingredients. Pour into the tureen and serve very hot.

WIT ON THE ENGLISH BENCH.—The English judges can be rude when they like. Lord Justice James, sitting as President of the Appeal Court, was listening to the reading of a voluminous document by counsel. Presently he closed his eyes with this remark: "Wake me up, Mr. —, when you come to something relevant." Vice-Chancellor Bacon is another humorist. He doesn't say much, but he makes the funniest little sketches of the witnesses you ever saw in your life.—*Cor. Phil. Times.*

TOOTHACHE EXTRAORDINARY.—A man went out and hanged himself the other day because a dentist told him his tooth was affected with "nodular calcification of the pulp." He left a note to his wife, saying he didn't want to live on and give it to her and the children.

College Boys Who Never Read a Book.

Mr. Charles Dudley Warner says in the *Christian Union*: "Those who have to deal with the education of the young get revealing glimpses into the state of culture in the households of our highly-intelligent country. A professor in one of our leading colleges told me not long ago that a Freshman came to him after he had been recommending certain books in the literature class, and said he had never read a book in his life. This was literally true. Except his text-books, he had never read a book; he had passed a fair examination, but of reading he knew no more than a Kaffir. Another professor in another college, also one of the highest in the country, (both of these are eastern colleges, in the center of the best culture in America,) told me more recently that a Sophomore who stood well in his class came to ask him where he obtained certain facts which he referred to in the class-room. It came out that the young man never had read a book, didn't know what the sensation was, or how to set about it, and had not the faintest conception of literature. He had no notion of the pleasure or profit to be got from reading; the world of books was absolutely beyond his imagination, and he could not conceive what people found in it. The professor at length induced him to read one of Scott's novels, but the boy found it a very tedious and uninteresting occupation. These two instances are extreme, but only in degree; a taste for literature is not common, and ignorance of it is common even among college undergraduates."

The Pyramids of Ghizeh.

The pyramids, when rightly viewed, must be regarded not as monuments which should excite our admiration, but as stupendous records of the length to which tyranny and selfishness, folly and superstition, lust of power and of wealth, will carry man. Regarded as works of skill, and as examples of what men may effect by combined and long-continued labor, they are indeed marvelous, and in a sense admirable. They will remain, in all probability, and will be scarcely changed, when every other edifice at this day existing on the surface of the earth has either crumbled into dust or changed out of all knowledge. The museums and libraries, the churches and cathedrals, the observatories, the college buildings, and other scholastic edifices of our time, are not for a moment to be compared with the great pyramids of Egypt in all that constitutes material importance, strength or stability. But while the imperishable monuments of old Egypt are records of tyranny and selfishness, the less durable structures of our age are in the main records of at least the desire to increase the knowledge, to advance the interests, and to ameliorate the condition of the human race. No good whatever has resulted to man from all the labor, misery and expense involved in raising these mighty structures, which seem fitted to endure while the world itself shall last. They are and ever have been splendidly worthless. On the other hand, the less costly work of our own time, while their very construction has involved good instead of misery to the lower classes, have increased the knowledge and well-being of mankind.

Railroads in Africa.

The Portuguese government paper *Progress* states that the Portuguese engineer, Senor Machado, Director of public works in Mozambique, proposes to establish a line of communication with Lake Nyassa and the East Coast. His plan is to avail himself of "the easily navigable part of the Zambesi and its affluents, and to overcome the difficulties of the unnavigable points by constructing railway lines." Should his plans be adopted, Senor Machado asserts that an excellent line of communication with the interior (2,000 kilometers in length) will be established, and that only 252 kilometers of railroad will be needed. Two lines will depart from Chibisa on the right bank of the River Shire, near the English mission of Blantyre. One of these lines will be eighty-five kilometers in length, will follow the course of the Shire, and, overcoming the obstacles presented by the cataracts and falls, will secure the exploration of Lake Nyassa. The second line will unite Chibisa to the Tete, and will be 137 kilometers in length. A third line, of about thirty kilometers in length, will remove the difficulties of the Kebubasa Falls. Senor Machado offers to remain in Africa to complete his survey, even after the completion of his present contract with the government. The plan proposed is considered of great importance, and is being favorably discussed by the press.

An American Sunday-school, of New York, has been presented with \$100,000 by Mrs. J. C. Green, of that city, the interest only to be available. This is to be devoted to "the development of Sunday-school literature of a high merit."

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

Mamma to Isabel (4 years of age), who is rather unmercifully teasing the kitten—"Isabel, my child, you must not do so. I don't like to see it." Isabel: "Well, don't look, mamma."

The Greatest Tunnel in the World.

The brief cable message which announced last week the piercing of the St. Gothard tunnel, told of the successful completion of the greatest task ever undertaken by modern engineering. The tunnel is rather more than seven and a half miles long, or three miles longer than the Hoosac tunnel. The whole cost is said to have been not less than \$15,000,000. The work was projected as far back as 1850, and ten years later, the suggestion began to take practical shape, but it was not until 1872 that a company was formed and a contract awarded. Since that time the work has gone steadily on.

The contract for the work was awarded to M. Louis Favre, whose skill and energy proved to be great enough to surmount all obstacles. He literally sacrificed his life to the work, and died in the tunnel last July. The tunnel for about two-thirds of its length passes through solid rock, of granite, gneiss and hornblende. Part of the way is limestone, gypsum and schist. One of the great difficulties of the work was that a blast would often open a spring which would deluge the tunnel for hours, and perhaps for days. One of these springs discharged water at the rate of 420 gallons a minute, another 1,000 gallons, and one as high as 2,000 gallons. The method of doing the work is thus described:

The headings used were about eight feet square, giving frontal areas of sixty-seven square feet on which the perforating machines operated. In hard rock from twenty-four to twenty-six holes were bored on each face. They were charged with dynamite, which was made up in cartridges of from one and a half to four pounds. The perforating machines employed in the heading are six in number, and are mounted on a truck set on a line of rails. The process of boring lasted from two and a half to three hours, and while the last holes were being bored the process of charging was commenced. The carriage and machinery was moved ninety feet off, and turned into a siding in the widened part of the tunnel. The three central holes converged to a point at their furthest extremity. They were fired first, and made a conical cavity. Then the other holes were charged and fired, and they expanded the rift to the full size of the heading. The debris is then removed, and the same operation is repeated. The temperature of the air in the tunnel was found to be always higher than that without. It steadily increased as the excavation proceeded. On the first day it rose from 35 degrees Fahrenheit to 58 degrees, while the air outside remained 34 degrees. The average temperature further in was found to be over 70 degrees, while the rock was also much warmer than the surrounding atmosphere. Large bell exhausters were erected at each end of the tunnel for the removal of atmospheric impurities, although artificial ventilation was not needed until the boring was 1,000 meters deep. About five million cubic feet of compressed air were forced into the excavation each day from either end, and an exhauster, capable of extracting 16,500 cubic feet per minute, has been provided at each.

Part of the work had to be done by hand-boring, and but 2 1/2 feet a day could be gained at this, while machine boring gave a progress of seven feet a day. When the tunnel is completed in accordance with the provisions of a contract, it will be of a horseshoe form, and will be 19.68 feet high by 24.93 feet wide at the level of the sleepers, and 23.24 feet at the springing of the arch, which will be about 6 1/2 feet above the sleepers. The arch will be a complete semicircle of 4-meters radius, the sides being curved to a radius of 33 1/2 feet. The floor when of solid rock will be slightly troughed. When the tunnel passes through solid rock it is to be cut to the exact section without any masonry; when fissures occur, an arch will be used varying in form according to circumstances. When loose rock is encountered, the tunnel will be lined with ashlar stone masonry according to the figures given above. A culvert 3.28 feet square will run under the floor of the tunnel throughout its length.

The communication between France and Italy will now offer as little obstruction as that between France and Holland. So far as commerce and travel are concerned, it is as though the Alps had been removed and cast into the sea. And thus another is added to the triumphs of modern engineering.

A paragraph went the rounds of the English newspapers last winter about a pheasant having been shot that had a wooden leg. Now the sequel is being published. It is that a London surgeon, that day in the country, for caught by one leg in bones were completely broken. Taking pocket instruments the fully amputated the leg, a neat little artificial leg the stump, and released

GREEN PEA SOUP.—Cut in small pieces, peas and one gallon of empty pods of the peas hour before adding and add the meat and a half longer. Half serving add the shell twenty-minutes half a with sault and pepper. parsley improves it. A frequently strain in

The Czar's Anniversary.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the accession of Alexander II. to the throne of all the Russias must have been celebrated with fear and trembling. The apprehensions caused by the plots and threats of the Nihilists cannot be dispelled by glitter of pomp or affectation of loyalty. The Government having once given way to its panic terror, finds it impossible to regain its self-possession. The army is untainted with treason and the peasantry is too inert to be influenced by revolutionary ideas, but the disaffection of the townspeople and the educated class is steadily increasing. Authority is now grounded on intimidation rather than the traditional devotion of the masses for the sovereign, and after two years of reactionary zeal and military compression the Government finds itself too limp to stamp out disloyalty. After reigning for a quarter of a century, the Czar virtually confesses his inability to govern his subjects any longer, and, casting about for a suitable proxy, invests the son of an Armenian merchant with the absolute power of a military dictator. Himself the victim of a melancholy which has darkened the lives of so many of his ancestors, he shrinks back from the windows of his palace, and orders his soldiers to ransack the cellars for dynamite. It is a sorry anniversary for Alexander the Liberator.

For on this day it must not be forgotten that no sovereign of modern times has undertaken so many and such radical reforms as this same Alexander the Liberator. He not only set free twenty millions of serfs and endowed them with the rights of citizenship in the communes, but enabled them to become landed proprietors. In no other reign and in no other country has an experiment of equal magnitude in political and social science been made. In the United States the freedmen were given the right of suffrage, but in Russia emancipation was accompanied by a radical change in the conditions of land tenure. At the same time trial by jury was established, the judicial tribunals were lifted above the level of provincial administration, and every department of the government except the secret police was reformed from the bottom; and while parliamentary institutions were withheld, the peasantry, which formed nine-tenths of the population of the Empire, were allowed to exercise all the functions of local self-rule. The Czar was a practical reformer at a time when reforming zeal was running riot, and in the early years of his reign an era of national regeneration seemed to be opening. Twenty-five years have gone by, and the monarch who was once a Liberal of the Liberals, heading the movement for free labor, local independence and administrative reform, is now a prisoner in his own palace, with a military dictator outside.

It may be that the Czar will recall today what his father, the iron-handed Nicholas, is reported to have said almost with his last breath: "My successor may do as he pleases, but I cannot change." The humiliations of the Crimea did not modify the theory of absolute monarchy and military compression to which he had adhered for thirty years. He died as he had lived, with his faith in the efficacy of military despotism unshaken. His successor did as he pleased and left nothing unchanged; but it has come to pass that he has abandoned Liberalism and reverted to his father's methods of intolerant administration. The illusions of reform have been dispelled. The serfs whom he enfranchised have not been transformed into sober and thrifty farmers. The people whom he sought to serve and bless with remedial measures are disappointed and ungrateful. If the father placed too implicit reliance upon absolutism, the son's expectations of the immediate results of a reform policy were overwrought and illusive. Yet were those reforms beneficent and enlightened. If Russian regeneration has not been accomplished in a quarter of a century, it is because nations are doomed to work out their salvation with fear and trembling—lot with the panic terror and vacillation manifested in the Emperor's council-chamber, but with a wholesome dread of economic conditions and race impulses, and with a resolute, determined effort—sometimes an agonizing struggle—to promote the progress of civilization.—N. Y. Tribune.

Hours and Minutes.

Why is one hour divided into sixty minutes? and each minute again into sixty seconds? Why not divide our time as we do our money, by tens, counting ten, or fifty, or one hundred minutes to the hour? This question was asked by an intelligent boy a few days since; and the answer given him may both interest and instruct other young people. The answer is this:

We have sixty divisions on the dials of our clocks and watches, because the old Greek astronomer, Hipparchus, who lived in the second century before Christ, accepted the Babylonian system of reckoning time, that system being sexagesimal. The Babylonians were acquainted with the decimal system; but for common and practical purposes, they counted by *sossis* and *satri*, the *bossos*, representing sixty, and the *saros*, sixty times sixty, is thirty-six hundred. From Hipparchus, that mode of reckoning found its way into the works of Ptolemy, about 15 A. D., and thence was carried down the stream of science and civilization. We found its way to our clocks and watches.

The Monkey and the Hawk.

The cook of a French nobleman, whose chateau was in the south of France, had a monkey which was allowed the free range of the kitchen, and which was so intelligent that by severe training its natural propensity to mischief had been subdued, and it was even taught to perform certain useful services, such as plucking fowls, for instance, at which it was uncommonly expert. One fine morning a pair of partridges was given it to pluck. The monkey took them to an open window which looked directly upon the park, and went to work with great diligence. He soon finished one, which he laid on the outer ledge of the window, and then went quietly on with the other. A hawk, which had been watching his proceedings from a neighboring tree, darted down upon the partridge, and in a minute was up in the tree again, greedily devouring his prey.

The consternation of the monkey at this untoward adventure may be easily imagined. He knew he should be severely whipped for losing it. He hopped about in great distress for several minutes, when suddenly a bright thought struck him. Seizing the remaining partridge, he went to work with great energy and stripped off the feathers. He then laid it on the ledge, just where he had placed the other, and closing one of the shutters concealed himself behind it. The hawk, which by this time had finished his meal, very soon swooped down upon the partridge; but hardly had his claw touched the bird when the monkey sprang upon him from behind the shutter. The hawk's head was instantly wrung, and the monkey, with a triumphant chuckle, proceeded to strip off the feathers.

This done, he carried the two plucked fowls to his master, with a confident and self-satisfied air, which seemed to say, "Here are two birds sir, just what you gave me."

What the cook said on finding one of the partridges converted into a hawk, is more than we are able to tell.

BEAR WITH THE LITTLE ONES.—Children are undoubtedly very troublesome at times in asking questions, and should, without doubt, be taught not to interrupt conversation in company. But, this resolution made, we question the policy of withholding an answer at any time from the active mind which must find so many unexplained daily and hourly mysteries. They who have either learned to solve the mysteries, or who have become indifferent as to an explanation, are not apt to look compassionately enough upon this eager restlessness on the part of children to penetrate causes and trace effects. By giving due attention to these "troublesome questions," a child's true education may be carried on. Have a little patience, then, and sometimes think how welcome to you would be a translator, if you were suddenly dropped into some foreign country, where the language was the most unintelligible to you, and you were bursting with curiosity about every strange object that met your eye.

If we would begin at the right end and look with as much compassion on the adversities of some as we do with envy at the prosperities of others, every man would find cause to sit down contentedly with his own burden.

About Amelia Bloomer, the inventor of the Bloomer costume, of which the *Evening Mail* said, Monday, that "of course she has found no husband," meaning, of course (?), that a husband found her, "J. B. H.," a prominent agent of the Erie Railway, sends word that "she was married at the time she advocated the use of the costume which took her name, and as her husband still lives, and never was lost, it has not been necessary for her to find a husband. Hon. D. C. Bloomer, ex-State senator of Iowa and ex-mayor of the city in which he resides, is a leading and honored citizen, and Mrs. Bloomer is an educated and estimable lady, and their home is not in a quiet village, but in the bustling and thriving young city of Council Bluffs."—N. Y. Mail.

The late Baron Rothschild, dining once at his club in Paris, heard some one say, "Just my luck! Lent Mons. X. ten thousand francs—have not even got an acknowledgment—and he's gone to Constantinople." "Write to him," said the baron. "I have done so," and it don't answer—he does not answer me." "Then, *mon chere*, write to him thus: "Dear Mons. X., when the Turks and Turkesses leave you a little leisure time, send me the twenty thousand francs I lent you." "But he only owes me ten thousand." "Precisely; he will probably write and say so, and there's your acknowledgment."

AN EXCITING BAREFOOT ADVENTURE.—Prompt action in a tight place has a good example in the following from a far West paper, the *Cherokee Georgian*: A young man named Penny, while out hunting his steers barefoot the other day, stepped on the head of a large rattlesnake. He had his heel on the snake's head, and being afraid to move, did not know what to do for some time, while the hideous thing was writhing and squirming and vigorously lashing the youth's legs. Penny was badly frightened, but recovered presence of mind sufficient to take out his knife and reach down and cut off the snake's head.

Women carrying cowhides are getting numerous in this country. And they're using them. Look out.

Consumption Cured.

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

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Are furnished by the World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y., and Great Russell Street Buildings, London, England, on terms to suit the times. A new edition of the People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, about 1,000 pages, nearly 300 illustrations, by R. V. Pierce, M. D., post-paid, \$1.50. Invalid's Guide—Book, post-paid, 40 cents; Motion as a remedial agent, illustrating movement cure for paralysis, discharges of females, stiffened joints, club feet, spinal curvature and kindred affections, 10 cents; Diseases of Genital Organs, all kinds, Catarrh, its rational treatment, and positive cure, sent on receipt of one postage stamp. Address as above.

Fifty thousand women are needed in Arizona at once, and no questions asked.—*New Haven Register*. Then they won't go. They want to emigrate to a place where there'll be one question asked.—*Boston Post*.

Feeble Ladies.

Those languid, tiresome sensati-ns, causing you to feel scarcely able to be on your feet; that constant d-ain that is taking from your system all its elasticity, driving the bloom from your cheeks; that continual strain upon your vital forces, rendering you irritable and fretful, can easily be removed by the use of that marvelous remedy, Hop Bitters. Irregularities and obstructions of your system are relieved at once, while the special cause of periodical pain is permanently removed. Will you heed this?

Quick Cure for Poison Oak.

A few months ago an eminent physician who had tested the remarkable curative qualities of Phosphate Soap for various skin diseases expressed his belief that it would be an excellent remedy for Poison Oak. It was accordingly tested for this purpose. A boy had been so badly poisoned as to be confined to his bed for a week, and had his hands all covered with sores when he began to use Phosphate Soap. Within twenty-four hours he was greatly relieved and in a few days he was entirely cured of Poison Oak by the use of Phosphate Soap.

Montreal Heard From.

R. L. Mosely, of Montreal, Canada, certified Sept. 27, 1879, that he had suffered terribly from dyspepsia, and was completely cured by taking Warner's Safe Bitters. He says: "My appetite is good, and I now suffer no inconvenience from eating hearty meals." These Bitters are also a specific for all skin diseases.

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

Furniture.

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

The Robertson Process

For working rebellious ores is meeting that success which its merits deserve. The cheapness and simplicity of the system place it within the reach of men of moderate means. For full particulars address John A. Robertson, the patentee, P. O. box 552, Oakland, Cal.

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A COUGH, COLD, CATARRH OF SORE THROAT should not be neglected. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" are a simple remedy, and will generally give immediate relief. Limitations are offered for sale, many of which are injurious. The genuine "Brown's Bronchial Troches" are sold only in boxes.

For Colds, Coughs, Bronchitis and all affections of the Lungs take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

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Mrs. Dr. Jennison's remedy for **DIPHTHERIA** and all affections of the throat. All should keep it constantly on hand, as it is a sure cure for this terrible disease. Full directions for use and symptoms of the disease with every bottle. Joyful news! No more deaths from this disease where this medicine is used. Retail price, 50c and \$1.00 per bottle. Hedgeson & Co., Wholesale Agents, San Francisco.

OVERALLS BY MAIL.
On receipt of price I will send the following goods by mail, postage prepaid. Heavy Duck Overall, 70c. Men's Overall, \$1.00. Cheviot Shirting, 50c. Wool Over-shirt, \$1.00. Overall in new styles, and OX-FORD BE PULLED APART. Price lists of other goods free by mail. Give me a trial order. E. BACON, Manufacturer of Men's Furnishing Goods, No. 33, W. Pearl St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

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It is a certain cure for Nervous Debility, and all the evil effects of youthful follies and excesses. DR. MENTER will agree to forfeit Five Hundred Dollars for a case of this kind the Vital Restorative (under the special advice and treatment) will not cure. Price, 25c a bottle. Send for four times the quantity, \$1.00. Sent to any address Confidentially, by A. E. MENTER, M. D., 11 Kearny St., San Francisco. Send for pamphlet.

THE DAILY EXAMINER
of San Francisco will be sent to subscribers, postage or express charges prepaid, at

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THE EXAMINER, Established in 1865, is the leading Democratic organ on the Pacific Coast, and is the City and County official Organ.
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No salve or ointment can heal a wound or sore of any kind. Every educated physician will tell you that nature alone can do this. PHOSPHATE SOAP, by its cleansing, soothing and purifying qualities, gives nature a chance to act freely.

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

The Delegateship.

The nomination of a candidate for Delegate to Congress is beginning to be agitated with a great deal of interest by an unusually large number of candidates and their several supporters, including many who would not have had the presumption to aspire to the position but for the election of Brents; his success incited and encouraged every small beer politician in the Territory to seek the place; even Cook, late of the Tacoma Herald, thinks if Brents could be nominated and elected, it would not be a very great letting down to send him, and after him, perhaps Col. Morse would clamor for his turn, as being in the line of safe precedents. We have not yet heard of any Democratic candidate engaged in "setting up the pins," or having them set up for him for a nomination; perhaps because they consider it a forlorn hope, but that depends more upon the character of the candidates and the interests they severally represent, than upon mere party strength. Judge McFadden was elected by a handsome majority over the Republican candidate, the year of the Presidential election, when party lines are supposed to be most closely drawn. At the next election, Judge Jacobs, the Republican candidate, beat Mr. Sharpstein, the Democratic candidate, by an overwhelming majority. In this county, where McFadden had 180 majority, Jacobs had 440 majority over Sharpstein. The cause of it was that Sharpstein was a railroad attorney and his interests were regarded as adverse to Western Washington. At the following election, Judge Jacobs, whose personal popularity is fully equal to that of any man in Washington Territory, and who had made a faithful and efficient Delegate, barely escaped defeat by Mr. Judson, the Democratic candidate, who was personally unexceptionable to the people. At the last election, the Democratic nominating Convention was directed and controlled in the interests of the N. P. Railroad Co. and the Oregon Steam Navigation Co., both of which are believed to be hostile to the interests of this Territory, and resulted in the nomination of Mr. Caton, who but a short time before had publicly advocated the annexation of the most populous and wealthy portion of Eastern Washington to Oregon, and he was placed upon a platform which pledged him to the support of an "unconditional" renewal of a land grant which had been forfeited as much by misuse as by lapse of time. Under these circumstances, any man in the Territory, not subject to the same conditions, could have been elected over Mr. Caton, and it made an opportunity for Mr. Brents, who was nominated by bargain and intrigue over far superior men, and left the people no alternative but to elect him or to stultify themselves by endorsing principles and measures which they had constantly denounced and utterly abhorred. Any Democratic candidate with a respectable record could have beaten Brents at that time as easily as he beat Caton.

The balance of power in the Territory, where we have no voice in national politics, rests with those who are not so wedded to party as to be willing to sacrifice public interests to party success. We do not send a Delegate to Congress to represent a party, for there are no political ends which can be subserved thereby. We but want a man of experience of the world, of general intelligence and business capacity, with sufficient address and knowledge of social usages to command recognition and respect from those with whom he is bound to hold official relations, and if he cannot make a set speech, it will be so much the better for the purposes of his mission. Many a young aspirant to legislative fame has ruined his prospects and destroyed his influence by becoming infatuated by the music of his own voice. A Delegate who attempts to air his oratorical powers for self-glorification on any subject not connected with Territorial affairs, is considered impertinent and treated with contempt. Every man of common sense knows what kind of a man he would select to attend to his own private affairs, and he would give little heed to the political sentiments of the man who was the most competent to discharge

the duties for which he was employed. No political duties or obligations devolve upon a Delegate, he is but an attorney or agent for the people to look after their affairs and guard their interests in their relations with the General Government and a candidate presented by a party convention packed in the interest of trading politicians has no claims to popular support by virtue of holding the regular party nomination.

PARTY RECIPROCITY.—The prospect now is that the Republicans will nominate Grant, the candidate who, of all others, a large majority of Democrats would choose as the Republican candidate, because they think he would be the one the easiest to beat. The Democrats, in deference to the almost unanimous Republican sentiment, will probably nominate Tilden; thus each party will be gratified in the choice of the candidate of the other party, but none but interested politicians will be satisfied with either or care which wins, both are alike representatives of the money power of the land and special privileges; neither represents the rights of the people.

The Good Time Coming.

The San Francisco Board of Trade have issued a circular, setting forth in glowing colors the mighty tide of prosperity to flow through the Isthmus Canal to the Pacific Coast. Among the principal advantages specified are the following:

"The people of Europe will continue in increasing numbers to flee from the intolerable burdens of military proscription. The rivers of emigration must swell until their rulers cease to keep eight millions of idle soldiers absorbing the savings of the masses."

"We shall export wheat and import wheat producers, and they will rapidly increase the value of every acre of agricultural land in the State."

"Farmers will be astonished at their swift prosperity when skilled European laborers can reach us as cheaply as the Chinese and pour in upon us to make homes, rear families and become Americans."

"How different California will look when crowds of laborers glad to engage by the year for a hundred dollars and board enable every farmer to diversify his crops, to keep a few sheep, and pigs, and poultry, and a vegetable garden, to dry and preserve his fruit, to flourish his farm and beautify his home."

What a glorious prospect this presents to the future free laborers of the country! The question of coolie labor will be solved "when skilled European laborers can reach us as cheaply as the Chinese," and "be glad to engage by the year for a hundred dollars"—30 cents a day; \$8 a month—which is far below Chinaman's wages, and less than the cost of slave labor to those who had the cost of raising, and care and risk of keeping the slave. What chance does it offer to the man compelled to labor for a hundred dollars a year to make a home, rear a family and become an independent American citizen; especially in California, where the land is monopolized for speculation and the price would be greatly advanced by the proposed system of cheap labor? No greater curse can befall any people living under popular government than prosperity based upon cheap labor; it means subjugated labor, the prosperity of the few at the expense of the many, manuring the rich man's soil by the poor man's sweat.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where commerce flourishes and men decay.

Irresponsible wages slavery, which can coerce the laborer through his necessities to the largest amount of toil for the least compensation adequate to his necessities, is more onerous and demoralizing than responsible chattel slavery, where the master is bound by law and constrained by self-interest for the support and proper care of the slave, in sickness as well as in health, through the helplessness of infancy and the infirmities of old age, while the slave of necessity has no alternative but to become a tramp, a beggar or a public pauper, whenever the interests of the employers stop the demand for his labor or physical disability intervenes.

Whenever the prosperous times predicted by the Board of Trade come—which may God forbid—when skilled European labor will gladly seek employment at less than Chinaman's wages, Mr. Kearney may put our name down as a volunteer to fight under his banner. This official manifesto of the organized capitalists of San Francisco foreshadows their designs and admonishes the laboring men of this coast that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."

Neah Bay.

A Washington correspondent writes to the Bulletin, calling attention to the fact that vessels taking shelter at Neah Bay, can get no supplies because the entire water front is embraced within an Indian reservation. He says: "Some time ago a respectful request in writing was made by responsible parties to the Military Commander of the District, Gen. Howard, for leave to erect on the land reserved for military purposes (which has never yet been utilized) a temporary storehouse, to be used in connection with a schooner afloat for commercial purposes. This request was, after the usual red tape formula, promptly refused. The gist of the letter is that the above compromise having failed, that the Indians be removed to Quinalt Bay, already reserved, a few miles further south, and the harbor thrown open to settlement for the purposes of trade and commerce. It is said that the removal would entail no hardship or loss on the Indians."

The truth is that there is ample water front on Neah Bay for purposes of trade and commerce without removing the Indians, and that the protection of commerce, the interests of the Government, the rights of citizens and the convenience and welfare of the Indians have been sacrificed to official greed and private speculation. A few years ago Mr. H. A. Webster held a pre-emption claim to a quarter section of unreserved public lands fronting upon Neah Bay, upon which he had established and carried on for many years a highly profitable commercial house, principally in the fur trade which gave employment to the Indians, and with other settlers, producing beef and vegetables for the supply of vessels. Mr. Webster's lucrative fur trade was coveted by the licensed trader and others connected with the Indian department, and upon the representations of the Superintendent for this Territory, President Grant issued a proclamation extending the reservation over the possessions and valuable improvements of Mr. Webster and all the other white settlers upon the Bay, and a file of soldiers were ordered from the nearest military station to summarily eject the settlers from their premises at the point of the bayonet if necessary.—No one who has ever visited Neah Bay can discover any necessity for the extension of the reservation beyond its original bounds, so far as the proper care and keeping of the Indians was concerned, but it gave to the licensed trader on the reservation the monopoly of the most valuable fur seal trading post on the coast, which is generally believed to be under the control of the great Alaska monopoly, in which Grant and his immediate friends are supposed to have stock. This would reasonably account for the extension of the reservation, and we can account for it in no other way. Congress passed a bill of relief for Mr. Webster, under which he received the value of his improvements, as appraised by Commissioners appointed by the President—about \$20,000—but nothing for his pre-emption claim, of which he was deprived "without due process of law."

Whenever the Government desires to restore the most important harbor of refuge on the Washington coast to "the purposes of trade and commerce," we have no doubt Mr. Webster would gladly receive back his property at the price he was paid for it upon the payment to him of a reasonable rent for its use and occupancy for the past six years. That would be much cheaper and more satisfactory all round than the removal of the Indians from a reservation with which they are entirely satisfied.

MAGNANIMOUS.—W. B. Carter, State Printer of Oregon, recently died, making a vacancy which the Governor was authorized to fill by appointment. Mr. Carter was elected on the Republican, Governor Thayer on the Democratic ticket. The Governor, in filling the vacancy has honored himself and reflected honor upon the Democratic party, by the appointment of a partner of the deceased incumbent, a pronounced Republican, for the benefit of the widow and children of the man chosen to fill that position by popular vote. We are sorry to see censure cast upon the Governor for an act so manifestly right and proper, by a partisan journal, which evidently seems to be influenced by the idea that every thing which comes to the hands of the party, whether by popular consent or Providential dispensation, is legitimate spoil, the special perquisites of party servers—the idea under which Ben. Butler acted

in appropriating the goods which the fortunes of war had thrown into his hands. It is a heathen sentiment at best. The people elected Mr. Carter for four years, and his family were entitled to the profits and emoluments of the office for that term so long as he discharged the duties of the same, which he was prevented from doing by death, after which the Governor was in the position of an executor of the popular will and protector of the rights of the heirs, and he would have been faithless to his accidental trust if he had disregarded both in the interest of some miserable place-hunter. It makes us sick of party politics to see all sense of social proprieties sacrificed to party, or rather to a greed for office only attainable through party combination.

LITERARY ACCURACY.—It has been a standing squib—as false as it is silly—among a class of little journalists, that a notable public man "writes the name of Jesus with a small j." If it were true, it would be no greater offence against literary accuracy and propriety than the very common practice of writing and printing the name of Christ, when applied to his followers as Christians, with a small c—Jesus is a common name in Roman Catholic countries without a special reverence attached to it. Christ is venerated and worshipped as the God man whose coming was foretold by the Prophets, the name signifying his Divine origin and nature. It is always considered contemptuous to use a small letter for the initial of any man's name. It would be regarded as in contempt of the sect indicated by name to use a small letter initial in the name of Calvinist, Lutheran or Wesleyan, and yet professed Christians often do it in writing and printing one of the names of God when applied to His worshippers, which can only be attributed to ignorance, indifference or willful irreverence.

POOR BRENTS.—We have been vexed and have so expressed our vexation, at the stupidity of Delegate Brents, but we did not wish him any harm, and felt sorry for him when so feeble an oracle as the Argus undertook to champion his cause. But that was only "chips and porridge," which was too insipid to materially injure or benefit any one. We little dreamed that our remarks would bring upon poor Brents such a calamity as the support of the Transcript, for if that journal has never been distinguished for any thing else, it has been the political death of every public man whose advancement it has attempted to promote, including Hall, or Holiday, who was supposed to be exchanged for some other man, and has never been heard from since. We are sorry that we had anything to do with exposing Brents to the fatal support of the Transcript, and would much prefer to let him down to the peaceful pursuits of private life without prejudice, to having him annihilated by such damaging supports.

Belknap tells a new story about Grant. They were at the Boston jubilee together. While residing in the hotel one evening they heard a band approaching, playing some martial air. Turning to Belknap the General inquired what tune that was, adding that he had been hearing it ever since he left home. He was told that it was "Hail to the Chief," and they were playing it in his honor, for the band at that moment stopped under his windows. On the following day there was another serenade and reception, during which Grant turned to Belknap and said he was glad the band had found something new, as he was tired of that old tune. Belknap burst in a hearty laugh, as the band at that very moment was playing the inevitable "Hail to the Chief," and the General did not recognize it.

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Finish of Every Description.

SEASONED LUMBER OF ALL KINDS CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Local News.

PASSENGER LIST.—Following is the list of passengers on the steamship Idaho which sailed from San Francisco the 20th at 12:30 p. m. for the Sound: For Port Townsend—Miss E. A. Reese, H. W. Wilson. For Seattle—N. Kennedy, Mrs. P. Tucker and child, A. R. Moore and wife, E. B. Williams and wife, Ed. Biglow, Mrs. VanOsstrand, Mrs. Coffee, Mrs. Carr, Wm. Sutherland, Mrs. Blakesley and child, G. W. McKee, A. Bowman, M. Lanna. For Tacoma—Wm. Ede.

DROWNED.—John, only son of Capt. E. L. Marshall, of Milton, a bright and intelligent lad eight years old, the idol of his parents, was drowned by falling into the bay while fishing from his father's wharf, on Thursday afternoon. No one was near him at the time, and the body was not recovered until it was too late for resuscitation. The parents have the kindly sympathies of many friends in this city in their sad and sudden bereavement.

SAD ACCIDENT.—The telegraph announces that Mr. J. Korter, of Nanimo, B. C., brother of our townsman, Mr. Wm. Korter, had one of his legs blown off in a most shocking manner a few days since by the explosion of an old shell that had been picked up on an island near Nanimo. It seems that Mr. Korter had pulled the plug out of the shell, and had burned some of the loose powder that had fell out. By some means or other the fire was communicated to the interior of the shell, causing the explosion. Mr. Korter was insensible for some time, but finally revived. His leg was promptly amputated by attending surgeons, and he is reported to be doing well. Several other persons were slightly injured by the explosion, and the papers report about \$300 damages being done to buildings and goods.—Port Townsend Argus.

CANNERY.—Our enterprising fellow-citizen, Mr. Coppin, after building a town on the hill, has purchased the cannery of Jackson & Myers, late of Mukeltoe, and removed the fixtures to the south side of Duwamish Bay, at the old Brown place, opposite Seattle, where he proposes to carry on the business of canning salmon. The place is well adapted to the business, and Coppin is the man to command success in whatever he undertakes.

If miners cannot sell their gold in Seattle for what it is worth they will send it elsewhere, and they generally buy their supplies where they sell their dust. Do you tumble?

Mr. Beede who came down on the Chehalis reports great activity in preparations for the summers' work in the mines. Reports of prospects as far as he could learn were very encouraging.

An experienced miner, who came in for supplies last Saturday, says that the Skagit mines are \$10 a day diggings.—He purchased \$100 worth of supplies for his company and returned on Monday last.

GREAT CREDIT IS DUE Messrs. Newell & Spaulding for their enterprise and pluck in getting their saw mill into the mines and in running order. Every piece of machinery had to be packed in over a foot trail in the snow.

It is said that as the snow melts away the difficulties of building the trail appear much less than anticipated, that it will not cost nearly as much as was supposed. The force now at work will soon be increased and we may expect forward to an early completion of long delayed business.

The miners are greatly rejoiced at the prospect of the speedy completion of the Seattle-Skagit trail. They abandoned all hope of ever getting an outlet through Fort Hope, and wish Columbia miners and all now the Skagit as the only practicable route.

Mr. J. W. NICHOLS, who went to the river in search of quartz, returned last Saturday bringing with him a large number of specimens of some of which have a fine appearance. Mr. Nichols says there is rich lead ore but owing to the roughness of the trail they are very hard to get at.

Two ounces were taken out of the creek, in one day, by two F

There is plenty of grouse, quail and deer in the mines.

A larger number of miners than usual passed through here the past week en route for the Skagit mines.

Another nugget was found on the Swauk river. A seven-eight dollar one this time.

Seventy-eight dollars in coarse gold was taken out in one day on Granite creek by two prospectors.

Lots are offered for sale in Sauk City. Buy them now while they are cheap and take your profit when the boom comes.

The Rough and Ready company, at the mouth of Ruby, are rocking out six dollars a day to the man.

STAFFORD, Inman & Co. are making \$5 a day to the hand ground sluicing with half a head of water.

The proper name of the bar above Goodell's, (erroneously put down on Skagit maps as Skedaddle), is Stetattle.

Last week Mr. English sent down from Goodell's \$80 in dust to his partner at Mt. Vernon.

Last Monday the Josephine took up the largest number of miners that ever embarked from here on any single boat since the mines were discovered.

MORE pack horses and saddles were taken to Sauk City by the Chehalis on her last trip, to be used on the trail between there and the Portage.

ROAD LAWS.—Irving Ballard, Esqr., Prosecuting Attorney for this District, has, at the instance of the Board of County Commissioners, prepared and caused to be printed a pamphlet containing forms for establishing, relocating, altering and vacating county roads. It is a valuable work, calculated to save much trouble and litigation heretofore attending the laying and working of county roads in ignorance of legal technicalities.

DEMOCRATIC DELEGATE.—J. A. Kuhn, Esqr. of Port Townsend, has been appointed to represent this Territory in the General Democratic Convention to be held in Cincinnati in June. He is now at the East.

CAPT. MORSE.—Every body on the Sound was delighted to welcome Capt. Morse back again on this route, in command of the Dakota, after many months absence in the foreign service of the company. His return was accompanied by the largest number of passengers ever brought up by any steamer of that line. The Captain hopes he has come now to stay.

COURT ROOMS.—The Board of County Commissioners have rented roof Squire's Opera House for the use of District Court at the next August.

DESCRIPTIVE PAMPHLET.—The complimentary of Mr. Allen received a pamphlet of 52 pages of Northwestern soil, climate, products, resources. The pamphlet has some merit, but it is simply a reprint of the Illinois Republic. Springfield on a large majority of competitors, it has been decided that Illinois was the contest turned, and the contest turned, in favor of Grant may be now a foregone conclusion.

PRINTER.—The Democratic Central Committee of Oregon have elected Thomas B. Merry for State Printer. This is according to precedent. The office of State Printer in Oregon has been used by Democratic politicians upon for other offices, and any regard to the rights of the State, a practical printer has been nominated by them, and when elected has been beaten by his own party. If they had an Attorney General they would probably give it to a shyster, for dirty work.

The Hartford Post says: Just before a recent ex-office-holder of Hartford the other night, he got down on his hands and knees and peered anxiously under the bed. "What in the world you looking for, Edward?" inquired his wife. "Looking for a woman," replied her husband. "You've been looking for a man under the bed for fifteen years, and I thought I'd start a hunt for a woman, and I'll bet I'll find the woman before you do the man."

The most remarkable political literature of the present day is the printing in parallel columns the stalwart speeches of Conkling, Logan, Boutwell and Banks on one side, declaring the necessity to fetch in the strong man to put down the Southern rebels, and on the other the reception speeches of Grant since his return from the South, affirming that all is loyal and lovely there. And now we are promised the pleasing antiphonal duet of the South taking up Grant to put down the stalwarts, and the stalwarts calling for Grant to put down the South.—Cincinnati Gazette.

University of Washington.

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

TEN INSTRUCTORS. Boarding Department.

SPRING TERM—Begins March 22, 1880. For admission or Catalogue apply to the President, A. J. ANDERSON, A. M. Seattle, W. T.

Administrator's Notice.

TERRITORY OF WASHINGTON, County of King, In the Probate Court of said King County. In the Matter of the Estate of John H. Ryan, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT ALL persons having claims against the said deceased, are hereby required to present them with the necessary vouchers, within one year after the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned Administrator of said Estate, in place of business, to-wit: The L. of Hall & Osborne, on James street, the Occidental Hotel, in the City of King county, Washington Territory. Dated Seattle, W. T., May 6th, 1880. EBEN S. O' Administrator of the H. Ryan, deceased.

Notice to Estate of John

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT ALL persons having claims against the said deceased, are hereby required to present them with the necessary vouchers, within one year after the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned Administrator of said Estate, in place of business, to-wit: The Grocery Store of L. Reinig, in the City of Seattle, King county, Washington Territory. Dated Seattle, Wash. Terr., April 5th, 1880. CHARLES G. STEINWEG, Administrator of the estate of Michael Wunder, deceased. HALL & OSBORNE, Attorneys for said Estate. 20-5w

Administrator's Notice.

TERRITORY OF WASHINGTON, County of King, In the Probate Court of said King County. In the Matter of the Estate of Michael Wunder, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT ALL persons having claims against the deceased, are hereby required to present them with the necessary vouchers, within one year after the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned Administrator of said Estate, in place of business, to-wit: The Grocery Store of L. Reinig, in the City of Seattle, King county, Washington Territory. Dated Seattle, Wash. Terr., April 5th, 1880. CHARLES G. STEINWEG, Administrator of the estate of Michael Wunder, deceased. HALL & OSBORNE, Attorneys for said Estate. 20-5w

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- 50 Cases Fine Old 50 Casks Guinness' and pts., 50 Casks Bass' Pale in quarts and pints, 10 Octaves Fine Old Martell Brandy, 10 Octaves Fine Old Hennessy Brandy, 5 Octaves Holland Gin, Fine Old Port and Sherry Wines.

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

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We are the sole agents for the Pacific Coast of the

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UN-MEDICATED.

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

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

L. P. SMITH & SON, SULLIVAN'S BLOCK, FRONT ST., SEATTLE, W. T. Watch-Makers AND JEWELLERS. DEALERS IN WATCHES, JEWELLERY SILVERWARE & CLOCKS. Notarial and other seals made to order.

Fountain Beer Hall, FRONT STREET, OPPOSITE SULLIVAN'S BLOCK. FRED. GASCH Proprietor. MEHLHORN'S CELEBRATED LAGER BEER On Tap. —ALSO— WEINER, BUDWEISER, MILWAUKEE AND ST. LOUIS BEER, IN QUANTS & PINTS Always on Hand. SWISS CHEESE, SARDINES IN OIL, SARDINES IN MUSTARD, ETC. And the Finest Cigars from 5 to 12 1-2 cts

S. & W. R. R.

NEW CASTLE.

PASSENGER AND FREIGHT CARS OF Seattle and Walla Walla Railroad will leave Seattle every day (Sundays excepted) at 7:30 A. M. and 2 P. M. Arrive at Renton at 8:30 A. M. and 3 P. M. Arrive at Newcastle at 9:30 A. M. and 4 P. M. Leave Newcastle at 11 A. M. and Renton at 11:45 A. M. and Seattle at 1 P. M.

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THE STANCH AND SEAWORTHY STEAMER ZEPHYR—W. R. BALLARD, Master. Carrying U. S. Mails and Wells, Fargo & Co's. Express, WILL LEAVE SEATTLE EVERY Wednesday and Friday morning at 7 A. M. and Sunday at 6 P. M., connecting with the Railroad at Tacoma. n1491f

Longing.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Of all the myriad moods of mind
That through the soul come thronging,
Which one was ever so kind,
So beautiful as longing?
The thing we long for, that we are,
For one transcendent moment,
Before the present, poor and bare,
Can make its uttering comment.
Still, through our paltry stir and strife,
Glow down the wished ideal,
And longing molds in clay what life
Carves in the marble real.
To let the new life in we know
Desire must open the portal;
Perhaps the longing to be so
Helps make the soul immortal.
Longing is God's free, heavenward will
With our poor earthward striving;
We quench it that we may be still
Content with merely living;
But would we learn that heart's full scope,
Which we are hourly wronging,
Our lives must climb from hope to hope,
And realize our longing.
Ah! let us hope that to our praise
Good God not only reckons
The moments that we tread His way,
But when the spirit beckons;
That some slight good is also wrought,
Beyond self-satisfaction,
When we are simply good in thought,
How'er we fail in action.

Forever.

"Promise!"
"I do, solemnly."
"Forever," continued the solemn,
broken voice.
"Forever," echoed the weeping
maiden by the bedside.
The wasted hands were raised over
the heads of the kneeling figures; the
pale lips of the dying woman parted,
the tongue tried to utter a blessing;
but all brightness faded from the eyes.
The woman was dead.
Two young girls knelt at the bed-
side. Constance Owen was the name
of one, with fallow skin and large
brown eyes, and Edith Ormond, she
was called, with ringlets of gold float-
ing around her fair neck, and whose
head was leaning upon the shoulder of
Constance, who had promised the dying
woman to be a sister, protector—
mother even—to the fair maiden at her
side.
The strong, faithful, homely girl
called Constance was an adopted daugh-
ter of the dead lady—one of those
waifs of the street, whose only hope of
life is in charity of some tender-hearted
stranger. She, however, repaid her
protector by a love and regard as filial
as that of her own daughter, and when
upon her death-bed Mrs. Ormond
bade Constance Owen make the solemn
promise recorded, the brave girl not
only did not falter, but whispered once
more to the stricken girl at her side:
"Yes, Edith, for the sake of the love
your dear mother gave to the orphan
will I love you better than myself—
forever."

Two years passed—two years since
Edith the beautiful and Constance the
brave had lost their best earthly friend.
The former had grown more lovely
even than the promise of the dawn of
her radiant maidenhood; the latter
more homely, larger featured in the
face but with years and added dignity
of mien, a more intelligent light in the
quiet, tender brown eyes, and force of
character better defined in every move-
ment. There came many a suitor to
Bonnybrook—so the little country-seat
belonging to Edith was called—but, so
far, the little coquette did not pay much
heed to any of them. She was chasing
the butterflies of fancy about that
garden of Eden—first youth, but at
length her beauty, grace, and perhaps
high social position, brought one day
to the gates of Bonnybrook one Dr.
Paulding, a superior and rising young
physician, who lived in the city close
by, and when he had found his way to
that pleasant country nook, somehow
he discovered patients in that vicinity
very frequently. Was it Edith's fair
face that made him take that blooming
highway so often?
He was indeed fascinated by her
bright, girlish beauty, and one evening
after he had been wandering in the
gardens, under the moon, soft, pleas-
ant words must have been spoken, for
after he had gone, Edith, with a flushed
face, dashed into the room where Con-
stance was awaiting her, and said in a
happy, trembling voice:
"O! darling, I am so happy. He
has told me he loved me."
Constance spoke not a word. Edith
was held a moment to a beating heart,
and a soft kiss touched her forehead,
and the next moment she was alone.
"He loves me, he loves me!" and Edith
looked out over the gardens, from
which the dews of night were distilling
all their odors; she gazed at the beau-
tiful moon, and peopled the shadows
with the image of the man who had
first stirred her young life with the di-
vine music of love.
A month after the pleasant con-
fession had been made, Edith was called
to the mountains of Vermont to attend
a dying aunt, the only sister of her
dear mother, and she had to proceed
one, as Bonnybrook would have
asked a guardian if Constance had ac-
companied her—Dr. Paulding's duties
slyly denying him that pleasure.

Constance was engrossed in her
home duties, and saw but little society,
save a few rustic neighbors, who only
recommended themselves by their good-
ness of heart, and certainly not by the
brilliance of their wit or understand-
ing. Once in a while, Dr. Paulding
would ride out to Bonnybrook, as Con-
stance told him, "from force of habit,"
but soon it seemed that the man of
medicine did not carry on the conversation
with the old ease, grace and spirit.
What had come between Constance
Owen and himself? Something inexplic-
able. The noble woman found a
strange rare pleasure in the society of
the gifted man; the scholarly man a
sympathy with the large hearted, intel-
lectual woman which he had never
known or experienced in any of her sex.
"True," he said to himself, "she is
not beautiful; indeed, measured by the
rules of beauty, she is positive ugly.
But who can gauge the charms of a
melodious voice, or define the tender-
ness of an honest, kindly eye?"
And she, too, mused in this wise:
"This Dr. Charles Paulding is a mar-
velously gifted man. What powers of
language, what treasures of imagination
he possesses! What a noble career he
has before him; and Edith"—here she
would pause and think of that clinging
tendrill, not as helping the growth of
the oak, but as drawing from its
strength. Yet from all such thoughts
as these her staunch and loyal heart
would resolutely turn away—yet for all
this her speech would not come as
"trippingly on the tongue," as in the
old days, and he would oftentimes fin-
ish a sentence in the middle of it, and
then lose himself in vague glances at
the ceiling or out into the gardens.
O, it was a dangerous time for both
of these awakening hearts. But they
glided on this treacherous stream, seem-
ing only conscious that the hours were
sweet and that the sun shone on the
waves. There was no thought of dis-
loyalty in either heart. He was above
all a man of honor, and she, of all else,
a loyal woman. Yet how hearts de-
lude themselves. In the very pride of
his strength Samson was shorn of his
locks.
One quiet evening in July, Dr.
Paulding had taken tea at Bonnybrook,
and Constance—"his hostess" only, she
called herself—strolled down to the
gate with him. His impatient horse
was biting the rough old hitching-post
and throwing up clouds of dust with
his fore feet. He had been kept there
four hours, and he seemed more eager
than his master to leave Bonnybrook
behind him. The doctor idly plucked
some heliotrope as they strolled down
the rose-bordered paths, and mingled
with the flowers some dainty mignon-
ette and a pale bud or two of the tea
rose. At last he placed the bouquet in
her hands and said dreamily:
"Read the emblems, Constance—you
who are a priestess in Flora's beautiful
temple."
She quickly looked over them.
"Ah," she said, "you choose well,
Sir Botanist. Here you have 'beauty
in retirement,' 'constancy'—that is good
—and 'I am not a summer friend'—
that is better than all. But you flatter
with your flowers, nevertheless."
"Not you," he replied eagerly, al-
most tenderly, and in a voice that some-
how frightened her.
She replied almost coldly—although
her heart was strangely beating, and
a warm, unusual color was in her face:
"My best friends will tell you, Doctor,
that I am ugly and common-place. Be-
lieve them, I beg of you, and do not
let your imagination invest me with
any charms."
He seemed all at once to be carried
away by his passion. He leaned over
her and replied, warmly: "I say you
are beautiful, Constance Owen. I feel
your beauty in my very soul." But he
said no more.
The face of Constance was a study;
the flush that before had crimsoned her
cheeks died out, and she became ghost-
ly pale. Her fingers, which had
grasped the flowers, slowly opened and
they dropped to the ground at her feet.
All at once the vision of the dead woman
seemed to present itself to her mind,
and the trust she was violating struck
cold to her heart. Was this the "For-
ever" she had spoken? She staggered
and would have fallen; the arms of
Dr. Paulding were about her; but she
waved him away in a moment with such
a piteous, despairing gesture that he
obeyed her without a word. She only
had strength to falter:
"Go—and remember Edith!"—and
she staggered back into the house, leav-
ing him standing there, bent and trem-
bling.
She did not know how she reached
her own room; the strong woman had
learned at the same moment she loved
that she must sacrifice and renounce.
She stood for hours white and mo-
tionless, looking out at the sunset and
the gathering gloom of evening, with
wild thoughts chasing themselves
through her brain and a dumb, aching
pain in the heart, every hope trailing in
the dust, like those sweet flowers he
had given her. She laid her head after
a while upon her hands, and wept softly
through the long, long hours, until she
heard the village bell strike the hour of
midnight. She had prayed and wrestled
with her grief and agony, and rose
up at length quiet and calm. She had
yielded to duty and her promise to the
dead.
Somehow Constance Owen seemed to
grow prettier as the months passed by;
there was some refining change which
was softening her rugged features and
rounding every line in her stately form.
The summer into autumn had flown,
and still Edith Ormond had not re-
turned to Bonnybrook. Her aunt had

died, and letters came from time to
time saying that ere long she would be
home, yet she came not. Could she
suspect the disloyalty of her lover?
It was late in the fall, when the woods
had put on their pomp of glory, and
the chill winds sent the fallen leaves
through the valleys near Bonnybrook,
when Dr. Paulding rode up to the
house and asked for Constance. She
had only received him twice before
since the summer evening, and had
then contrived by womanly tact not to
be alone with him—although she no
longer doubted her strength. Con-
stance, on this occasion, received her
guest alone; there seemed a strange
embarrassment in his manner. After
the first greetings were over, he said:
"Constance, I have much to say to
you to-day. Do you think you can lis-
ten to me calmly?"
"Yes," she replied, "if it is upon a
subject on which you should speak," and
added tremblingly, "to which I should
listen."
"Both," he said. "When first I saw
Edith Ormond I was captivated by her
beauty and girlish graces; I thought I
loved her."
Constance would have stopped him
by a gesture, but he begged her to
listen—"for you can do so now," he
said, "in all honor and reason."
He continued:
"I had never had my heart stirred
by the full knowledge of love, however,
until I knew you and discovered the
breadth of your sympathies and the
womanliness of your character. I
never respected you more than when
you rejected me, knowing I was the
engaged husband of Edith. But fate
has been kind to us both." His voice
was trembling with emotion. "Read
the last part of this letter."
He handed a folded paper to Con-
stance, who took it as one in a dream.
"From Edith?" she said.
"Yes."
The portion she read ran thus:
"So, you see, dear Dr. Paulding, it
is better I should tell you now that I
have met one here—my cousin Ray—
whom I feel that I love better than
anybody else in the world. I have
promised to be his wife and I am sure
you will forgive me, for you are so noble
and grand and all that, and I should
feel, I know, that I never could fill
worthily the exalted sphere of Dr.
Paulding's wife."
Constance could read no more; a
mist gathered over her eyes; but this
time a strong arm was about her and a
voice, deep and melodious, whispered to
her: "Dearest Constance, will you
be mine at last?" Their lips met for
the first time in one long kiss of love,
and her answer was: "Yes, thing—fore-
ver!"

A King's Silly Obstinacy.

Belgium is going to celebrate this
year the first jubilee of her independ-
ence. It will be fifty years in August
since the revolution which was to expel
the Dutch from Brussels began with
some riots at the Theatre de la Monnaie
on the occasion of a performance of
"Masaniello." In Brabant and in
the Walloon provinces the discontent
against the Dutch seems to have been
rather a question of language than of
religion. The Walloons are not bigots
like the Flemings, but they could not
bear being obliged to learn Dutch as
an indispensable condition to obtaining
government appointments or commis-
sions in the army. Now, the Dutch
and Flemish languages are pretty much
alike, so that the hatred of the Walloons
for Dutch was practically a hatred for
Flemish; and it was so in more ways
than one, as the Walloons and Flemings
differed in customs and manners, and
had always been jealous of one another.
Had the king of Holland been prudent
he might easily have played off these
antagonistic races against each other,
and have kept the Walloons, at least,
loyal to him by making some conces-
sions about their language, while show-
ing them that he was their best protec-
tor against the popish zealotry that
reigned in West Flanders and Brabant.
He seems, however, to have had no idea
of conciliation, and by his obstinacy on
one memorable occasion where he
ought to have felt that he was staking
his crown, he set the whole of the Wal-
loon provinces against him.
A sergeant-major in a line regiment
named Lemerel—a man of good educa-
tion—had been recommended several
times for a commission; but his name
had always been scratched because he
could not speak Dutch. His term of
military service having expired, he re-
paired from his garrison at Mons to La
Haye and begged an audience with the
king. This was refused, so Lemerel
posted himself in an ante-chamber of
the palace and endeavored to thrust a
petition into the king's hands. He was
stopped by the guards, whereupon he
exclaimed in the hearing of the whole
court: "Malheur a un roi qui ne sait
pas rendre justice!" and leaving the pa-
lace, started back for Mons. On arriv-
ing there he found his commission as
lieutenant awaiting him; but this con-
cession came too late to quench the
wrath of a man who had endured a deep
personal slight. Lemerel started for
the Borinage, and inflamed all the min-
ers by his incendiary speeches. An at-
tempt was made to arrest him, but the
pitmen hurried to his rescue, and
marching to Mons in a body, proclaimed
the downfall of the Orange dynasty.
These events, occurring at the same
time as the Brussels revolution, turned
the tide against the Dutch.—*Pall Mall
Gazette.*

The entire Hebrew Bible was printed
in 1498.

A Serious Thought.

And yet, though serious, it may be
profitable. Nigh on to a quarter of a
century ago—it was during the sum-
mer of 1856—I occasionally attended
week-day evening religious meetings—
"conference meetings," we called
them—in a small church on West
Thirty-sixth street, New York. The
lesson of one of those evenings, with
subsequent events, left an impression
on my mind that can never be dimmed
while life and sense are left me.
A pale-cheeked, hollow-faced man
arose in his place and offered a few
thoughts on the subject of the value of
a faith, firm and abiding, in a future
life. He had but a short time to live—
he felt it keenly—but he felt, also, that
he was willing to go when the time
should come. He closed by saying
that it would add to his peace and
comfort if he could believe that he
had the prayers of his friends there
present in his behalf.
Next after him arose a man whose
presence was a "thing of beauty"—
a man not yet at middle age; healthful
and robust; with eyes bright and clear;
skin like a child's; cheeks plump and
rosy; standing full six feet in height,
and turning the scales at very near two
hundred. He was by trade a builder;
and never used tobacco nor ardent
spirits; and he was happy to declare,
had never known an hour of sickness
in his life. His grip was like iron, and
his step as firm as the broad-based
mountain. I can never forget his
opening words. Said he, with a glance
towards the invalid who had just re-
sumed his seat:
"The words of the brother should
be heeded by all of us. He is weak
and ailing; I am strong and well; yet,
who shall say which of us may be
called first to pass the shadowy vale?"
And then he went on, in plain and
homely language, to give the lesson he
would impress upon the minds of those
who heard him. And the lesson was
this: "Be ye therefore ready, also;
for the Son of Man cometh at an hour
when ye think not."
On the evening of the very next day
our good pastor called upon me, and
informed me that brother S— was
dead. During the early part of the
day, while giving directions to his
workmen, and assisting in laying the
upper floor timbers of a building he
was erecting, he missed his footing and
fell to the cellar bottom, killing him
instantly.
And he had been the strong, vigor-
ous, healthful man of the preceding
evening—the man who, though he had
never known an hour of sickness, yet
thought of having his house in readi-
ness! And the pale-faced, hollow-
checked man, waiting so patiently the
summons, I met, still clothed in the
flesh, tens years later.
No—the lesson of that evening, en-
forced by the event of the following
day, is not to be forgotten. Nor would
I be willing to forget it. Amid the
changeable scenes of life—in joy and in
sorrow—in success and in adversity—
at all times, and always, it must be a
gratifying sense to be able to feel that
"our house is in order, and the spirit
willing" for the great transition.

An Indian Turkish Bath.

If cleanliness is next to godli-
ness, the fulness of the Indian
is his greatest sin. A pecu-
liar and disagreeable odor pervades
everything that belongs to them, al-
though much of it is due to other
causes than personal filth. The
tanning, drying of beef or buffalo,
cooking, etc., simultaneously in pro-
gress in and about the lodge, produce
a variety of unpleasant scents, which
permeate their clothing and impreg-
nate the atmosphere. The infrequent
change of the former is also a fruitful
source of physical impurity. The
Turco-Russian bath is, however,
of very common application among them.
It is their panacea.
The manner of its preparation is
necessarily primitive. Willow wands
are sharpened and thrust into the
ground, and their smaller ends are in-
terlaced so as to form a bower little
more than a yard in height, and eight
or ten in circumference. Over this is
stretched and secured a piece of canvas
or skin, under which, after several
large stones have been brought to a
red heat and rolled to its center, a
dozen or more Arrapahoe crowd and
crouch. Water is slowly poured upon
the stones, from which arises hot air
and vapor. After profuse perspiration,
the inmates leap into an adjoining
stream, or wallow naked in the snow.
This bath establishment is called a
"wicky-up," and they dot the banks of
watering-courses in all Indian coun-
tries.—LIEUT. H. R. LEMLY, U. S. A.,
in *Harper's*.

EFFERVESCENT SODA.—Mix half a
teaspoonful of powdered bicarbonate of
soda thoroughly with two tablespoon-
fuls of syrup of any flavor to suit the
taste. Then add six or eight times as
much cold water; while stirring it mix
in half a teaspoonful of powdered tartaric
acid and drink at once. This is for
immediate consumption. For bot-
tling—Mix the syrup, flavor and water
in the usual proportions and fill into
bottles; put in each bottle half a
drehm each of crystallized bicarbonate
of potassa and crystallized tartaric acid
and cork immediately. The above
quantity is for soda water bottles; wine
bottles will require double the quantity.

The association for the promotion of
women's knowledge of law is active in
London.

Put Him Where He Would Be Safe.

Much of the misery in the world is
the secret suffering which comes of love
being too proud or to weak to protest
itself. The Albany Journal reports the
case of one faithful, but wronged wife,
who manage more sensibly and resolu-
tely.
Frank and Alice L— have been
married several years, but have no
children. Frank is shiftless and dis-
sipated, while Alice is tidy and indus-
trious. She is obliged to work out,
and has several times been discharged
from good situations owing to the con-
duct of her husband on visiting her.
She now has a good place in a family,
and Frank showing a disposition to an-
noy her, she caused his arrest, and the
case came before Justice Clute for ex-
amination. Frank cried and whimper-
ed when Alice insisted on his being
sent up, and promised all sorts of things
if she would let him off.
She was inexorable, however, saying,
"Now, Frank, you know you have not
treated me right. I'll put you up there
for the winter, and you will come out
like a spring chicken. You will come
out a man. In the mean time I'll work
and get a pleasant home ready for you
to come to when your time is up, and
then if you don't behave yourself, I
will send you back."
How long do you want him sent for?"
queried the Justice Clute.
"Four months," said Alice. "And
four months it is," said the judge, and
Frank was led away.
In the nursery song the woman who
had "a little husband" put him "in a
pint-pot." Alice put hers in a safer
place—as far from the pint-pots as pos-
sible.

A Wonderful Mesmerizer.

Strange stories come from India of
the feats performed by a native mes-
merizer named Buni, whose magnetic
power would appear to be found quite
irresistible by the lower animals, upon
which he exclusively exerts it. He
gives seances, to which the public are
invited to bring all manner of ferocious
and untamed wild beasts, and holds
them with his glittering eye. In a few
seconds they subside into a condition
of cataleptic stiffness from which they
can only be revived by certain passes
which he solemnly executes with his
right hand. A snake in a state of vio-
lent irritation was brought to Buni by a
menagerie proprietor, inclosed in a
wooden cage. When it was deposited
on the platform it was writhing and
hissing fiercely. Buni bent over the
cage and fixed his eye upon its occu-
pant, gently waving his hand over the
serpent's restless head. In less than a
minute the snake stretched itself out,
stiffened, and lay apparently dead.
Buni took it up and thrust several need-
les into its body, but it gave no sign of
life. A few passes then restored it to
its former angry activity. Subsequent-
ly a savage dog, held in a leash by its
owner, was brought in, and, at Buni's
command, let loose upon him. As it
was rushing towards him, bristling
with fury, he raised his hand, and in
a second the fierce brute dropped upon
its belly as though stricken by light-
ning. It seemed absolutely paralyzed
by some unknown agency, and was un-
able to move a muscle until released
from the magnetizer's spell by a majestic
wave of his hand.—*N. Y. Weekly Mail.*

Appenzeli.

Near to Sarganz the Rhine becomes
the dividing line between the Austrian
Tyrol and East Switzerland. The
Swiss Canton of Appenzeli—"the little
land of Appenzeli"—with its pastoral
people and its queer customs, runs in
here to get a peep at the passing river.
These Appenzellers are a very democra-
tic people, even for democratic Swit-
zerland. It is not only that every man
has a voice in the law-making that it
is democratic, but it is also in the primi-
tive way in which that will is expressed.
There was a time when people chose
their kings by meeting *en masse* on a
field, and giving the tallest man the
crown. Something very similar is
practiced even now in little Appenzeli.
Every May-day the whole voting
population of the canton meet, and
armed with swords and umbrellas, and
led by a band of music, march out to a
meadow, where the affair of the state and
the election of officers are settled in short
time by the sovereign people. The wo-
men of Appenzeli occasionally join in
the procession, and the grave-looking
officials, rigged in the uniform of state
gallantry give to the ladies the best
stand up room on the green. A little
platform for the town granices is ele-
vated, around which the procession
halts and listens to a prayer. Then
follow the affairs of state, decided sim-
ply by a show of hands. Taxes are
voted, fines laid, and officers chosen
for the next year. In a few hours Ap-
penzell's out-door parliament is finished,
and the people go to their homes, and
lay their swords and flags away to rest
for another year. This has been Ap-
penzell's parliament for five hundred years.
—S. H. M. BYERS, in *Harper's Magazine*.

VEAL CUTLETS.—Slice cutlets of veal,
of equal size, with as many slices of
corned ham, previously cooked; flatten
the cutlets with a hatchet; dip in beat-
en egg, then in cracker dust, mixed
with pepper and salt and minced parsley,
if you like; fry in drippings; drain and
lay upon a dish, with alternate slices of
the ham, broil, and spread with a dress-
ing of butter and a little French mustard.

Straw hats tell which way the wind
blows.

Feuds Among the Afghans.

A passage in which Mr. Bellew describes the condition of the feud-ridden Berdurani, or northeastern Afghan tribes, so forcibly illustrates the demoralization ensuing from feuds as to justify its quotation at length; "Indeed," he says, "the quarrelsome character of this people and the constant strife that they lead are declared by a mere glance at their villages and fields, which bristle in all directions with round towers. These are constantly occupied by men at enmity with their neighbors in the same or adjoining villages, who, perched up in their little shooting-boxes, watch the opportunity of putting a bullet into each other's body with the most persevering patience. The fields, even, are studded with these round towers, and the men holding them most jealously guard their lands from any one with whom they are at feud. Nothing belonging to their enemies is safe from their vengeance. If even a fowl strays from its owner into the grounds of another, it is sure to receive a bullet from the adversary's tower. So constant are their feuds that it is a well-known fact that the village children are taught never to walk in the center of the road, but always from force of early habit walk stealthily along under cover of the wall nearest to any tower." These, it must be conceded, are extreme cases; but they are a perfectly logical outgrowth of unaided and unhampered private retaliation. If most nations have outgrown the system without suffering so extreme wretchedness from its prevalence among them, it is to be ascribed to the promptness and ingenuity with which they have applied themselves to its modification. Instead of being, as has been considered, a necessary though rude expedient of primitive communities for the suppression of crime, it was from the beginning and under all circumstances, pre-eminent in its fruitfulness of violence and disorder. It is more than doubtful whether it was either conceived or maintained with a view to the discouragement of crime. It had its origin in natural feelings of resentment, and afterward became a matter of honor. But, though vicious in its operation, the system had become so deeply rooted in the habits, the passions, the pride, the sense of honor and the almost religious convictions of mankind, as to be among the most obstinate of institutions.—Popular Science Monthly.

The Human Ear.

Imagine two harps in a room, with the same number of strings, and each string perfectly attuned to a corresponding string in the other. Touch a string in one and the corresponding string in the other will give out the same sound. Try another string and its corresponding tone will be sounded. So with all the strings. It would not matter how you played the one harp, the other would respond. No doubt the response would be weaker. That is what one would expect; but the response, as regards pitch and quality, would be almost perfect. Now substitute for one harp a human ear, and the conditions would, according to theory, be the same, except that the responsive mechanism of the ear is much smaller than that of the responsive harp. In the ear there are minute cords, rods, or something, in such a state of tension as to be tuned to tones of various pitch; sound a tone, its corresponding rod or chord in the ear will respond, perhaps feebly, but still with energy sufficient to excite the nerve filament connected with it; the result is a nervous current to the brain, and a sensation of a tone of a particular pitch.—Good Words.

PLANTATION PROVERBS.—One-eyed mule can't be handled on de bline side. Moon may shine, but a lightered knot's mighty handy. De pig dat runs off wid de year er corn gets little mo' dan de cob. Lieker talks mighty loud wen it gits loose tum de jug. Sleepin' in de fence corner don't fetch krusmus in de kitchen. Tween de bug en de bee-martin taint hard to tell who's gwinter git ketchid. De proudness on a man don't count wen his head's cold. You'd see mo'er de mink ef he know'd whare de yard dog sleeps. Hungry roosters don't cackle wen he fine a wum. 'Tribbles is seasonin'. 'Simmons ain't good twell dey'er fros'-bit. Watch out wen you'er fittin' all you want. Fattenin' hogs ain't in luck.—Atlanta Constitution.

FLOGGING IN THE ARMY.—At the end of the American civil war General Grant mustered over 1,200,000 men. Not one single man during the whole struggle was flogged. By the American articles of war, mutiny, sleeping on duty and ravishing were liable to the punishment of death; but, as a matter of fact, General Grant refused to sign any death sentence except the cases of ravishing. For all other offenses the delinquents were sent to prison, if a prison was near at hand, but when this was not so they were handcuffed; their legs were manacled, so that walking was made unpleasant to them; they were fed on bread and water; they were made to march with the sutlers, and their pay was stopped for a period commensurate with the offense. It is simply idle nonsense to say that, whereas French, Germans, Italians and Americans can be kept under strict discipline without the use of the lash, Englishmen cannot.

Instant Decisions.

A very large share of our decisions must be made on the instant, whether they concern small things or great. If we had to stop to deliberate over each of the thousand little questions which go to make up our daily life, our days would be wasted in profitless inaction. In great and critical times, too, we must often decide instantly, or else lose all the benefit which might be secured. From the offer of another piece of bread at the dinner-table, up to the highest opportunity of earthly service, we must be ready to make answer right speedily, if we are to reply at all. In matters of thought, word, and deed, our choice must be, in the majority of cases, between an instant decision on the one hand, and a wretched display of ignorance or imbecility on the other. But a quick judgment is a very different thing from what is popularly known as a "snap judgment." If we say or do what is wrong, it is far more likely to be the fault of carelessness, or a shiftless mental disposition, than of the urgency of the limit of time at our disposal. The human mind, fortunately, is a machine which is able to act quickly. Physiologists have measured the fraction of a second in which the brain and nerves may perform all the functions of perception, decision and action. The machine is all ready for whatever uses it may be called upon to serve; and if it does not perform them it is because we ourselves have neglected or misused it. As the eyelid closes instantly and almost automatically on the approach of danger to the eye, so both the mental and the moral powers of man stand all ready to serve us whenever we call. If they serve us amiss, and we say or do that which we ought not, then let us look to it most carefully lest we fall into an idle habit of irresponsible thinking, which shall constantly weaken our forces of mind and soul, until the value and rectitude of our opinions and actions wear gradually away.

It is a sad fact that many people go through the whole of life with a predisposition to sneer at, or condemn, whatever comes to their notice. This hateful tendency, which is shown in their readiness to denounce or ridicule nearly everything at first sight, is really something worse than cynicism, for even cynicism may have some intellectual fiber in its composition, while this habit is grounded upon no real mental strength whatever. The worst of it is that these swift-beeled "words without knowledge" are mistaken by some young persons for signs of brightness and wisdom. But if not corrected before it is too late, they grow to be evidences of nothing better than malignity and bitterness of soul. The remedy for this great danger of hasty judgment—and we speak now of such evils as may also attend heedless laudation as well as hurried condemnation—is sharply to question one's own mental processes, and, on occasion, those of others, by bringing them face to face with a stern "Why do I say this, or do this?" Loose thinking and careless utterance fade away at the first ray of the clear light of intelligent reasoning. If we do not speak until we have thought, and do not think until we have put ourselves in a right state for thought, we need have little fear of getting into trouble from hasty conclusions. Human nature is fallible, but it can gain and grow by any resolute reversal of the processes by which, left to itself, it would lose and decay. And with every real decision, whether it relates to the choice of a lead-pencil or the choice of a church connection, the mind grows stronger for the next test which it must meet.

His Honest Opinion.

About ten o'clock the other forenoon a man got off the ferry-boat looking as if he expected to be grabbed by some one in waiting. No one troubled him, however, and after hanging around for a while he called a citizen aside and said: "Stranger, I want to ask your candid opinion about a matter." "All right—go ahead." "Suppose that you were my wife." "Yes." "And that I should come home looking just as I do now." "Yes." "What would be your strongest impression. Give me your honest opinion." The citizen thus appealed to turned the man around, looked into his eyes, sniffed of his breath, and stood back and said: "Stranger, is your wife a lunatic or a fool?" "No, sir." "Then you'd better wait at least ten hours before you go home, for you've been on a three days' drunk and she'll spot you in a minute! I've gone home looking fifty per cent better than you do, and had whole handfuls of hair pulled out of my head before I could get my overcoat off." "I shall ever remember this favor—indeed I shall!" exclaimed the stranger, and he started up the wharf to look for some secluded spot in which to kill time and get the drunk out of his looks.—Detroit Press.

In an old cemetery at Upper San dusky, Ohio, is a neat marble slab, upon which is cut the following inscription: "Christiana, wife of John Haag. Died February 31, 1869." Probably this is the only recorded instance of a death occurring on that date. There is nothing so imprudent as excessive prudence.

SCOLLOPED TOMATOES.—Pare and slice; scatter fine crumbs in the bottom of a bake dish; cover with slices of tomatoes, seasoned with sugar, pepper, salt and butter; cover with crumbs and then with tomatoes; fill the dish in this order, covering all with crumbs with bits of butter sprinkled upon them. Bake, covered, half an hour, and brown.

Who ever heard of a musician Chopin wood?—New York Express. We heard Mose Hart out in the Bach yard this morning Handeling an ax as though he Hayden'd done it before since he was Beethoven the head for shirking when a boy.—Steubenville Herald.

"GOOD-NIGHT, sweetheart, good-night," sung a level-headed youth as off he slammed the front gate and paced down the street. Then he took out his handkerchief to rub the rouge off the tip end of his nose, and wondered how much pearl powder was a pound when purchased in large quantities.

PHOSPHATE SOAP



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

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PHOSPHATE SOAP costs no more than other good toilet soaps, while its medicinal qualities make it worth ten times its price to every man, woman and child.

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

Thousands of articles are palmed off on the public which have no genuine merit, but PHOSPHATE SOAP is the result of modern discoveries of celebrated chemists.

Ladies who wish to make the skin look beautiful and natural should use PHOSPHATE SOAP.

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Gentlemen: I received a package of your soap (Phosphate Soap) and it gives me great pleasure to testify as to its superior excellence. As a toilet soap I have never seen anything to surpass it. It also possesses superior remedial qualities. I have used it in two cases of obstinate skin disease, one of intolerable itching, Pruritus, the other an Eczema. In both great relief was obtained. Its emollient properties are remarkable. Respectfully, W. A. DOUGLASS, M. D., 128 O'Farrell St. To the Standard Soap Company.

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

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

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

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The Checker-board upon one side will be found very convenient for persons interested in either of the games of checkers or chess. The board will be furnished either with or without the checker-board, as may be desired.

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There are thousands afflicted with diseases of the kidneys or urinary organs who suffer in silence rather than to make known their troubles. Others seek relief by the use of various patent medicines, which if they do not aggravate the disease at least do not lessen it. THE OREGON KIDNEY PEA is a strictly vegetable production, and will not injure the smallest child, nor the most delicate woman, but will cure pain in the back and kidneys, non-retention of urine, and all complaints arising from a diseased or debilitated state of the kidneys or urinary organs of either sex. HODGE, DAVIS & CO., PROPRIETORS.

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It is the best Blood Purifier, and stimulates every function to more healthful action, and is thus a benefit in all diseases. In eliminating the impurities of the blood, the natural and necessary result is the cure of scrofulous and other skin eruptions and diseases, including Cancer, Ulcers and other Sores. Dyspepsia, Weakness of the Stomach, Constipation, Dizziness, General Debility, etc., are cured by the Safe Bitters. It is unequalled as an appetizer and regular tonic. It is a medicine which should be in every family, and which, whenever used, will save the payment of many doctors' bills.

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Mall and Telegraph.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 19.—A dispatch from Tucson, Arizona, says a courier has arrived from Old Camp Grant, sixty miles north of Tucson, who states that Eske-mizen, chief of the old San Carlos Indians, now at peace, has warned whites on the San Pedro to leave for safety, as there is a large band of hostile Indians in the neighborhood who have left San Carlos and gone on the war path. Nine prospectors are known to have been killed, and five more are reported killed. Settlers and prospectors have left the district and are coming to Tucson. George Stone, who left this morning for the Americal Flag mine, located near San Pedro, has returned. He reports that he met 17 wagons of settlers fleeing from San Pedro to Tucson, who confirmed the report of Indians being in that vicinity, and of prospectors being killed. There are about 1000 available troops in the Territory and most all of them are near the line of New Mexico, fighting hostiles there.

WASHINGTON, May 19.—Secretary Sherman has instructed the Assistant Treasurer at New York to purchase \$3,000,000 of bonds.

The President has nominated Horace Maynard, of Tennessee, Postmaster General; Jas. Longstreet, Minister to Turkey; D. M. Key, United States District Judge for Eastern and Middle Tennessee.

MILTON, Pa., May 15.—A fire broke out at 12 o'clock to-day in the car works here, and a heavy north-west wind prevailing it was impossible to check the progress of the flames until the business portion of the town was destroyed. It is estimated that four hundred buildings were burned, including all the churches. The fire burned over a space seven squares in length and two in width. Assistance came from Sunbury, Danville, Williamsport, Lewisburg and Watsonstown. The banks, telegraph office, newspaper offices and Pennsylvania railroad depot, gas works and all the hotels are destroyed. Several bodies have been recovered, but have been burned beyond recognition. Two hundred and fifty families are rendered homeless and are camping out in fields. Supplies and clothing are needed at once. It is impossible to estimate the loss at the present. Large quantities of household goods were loaded on cars and taken up and down the road, and fields around town are filled with goods. During the confusion many articles were stolen. One lady lost \$60,000 in government bonds. The fire raged fiercely in the upper part of town. Most of the people barely escaped with their lives. The wife of Dr. Cyrus Brown is badly burned, and several others are known to be seriously injured. The loss is variously estimated at from \$1,000,000 to \$2,000,000, but no accurate estimate can be given to-night. The mansion of ex-Governor Pollock was destroyed. Latest estimate places the loss by fire at \$1,800,000. Insurance \$800,000.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 17.—The Judges of the Superior Court of this county met this afternoon and elected Judge T. K. Wilson Presiding Judge of the Court, vice W. P. Dangerfield, deceased. Twelve votes were cast, eight for Judge Wilson, the others scattering. Department No. 3, recently presided over by Judge Wilson, was assigned to the newly appointed Judge, L. D. Latimer.

How Women Work for Half-pay

The Washington correspondent of the Louisville Courier Journal writes as follows in reply to an article in a Western paper assailing the Treasury employes: After nearly 17 years service in the United States Treasury, I feel competent to write on the subject of women in the Government employ. The fact is that the woman had to be employed to count, sign and arrange the greenbacks which were issued to meet the emergencies of the war. After the first war loan was effected the ladies would be kept at work until after midnight signing the crisp, new notes, which did more than the sword to put down the rebellion. Then the Internal Revenue Bureau was organized, and it was a matter of economy to employ hundreds of women at \$50 per month, and leave the large salaries for men who stole as much as they turned over to the Commissioner of Internal Revenue. It was necessary to increase

the force in the Quartermaster General's office, and again the Government took advantage of the needy women and made them write or copy for \$50 a month side by side with the men who received \$100, and over that amount, for the same class of work. It is no child's work to perform the duties in the Departments. It is to go to the office every day in all kinds of weather and at all seasons, and to be closely confined from 9 to 4 o'clock. The writer of the article speaks as though the average was \$1,000 a year. This is a mistake—\$900 is the salary, with one here and there who is fortunate enough by long years of responsibility and hard labor to be promoted to \$1,000 or \$1,200.

The writer suggests that all of the women be turned out and men put in their places who have their own families and a mother-in-law to support. With characteristic recklessness, he in one place speaks of the confinement to clerical labor, and in another that the duties are light and that the women use their salaries in extravagant dress. The girls especially use their money to buy ribbons. It is true that there are many girls among those in Government employ, and I look at them with great respect when I see them cheerfully renouncing the pleasures incident to youth and passing what should be the happiest years of their lives in the close, foul air of the Departments, and working hard for the support of parents or the education of a younger member of the family. One girl in the same office with myself has been there several years. She gives all her salary to her father and mother, who for years have been in ill health. She uses none of her money for personal adornment, and never goes to a place of amusement, or, indeed, anywhere but from home to the Treasury, back again to her home and sewing, and on Sundays to church.

THE FATE OF FOUR SOUTHERN BOYS.—In 1853 four gentlemen entered their sons at a boarding school at Cokesbury, S. C. They had been four years intimate friends and Clergymen in the Methodist Church. These boys remained at this school, room mates and class-mates, and entered Wolford college, standing relatively first, second, third and fourth in a large class. They remained at this institution four years, were room mates all the time, graduating relative first, second, third and fourth. Then they entered a law office at Spartanburg and studied law under the same chancellor. The war broke out and at the call for troops they all entered Jenkins' rifle regiment from South Carolina, and were messmates in the same company. Being near the same height, they stood together as comrades in battle in this regiment. At the second battle of Manassas, August, 1864, a shell from the enemy's batteries fell in the ranks of this company, killed these four boys and none other in the company.—They are buried on the same battle-field and sleep together in the same grave.—Their names were Capers, McSwain, Smith and Duncan, and they were the sons of Bishop Capers, the Rev. Drs. McSwain and Smith of South Carolina, and the Rev. Mr. Duncan of Virginia, the last being a brother of the Rev. Dr. Duncan of Randolph Macon College. The grave is marked by a granite cross and inclosed with an iron railing.—Columbia (S. C.) Register.

Out in Nevada a school Trustee had just got everything fixed to run away with the school fund when his indignation he found that the other Trustee had squandered every dollar of it. He says now the world is too full of thieves and scoundrels for an honest man to have any kind of a chance.

A RELIC OF THE MOUND-BUILDERS.—The Pioneer-Press is indebted to H. G. Day of Lansdowne for a photograph of an image exhumed from an ancient mound in the valley of the Root river a few days ago. The original is in the possession of Dr. D. F. Powell. It is a clay cast, burned to the hardness of stone. It is of a dark brown color and nearly flat on the reverse side. The nose was broken during the excavation, but otherwise presents in the photograph the regular features of a smooth face of the Aztec type, surrounded by a head dress or chaplet apparently of plumes, as plumes would be rudely represented in pottery, bound over the brow with the folds of a voluminous band of fillet. Numerous other articles were found in the mound, which our correspondent does not describe.—They are probably relics of that ancient

but unknown race of mound builders of which many monuments have been found in Iowa, Wisconsin and Minnesota, and which overspread the Mississippi valley probably between two or three thousand years ago. It is to be hoped these memorials may, if possible, be obtained for the State Historical Society, where they would form an interesting addition to its archaeological collection.—St. Paul Pioneer-Press.

Sauk City.

Sauk City is the head of navigation on the Skagit river and the point from which the trail begins which is now being built to a central point in the gold fields. From Sauk city to the Portage the distance by river is 13 miles, and to Ruby creek 36 miles. But the route over which the trail is being built from Sauk city to the portage is shortened by about five miles by following a nearly direct course instead of the bends of the river. This trail is being constructed by the enterprising Messrs. Beede, Metcalf, Berson & Co., the gentlemen who located the town site of Sauk City. They have built several houses and have under way a hotel of considerable dimensions and are putting up a large store and warehouse and will open up a large stock of goods the first of next week. Other buildings are being erected by parties who intend embarking in different branches of business. Several families are already located there, and the place presents a lively appearance. Great credit is due the projectors for their early efforts in behalf of the comfort of the miners en route for the upper Skagit. The contractors for the trail from the Portage on into the mines are getting on finely with their work and probably by the time Beede, Metcalf, Berson & Co. have finished their trail from Sauk city to the Portage, Cochran & Day will have opened a highway from there to active mining operations on Ruby. This will do away with all river canoeing and greatly lessen the difficulties of the Skagit bound miner.—Skagit News.

Late reports from the mines are more encouraging than ever.

If the republican party is converted into a Grant party, and the democratic party into a Tilden concern, why, then a third party will at once fall in, and instead of being called for by leaders and made up by nice management, it will assert itself and find leadership. It is a mistake to suppose that the people of the United States can be politically handcuffed and marched to the polls under orders from two persons.

Albert M. Snyder

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THREE MONTHS PAY.

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

Soldiers' Additional Homesteads.

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

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

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Office—Mill Street, next Post Office.
Refers to Delegate T. H. Brents of W. T., Senators L. F. Grover, Jas. H. Slater and Representative John Whiteaker of Oregon.

WEEKLY

Puget Sound Dispatch.

BERIAH BROWN, Publisher.

VOLUME 8, NUMBER 1.

SEATTLE, WASH. TERR'Y.

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