

Puget Sound Dispatch.

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Puget Sound Dispatch.

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BERIAH BROWN.

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Official Directory.

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THOMAS BURKE.....Probate Judge
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M. S. BOOTH.....Auditor
G. D. HILL.....Treasurer
H. F. WHITWORTH.....Surveyor
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E. S. OSBORNE.....Clerk
I. M. HALL.....City Attorney
L. S. MCLURE.....Treasurer
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J. H. MCGRAW.....Chief of Police

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SEATTLE, W. T.

Office in DISPATCH Building. 31-3m*

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SEATTLE, W. T.

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ADELPHI
SALOON.

Opposite Yesler's Hall, Seattle:

Administrator's Sale.

NOTICE is hereby given that in pursuance of an Order of the Probate Court of King County, Washington Territory, made on the 26th day of July, 1880, in the matter of the Estate of John H. Ryan, deceased, the undersigned Administrator of the said Estate, will sell at public auction, to the highest bidder, on Saturday, the 4th day of September, 1880, at 10 o'clock, a. m.,

In front of the Real Estate office of Mackintosh & Reeves, Corner of Mill and Commercial streets, in the City of Seattle, in said King county, all those certain lots, pieces and parcels of land lying and being in the said City of Seattle, known and designated as follows, to-wit: Lots numbered One (1), Two (2), Three (3) and Four (4), in Block numbered Thirty-three (33), in A. A. Denny's Addition to Bell & Denny's plat of the town (now city) of Seattle.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS OF SALE:—Cash, Gold Coin of the United States to be paid on the day of sale. Deed made to purchaser on payment of purchase money. Deed at expense of purchaser.

Dated August 2d, 1880.
EBEN S. OSBORNE,
Administrator of the Estate of John H. Ryan,
deceased.

GENUINE

GERMAN MILK BREAD,
FRESH DAILY,

—AT—

PIPERS' BAKERY.

Chicago Market,
FRONT ST. SEATTLE.

Fresh and Salt Meats
ALWAYS ON HAND.

Farm Produce Bought and Sold.

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M. R. MADDOCKS,

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THE BOSS BEER SALOON.

The above resort is located on Commercial St. opp. Opera House.

Headquarters for
Miners Bound for the Skagit.

The best brands of Beer and Cigars always on hand.

A finely finished Club-Room in the rear for patrons. Give us a call, we solicit your patronage.
EVERSHAM & DILLON.

JOHN KENNEY, Boot and Shoemaker,

Prices low and good fit guaranteed. Repairing neatly done.

Commercial St., Seattle, W. T.

OCCIDENTAL

HOTEL,

SEATTLE, W. T.

Board and Lodging at moderate rates.

This is the Largest Hotel North of San Francisco, and is First-Class in all respects. Free Coach to and from House.

JOHN COLLINS & CO., Proprietors.

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

IN EVERY STYLE AT THE

SADDLE ROCK RESTAURANT.

COMMERCIAL STREET,

—AT—

25 Cents Per Plate.

CHAS. KIEL, Proprietor.

Letter from Jerry Black.

(Correspondence New York World.)

PARIS, July 18.—*Sir*: A cable dispatch reached me at London, whence I answered it more briefly than you expected, but I thought intelligibly enough. Your later dispatch, which came to me here yesterday, I now reply to by mail.

I inferred from your interrogatory that some evil-disposed person had been attributing to me the authorship of the orders and letters issued by Gen. Hancock while he commanded in Louisiana and Texas. My denial by telegraph was intended to cover the whole ground.

I neither wrote those papers nor suggested a word of them; I had no recognition of his views on the subject to which they relate, and heard nothing from him about it until he had taken the public into his confidence. Indeed, my personal acquaintance with him was then very slight, and our relations not at all intimate.

The opinion that I would offer, or he would require, my aid in producing such an order as his No. 40 is absurd. His determination to stand by the Constitution and the laws needed no expression but what he could give it better than any man alive. It was not an argument, not an exposition of the law, not an essay on the rights of man that was wanted at that critical time. The spoken act of a patriot soldier in command alone could save civil liberty from the destruction with which it was threatened. That was what Hancock did, and it was the timely lift that the great cause ever got from any hand except that of Washington.

I hope my admiration of the order in question and the gratitude I have felt to him for issuing it can reasonably account for without supposing that I framed or had any share in framing it. The belief was general among the friends of Constitutional liberty, and expressed by many others as strongly as by me, that Gen Hancock had done much, and done it bravely, to rescue the Nation and save it alive, first from secessionists, and afterwards from the more dangerous and more unprincipled oligarchy into whose hands it fell after the war. At the date of his service in Louisiana the beautiful ideal of a "strong government" was in full operation at Washington, conducted by men who claimed to be absolute masters of the country. State rights, and as a necessary consequence, individual liberty, were violently trodden down, and the Constitution which should have made us free was habitually over-riden and insulted. What those men call "the Government" was not only wondrous strong, but corrupt beyond all example in modern times. Between its force and its fraud the people were powerless, and their despair was aggravated by an indefinable dread that the whole army might at any moment be used to sink the Nation into still further degradation, it below that lowest depth a lower deep could be reached. It was in these circumstances that Hancock spoke out those words of truth and soberness which reassured the friends of free government and inspired them with new hopes. All who were near enough to watch the current of that unequal contest between absolutism and law can remember how the enemies of the Constitution were startled and scared when they found that the most brilliant General of the Union had officially declared himself opposed to their "savage policy." They could not go upon him, nor send upon him, nor in any manner destroy him, for not only was the law of the land on his side, but the army was found to be full of sympathy with its conspicuously gallant and faithful leader.

So they were fain to content themselves with harmless sneers and petty persecutions. But they removed him from the place where his devotion to the Constitution was especially interfering with their schemes to subvert it. When they made up their minds to strangle the liberties of a State, to disperse a legal Legislature by brute force, to inaugurate for Governor a shameless adventurer known to have been defeated at the polls, or to pin the people down with bayonets while they were plundered by alien thieves who claimed to be their representatives and officers, somebody else was employed to the infamous work. Still more carefully did they avoid his presence when the whole Nation was to be swindled at a Presidential election. It was for such reasons that the heart of the country warmed to General Hancock as its predestined deliverer.

It has often happened that the best things of the greatest men are attributed to others who are wholly incapable of them. The opinion was industriously propagated and accepted by a great many as true that Hamilton wrote the farewell address of Washington, but the evidence is conclusive which shows that every word of that immortal production came from Washington himself; and Hamilton could not have written it any more than he could have made a world. Some of Jackson's most characteristic papers, bearing the full impress of his own mind, were habitually credited to persons of far inferior ability. When it was charged against Jefferson that he wrote Logan's speech, he solemnly declared that he was unequal to such a composition. I am not affecting modesty when I claim credence of my present denial for a similar reason. I could not have written Hancock's No. 40—not because I pretend to be dumb or altogether unskilled in the use of English words, but because if I had undertaken to write it the chances are ninety-nine to a hundred that my argumentation would have marred its majestic simplicity and greatly diminished its power. When a public man, especially a military man, meets a grave responsibility, saying no more nor less than just the thing he ought, but says that with unequivocal clearness, you may be sure he is the interpreter of his own thoughts. At any rate, the attempt is unjust to bastardize No. 40 by assigning to it an origin totally different from the true one.

Why should my opinion be asked or volunteered on Gen. Hancock as a civilian? Anybody else who has watched his life is as good a judge as I; there are thousands who know him much better. But since the question is propounded I will answer, subject to fair correction, that he has in him the highest and best qualities of a Republican ruler. I think his fidelity to sound principles, coupled with his sound judgment, will entitle him to rank well with the great Presidents of former times. I do not compare him with Washington, for the grandeur of that character is and will remain forever unapproachable, but I do say that Washington, if placed in his situation, would have acted precisely as he did.—His patriotism has not the impulsive ardor of Jackson's, but his fidelity to the truth, his love of justice and his scorn of wrong, are quite as unmistakable. He is not a doctrinaire like Jefferson, for his busy life has left him no time to study the abstract philosophy of politics, but his practical good sense knows the right intuitively, and always catches the nearest way to do it. If he be elected, the ability of his administration will inspire universal respect, and his moderation and magnanimity will conciliate even his enemies. I have the fullest faith that he will not only keep his oath to preserve, protect and defend the Constitution, but will so carry out its provisions that the great object of its framers as expressed in the preamble will be fully accomplished—"To form a more perfect Union, to establish justice, to insure domestic tranquillity, to provide for the common defense, to promote the general welfare and to secure the blessing of liberty to ourselves and posterity." J. S. BLACK.

Grasshoppers are ravaging Southern and Eastern Oregon.

The Great Cheese.

Our readers, perhaps, have heard of Mr. Jefferson's big cheese, which played such a part in the celebration of the 4th of July, in 1802. At Cheshire, a town in Massachusetts, there then lived a Baptist minister from Virginia, named John Leland, who knew Jefferson and Madison, and knew what they had done for religious liberty in the Old Dominion. He determined to do his part towards supporting President Jefferson.

From the pulpit, one Sunday, he invited every person who owned a cow, or cows, to bring the whole of one day's milk to a great cider-mill belonging to an old Revolutionary soldier, Capt. John Brown.

The people, responding with enthusiasm, made a festival of the day appointed, and brought an extraordinary quantity of milk to the old mill, which had been prepared to receive it.

The machinery worked as it was hoped it would; strong young farmers manned the levers; and when the cheese had been pressed, Elder Leland mounted a block, gave out a hymn, and held a religious service over it. Finally, he dedicated to the President of the United States which he described as the greatest cheese which either the old or new world had ever seen.

It weighed sixteen hundred pounds after it was well dried; and then the question arose, how to transport such a mass five hundred miles to the city of Washington.

Elder Leland undertook the task. He waited until the middle of the following winter, when there was plenty of snow on the ground; then he had it placed upon a sleigh, and drove it to Washington himself—a three weeks' journey.

He was received in every town with cheers from the Democrats, or Dems, as they were called, and with jeers from the Feds. Few people then said Democrat or Federalist, but every boy was familiar with Dems and Feds.

On reaching the President's house, he presented the cheese with a suitable speech, and Mr. Jefferson addressed him in reply, concluding by having a knife brought, and a great piece cut out of the cheese, which he requested the Elder to take back to Cheshire, that all the donors might have a taste of it.

The rest of the cheese was saved until the following Fourth of July, when there was a grand banquet in Washington, in a tent near the navy yards, at which a hundred and fifty guests sat down. In pursuance of his plan of softening political asperities, the President invited both Dems and Feds to this feast, which, we are told, was so unusual a course, that the company were embarrassed, and not as merry as people should be at a 4th of July dinner. Mr. Gallatin makes this remark about the cheese in a letter to his wife:

"The mammoth cheese was cut on Monday (the Fourth); it is said to be good; I found it detestable."

Let us hope that Mr. Gallatin was not a good judge of cheese. He ought to have been a good judge, for the cheese of his native Switzerland had been noted for ages for its excellence.

Perhaps, however, he was put out of humor by a painful event which occurred during the repast.

Some mariners had been placed as sentries to keep back the crowd from pressing into the tent, and one of them thrust his bayonet into a mechanic who uttered some offensive words when he was ordered away. Mr. Gallatin, who was one of the best of men and Republicans, was deeply indignant.

"The very sight of a bayonet," he wrote to his wife, "to preserve order among citizens, rouses my indignation. * * * I never want to see the face of a soldier in our cities and intermixed with the people."—*Youths' Companion.*

Population of Oregon, 175,525. Gain in ten years, 81,344.

Tuget Sound Dispatch.

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

The Puzzled Census Taker.

JOHN G. HANE.

"Got any boys?" the Marshal said
To a lady from over the Rhine,
And the lady shook her flaxen head
And civilly answered, "No, sir!"

"Got any girls?" the Marshal said
To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again the lady shook her head
And civilly answered, "No, sir!"

"But some are dead?" the Marshal said
To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again the lady shook her head
And civilly answered, "No, sir!"

"No band of course?" the Marshal said
To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again she shook her flaxen head
And civilly answered, "No, sir!"

"The d—l you have!" the Marshal said
To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again she shook her flaxen head
And civilly answered, "No, sir!"

"Now what do you mean by shaking your
head
And always answering 'No, sir!'"
"Ich kann kein Englisch!" civilly said
The lady from over the Rhine.

My Little Sweetheart.

When first I knew her she was 15 years old; I was 24. She was a schoolmaster's daughter; I a schoolmaster's son. We first met one September evening. Her father was a struggling pedagogue, with a family of seven children to support, and few pupils. I had it in my head to become his partner, and went down first to see how things were looking. I arrived after a lengthy journey; and the first thing I saw when ushered into the room was a little girl seated in an old armchair, with a big book upon her knee. She shook hands with me; and as she did so, I noticed her eyes were blue, her hair was a golden brown, escaping from its braids in rippling wavelets; and that she had a curiously winning smile, smiling not only with her lips, but with her eyes and face and all. Later on, I was struck by the way her little head was poised upon her shoulders. She was upright as a dart; and when she moved, it was with an infinite grace, as some tiny queen.

Her name was Emily; to her friends she was always Em.
She and I struck a friendship. She always did make friends with all male creatures, whether five years old or fifty. I was a scribbler even then; and I fancy the pride of authorship, even in so small a degree, had a certain charm for her, which set me up in her eyes. She wrote her name in my birthday book; and beneath it I wrote "My Little Sweetheart." It lies before me at this moment.

She would fly through her work like a bird flinging unwelcome showers from its wing. She could not see that life was real.

Yet she had good cause to see that it was so. It was the hardest struggle in the world for her father and mother to bring two ends together. Very little money was ever hers. Her wardrobe was of the scantiest. She knew nothing of pleasure, as some people understand it; she had never been ten miles out of the town where she was born. Yet there must have been some fairy present at her birth, for she was like a summer's day, always bright. Not that she could not be grave. That was one of her rarest charms—her gift of sympathy. Only let some one whom she knew and cared for be in sorrow, and Em would not be far away. Dark indeed would be that sorrow which did not change to light when her sun was shining. Her voice, her eyes, her arms, all joined to drive the shadows away, and soothe the sufferer with the presence of her love.

Time sped. I had now known her more than two years. I was going on a rambling expedition to foreign parts, and though I knew I was a fool for my pains, to me it was a bitter parting. And so for the time, I think it was for her; for in some way links had been joined between us without our ever knowing they were being forged.

"Well," said I to her, the day before I went, we being alone together, "Blue Eyes, how long shall I be missed?"

The only answer was to throw herself upon the hearth-rug, place her hands upon my knees, and turn her eyes up towards my face.

"Ah, Blue Eyes," said I trifling with her sunny hair, "you'll have another sweetheart in a week."

"In a week?" said she, in that curiously clear voice of hers. "Do you think so?" She looked up and watched me for a moment. Then she turned and got upon her knees, kneeling in front of me. "Perhaps so," she said, "but"—leading forward, so that her breath mingled with mine—"he'll never be a sweetheart like you."

What could I do? I knew her so well! I knew that this was just what she would say to any one by way of comfort. I knew that her words were as trifles, light as air.

"Make no vows," said I, "only to be broken. You and I have had happy times; why should I begrudge the same to another?"

She was silent; she was now nearly 18; but she was so small, that it never occurred to me to think of her as any-

thing but a little girl. She put her hands out and took mine, still in the same quiet fashion. "Would you like me to?" said she—would you like me to—to take another?"

"Em," said I, "what does it matter what I like? Before the sun has gone down upon my going, another day will have dawned for you." I looked at her. It came to me that this was very bitter, and however great a fool I might be, I could not entirely hide what was in my heart. "Little Sweetheart," said I, "of one thing be sure—I never shall forget you."

She came to me and I kissed her. She still kept her face near mine. "Bertie," said she—it was the first time she had ever called me Bertie; it had always been plain Mister before, and the name rang in my ears—"Bertie, I'll not forget you in a week."

I almost pushed her from me. I knew this dalliance was worse than folly—I knew her so well—and rose to my feet. "No," said I with bitter mirth; "not in a week, but in eight days."

She made no answer, but still knelt at my feet. And so we parted; for the farewell on the morrow was but a formal one.

Two years passed by. Occasionally I sent her little notes, pictures of noted places, foolish curiosities. But I never gave her my address. I knew letter-writing was not her strong point, and for some reason I did not like to think that she would not write, although she could. Through it all I bore her memory with me, and wherever I might be, at times would come the shadow of her sweet face. I would not own it to myself; but now and again I hungered for a sight of her, and because I knew it was so, and that it was such foolishness. I stopped away longer than I had intended. But at last I came back. One of my first visits was to B—; for, try how I would, I could not deny the longing for another sight of her. I found that the position of the parents of Em had little improved, and her mother told me that she had gone into the world as a governess. Such had always been the intention; but I wondered what sort of governess she would make. A staid *gouvernante*? with those blue eyes, and that smile, that everlasting spirit of mischief which would be bubbling out? Fancy her a sober preceptress! And who were her sweethearts now? Was there a pupil old enough to be made the recipient of her favors? Or was there some one who was not a pupil, still more capable? Well, what did it matter to me? She and I had each our way to go.

Her mother told me her situation was in the neighborhood of Ryde. Happening to have friends in that town, I made them an excuse for a visit there. Yet on my arrival, I was in no hurry to find them out; and taking up my quarters in a quiet inn, I prepared to have a day or two alone. It was a Saturday afternoon, lovely weather; and I set out for a walk well known in years gone by, through the Lover's Lane, past Quarr Abbey, to Fishhouse, nestling by the water's side. It was so warm, and the country was so alive with beauty, that I took my time and lingered, nothing spots memory once held dear. Reaching Quarr Woods, I wandered through the brushwood to the water's edge. Along the shore there runs or ran a wall, an old moss-grown wall; and within this wall an ancient garden—so ancient it deserved no better name than wilderness. The weeds grew rank and thick, and no hand but Nature's had much to answer for in it. There was an old green gate at the bottom, which moved on rusty hinges; under the trees was a garden gate, much the worse for weather and wear; and on the left was an old summer house, damp and mil-dewy, with steps up to the roof, and seats upon it.

I entered the garden and climbed up to the old roof-seat. My pipe, in sympathy with the weather, was soothing to my nerves. Gradually substance became shadow; the soft wind sang sweet music to my languid ears, and a gentle charm came over me. I fancy it was sleep. Utopian to be there, the wavelets rippling softly upon the shore; a dim suspicion of unclouded skies pervading my dreams!

Something woke me—a sound. I opened my eyes, dreamily conscious that voices were somewhat near. I lay listening with a sort of curiosity, and became aware that I was listening to the prattle of children; little voices were borne upon the breeze, children's laughter mingling with the rippling waves. But every now and then there was another voice, not a child's, yet childlike. It was familiar to my ears, and as I listened, its sound woke within me chords of forgotten music. Before many seconds had gone, I knew it was Em's voice I heard. But I did not move, nor did I turn to see. I lay as in a tower of strength, and it was a comfortable feeling to know that I had but to turn upon my elbow, and there before me would be the little lady who once was My Little Sweetheart. But at last I moved. I rose upon my elbow quietly, so as to make no noise, and looked over the side of the summer house on to the garden below. And there I saw her. She was on the seat under the trees. About her were four children, two boys and two girls. They stood at her knees close together, watching her make a chain of daisy flowers. She had grown, but not much; she was still a little maiden, and it was plain she never would rank among big women. She was dressed in blue—a

little blue cloth cap perched daintily upon her dainty head, still poised like a queen's upon her shoulders, and a blue serge dress, which fitted better, I noticed, than her dresses used to do. Even from where I was I could see her blue eyes flashing and that wonderful smile upon her face. She was certainly prettier than of old, and she still looked like a maiden stepped down from fairydom.

I lay still and watched, content to be near her. I knew I had but to open my lips, and she would be with me on the instant. But I did not choose. I preferred, like a child, to play with pleasure, spinning it out to its full length. It was a summer's ecstasy, and for a while I would not break the charm. But then the thought came to me, what would she do if she knew I was there? Wondering what the answer might be, softly, hardly above; a whisper, I gently called "Em!" But she, engaged with the daisy-chain and with her little ones, did not hear and said no heed. So, smiling as I watched her, a second time I called a little louder—"Em!" But she did not hear. The daisy-chain and little ones seemed to engross all her thoughts, and my voice blew past her with the wind. How would it do, I thought, since she was so obstinately deaf, to rouse her by confronting her? If she would not hear, she should see, and her eyes, if not her ears, be opened. With some such fancy, I was just about to rise and intrude myself upon her presence, when I noticed the figure of a man coming down the path.

I had no objection to children witnessing our meeting, though I could have spared even them; but a third party, and he a stranger, I did not want. So I waited till he should have gone. He was a young man, a gentleman, beyond doubt, good looking, dressed in a gray suit of Scotch tweed and bright red necktie. His was a fair young face. He had a promising mustache, which he tended with one hand; and he was smoking a mighty meerschaum. Instead of passing, as I expected, when he reached the wall he paused and looked at the group within. There was I, peeping over the outer edge of the summer-house, wondering what kept him there. There was he, leaning with one hand upon the moss-green wall. There was she, with her daisy-chain and children at her knees. Just as I thought he would be moving on, to my surprise he vaulted lightly over the wall, hiding behind the very summer-house on which I sat. Then quickly and quietly, he passed from tree to tree, as though he wished to do so unobserved, until at last he was behind where the unsuspecting maiden sat.

While I watched with angry eyes, he darted from his hiding-place, ran to her from behind, drew her head back to him, and kissed her twice or thrice upon the lips. The blood boiled within my veins. I did not doubt that this was a dastard outrage, and that my darling need a defender. In a minute, vengeance would have been done, and he or I would have been laid low. But her answer showed I was mistaken. "Charlie!" cried she, with that sweet smile I knew so well; "how can you kiss me before the children!"

"Why not?" said he. "Don't I kiss them before you?" And to prove his words, he snatched up a little girl and kissed her again and again, she laughing at the fun. Then he sat down by her side, and putting his arms about her, drew her to him. The daisy-chain dropped to her lap, and she looked at him as though he was all the world to her. "Darling," said he, not loudly, but loud enough for me to hear, "I have spoken to my mother about you and me to-day; and she thinks I am very foolish; but since I always have been, and always will be so, she thinks I may as well take you to be my little wife—though you will be very foolish for letting me."

Her answer was to lay her head upon his shoulder, and flash her blue eyes with a still softer blue upon his face. "Charlie!" said she, "are you sure you love me?"

"Love you?" he returned, and he meant it—"my darling, more than I can tell!"

"And you are sure," she continued, "your mother will not be angry? I could not bear to anger her."

"Angry?" said he, closing her lips with kisses. "Who, in all the world, could be angry with my Little Sweetheart?"

And so on. The children looked on, at what was a new experience to them. What mattered? They would have to learn themselves, some day, though perhaps they were beginning early. And I—I had to listen to it all. Who could have shown himself, placed as I was, at such a time? They cooed and cooed, and made love as love has so oft been made, until the afternoon was spent, and then they went. And I was free to go as well. Was I disillusioned? Partly, though the fault was all my own. Once I knew her well. The knowledge which for a time was lost was only found again.

I have not seen her since. For some cause, her happiness stuck in my throat, and I left Ryde that evening. I may never see her again. Be this, doubtless, she is another's wife. But when I think of her, even to this hour, it is as My Little Sweetheart.—*Chambers' Journal.*

The wheat crop which has just been harvested in Ohio will probably be the largest ever raised in the State. The yield is estimated at the office of the Secretary of State at fully 36,000,000 bushels.

Bill Nye.

RECENT DISCOVERY OF ANCIENT AZTEC POTTERY.

During my recent rambles through the Medicine Bow of the Rocky mountains, I was shown by an old frontiersman a mound which, although worn down somewhat and torn to pieces by the buffalo, the antelope and the coyote, still bore the appearance of having at one time been very large and high.

This, I was told, had, no doubt, been the burial place of some ancient tribe or race of men, the cemetery, perhaps, of a nation now unknown.

Here in the heart of a new world, where men who had known the region for fifteen or twenty years, are now called "old timers," where "new discoveries" had been made within my own recollection, we found the sepulchre of a nation that was old when the Pilgrims landed on the shores of Columbia.

I am something of an antiquarian with all my numerous chairs, and I resolved to excavate at this spot and learn the hidden secrets of those people who lived when our earth was young.

I started to dig into the vast sarcophagus. The ground was very hard. The more I worked the more I felt that I was desecrating the burial place of a mighty race of men, now powerless to defend themselves against the vandal hands to mar their eternal slumber.

I resolved to continue my researches according to the vicarious plan. I secured the services of a hardened, soulless hireling, who did not wot of the solemn surroundings, and who could dig faster than I could. He proceeded with the excavation business, while I sought a shady dell where I could weep alone.

It was a solemn thought, indeed. I murmured softly to myself,

The knights are dust
Their swords are rust;
Their souls are with
The saints' we trust.

Just then a wood-tick ran up one of my alabaster limbs about nine feet, made a location and began to do some work on it under the United States mining laws.

I removed him by force and submitted him to the dry crushing process between a piece of micaceous slate and a fragment of deodorized, copper-stained manganese.

But we are speaking of the Aztecs, not the wood-ticks. Nothing on earth is old save by comparison. The air we breathe and which we please to call fresh air, is only so comparatively. It is the same old air. As a recent air is not so fresh as "Silver Threads Among the Gold."

It has been in one form and another through the never shifting ages all along the steady march of timeless time, but it is the same old union of various gaseous elements floating through space, only remodeled for the spring trade.

All we see or hear or feel, is old. Truth itself is old. Old and falling into disuse, too. Outside of what I am using in my business, perhaps, not over two or three bales are now on the market.

Here in the primeval solitude, undisturbed by the foot of man, I had found the crumbling remnants of those who once walked the earth in their might; and vaulted their strength among the powers of their world.

No doubt they had experienced the first wild thrill of all-powerful love, and thought it was a new thing. They had known, with mingled pain and pleasure, when they struggled feebly against the omnipotent sway of consuming passion, that they were mashed, and they flattered themselves that they were the first in all the illimitable range of relentless years who had been fortunate enough to get hold of the genuine thing. All others had been base imitations.

Here, perhaps, on this very spot, the Aztec youth with a bright eyed maiden on his arm had pledged life-long fidelity to her shrine, and in the midnight silence had stolen away from her with a pang of vigorous regret, followed by the sobs of his soul's idol and the demoralizing, leaden rain of buckshot, with the compliments and best wishes of the old man.

While I was meditating upon these things, a glad shout from the scene of operations attracted my attention. I rose and went to the excavation and found, to my unspeakable astonishment and pleasure, that the man had unearthed a large Queen Anne ear jug, with Etruscan work upon the exterior to represent the elaborate interlacings of the willow.

It was simply one of the old-fashioned single-barreled tear jugs, made for a one-eyed man to cry into. The vessel was about eighteen inches in height by five or six inches in diameter.

The graceful yet somewhat severe pottery of the Aztecs convinces me that they were fully abreast of the present century in their knowledge of the arts and sciences.

Space will not admit of an extended description of this ancient tear-cooler, but I am still continuing the antiquarian researches—vicariously, of course—and will give this subject more attention during the summer.—*Denver Tribune.*

The Girl's Friendly Society of London was formed for the benefit of girls of the working classes, and its principal aim is to provide a friend for every working girl in England, whose advice and assistance may tend to keep young and unprotected girls in a right path, and so prevent many from falling into the cruel temptations that surround them.

Josh Billings' Philosophy.

The philosophers have no intimates. In dealing with human nature they are obliged to step on everybody.

Poverty will show the strength of a man's karakter, riches the weakness of it.

A grate pedigree is an unprofitable thing to have left us, we are entitled to no credit for it, and are held responsible for its safe keeping.

If virtue is its own reward, wickedness must be its own punishment.

Opportunities are game birds, and if they are got, they must be got on the wing.

I never have seen a spendthrift yet, who was not at times a miser.

The bottom round of the ladder, if it is well filled, is just as honorable as the top one, and is a heap safer.

It is better to study one book than to read many.

If there is no hereafter, reason is a fraud, and instinct a failure.

He who is allways sticking his nose into futurity, must not be surprized if he gets snubbed often.

No one loves a traitor, and least of all, those who profit by the treason.

To work is the greatest of blessings. If food and raiment and shelter could be had without labor, the human race would run out in ten generations.

Neither a man's money nor his reputation can be accurately summed up until he is dead and buried.

The less branes a man has, provided they are the right kind, the better he is adapted for bizness.

The coxcomb, dandy, and fop are one and the same thing, and about the only thing you can say of them is, that they are of the masculine gender.

Those who have the most pride are the first to discover pride in others.

If we should analyze the prayers we offer up to Heaven, we would find that vanity and self-interest predominates in them.

Habits are good, bad and indifferent, and in most men the indifferent is the most plenty.

Democracy is a sweet-savored word, but there ain't no such thing. The most terrible acts that have ever been committed in this world have been done under cover of religion and democracy.

When you can't find one man who can govern himself, how can you expect to find one hundred who can govern each other.

I think there is sutch a thing as having more taste than talent, and more genius than either—but perhaps not.

I know of people who often overdo things, but never was known to half do them; I rather like this breed of humans.

I luv a thoroly wet day once in a while; it lays the dust on earth, and lays the dust in man too.

Every man who dux hiz whole duty regardless of consequences is a hero; I don't care whether he dux it at the rear with a pikax, or at the front in full command.

Very menny failures and disappointments in this life arise from saying 4 and 2 make 8, just because it sounds like it.

The minnitt you begin to define happiness you begin to make it look suspicious.

The world sumtimes entirely overloons a man, but when they are called upon to weigh one out, they invariably give hiz exackt heft, in pounds and ounces.

"Luv yure nabor az yureself"—let us all do this, but don't let us brag about it, for it is a class transaxkshun.

There is 2 kinds of konstitashun—the injun rubber and the kast iron. I prefer the rubber; it will swell, and kontrakt, and stretch, and fl bak, and then iz redly to do the same things over again.

Law, fisick, and religion ought to be az cheap az air or water; but I think they hav kost the world az much as the bred, meat and potatoz hav.

Don't be discouraged, mi dear boy; if you liv long enuff, you will probably know less by and by than you do now.

A POPULAR PREACHER.—The Rev.

John Hall may be called the heaviest of the Presbyterian clergy of New York city, both in talents and weight. He stands six feet high and is rather portly even for his stature. In point of ability he has hardly an equal, at least in that denomination with which he is connected. Those who hear Mr. Hall for the first time are surprised at his simplicity of style. There is no attempt at what may be termed "the sensational," and his sole power is that of scriptural truth, presented with great clearness and earnestness. He can hold the largest average congregation in the city by a presentation of scripture themes in his simple and earnest manner. In this respect he is very different from either Talmage or Beecher. Hall has labored with such intense application that he looks much older than the record of his years. He is just fifty-one, and has preached in this city thirteen years. He came to a declining church, but it soon was too small for its congregation, and since then the latter has built the largest Presbyterian church in America. Hall is very liberal in the use of his large salary, and were it treble it would be none too great for the claims to which he is subjected. He receives \$15,000 a year and his congregation can better afford to pay him \$30,000 than to lose a man who draws such attentive crowds.—*Chr. Utica Herald.*

The Camden Post thinks people should take more advice and less medicine.

Walking On the Water.

A young man named W. C. Soule walked across Harlem River yesterday on the face of the water, at a spot about one hundred yards above High Bridge. His feet were shod with what he calls "water skates," an invention of his own, and he was dressed in a suit of ordinary summer clothing, and wore a straw hat. The skate is an air vessel, made of zinc and hermetically sealed. The contrivance is about five feet in length, ten inches broad and five inches deep, with vertical sides, and tapers off fore and aft, or at the toe and heel, like a steamboat. On the deck, or upper surface, there is a socket, shoe-shaped, and about four and a half inches deep, into which the foot is set, the opening being guarded by a rim of metal one and a half inch high, to keep the water from washing into the socket. The bottom of the skate is fitted with a double gang of automatic paddles, one gang forward and the other aft, with five blades in each gang. The blades are set on swivels in a frame ten inches square, that hangs vertically from the bottom of the skate. As the skate is pushed forward through the water, the blades are opened and offer no resistance, but when the foot rests so as to begin a forward movement with the other foot the pressure backward closes the blades and gives a purchase on the water that materially aids in propulsion. Each skate weighs actually about eight pounds, but in the water, owing to its buoyancy, it has no perceptible weight on the foot.

Mr. Soule weighs about 125 pounds, and when he stands on his skates in the water they sink about three and a half inches, leaving the deck and one and a half inch of the sides above the water.

Mr. Soule put the skates in the water alongside a boating float, and without any support stepped into one, then in to the other, and started off on his walk. The tide was running out at the rate of perhaps two miles an hour, but he made his way directly across the stream, and turned and came back to his starting point. The total distance traveled was perhaps 500 yards. The movement in walking is a sort of gliding step, the skate being at no time lifted out of the water. The progress, of course, is necessarily slow, as there is a recoil or retardation at every step, notwithstanding the resistance offered by the paddles.—New York Letter.

For and About Women.

A family of young ladies who reside in this city so often entertain their company on the front stoop that they have gained the title of the step-sisters.

"There," said a charming lady, with a naive expression that made her face radiant, pointing to an ebony case of chinaware, "that is my brick-bat cabinet."

It is monstrous, exclaims a social philosopher, that thousands of young shop girls should be forced to work from eight in the morning until nine or ten at night.

The Queen of England is becoming more subject to fatigue at receptions. She is also getting too unusually whimsical, so that great trouble is given to the court officials.

"I should like to see somebody abduct me," said Mrs. Smith at the breakfast table the other morning. "I'm! so should I, my dear; so should I," said Mr. Smith, with exceeding earnestness.

A chivalrous young man in Norfolk, Va., knocked a young girl down with a brickbat and broke several of her left ribs, because she wouldn't marry him. He was determined to get at her heart some way.

Robinson (after a long whist bout at the club)—"It is awfully late, Brown. What will you say to your wife?" Brown (in a whisper)—"Oh, I shan't say much, you know. 'Good morning, dear,' or something of that sort. She'll say the rest."—Per Exchange.

The New York Times asks: "Can women enjoy a Heaven deprived of weddings?" That depends. If new styles of bonnets make their appearance every other week, women will manage to keep happy without a marriage to their back.—Norr. Herald.

The man with the iron jaw is dead, but the one with the iron arm lives in Ohio. He went to sleep with his arm on the rail and threw a gravel train off the track.

The next attraction in the circus and menagerie parade, will probably be a den of trained New Jersey mosquitoes, accompanied by their keeper.—Graphic.

It is never too late to acquire a bad habit. Solomon Eversull, who is 106 years old, and has lived since 1809 a few miles south of Cincinnati, has got in the habit very recently of sleeping for three days at a time, and waking up very hungry. As he is an orphan, his father and mother both being dead, there is no one to reprove him properly, and the chances are that he will go on annoying his relatives with this most uncomfortable habit for the rest of his natural life.—Detroit Free Press.

"Why is it," writes "Lillian Maud," pointing, to an exchange, "why is it that all the nice men are engaged?" They're not, Lillian, they're not. Several of us are still in maiden meditation fancy free. Was there anything in particular that you wanted to know for?—Rockland Courier.

The froth of July—Lager beer.

Wit and Humor.

The heavy man of the United States is General Ordinance.—[Albany Argus. The St. Paul Pioneer-Press speaks of a Mr. Legg who has lost the end of his thumb.

What is home without a dog?—[Yonkers Gazette. A paradise for cats.—[Oil City Derrick.

The rural districts need not be reminded that the city burglar is on his summer vacation.

Saratoga is the only place where, according to Dr. Cuyler, the more a man drinks the more sober he feels.

"Never mistake perspiration for inspiration," said an old minister to a young pastor just being ordained.

MORNING JOKES.—A new song is entitled "Grandfather's Pants." Is it dedicated to Schurtz?—[Boston Score.

The census-taker has evolved the tee-total ignorance of many women as to the business of their husbands.

It is the duty, says the Nycum Advertiser, of every man who truly loves his country to discover a gold mine.

American girls are admired abroad whenever they show themselves. The Herald says "they are the world's fair."

The New York World pays five dollars per verse for its original poetry it publishes. Its proprietors are millionaires.

A drink in the morning for appetite. A dozen drinks, later in the day, are for another, 'appy tight.—[New Orleans Picayune.

The British Medical Journal says that garlic will cure more ills and ailments than any five drugs which can be named.

Because Mr. Edison was found in his shirt sleeves, the Oil City Derrick presumes the rest of his garments is in the wash.

"An experienced cutter" is advertised for in the New York World. They doubtless want him to bobbail paragraphs for their humorous column.

A Georgia woman told a census man that she was "not quite forty," and subsequently stated that she had buried four husbands and had just married the fifth.

Is there anything more delicious than a baked clam?—[Ex. We can't think of anything just now, unless it be a piece of sole leather fried in oleomargarine.—[Norr. Herald.

"What a beautiful sight!" exclaimed Mrs. Jones, rapturously, as she looked out over the beautiful scenery from a Pennsylvania railroad car. "Yes," replied Jones, without raising his eyes from his paper, "anthracite."

Breaking an awkward silence, Mrs. Montague Smart (suddenly, to bashful youth, who has not opened his lips since he was introduced to her a quarter of an hour ago)—"And now let us talk of something else!"—[Punch.

The owner of a pair of bright eyes says that the prettiest compliment she ever received came from a child of four years. The little fellow, after looking intently at her eyes a moment, inquired naively: "Are your eyes new ones?"

Professor—"Miss C., give me an example of a true conclusion drawn from two false premises."

Miss C.—"Logic is an easy study; that's false. I don't like easy studies; that's false. I don't like logic; that's true." Class is dismissed.

Pedestrian (who has dropped a dime in front of "the blind")—"Why, you confounded humbug, you're not blind!"

Beggar—"Not I, sir. If the card says I am, they must have given me the wrong one. I'm deaf and dumb."

Six-year old—"Ma, what's mellow?" Mother—"Ripe."

Six-year old—"Then is pa ripe?" Mother—"Why do you ask?"

Six-year old—"Cause the cook said to the chambermaid that pa came home rather mellow last night."

An Oxford student, being examined in sacred history, was asked, "Who was the first King of the Jews?" At a venture he replied, "Saul;" then, encouraged by the assent of the examiner, completed the answer as follows, "Saul of Tarsus, sometimes called Paul."

An old Judge of the New York Supreme Court meeting a friend in a neighboring village, exclaimed: "Why, what are you doing here?" "I am at work trying to make an honest living," was the reply. "Then you'll succeed," said the Judge, "for you'll have no competition."

"Wouldn't you like to have a bow?" said the bold young archer, as they sauntered down the field; and she murmured, "Yes," and the absorbed archer said, "What kind of a bow would you prefer?" She quivered a little as she replied, archly, "I think I should prefer yew"; and then the young man took it in, and although he was an arrow chested youth, he went to the target and heaved a bull's sigh.

A promising youth recently surprised his father by asking—"Father, do you like mother?" "Why, yes, of course." "And she likes you?" "Of course she does." "Did she ever say so?" "Many a time, my son." "Did she marry you because she loved you?" "Certainly she did." The boy carefully scrutinized his parent, and, after a long pause, asked: "Well, was she as near-sighted then as she is now?"

Cotton in the South.

Everybody knows that failure of cotton in the South, where cotton grows, and where it can be handled with far less expense than in the remote North, might be made extremely profitable. It will probably be made so eventually, though up to the present the mass of Southerners have greatly neglected this important branch of industry. There are now 189 cotton mills in that section, with 678 223 spindles—about seven per cent of all the spindles in the republic. The mills are generally small, only a few, at Augusta and Columbus, Ga., having more than 15,000 spindles each. The machinery is said to be so inferior in the main as to be hardly worth transportation. Much of it is second-hand, having been discarded by Northern establishments. The most successful mills there would not, in consequence of their manifest disadvantages, have made anything had they been situated in this section. One mill in Georgia declared in ten years—four of them war years—\$1,250,000 dividends. This proves the great benefit in position of the mills, which can not only buy the raw material cheaper, and spare freight, but they can hire labor at lower rates. They save the buyer's commission, delivery from warehouse and cartage, sampling, classing, pressing, shipping, discount on bills, loss of weight in sampling for mixed packages, fire insurance before shipping, marine risks, and freight and cartage to interior towns, which amounts in all to some \$7 a bale. The Northern mills also lose from receiving cotton poorly graded, containing a good deal of leaf and sand, which is computed at six per cent of the entire cotton crop. The difference between the cost of a bale sent to Fall River, Mass., and a bale sent to Columbus, Ga., is \$8.06, the former costing \$51.71, and the latter \$43.65. Many of the Georgia mills have made profits of 10, 12, and even 15 per cent under all their disadvantages, the profit coming almost wholly from coarse goods, which experts think to be their best employment. It is doubtful whether they will be able, at least for many years, to compete with the North in fine cloth, and if they should be able it would be less remunerative to them than coarse cloth and yarn. The entire spirit and tendency of the South is opposed to the better and finer kinds of manufacture, and it seems next to impossible to have it otherwise.—N. Y. Times.

In consideration of the scantiness of his congregation on a summer Sunday, a queer old dominie prayed: "Lord, remember those who are prostrated on beds of sickness and lounges of well-ness."

A Busy Life.

The World's Dispensary at Buffalo, N. Y., is a great institution, having its auxiliary Invalia's Hotel, for accommodation of patients, costing its founder nearly half a million of dollars, and its branch in London, England, of similar proportions, where Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, Pleasant Purgative Pellets and other remedies are manufactured for the foreign trade, which extends to the East Indies, China and other far distant countries. All this mammoth business has been organized, systemized and built up by Dr. R. V. Pierce, who has associated with himself as a Faculty, under the name of the World's Dispensary Medical Association, a most competent staff of physicians and surgeons who annually treat many thousands of cases of chronic diseases, not by prescribing any set lot of remedies but by using all such specific remedies as have, in a large experience, been found most efficacious. Besides organizing and directing this mammoth business of world-wide proportions, Dr. Pierce has found time to write a work on domestic medicine entitled—"The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," 1,000 pages, 300 illustrations, selling at \$1.50, and also to serve a term as State Senator and later as member of Congress. Surely he must be competent, if he were to take the lecture platform, to discourse upon "the recollections of a busy life."—National Republican.

A Temperate Departure.

The following communication explains itself: ALEXANDRIA BAY, N. Y., 1880. Messrs. M. H. Warner & Co.: GENTLEMEN: I have been doctoring for the last four years for Rheumatism in the back, Sciatica and Kidney difficulties, and have been at no time free from pain until I commenced taking Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, which has entirely cured me. I want to keep it in the house to treat my friends with, instead of wines and liquors as it will cure the diseases that they will produce. Very truly yours, CHARLES WALTON.

The Robertson Process

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

The Boston Globe says it is a sign of good breeding to find fault with everything on the table at your summer boarding house. No More Hard Times. If you will stop spending so much on fine clothes, rich food and style, buy good, healthy food, cheaper and better clothing; get more real and substantial things of life every way, and especially stop the foolish habit of employing expensive, quack doctors or using playing expensive, vile humbug medicine that does you only harm, but put your trust in that simple, pure remedy, Hop Bitters; that cures always at a trifling cost, and you will see good times and have good health.

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.

Take-it-Easy and Live-Long are brothers, and are related to Ayer's Sarraparilla, which has lengthened many a life.

Reliable Testimony.

Where testimonials give the residence of the parties it is an easy matter for any person to verify them. Thousands of people from all parts of the Pacific Coast can and have expressed the opinion that there is no oil or article in the world equal to PHOSPHATE SOAP for common toilet use. A great many people have tested this soap for skin diseases. Among others we give the following: from parties who have thoroughly tested PHOSPHATE SOAP:

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MICHAEL KANE No. 108 Kirkham St. FORT VERDE, Arizona, Dec. 19, 1879. STANDARD SOAP COMPANY—GENTS: Having received your box of PHOSPHATE SOAP, and having used only one cake of SOAP out of the three, I am happy to say that it has completely cured my sore eyelids which was caused by the alkali dust in Idaho Territory, in 1877, and have been sore ever since until I used PHOSPHATE SOAP. CORPORAL DENNIS BURKE, Twelfth Infantry. SAN FRANCISCO, November 27, 1879. STANDARD SOAP COMPANY—GENTS: After a number of trials of Soaps, I have learned that the PHOSPHATE is certainly the very best for shaving. I thank you for its introduction. JAMES P. ARTHUR.

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

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And the usual Purgatives, Is Pleasant to Take, And will prove at once the most potent and harmless System Renover and Cleanser that has yet been brought to public notice. For Constipation, Bloating, Headache, Piles, and all disorders arising from an obstructed state of the system, it is incomparably the best curative agent. TROPIC-FRUIT LAXATIVE is put up in bronzed tin boxes only. Price, 60 Cents. Procure Descriptive Pamphlet from your druggist, or address the proprietor. J. E. METHERINGTON, New York or San Francisco.

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GAMELINE FOR THE COMPLEXION AND TEETH, Supersedes Everything. PRICE, 50c and \$1. Sold by Druggists and general dealers.

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 28. In use 25 years. The only successful remedy for Nervous Debility, Vital Weakness, and Prostration from over-work or other causes. 50c per vial, or 5 vials and large vial powder, for \$2. Sold by DRUGGISTS GENERALLY, or sent post free on receipt of price. HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC MEDICINE CO., 109 Fulton Street N. Y.

CONCORD CARRIAGES. Baggies and Express Wagons; E. M. Miller & Co. (Quincy, Ill.) Buggies, Phaetons and Carriages. Hill's general Concord Harness, Whips, Reins and Blankets of every description for sale.

BELOW COST. T. S. EASTMAN, Agent, 46 New Montgomery St., next to Palace Hotel, San Francisco.

GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY. Is a certain cure for Nephritis, Debility, and all the evil effects of youthful follies and excesses. D.M. MENTIE will agree to forfeit Five Hundred Dollars for a case of this kind the Vital Restorative (under his special advice and treatment) will not cure. Price, \$3 a bottle; four times the quantity, \$10. Sent by express, free of charge. Consultation by A. E. MENTIE, M. D., 109 Fulton St., San Francisco. Send for Circular.

RESERVATIVE. MENTIE'S GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY. A. E. MENTIE, M. D., 109 FULTON ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

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Treasonable Conspiracy.

A Union veteran, residing in this county, has shown us a secret circular order, issued in the name of "U. S. Grant, Commander-in-Chief Boys in Blue," countersigned "Drake DeKay, Adjutant General," giving instructions for the immediate enrollment and reorganization of the "Union Veterans," for political party purposes in the present Presidential campaign.

Without the secret circular above alluded to—which we were not permitted to retain or copy—the proof of the existence of such a secret military organization for political party purposes is conclusive in the following order, which we have before published:

H.D. QRS. UNION VETERANS, BOYS IN BLUE. NEW YORK, July 22, 1880.

General Orders No. 1.—The member for each State of the National Committee of the Union Veterans' Union, will at once proceed to organize the "Boys in Blue" in their respective States to promote the election of Garfield and Arthur.

U. S. GRANT, Commander-in-Chief Boys in Blue. DRAKE DE KAY, Adjutant General.

The circular gives a list of the Department Commanders for each State, among whom are Gen. J. F. Miller of California; Capt. C. P. Crandall of Oregon, General John A. Logan, of Illinois, and General James A. Garfield of Ohio. Gen. Pierson, of Pennsylvania, resigned and has taken the stump for Hancock. If the organization was not exclusively devoted to the Republican party, what was the necessity of Gen. Pierson resigning therefrom when he concluded to support Hancock?

Let those Republicans—including Carl Schurz—who deemed the return of Grant to power as fraught with danger to our Republican institutions, consider the fact that in this secret military organization for dominating the Government, Garfield occupies a subordinate office, under oath to obey the orders of his chief, General Grant. Never in the history of the country has there been such a menace to free popular government as this organization presents. A more treasonable con-

spiracy against popular liberty never existed. Every man connected with it deserves a felon's fate. Their services in the war were not actuated by patriotic motives, but by a mercenary spirit or lust for power—like Benedict Arnold and Aaron Burr—as their subsequent political career amply witnesses. It will be observed that the ring-leaders in this conspiracy were mainly adherents of the Democratic party so long as that party was in power, and since then they have all been spoilsmen of the Republican party.

To avoid misunderstanding, it should be known that the "Union Veterans" and the "Grand Army of the Republic" are separate and distinct organizations; the latter having no party test of fellowship.

Nominating Conventions.

Political parties, with well defined principles and policies, are useful, if not absolutely necessary, as checks and balances against the abuses of power to which there is an inevitable tendency in uninterrupted possession. Organized opposition to the dominant party in the State or General Government, is an essential guard against the aggressions of power upon popular rights. When, however, parties become corrupt and are subject to corrupt methods, they become a public curse instead of a blessing, debauching the people whose virtue and intelligence is the sole basis of popular liberty. All intelligent citizens will admit that the chief source of corruption and maladministration of our Government at the present time is the uses and purposes to which our caucus and convention system has been applied by intriguing politicians—more frequently to defeat than to express the popular will. All parties recognize the evil and affect to desire civil service reform. The "filthy pool of politics" has become a phrase by which to characterize all party management. The pressing necessity of reform no one will question, and yet office-seekers continue to practice, and the people lend themselves as tools to perpetuate, the manifest corruptions of the system, while vaunting their loyalty and patriotism. We cannot expect honest management of the affairs of the government by officers selected by corrupt means, and it is the highest public duty of every citizen to set his face sternly against intrigue, bribery and corruption in obtaining office, and in neglecting this duty he has no right to complain if the positions thus obtained are used for corrupt and selfish purposes. Does not every man's instinctive sense of propriety teach him that seeking office through demagogic acts, chicanery, trickery and bribery, is a most disreputable practice, totally disqualifying the officer for an honorable discharge of the duties of his trust.

If we would have an honest expression of the people through their nominating conventions, honest nominations, honest elections and honest administration of official trust, the voters must take the matter into their own hands, and select their delegates for their known probity and intelligence, not because they are the partisans of any candidate—and be very careful to elect no man delegate who is known to be seeking a nomination, nor allow any candidate to hold a seat in a convention while his nomination is pending; see to it that no proxies are admitted to seats in convention, and no evasion of responsibility by a resort to the ballot. A representative never has an honest excuse for using a secret ballot in his representative capacity; no representative body ever resort to the ballot to cover up their acts, with any honest intent. It betrays the purpose of dissimulation and treachery in which it invariably results. The individual citizen has the secret ballot as his security against coercion; the man who exercises only delegated authority, can have no object in using the ballot but to betray his trust without detection.

No reasonable man will offer to controvert a single one of the foregoing propositions, yet many attempt to excuse the objectionable practices on the ground that they have become customary among politicians—"nobody can get a nomination without he works for it." That is the very reason why the custom should be changed. We know that it is a matter of disgust to all our best and most thoughtful citizens, who would cheerfully lend their countenance and support to a movement which will do away with such practices in future, and teach the party politicians that in politics as in the

ordinary business affairs of life, "Honesty is the best policy."

We entered our protest long before the late Republican nominating Convention was held, but it was utterly disregarded. We would now commend the foregoing suggestions to our Democratic friends, with the assurance that if they will follow our advice, which accords only with the dictates of common sense and common honesty, with a convention composed only of duly elected and accredited delegates, in which no candidate will be permitted to vote or electioneer for his own nomination, with a ticket selected solely with reference to the qualifications and honesty of the several candidates, we have no doubt that they will succeed in the election. The people have become tired and disgusted with being made merchandise of by trading politicians, and will accept almost any change as an improvement. Of this we have the most earnest assurance of many leading Republicans with whom we have heretofore acted in good faith for civil service reform.

Getting Alarmed.

San Francisco has, for the last ten years at least, used its immense influence in the money marts of the world, actively and persistently, to discourage and beat off all investments calculated to develop the resources and improve the great natural advantages of Puget Sound, well knowing the fatal consequences to its own commercial supremacy upon the Pacific coast, which would result from direct railroad communication between the Sound and the Atlantic cities. The business men of San Francisco now begin to realize and acknowledge the fact that they cannot resist fate much longer. The Merchant says:

Jay Gould and others, acting on the logic of longitude, are determined not only to transfer to the Atlantic slope the great coming trade of Oregon and Washington Territory, through facility of railroad connection, but are dreaming of diverting from San Francisco the rapidly growing or promising trades of China, Japan, India and Southern Siberia to their own doors.

Puget Sound lies, by advantage of meridian and the great Japan current, nearly or quite 1,000 miles nearer these great seats of Oriental trade than ourselves. Gould and his associates realize this and are to-day acting upon it, of course, however, only through selfish motives, as railroad and steamship owners. And yet the result will prove the same to us as if they were incited by the highest patriotism. And through the enterprise of selfish motives of New England, a similar movement and cause for alarm to ourselves is rapidly crystallizing to the south of us. Already her engineers are grading north from Guaymas for the iron rail, and in the harbor of that old city are dredging for the steamship, with the design of carrying past us the trade of the Orient, and of Australia and New Zealand, as well as the whole coast of the Continent to the south of the Gulf of California.

COL. CHARLES H. LARRABEE, of this city, has accepted a call from the Democratic State Committee of Oregon to canvass that State. His appointments include 37 speeches, commencing at Ashland, Jackson county, Sept. 3, closing at Baker city, Union county, Oct. 18; after which he has appointments in Washington Territory as follows: Walla Walla, Oct. 19; Vancouver 23; Seattle 27; Port Townsend, 30.

The Colonel is a very attractive and impressive speaker. He served as a volunteer under Hancock in the war for the Union, and now takes the field in defence of the principles he fought for under his old commander.

GOOD ENOUGH FOR A REPUBLICAN.—The Hartford (Conn.) Times says: "The latest Republican acquisition to the Hancock column is General Sickles. He lost a leg at Gettysburg, and no doubt fought well for the Union; but there are things in his record which makes his abandonment of the sinking ship no great loss to the ship or the sinkers."

There are so many of the leading Republicans going over to Hancock that the Democratic editors at the East are getting jealous and begin to depreciate the quality of the goods acquired. Dan Sickles, as a Republican, was considered good enough for Minister to Spain, in spite of his record—which position is not inferior in rank to that of a Senator or member of the President's Cabinet. His loss to the party is not less in importance than would be the loss of John A. Logan, R. W. Thompson or Carl Schurz, for he is the peer of either of them and has been as highly esteemed as either by the Republican party.

JUST REMARKS.—The Oregonian lays down the following very proper rule for candidates whose official record has been questionable. The editor does not apply these remarks directly to the Credit Mobilier, DeGolyer and back pay transactions, but the reader will very naturally and logically make the application:

"The man who is distinctly charged with taking bribes in an official capacity—names, amounts, the special service for which the alleged bribes were said to have been received being stated, together with other particulars, and yet has not brought those who made the charges to answer for them, would seem to have something yet to do before he presents himself for official position again."

The editor of the Oregonian can talk like a saint and prevaricate like a knave.

Democratic Territorial Convention.

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

Table listing counties and their representatives: Chehalis 2, Pierce 5, Columbia 8, Spokane 4, Clallam 1, Stevens 2, Clarke 4, Snohomish 2, Cowlitz 3, Skamania 1, Island 2, San Juan 2, Jefferson 3, Thurston 6, King 8, Walla Walla 8, Kitsap 2, Wahkiakam 1, Klilkat 3, Whatcom 4, Lewis 3, Whitman 4, Mason 2, Yakima 3, Pacific 1.

L. B. NASH, Chairman.

University of Washington.

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

TEN INSTRUCTORS.

Boarding Department.

FALL TERM—Begins Wednesday, Sept. 1st, 1880. For admission or Catalogue apply to the President,

A. J. ANDERSON, A. M. Seattle, W. T.

Cheap! Cheap!! Cheap!!!

NEW HARNESS SHOP.

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

A large Stock of Miners' Pack Straps ON HAND.

Repairing Neatly and Cheaply done. Everything marked down to PORTLAND PRICES.

J. FUSSELL, Manager. Foot of Washington Street, in rear of Horton's Bank. SEATTLE, W. T.

Independent Candidate.

FOR TREASURER

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

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

G. F. FRYE. Seattle, June 12, 1880.

DENTISTRY.

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

TO THE VOTERS OF KING COUNTY.

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

J. T. JORDAN.

S. & W. W. R. R.

SEATTLE TO RENTON

—AND—

NEWCASTLE.

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

RETURNING, leave Newcastle at 11 A. M. and 5 P. M. Arrive at Renton at 11:45 A. M. and 5:45 P. M. Arrive at Seattle at 1 P. M. and 7 P. M.

DEPOT, KING STREET, FOOT OF COMMERCIAL

J. M. COLMAN, Genl. Supt.

PONY SALOON.

KEPT BY

Ben. Murphy

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

A quiet place where can always be found the very best of

CIGARS AND TOBACCO, WINES AND LIQUORS.

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.

SLORAH & CO'S

"BOSS"

BEER!

STILL TAKES THE LEAD!

NEW ENGLAND HOTEL.

Cor. Commercial and Main Streets,

SEATTLE, W. T.

THE NEW ENGLAND

Is eligibly located and its accommodations for families are unsurpassed. The house is newly built, is hard-finished throughout, has large and well furnished rooms and first class board, on the

European Plan

Can be had at moderate prices.

— IT IS —

The Best Hotel in the City.

L. C. HARMON,

Proprietor's.

For Tacoma, Steilacoom & Olympia

THE STANCH AND SEAWORTHY STEAMER

ZEPHYR--

W. R. BALLARD, Master.

Carrying U. S. Mails and Wells, Fargo & Co's. Express,

WILL LEAVE SEATTLE EVERY Wednesday and Friday mornings at 7 A. M. and Sunday at 6 P. M., connecting with the Railroad at Tacoma.

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Local News.

Democratic County Convention.

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

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

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

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

The election for Delegates, in Seattle, will be by ballot.

ALBERT M. SNYDER,
Chairman.

S. F. COOMBS, Secretary.

Teachers' Institute.

The Teachers' Institute for Washington Territory was in session three days of last week, and it is understood the session was unusually pleasant and interesting. List of officers and teachers present: Dr. Jonathan S. Houghton, of Golendale, Klickitat county, Superintendent of Public Instruction, ex-officio President; J. E. Clarke, of Olympia, Secretary; O. S. Jones of Seattle, Assistant Secretary; F. M. McCully, Superintendent of Columbia county; E. S. Ingraham, of Seattle, Superintendent of King county; R. C. Kerr, Port Townsend; Addie J. Plummer, Spring Brook; Cornelia Newton, Oakville, Chehalis county; Jas. H. Hill, Newcastle, King county; Chas. McDermoth, Madison, Superintendent Kitsap county; Mary Condon, Cherry Grove; J. H. Wilt, Tacoma. And the following teachers of Seattle: Clara E. Robinson, H. F. Jones, D. B. Ward, A. J. Anderson, A. M., Kate H. Hinkley, C. M. Anderson, N. L. Pierce, Lulu Russell, Flora A. Phelps, Ella Hall, Louisa P. Anderson, O. S. Jones, B. L. Northup, Wm. Ross, Viola A. Kenyon, T. B. Wilson, White river; F. E. Eldredge, Yakima; W. A. Wash, Goldendale; Laura J. Gardner, Olympia; Ada Woodruff, Olympia.

Memorial Resolution.

WHEREAS, It has pleased God in His wise Providence to permit the departure to the better country of our friend and fellow Christian, Elder R. L. Doyle, we, as the session of the Presbyterian Church of Seattle, desire to bear record concerning him—viz:

1. We humbly submit to this dispensation of over-ruling Providence, believing "that all things work together for good to those who love God and are the called according to His purpose."

2. We express our appreciation of the character and Christian worth of our departed Brother, and while sadly missing his presence, counsel and cheer, feel that in our loss he was made a gain.

3. We rejoice with the triumphant faith which began 45 years ago has been constantly with him and has carried him in peace to the presence of his Maker.

4. We heartily and lovingly sympathize with his sorrowing wife, daughters and relations, and commend them to the God of all Comfort.

S. KENNY,
E. CALVERT,
F. H. WHITWORTH.

CONVICTED OF MANSLAUGHTER.—Mrs. Susan Clark and her son Thomas Clark, jr., a boy not quite 12 years of age, were tried at the last term of the Whatcom District Court, and convicted of manslaughter, in killing Michael Padden on the 8th day of March last, under the following circumstances: On the day of the shooting, Mr. Padden, with three others, was fencing in a piece of land over the ownership of which there had been a dispute between the Paddens and Clarks,

which dispute appeared to have been settled by the county surveyer in favor of Padden. Mrs. Clark went out apparently to remonstrate with Padden and was followed by the little boy who carried a shot gun, but before a word was said on either side the boy fired and killed Padden. The prosecution claimed that both the mother and boy went out with murderous intent, while the defense set up that they went to remonstrate, and that the boy, either through fear of the possible consequences of the interview, or accident in firing with the intent of scaring off Padden, committed the homicide. The woman was sentenced to five years' imprisonment in the penitentiary. Judge Greene granted a new trial to the boy, on account of his tender years and the fact that the act was committed at the command of his mother.

The trial was very painful to witness. The widowed mother was in the courtroom with her eight children and the prisoner with six children, and the scene can better be imagined than described.

DAKOTA COMING.—The following dispatches were received here on Thursday last, from which it is to be inferred that the old and new steamship Co's. are running in concert instead of opposition:

SAN FRANCISCO, August 19.—Dakota sails to-morrow, the 20th, with the British mails, and will sail from Victoria on the 30th, with mails. No Idaho.

H. G. MORSE, Gen. Sup't.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 19.—Idaho postponed until 30th. Mail Company will send Dakota this trip, sailing to-morrow. GOODALL, PERKINS & Co.

NEWS.—The Colfax *Tribune* gives currency to the report that Beriah Brown contemplates the establishment of a newspaper in that village. This is the first we have heard of any such report. If it should be confirmed we will let our readers know about it. Our own opinion is, however, that two papers—both weekly—are quite enough for a town numbering a population of less than 500. The great city of Seattle can only give a comfortable support to four weeklies and two dailies.

Yes, daughter, you should go somewhere this summer. You can not stay at home during the warm weather and live. To be sure, your mother, who hasn't been out of town since she was married, can stand it, but then she is old-fashioned, and doesn't know any better, and, besides, she has fun enough doing the washing and ironing. By all means go. Get a linen duster and basket and go at once.

The *Ledger* says New Tacoma has had a lock up for several months last past, but until Friday last it has been without a tenant. The great terminal city of the Pacific must be exceedingly quiet.

The Chicago fire of 1871 burned 2,600 acres and destroyed \$150,000,000 of property. The Boston fire burned over sixty acres and destroyed \$70,000,000 of property. There is now on forty acres in the dry goods district, between Chambers street and Canal street and Broadway and West Broadway, New York City, more value of merchandise than was burned in Chicago and Boston at their great fires. The average loss per acre in Chicago was \$57,692; in Boston, \$1,166,667. The value per acre in New York is \$6,000,000. Distributed in stores, 20 feet front by 200 feet deep, each store would contain \$6,000,000 worth of goods. Twenty-five stores of the size above named contain as much in value as the whole amount of property destroyed in Chicago by the great fire.

The Bureau.

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

North Pacific BREWERY.

AUGUST MEHLHORN, PROPRIETOR.

[SUCCESSOR TO M. SCHMIEG.]

The Best Beer always on Hand.

ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED.

S. BAXTER & CO.'S COLUMN.

S. Baxter & Co.,

IMPORTERS OF

FOREIGN

WINES AND LIQUORS.

AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

**Domestic Wines,
Liquors, Cigars,
and Tobacco.**

EXPORTERS OF

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

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

IN BOND OR DUTY PAID

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

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

PATRONIZE

DIRECT IMPORTATION

—BY—

HOME HOUSES.

We are the sole agents for the Pacific Coast of the

Celebrated Fair Oaks

Bourbon Whiskies,

UN-MEDICATED.

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

For further particulars apply to

S. BAXTER & CO.,
Seattle, W. T.

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



JOSEPHINE

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

Easiest and Cheapest Route.

N. T. GODY & Co.,

CITY DRUG STORE,

(Successor to Geo. W. Harris & Co.)

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

DRUGS and MEDICINES.

ORDERS FROM THE INTERIOR ATTENDED TO WITH PROMPTNESS AND DISPATCH.

We carry a full line of *TOILET* and other Articles usually kept in a First Class Drug Store.

Corner Mill and Commercial Streets,
SEATTLE, W. T.

GROCERIES!

The largest and best selected stock on Puget Sound on hand, and for sale cheap for Cash.

—FULL LINE OF—

**FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC
WINES AND LIQUORS.**

SKAGIT MINERS'

HEADQUARTERS

—AT—

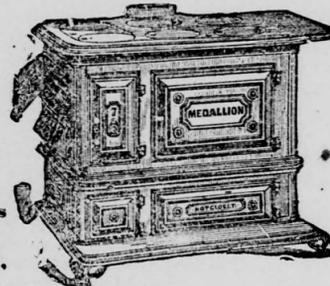
D. A. Jennings,

Two doors below the Eew England Hotel, Commercial Street,
SEATTLE, W. T.

Hugh Mc Aleer & Co.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

STOVES, RANGES, TINWARE,



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

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

MEDALION RANGE

—AND—

BUCK STOVE.

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Humoring Children.

It is good to humor them in all natural manifestations and cravings of their affections. A child hungry-hearted for love, is one of the saddest sights in the world. Hardly less pitiful is the condition of a little one who is perpetually repressed or discouraged in the sweet impulses that prompt it to give expression to its love. That way danger lies. The boy or girl will not easily go wrong whose arm is twined morning and night around mother's neck, or whose head is welcomed to its cuddling place on father's shoulder. It is on the side of their affections that children are most easily held and guided, and the firmest rein is the invisible, golden cord of love. It is good to humor children in following their natural bent in all right and helpful directions. Remember that education is only the leading out of powers and faculties that are within. Discourage, therefore, such inclinations toward books, studies, mechanics, music, out-of-door pursuits and healthful sports, as shall help most truly to develop your child. As education comes more and more to include the development of a natural aptitude, it will be more and more successful. It is good to humor your children in preserving their individuality, and in fostering a true self-respect. Teach them early the value of a dime and a dollar. If you can give them but five cents a week, tell them what it cost somebody in labor, and hold them strictly to their allowance. The philosophy of early training is to make the child father to the man—mother to the woman. The homely proverb, "As the twig is bent, the tree inclines," is not yet outgrown. It is as true now as in ancient times, that if some twigs are permitted to grow as they incline, the tree will be a crooked one.—*Golden Rule.*

A BAD PLAN.—It is unwise for a girl to pursue a young man. She can seldom, perhaps never, make a favorable impression on his heart by exhibiting an anxiety to do so. She must let him do all the wooing. Her heart is the citadel which he must besiege, and she must at least make a show of a spirited defence.

Hens fed on clear, sound grain, and kept on a clear grass run, give much finer flavored eggs than hens that have access to stable and manure heaps and eat all kinds of filthy food. Hens feeding on fish and on onions flavor their eggs accordingly, the same as cows eating onions or cabbage, or drinking offensive water, impart a bad taste to the milk and butter. The richer the food, the higher the color of the eggs. Wheat and corn give the best color, while feeding on buckwheat makes them colorless, making them unfit for some confectionary purposes.—*Poultry Yard.*

DELICIOUS LEMON PIE.—Grate the yellow rind of the lemon, and squeeze out the juice; beat the yolks of eight eggs with sixteen tablespoonsfuls of sugar and four of butter; add half a teaspoonful of sweet milk and the whites of four eggs beaten stiff; add the lemon and bake in a rich crust; beat the remaining four whites with two spoonfuls of sugar and some grated nutmeg. When the pies are done spread this over the top and brown lightly.

PRESERVED CITRONS.—Cut the citron around in slices, peel and remove the seeds, put in cold water to just cover, and cook slowly until you can easily run a broom splint in them, drain the water all off, weigh them; and put as many pounds of sugar as you have of citron, add sliced lemon, raisins and cloves, and cook half an hour.

CARPET CLEANING.—Carpets may be cleaned without taking up by sprinkling them over with moist tea-leaves and sweeping well. Then sprinkle Fuller's earth very thickly over the grease spots, cover them with a sheet of brown paper and iron with a warm smoothing iron until the spots disappear.

BEF TEA.—Beef tea for the sick is made by boiling a tender steak nicely, seasoning it with pepper and salt, cutting it up and pouring water over it, not quite boiling; put in a little water at a time and let it soak the goodness out; then heat it hot.

TO SWEETEN RANCID BUTTER.—Put fifteen drops of chloride of lime to a pint of cold water, and work the butter in until every particle has come in contact with the water; then work it over in pure cold water.

POUND CAKE.—Take two cups of sugar and two of butter rubbed well together; add the yolks of ten eggs, the whites beaten stiff, three cups of flour, two spoonfuls of baking powder, and lemon extract.

SWEET POTATO PUDDING.—Take five eggs, half a pound of butter, a quarter of a pound of sugar, add as much potato, previously boiled, as will thicken it, the juice and grated peel of one lemon.

COCONUT PUDDING.—To one large coconut, grated, add the whites of eight eggs, a quarter of a pound of sugar, quarter of a pound of butter, two spoonfuls of rose water; bake in paste.

GINGER SNAPS.—Six teaspoonfuls of lard, four of water, one of soda, one of ginger; put in a teaspoon; fill the cup with molasses; add sufficient flour to roll out thin and bake quickly.

PINK COLORING FOR CAKE.—One tablespoonful of beaten cochineal, one tablespoonful each of alum, soda and cream tartar; mix with one glass of boiling water. Strain and bottle.

Clothes lines should be well wiped and taken down after each wash. Gutta serena lines are the best.

How Gilt Edged Butter is Made.

Mr. J. K. Moreland, in the Albany *Cultivator*, has been spending a few days on a dairy farm of 140 acres of good meadow and pasture land, which is mostly arable, and without living springs. The stock are regularly watered three times a day from good water—oftener, if they need it. Two pastures are well supplied with good shade trees. These are rather under stock. The foundation of the herd were natives, improved by using good Ayrshire bulls; but now the very best strain of Jerseys is used, so that the herd is largely composed of half and three-quarter Jerseys. There are also half a dozen thoroughbred registered Jerseys. The writer says:

"The stock are kept in winter in warm stables, and fed all the early cut clover and timothy hay they will eat, with a little grain. Neither roots nor corn fodder are used. The cattle are fed frequently, and only a small quantity at a time. They are turned into the yard twice a day to drink and exercise; the stalls are kept well littered down with straw, and the droppings are removed twice a day. In fact, every precaution is observed to insure cleanliness in the dairy. The implements used are the best that can be procured. The milk pails are tin, and kept scrupulously sweet. The Cooley creamer is used for setting the milk. I think this is the most perfect arrangement of the kind I have ever seen. Eight or ten hours is sufficient time for all the cream to rise, and the cream and skimmed milk are then both sweet. Taking into consideration the neatness of the arrangement, the time in which it will do its work, and the ease with which it is managed, I do not think this creamer can be beaten. The churning is done every morning, in a dasher churn driven by dog power. All the work of handling the cream, churning, working the butter, and packing, is performed in a room as free from all odors as possible, and of a cool temperature. The butter is worked by hand and salted with Ashton salt.

On account of the proportion of Jersey blood in the dairy, the butter is necessarily of a good color, yet at times it has been advisable to color the butter to keep it up to the standard color. The butter is packed in tubs holding sixty pounds each. The tub is filled to within half an inch of the top, the surface is left perfectly smooth, and white cotton cloth is put over, covering the butter as closely as possible. Over this, and filling the tub level, is spread a paste made of salt and water, which hardens, completely excluding the air. The butter is not sold to private customers, but is sent to market every week and the highest price is always realized."

Value of Pekin Ducks.

I notice what C. B. said of Pekin ducks in a late issue of your paper, and must say that I was somewhat surprised at its contents, as C. B. said he had not tested their merits or demerits himself, consequently could not discuss the question as well as though he had tried them himself. Having had other varieties of ducks for several years past, and having a strong desire to try the Pekin ducks (from what was said of them as to their great laying propensities, also for the production of feathers), and not intending to breed for sale, in the fall of 1878 I purchased a trio of Pekins. During the fall I got a few eggs dropped in the pen where they were kept at night. They were wintered without any special care more than were given to the other fowls. In the last days of February they began to lay. The first few days they laid eggs about every other day, but soon we found two eggs in their pen every morning; they continued to lay thus regularly till about June 10th, when they showed a disposition to sit. I did not allow them to do this, and in the course of a week or two days they began to lay again, and continued laying till the last of August, when they stopped altogether. Just how many eggs they laid I cannot tell, as I kept no account. So far as a single year's trial goes, I think that their laying qualities have not been overrated. It is possible that they may not continue to do as well in the future. Our ducks have the run of the barnyard, through which a small stream of water runs, and some days they roam up or down the stream for a few yards each way. Every night when they came to their pen they had a feed of corn. In the morning they would not eat any corn, but went at once for the water, where they remained during the day. I have given them no more care than I have always given other varieties which I kept. I never had any other sort that would lay half as many eggs in a season, and I think where eggs are considered of any value for cooking purposes, the Pekin duck will be the best variety.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

At length the Niagara hackman has found his match. One of these men recently bargained with two visitors at the Falls to take them "all around" for a dollar. But when he finished the trip he insisted on no less than eight dollars, which finally was paid, under protest. The visitors, however, concluded not to leave Niagara at once. They put up at a hotel; they caused the hackman to be arrested, and the case was brought to trial. A judgment was rendered against him of the eight dollars, the hotel bill of the two young men—who happened to be lawyers—together with costs, amounting to between forty and fifty dollars. A few such lessons as this would be useful to exorbitant and dishonest hackmen throughout the country.

The Cross-Evans Marriage.

Mr. Cross, whom George Eliot has married; is said to be about thirty-eight years of age; George Eliot is about sixty. A few years ago he made the acquaintance of Mr. Lewes and Miss Evans. Their pleasant country house, Whitley, was near Weybridge, where Mr. Cross resided. Mr. Cross is a city man, a sort of banker, but not remarkable for wealth; he has a house at Chelsea, where the pair will probably reside, so that "The Priory" will be left as the monument of its rich associations. If Mrs. Cross has startled one portion of the community by showing that she had no transcendental theory about marriage, and so given cause for people to remember that the real Mrs. Lewes is still living, she has equally amazed another part by choosing to be married in a church—the most fashionable church, too, in London—St. George's, Hanover Square. Here was the reputed high priestess of positivism, kneeling before a clergyman, and pronouncing after him that she will live "after the Lord's holy ordinance." She who has not believed in any deity but humanity for over twenty years! There has, indeed, been a good deal of compliance of that kind in this country. The late Prof. Clifford, however, when he was almost compelled by family reasons to be married in church, boldly deviated from what the clergyman bade him say, and said, "After man's holy ordinance." But it is difficult to imagine that any family pressure could have been put on George Eliot, and we do not hear that the service was varied by or for her. There was a report that she was married in the name of Lewes, but that is not true; the signature is "Marian Evans, spinster." It is a rather hard thing for her admirers to have their idol come down from her pedestal, and to hear it said that the marriage in a church was meant to try and recover a conventional respectability. Were this the object she might have been better advised. She can never gain from the conventional what she has lost among the unconventional. It really cares for what she has treated up to the age of sixty as social bubbles. Those who know Mr. Cross say that he is a handsome, attractive and intelligent man. He is well and favorably known, both in London and New York, as a business man. He has no pretensions to literary or scholarly abilities. He has for some time now attended to the finances of the lady he has married. His friends, equally with hers, appear to have been taken by surprise. The marriage was attended by the group who generally look in when a marriage is going on in St. George's Church. Immediately afterward the pair went on a tour on the Continent, where they are expected to remain several months.—*M. D. Conway's London Letter.*

Fun and the Census.

The "Humors of the Census," next to "Political Notes" and the "Humors of the Campaign," will demand the attention of the newspaper reader this season. They have even now started in their summer jaunt and will visit the principal cities and towns of the United States. We have already the woman under forty, with four husbands in the grave and a fifth who wishes he was; and the woman who, when asked how many children she has, says, "wait till I count them." She remembers twelve. The census-taker calls out "any more?" and then she wants to know if twelve isn't enough and how many it will take to satisfy him.

The New York *Tribune*, however, has struck a new vein, which, were it not for practical obstacles, might be worked with satisfaction and advantage. It gives the mistakes and "humors" of the census-takers. These it will be hard to get, for the simple reason that the authors of them are not likely to report them. A Brooklyn householder made out a list in anticipation of the census call, but the enumerator insisted on the wife's answering all the questions just the same. He asked her what her sex was, and what her color was, and on seeing her three boys, inquired, "If the boys were all males?" Four times he asked the occupation of a sister, and on being informed that she had none, but was supported by her brother, declared that the law made no provisions for such characters, and threatened to report her to the authorities at Washington. One of the members of the family was reported as a "journalist." The census-taker had never heard of such a thing, but guessed that he must be a machinist or a railroad man. The term was then translated, "newspaper man." He heaved an "O!" of relief and asked: "Is that his news-stand at the corner?" The fellow evidently escaped immortality in the pages of Dickens or Mark Twain.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The last *mot* of Dumas: Speaking of a belle of former days, he said to a friend, "Poor Madame de V. Chatting with her the other day, she brought my youth back to me; but, *hélas!*" the wicked man added, "she did not bring back hers!"

A Detroit Alderman brags that he "remembers in his youth being held on Andrew Jackson's knee." What we now want to know is, whether Andrew used a shingle or his hand.—*[Boston Post.]*

There are 43,000 postoffices in the United States—an average of almost one postoffice to every one thousand inhabitants.

The Sagacity of a Poodle.

The following refreshing story about the sagacity and *savoir faire* of a poodle dog is also wafted from across the sea: "A blind beggar was lately in the habit of frequenting the Pont des Sts. Peres, in Paris, where he used to station himself with a clarinet and a very intelligent poodle. The place was well chosen, and charitable contributions poured into the little wooden bowl which the dog held in his mouth. One day the blind man, who had reached an advanced age, was not to be seen. He had fallen ill, in fact, and was unable to pursue his avocation. His faithful companion, however, continued to frequent the accustomed spot, and the passers by, to whom he was familiar, understood that his master was unwell, and, touched by his fidelity, dropped their pence into his bowl with increased numbers. After a time the beggar went the way of all flesh, an event which the wily poodle carefully kept to himself until he also became an absentee from the Pont des Sts. Peres. His disappearance produced a great sensation among his numerous clientele, and a search was prosecuted, when the poor animal was found lying dead in a cellar near his former master's abode, a sum of 20,000 francs in bonds of the Orleans Railway, being discovered under the litter on which he was stretched."

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.—Many of the women who are clamoring for their "rights" might be taught a lesson from these few words, written by the mother of several children, who says: "I devoted myself to the charge of my nursery. I attended to the physical and mental needs of my young children. The work was laborious, but it has repaid me. They are healthy, brave, honest, and frank; they are cursed with none of the small vices contracted by intimate intercourse with persons of inferior intelligence, and they are self-sustaining at an early period. Neither pert nor precocious, they ripen early to judgment and common sense, and I believe that the careful tillage of my own little field has produced a harvest worth the labor."

Several benevolent persons are raising funds for the establishment in Washington, D. C., of a home for sick women whose circumstances do not enable them to secure suitable care. Owing to the character of the population of Washington, largely made up of lady clerks of small means, and dependent for support upon the favor of persons in power, an institution such as is proposed, will find a useful and needed work. The home will be under the care of Miss Rebecca S. Hart, a graduate of the Bellevue Training School for nurses, and she will be assisted by some of the female physicians of the capital.

The Cologne *Gazette* states that the towers of Cologne Cathedral are now the highest in the world, the height they have attained being five feet higher than the tower of St. Nicholas' Church, in Hamburg, which has hitherto been the highest edifice. Ultimately they will be fifty-one feet ten inches higher. The following are given as the heights of the chief lofty buildings in the world: Tower of Cologne Cathedral, 524 feet 11 inches from the pavement of the cloisters, or 515 feet 1 inch from the floor of the church; tower of St. Nicholas, at Hamburg, 473 feet 1 inch; cupola of St. Peter's, Rome, 469 feet 2 inches; cathedral spire at Strasburg, 465 feet 11 inches; pyramid of Cheops, 449 feet 5 inches; tower of St. Stephen's, Vienna, 443 feet 10 inches; tower of St. Martin's, Landslut, 434 feet 8 inches; cathedral spire at Freiburg, 410 feet 1 inch; cathedral of Antwerp, 404 feet 10 inches; cathedral of Florence, 390 feet 5 inches; St. Paul's, London, 365 feet 1 inch; ridge tiles of Cologne Cathedral, 360 feet 3 inches; cathedral tower of Magdeburg, 339 feet 11 inches; tower of the new Votive Church at Vienna, 314 feet 11 inches; tower of the Rathaus at Berlin, 288 feet 8 inches, and the towers of Notre Dame, at Paris, 282 feet 11 inches.

BETTER THAN EXPECTED.—It is said of General Grant, when at Green Bay, Wis., recently, that he met a man making an effort to walk fast with a shockingly bad-looking home-made wooden leg. The General stopped him and asked how he lost his leg. The man replied, "in the army." The General then asked him why he did not get a better leg, to which he replied that he was poor, and had a large family and could not afford it. The General handed him \$25 with the remark that it would help him to get a better leg. The man expressed his gratitude over and over, and said he was on his way to see General Grant, and when that was accomplished his happiness would be complete. The General extended his hand with the remark, "You now see General Grant," when the soldier extended both hands and embraced the General, his tears showing his joy and gratitude.

The will of the late Miss Elizabeth B. Learned, of Oxford, Massachusetts, a maiden lady sixty years old, whose mother still lives at the age of ninety years, provides that after the mother's death the testator's property, \$10,000, shall be invested as a permanent fund, the income of which shall be distributed annually to indigent widows, maiden ladies and orphans who are actually legal inhabitants of Oxford.

One soldier killed another at Fort Stockton, and for punishment was forced, under a strong guard, to dig his victim's grave.

Intelligence Items.

General Grant's income is reported to be \$9,000 a year.

The census gives Minneapolis, Minn., a population of 48,323.

The present British Parliament contains about 150 non-Episcopalians.

Georgia has one patch containing three and a half million watermelons.

The Chicago *Tribune* now spells have "hav," and favorite without an e.

John Bright thinks Gladstone's tenure of office is likely to last five or six years.

A vein of gold four inches thick has been opened in one of the streets of Dahlonega, Ga.

The waiters at one of the hotels at Rye Beach, N. H., this summer are all students at Dartmouth College.

The New York *Herald* says that every hot Sunday at least a quarter of a million people visit the various excursion resorts in and around New York?

Faribault, Minn., lays claim to having the oldest horse in the country. It is a forty-six year old nag, a descendant of the original Justin Morgan.

President Grovy has granted pardons and commutations of sentence to more than 1,300 common law criminals in the home and colonial prisons.

The Grand Encampment of Knights Templar, of the United States, will hold the twenty first triennial convocation in Chicago, commencing August 17th.

The height of the summit of Mount Diablo has just been established by Professor Davidson, of the Coast Survey, at 3,848.63 feet above the tide level.

The Lord Mayor of London has had the courage to prohibit the use of tobacco within the limits of his official residence. His ambition will not end in smoke.

The Milwaukee (Wis.) *Christian Statesman* says that "when New York smiles, a laugh pervades the country, and when she puts on a sour face, the Mississippi Valley has dyspepsia."

The new oath for the French soldiers contains no reference to the Deity or Republic. It will be sworn on the 14th of July, and is as follows: "In the name of the regiment, I swear on my honor to remain faithful to the constitution, and to defend this flag until death."

What a cloud of witnesses to the value of the Normal College in this city will be the three hundred and fifty-six young ladies who, arrayed in garments white, recently received licenses to teach from President Hunter, of the Board of Education!—*[New York Paper.]*

The immigration received at the port of New York during the first six months of 1880 shows a larger total by 19,000 than the same period in 1872, which until now had stood as the highest figure of the past twenty-five years. The total for the past six months is 177,000, or more than three times the number of those who came during the same period last year.

A farmer in Benton township, Cass county, a few days ago, found in one of his fields a written contract which had been made between two parties at Wheeler's Grove, Pottawattamie county. It is supposed that the paper was carried there by the recent storm, the distance traveled being over forty miles.

SHE VISITED A PRINTING OFFICE.—She came into the office smiling, and radiantly beautiful. George, a handsome young tyro, and she were engaged; and George had case. About a galley of solid nonpareil on his case, which he was about to lock up and prove. George, blushing like a girl, shook her hand and called her his lovely darling. She eyed the galley and smiled sweeter than ever.

"Daddy, dear," she said, still eyeing the galley of nonpareil, "are those the things you print with?"

"Yes, darling!" said Daddy, feelingly.

She swept her taper, jeweled fingers over the matter, squabbling the entire galley.

"Bless you, my darling!" said George, chokingly, the sweat pouring down his face.

"Why, Daddy, dear," said she, "it's all in little pieces, ain't it?"

"Yes, love," said George, gently taking her little hand and leading her towards the door.

"Good-by, darling," he said.

"By-by; be sure to come to-night."

"Dear me," she soliloquized, "how George loves me! He nearly sobbed when I touched those funny little thimblings!"

George, moodily: "I wish all women were in heaven!"

"What's the matter, my dear?" said a kind wife to her husband, who had sat for half an hour with his face buried in his hands, and apparently in great tribulation. "Oh, I don't know; I've felt like a fool all day." "Well," said his wife, consolingly, "you look the very picture of what you feel."

Pincher, a dog, was lost just after a traveling party left Leipzig. Ten days after the party reached Berlin, the dog appeared ragged and gaunt. The distance from Leipzig to Berlin is about 100 miles. The dog had never been over the road.

A Summer Day.

The flowers lay sleeping beneath the dew—
But the mother had watched the whole night
through.

The wild sweet carol of one small bird
Was the sound that the weary watcher heard.
And the summer dawn grew into the morn,
And still she sat weeping beside her first born.

Life was fading from cheek and brow,
And the mother's heart was hopeless now.
Not one sound in the chamber of death
Was heard—save the maiden's laboring breath.

No word of murmur the mother spake;
Silent and calm are the hearts that break.
Morning passed—and the noon so still
Bathed in warm loveliness wood and hill.

Slumbers airt from the west went by,
And the mother watched for the child to die.

Afternoon came—and the maiden lay
Lifeless and soulless—a mold of clay!

Rain came down as from eyes that wept,
Watching was over—the maiden slept.

Through the quiet falling of evening rain
The bird's soft carol stole in again!

Then the mother said: "Tis a message for me,
To tell me, O child, 'tis well with thee!"

And the summer day ended, for "late or long,
Every day wearth to even-song."

—Chambers' Journal.

Court of Louis XIV.

Louis XIV. was more magnificently frivolous than his father. He was free from the ridicule which attached to Louis XIII., who allowed himself to be brow-beaten by his miserable favorites whenever he was not under the spell of Richelieu's overpowering will; but in some ways—especially in his exhibition to his intimates of an extravagant and vulgar curiosity—he was almost equally ridiculous in the eyes of his contemporaries, while the formal ceremony which he introduced into his daily life must seem to us absurd rather than stately. To be sure this ceremony was not invented by him, and there is a story that when he was a boy, his mother, Anne of Austria, had him whipped frequently, and that once, feeling worried with the formal respect paid to him by everybody, he said that he would gladly give up all the honor and glory of the pompous ceremony if he might also give up his floggings. Even his getting up was regulated by an exactitude which we may vainly hope to see introduced into a code of law. A solemn rule was inscribed in the *Traite des Droits* to this effect: "When the king first gets up, the grand chamberlain, or the first gentleman of the chamber, or whatever great officer next in dignity may be present, offers his majesty a dressing-gown, the weight which is supported by the first groom of the chambers. When his majesty puts on his shirt, the first groom of the chambers helps him with the right sleeve—the first groom of the wardrobe with the left." Other officers of the court were intrusted with the more pleasing duty of arranging the dresses for the masks, balls, and comedies which were given at the court. There was a special official whose duty it was to look after the king's cravat. Putting on his cravat was the business of the master of the wardrobe, but it was laid down that in all cases, if after the cravat was put on there seemed to be anything unsatisfactory about it, the cravatier might, in the absence of any superior officer, touch it and arrange it with his own hands. Privileges of this sort were jealously sought after. It was a special right of the first master of the household to present himself with the king's broth in the morning, if the king sent for broth. When the king went hunting, it was the master of the hunt's sole privilege to put into his hands a staff with which to guard himself from overhanging branches. There is of course nothing curious in the fact that these things were done, and done with a sense of honor and gratification by people about the king; but what is curious is that the doing of them should have been made into a kind of religious service—that there should have been jealousies and heartburnings about the smallest of these privileges—and that the assignment to one person of the care of the king's right shirt-sleeve and to another of his left shirt-sleeve should have been made with as much pomp and importance as the appointment to the highest state offices. There was one curious touch of nature associated with all this tedious ceremony. While the most brilliant and most powerful men in the kingdom were waiting at the king's door before his rising, there was one person who went in before the grand chamberlain, before the first groom of the chambers, before the whole crowd of cardinals, marshals and ministers, who waited respectfully for his majesty's signal that he was awake and ready to receive them. This person was the king's old nurse, whom he always embraced affectionately before betaking himself to the toilsome formalities of the day.

Meanwhile all this attention to ceremonious detail did nothing to alleviate the appalling grossness of manners and conversation which had existed in the time of the former king. Things which happily would now appear outrageous were said, written and done by people of the highest birth and education. The fastidious observance of a ceremonial code of court fashions had no relation to what is now regarded as the most rudimentary principle of good manners—that is, the pretense if not the reality of a wish to spare other persons' feelings. For instance, when

Mazarin was dying, people played at cards in his room up to the last moment, and courtiers who a few days before had trembled at his nod, vied with each other in saying the bitterest things that they could to him. Mazarin himself supported these brutalities with admirable coolness, which was exemplified when some one brought him the news that a comet had appeared. "The comet does me honor," said the cardinal. Brienne, on the same occasion, went to see Mazarin, to whom he was much attached. "Brienne," said the cardinal, in tones which seemed to seek for consolation and sympathy, "I am dying." "So I see, monseigneur," replied Brienne. Anne of Austria got a similar and yet more brutal reply to similar words addressed by her to a devoted follower on her death-bed, and it would be more easy than pleasant to give many examples of the strange want of what we now call decency which accompanied extravagant attention to pedantic forms of decorum.

In the splendor of his establishment Louis XIV. was far from falling below that of his father, or rather that of Richelieu, for in Louis XIII.'s reign the most striking and magnificent entertainments were those given by the great cardinal. Balls and comedies were given in rapid succession at Louis XIV.'s court, but without any kind of reference to the fitness of the occasion. When Anne of Austria was desperately ill, only ten days before her death, the king presided with great gaiety at the nuptials of Mlle. d'Artigny. The betrothal feast took place at the Palais Royal, while the queen-mother was expiring at the Louvre, and thus, as Barriere says, "On melait les apprêts, la pompe et la joie d'une noce aux angoisses d'une agonie." In Madame de Motteville's "Memoirs" it is related that the queen-mother sent for the king and pointed out the impropriety of his conduct, not so much on her account as on his own. She told him he should reflect that the people might be irritated against him if they saw him amusing himself at a time when she was hourly threatened with death. This was not the only chagrin the poor queen had. It was brought to her knowledge that while she lay dying, the king and his brother were already quarreling in the next room over the distribution of her pearls and diamonds. What the queen thought of this is not recorded, but she made excuses for her son's heartless behavior in the other matter by saying that allowances must be made for the impulsiveness of youth. The king himself used to appear in the ballets which were given in court, and for which verses were written by Benserade—verses of a kind which would not now be tolerated upon any stage, although then they were spoken in a brilliant theater to a brilliant audience, by the greatest ladies and gentlemen of the day.

In the early days of Louis XIII.'s reign, the parliament complained of the gross extravagance of making kitchen apparatus in gold and silver. The officer in which the king's spoons, forks and knives were kept, to avoid the chance of their being poisoned, were made of exquisitely-engraved gold, and yet with all this there was an extraordinary squallor and parsimony. Madame de Motteville has recorded that the queen's maids-of-honor had no tables provided for them at the palace. "After the queen's supper," she writes, "we ate up whatever she had left in a scrambling fashion, using her napkin and the remnants of her bread." When in 1645, the second year of Louis XIV.'s reign, the Polish ambassadors came on a mission to court, his majesty intended to give them a grand banquet, which was unfortunately marred by something going wrong with the soup, and when later on the guests went away, they had to grope their way through the darkness of rooms and corridors, which the servants had neglected to light. On a later occasion, at a banquet given to the Spanish envoys, the dishes were rifled on their way to table by the officers of the king's household, so that when they were set before the guests they were only half full. Again, the complaint of parliament referred to about the reckless employment of gold and silver was followed by an edict, which was constantly disregarded, against having the floors of houses and the bodies of chariots covered with gilding, and while these gilded chariots rolled through Paris, no such thing as a glass coach, that is, a carriage with glass windows, had been seen or thought of. Outside Paris, communication between one place and another was most difficult, and hotel accommodation was so bad that Madame de Sevigne, who never she traveled from place to place, had her bed carried with her on a pack-horse.

In Paris itself, a person standing in front of the palace and garden of the Tuileries, and wishing to cross the Seine, would have found no means of doing so but a miserable wooden bridge, and he would have found the streets guarded by chains. The streets themselves were so dirty that no one thought of setting foot in them without putting on high boots, and the air which passed through these streets was so vile that a certain Dr. Courtois, living in the Rue des Marmousets, in the time of Louis XIV., found every morning that the bronze fire-dogs in his dining-room, which looked on the street, were coated with verdigris. In the daytime the streets were crowded with mendicants, exhibiting all the horrors of their real or feigned maladies. At night they were lit only by lamps, which only honest folk lit and rogues as quickly put out. Then the place was given up

w ruffianism of every sort. People were robbed of their purses, even of their cloaks, if they were compelled to venture out on foot, and they were generally glad enough if they got home alive. Thieves and gallants climbed into houses by the aid of rope-ladders; people corresponding to the English Mohocks beat the watch, added to the general disorder, and made it more easy for the hired bravo to ply his hideous trade. Murderous robbers, disguised as cake-sellers, enticed the innocent passer-by to look at their wares, and while he was looking, stunned, or more often killed, him and then emptied his pockets. So great was the disorder caused by the entire want of any police arrangements, that so late as 1663, when Louis XIV. had for some time past made his authority felt by the dangerous classes, it was a common thing for people to be kidnaped in the streets. The corruption which existed among the great officers of the state was on a par with the horrible savagery which those who should have cared if they were content to let alone so long as they could fill their own pockets.—N. Y. Home Journal.

Love Locks.

A charming young lady of this city recently made a visit to friends in a neighboring town. While absent she also made a conquest, in short, made a mash as complete as though an improved lawn mower had been rolled over the victim. The sadly-affected swain followed his fair innamorata upon her promenades, drives and visits, and when at length she was comfortably ensconced in the homeward-bound train, what was her astonishment to find her admirer complacently beaming upon her from a neighboring seat. He was soon drawn closer by the mysterious magnet of love, and time and distance were quickly annihilated so far as the love-sick swain was concerned, by the sweet old story that he poured into rather an indifferent ear. Away the iron horse sped over the miles that were soon to separate the lady and her nearly pulverized companion. In the meantime, old Morpheus, whom time or change has failed to rob of his wooing charms, was drawing ominously near. It is useless for lovers of any age or condition to enter the field in an attempt to outwail his seductive influence. The weary young lady laid her head upon the old charmer's bosom, as it were, while the airy nothings that were being poured in a steady stream into her ear passed from a gentle murmur into silence. The young lady was sound asleep and the lover soon discovered that his soft words were but sweetness wasted on the desert air. He also came to a realizing sense that the same condition might exist even in the waking moments of his charmer. In fact, after a careful retrospect of their brief acquaintance, he became satisfied that the sooner he could apply a plaster to his wounded heart the better it would be for all concerned. The play of "Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady," is full of fine effects upon the mimic stage, but upon that of real life, in nine cases out of ten, it don't work worth a cent. Something after this fashion argued the discouraged and disconsolate lover. He made up his mind to waste no more time in wooing so unappreciative a sweetheart, and drawing from his vest pocket a pair of dainty scissors, he separated a tress from the braided hair and clipped it from the head of the unconscious sleeper. Just at this point the whistle sounded, and with a sudden lunge the cars were brought up standing at a wayside station, also bringing the young lady down from her flight to the world of dreams. "Good-bye," said the would-be lover. "I shall return to E— by the train that will pass here in half an hour. You will forgive me that I have stolen this little souvenir while you were sleeping. It will be dear to me when you have forgotten me." Here he clasped the lady's hand in a tender farewell pressure, thrust the tress of hair in his pocket and was gone. There was nothing so appalling in the tender pressure of a hand or the words of significance spoken, but the lady's face wore a frightened expression as she made a bee line for the toilet-room at the end of the car. Hair-pins were quickly pulled out and ribbons untied when down tumbled a pound more or less of long sniken hair—upon the floor. It was quickly gathered up and then came words of anger and surprise. Great heavens! he has ruined my mother's thirty-dollar switch. Sure enough the desperate lover had cut from the false locks one that he supposed to be the natural growth from his beloved's head, and is probably now wearing it as closely as he can estimate, in the region of his heart, and often, no doubt, pressing it with many fond recollections to his handsomely mustached lips. Where ignorance is bliss, it is folly to be wise, and if the young man finds consolation in the possession of some deceased or poverty-pushed female's departed and crowning glory, tis well. In the meantime, a certain fair-haired lady of this city is bewailing the disaster that has rilled her handsome and costly switch of a luxurious lock.—Dubuque Times.

Many things in this world must be done, not by reason, but by justice. For instance, driving chickens, folding a newspaper in the wind, trying on a pair of new shoes or managing a political delegation.

At the beginning of the present century there were 300,000 copies of the Bible in existence; since then 115,000,000 more have been printed.

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Mail and Telegraph.

Masonic Tournament.

The gathering of Knights Templars at Chicago, is the grandest assemblage ever witnessed in this country. A telegraphic dispatch dated Chicago, Aug. 18, says:

At 11 o'clock this forenoon it was estimated that there were 40,000 people on the grounds. The competitive drill has not yet commenced. Commanderies are slow in reporting. The heat is intense. The competitive drill of the Knights Templar at the Jockey Club grounds brought out 25,000 people. The following commanderies participated: Ivanhoe, St. Louis, mounted; Demotai, of Grand Rapids, Michigan, mounted; Monroe, of Rochester, New York; Damascus, of St. Paul; Raper, of Indianapolis; Oriental, of Cleveland; Demotai, of Louisiana; Reed, of Dayton, Ohio, and Bayard, of Stillwater, Minnesota. The first military display was made by Monroe commandery, of Rochester. Their evolutions elicited great applause from the waiting thousands. The others followed. The judges retired and after mature consideration awarded prizes. The commanderies drilled thirty minutes each. The prizes were swords, belts, drinking sets, commandery jewels, etc. The several participants in the drill were much affected by the heat, but none were prostrated during the day. Rumors of the death of a Sir Knight from heat was incorrect. Some 200 are under their tents, and a number temporarily delirious, but there has been only one fatal case yet reported. Geo. Firth, of Coldwater, Michigan, and a member of Jacobs commandery, number ten, was prostrated by heat and dysentery when he first arrived, and died early this morning. His body was escorted to the depot by Apollo commandery. He was a prominent man.—To night all the theatres gave free entertainments to the Knights and their ladies. They were filled to their full capacity.—After the theatres closed, there was a concert of ten pieces, at the close of that, a grand display of fireworks was made. These pyrotechnics were given on a larger scale than ever before attempted in his city.

AUGUSTA, Aug. 17.—Ex-Governor Herschel V. Johnson died at his residence in Jefferson county last night, aged 68.

EUREKA, Aug. 17.—At 10 o'clock this morning a fire broke out on the east side of Main street just south of Odd Fellow's building. It spread rapidly and traveled over substantially the same ground as the great fire of a year ago. The loss is even more, as the building were better and newer. The fire extended south on Maud street to Gold street, and swept everything to the northward. The wind was blowing a gale. Among the prominent buildings and institutions destroyed may be mentioned the following: Mau's brewery, Leader printing office, Odd Fellow's building, Jackson House, gutted but standing, International Hotel, Theater and all intervening buildings, save Paxton & Co.'s bank, Richard Folley's building and Jack Perry's corner. It is impossible to form any estimate of losses, but the amount must be about \$1,000,000. All of the private residences on Spring, Buel and Paul streets, north of the Episcopal church, were consumed. There can be no doubt that many families are left destitute.

LONDON, Aug. 17.—Emigration returns from Liverpool show an increase of 5,000 compared with July 1879. Thirteen thousand emigrants went to America.—All cabins on steamers now leaving Liverpool for New York and for some weeks to come, are fully engaged. Additional steamships will be run to accommodate returning tourists.

INDIANAPOLIS, Aug. 16.—J. C. Walker, a son of Dr. Walker of this city, shot and killed a notorious burglar, Bill Rodifer, in his father's residence about 3 o'clock this morning. Rodifer served several terms in the penitentiary from Shelby county, and was but recently pardoned for good conduct. Mrs. Walker was awakened by a noise in the house, and discovered that some one was under the bed where her husband slept. Mrs. Walker quickly notified her son in an adjoining room. In the mean time Rodifer, finding he was discovered, attempted to make his escape and fired his pistol at Dr. Walker, missing him. He was backing out of the house, covering the doctor with his pistol and knife. Before reaching the door young Walker came to the rescue and fired, killing Rodifer instantly.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 17.—John Buchanan, dean of the Eclectic Medical College, under heavy bail to answer charges of fraud in having issued medical diplomas, drowned himself at 1 o'clock this a. m. He jumped from the ferry boat between this city and Camden. The body has not been recovered. The harbor police have been dragging the Delaware river for the body, but without success. A ferry hand says that when he last saw the doctor he was striking out lively for the lower end of Windmill island.

BALTIMORE, Aug. 14.—Fifty-five young women took the black veil in the convent of Norte Dame at Goomanstown near this city. Trains from Baltimore to Goomanstown were crowded in the morning with relatives and friends of the postulants. The ceremony was imposing, impressive and witnessed by a crowded congregation.

DROWNED.—Miss Eva Burbank, an estimable young lady of Washington county, Oregon, the only child of her parents, was drowned while bathing in the surf at Ilwaco beach, on Sunday the 15th. In referring to the drowning of Miss Burbank, the Portland Telegram says: "She was born in 1861, at Monticello, then a thriving pioneer town of Washington Territory, where her parents resided for several years. A few years subsequent to her birth the shifting and capricious river Cowlitz changed its channel during a freshet, carrying with it the greater portion of the buildings of the town and totally obliterating the site upon which her father's house, the only hotel in the place, stood. In connection with her sad and sudden death by the merciless waves, a statement made by her mother when speaking of her only and idolized daughter during the sunny days of her joyous childhood that Eva had no birthplace, the spot where she was born being now about the middle of the channel of the Cowlitz river, is remembered. Sad indeed will be the sequel if the cruel waves forbid that she has a burial place.

John J. Murphey, a cripple, of 156 Prince street, one of the United States census enumerators, was held for examination to-day by U. S. Commissioner Shields on a charge of making out false and fictitious census returns in violation of United States statutes. As residents of 119½ Green street, a house of ill fame, he had entered James A. Garfield of Ohio, bookkeeper; Chester A. Arthur of New York, collector; Edward Cooper of New York, glue maker; James Conkling of New York, liquor store proprietor; Jas. Blaine of Maine, stockbroker; Samuel Tilden of New York, money broker, and Lewis Sanford of New York, cook. The prisoner says he was given these names by the people in the house, but the residents there say they gave him their proper names and that Murphey must have altered them. The penalty of the offense is \$5,000 fine and two years' imprisonment.

Sheridan's First Victory.

It was in November 1858. The Indians had attacked the block-house at the Middle Cascades, and had the inmates badly whipped and in imminent danger of being massacred at any moment. A courier was sent flying away to Vancouver, where Sheridan held the fort at that time, calling for immediate assistance.—Everything about the post was thrown into great commotion in the hurry and bustle of speedy departure. Sheridan ordered an old-fashioned iron cannon to be placed on board a little steamer, and, in a remarkably short space of time, was steaming away up the Columbia. Arriving at the Cascades, the cannon was put on shore and taken to position on the bank of the river in the range of the beleaguered block-house, which was surrounded by yelling savages. In the excitement of the moment the gun was placed near the bank and loaded very heavily. The order was given, a fearful boom, which crashed and groaned thro' out the mountains, was heard, the cannon kicked over the bluff and went splashing into the Columbia, twenty feet below. The artillery was silenced, and Sheridan stood perplexed. His chagrin was turned to joy as he beheld the savages running with all their speed for the mountains, yelling as only savages could. They had never before heard the report of a cannon, and imagined the judgment day had come. Sheridan won his first victory, saving the lives of those in the block-house, and probably many others,

as one success of the hostiles would have caused a raid down the river. Some of the men said the Indians did not quit running until they had crossed Snake river in Idaho.

A Hartford young man boarded a horse car the other day with a bunch of three roses. One was white, one was green, and one was of a delicate flesh-colored tint. These flowers attracted the attention of the passengers, both ladies and gentlemen. One lady remarked that she had seen the buds of the green rose, another said she had seen the green rose itself, but had never seen any so perfect and lovely as this one. The flesh-colored one was also commented upon and praised. Finally the young man volunteered the information that they were all white in the morning, and that this coloring was done by putting the stem of one into green ink and the other into red ink. Although the leaves were beautifully colored, the coloring would not rub off. It only required ten minutes to change the color.

The brilliant campaign article of a brilliant Indiana editor closed with these words. "The battle is now opened."—The compositor spelled battle with an "O." It is unfortunately true that in politics the battle and bottle are often opened at the same time. The open bottle is thought particularly necessary in a close contest. An excited campaign, or something even more exciting to many people. We have a law by which saloons are closed on election days. This is good. It would be better to close them during the entire canvass.

A colored woman inaugurated a new enterprise at Des Moines the day of Barnum's show. She had an arbor of boughs fitted up on one of the approaches to the tent, and here the colored sisters checked their "pickaninnies" and left them while they went to the show. At one time there were three or four dozen of the little curly tops ranged along the seats, making it all look like a black-bird's nest.

A shrewd little fellow lived with an uncle who barely afforded him the necessities of life. One day the two were out walking together and saw a very thin grayhound, and the man asked his nephew what made the dog so poor. "I expect he lives with his uncle," said the boy.

Hayes is expected in San Francisco soon. The Chinamen are jubilant.

Albert M. Snyder

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

Soldiers' Additional Homesteads.

Every soldier, sailor or marine who served for not less than 90 days in the Army or Navy of the United States "during the recent rebellion," and who was honorably discharged, if he has entered less than 160 acres of land under the provisions of the 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 \$1.25 or \$2.50 land that is not mineral land. The right attaches, without settlement or improvement, at once on filing the scrip in any district land office, to the exclusion of any subsequent claim under any law. I have the official blanks furnished by the Government and can obtain them at short notice. Orders for certificates already issued taken by me, and can be furnished on deposit of money at the following rates: 120-acre-pieces, \$3.85 per acre; 80-acre pieces, \$3.75 per acre; 40-acre pieces, \$4.38 per acre.

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WEEKLY

Puget Sound Dispatch.

BERIAH BROWN, Publisher.

VOLUME 8, NUMBER 1.

SEATTLE, WASH. TERR'Y.

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