

Puget Sound Dispatch.

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NO. 2.

Puget Sound Dispatch.

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What Makes a Statesman.

The Milwaukee *Sentinel*, the leading Republican organ of Wisconsin, sums up the public character of the late Senator Chandler as follows:

"He never rose above party, but he also never sank below it. While he never considered the welfare of the country aside from the party, he also never considered his own welfare at the expense of the party. He was never accused of a selfish act, of sacrificing the interests of the party to his private aims. If he ever did unscrupulous things it was for the party and not for himself, and under the belief that any means were justified by the defeat of the Democratic party which he hated with his whole heart."

This is undoubtedly the best that can truthfully be said of the distinguished Senator, and that leaves him considerably short of a great statesman; in fact, no man who views every public measure from an exclusive party stand-point can ever become a great statesman, hardly a reliable patriot; for statesmanship often requires concession and compromise, and patriotism the subordination of party to country. Chandler could do neither.—President Hays happily said: "He serves his party best who best serves his country." Chandler regarded his country as not worth saving without his party ascendancy was assured. "Without a little blood letting the Union is not worth preserving;" was one of his public declarations. This was pending the Peace Congress called for by the State of Virginia, endorsed by Secretary Seward in behalf of the Lincoln Administration and supported by the conservative elements of both sections, North and South, then representing a large majority of the popular vote of the country, and was defeated by the uncompromising opposition of the radicals on either side cooperating to that end; one side avowing hostility to union with slave-holders, and the other to union with abolitionists. Thus was the "irrepressible conflict" long before announced by Mr. Seward, brought to a deadly issue against the wishes and sober judgment of a vast majority of the American people and the influence of the Administration, Senator Chandler being one of the most prominent figures in defeating compromise and inciting the conflict. It may be said that the conflict was inevitable; that the conservative policy could have only postponed, not settled, the question at issue, which civil war alone could determine. That question is not now under consideration.—We are speaking only of the impelling forces which produced the result.

Senator Chandler belonged to a peculiar type of American politicians, of which Ethan Allen, Israel Putnam, Ben. Wade and Thad. Stevens were representatives; men of large brains, robust frames, unconquerable will, tireless vigilance and endurance, with small mental culture and utterly destitute of the sentiment of veneration for anything human or divine; they literally feared neither God, man, nor the devil, nor permitted their judgments to be influenced by any feeling of respect for the statesmen who preceded them, and they inspired no respect from those with whom they associated. The three latter were uniformly spoken of as "Old Zack," "Old Ben," and "Old Thad;" nor did their deportment command a greater deference.—Three rougher men in manner and appearance never occupied seats in the American Congress; they "clothed themselves with curses as with a garment;" profanity was apparently their vernacular and was indulged in with slight regard to the age, sex, feelings or sentiments of their auditors. They had little regard to social amenities or social rules of intercourse, and seemed utterly indifferent to the opinions of society. These general characteristics pertained to all three. In all their private dealings they were generally regarded as strictly honest, but in politics it was conceded by their friends that they would do any

thing to beat the Democrats, believing that the end justified the means; and this is conclusively that they were politicians, not statesmen. These were great men after their kind cannot be denied, but we do not think it creditable to Republican government to hold them up to public view as model American statesmen, nor could we conscientiously commend their characters to our children as examples for emulation.

Penalty for Libel.

The late Legislature is deserving the thanks of community, and more especially of every respectable journalist in the Territory who has a pride in his vocation, for the passage of an act fixing a penalty to the crime of libel. The laws of all civilized nations define libel as a criminal act, but Washington Territory has heretofore in this matter been without the bounds of civilization in not attaching any statutory penalty to the crime and irresponsible and unscrupulous journalists have taken advantage of the immunity thus offered to make personal defamation a special vocation to attract custom for their newspapers. A journal in this city circumstantially and specifically charged a citizen whose moral character had never before been assailed, with an act of felony, which charge was notoriously a malicious invention without an incident or circumstance connecting the accused with the crime charged. The grand jury, at its next session, found a true bill of indictment against the libeller, and the court dismissed the case without trial, on the ground that the statutes did not specifically prescribe a penalty, though the crime was defined by common law and statute; thus reversing the common law maxim: "No wrong without a remedy;" which means that the conviction of a crime is the warrant of the court for awarding the measure of punishment not limited or prescribed by statute.—This ruling of the court left the victim of the most infamous slander without any legal remedy unless he adopted the Scotch proverb: "Sue a beggar and catch a louse."

Slander is held by all honorable persons and in all decent society as one of the meanest, most cowardly and malicious crimes, the most detestable when its vehicle is a public print. In many sections the offence is visited with summary, though lawless punishment, like that dealt to a venomous reptile or a vicious cur. No community can afford to leave an offence of so grave a character without a legal remedy; justifiable homicide is not an uncommon result.—Society owes to every citizen the same measure of protection against slander as against theft, burglary or arson. There is no more reason in forcing a citizen to maintain a suit for personal damages against the criminal who defames his character than in allowing him no other measure of redress against the thief who despoils him of his goods. The crime is no less in the slanderer than the thief.

Holding an editor or publisher criminally liable for false and malicious slander is no improper restraint upon the much vaunted liberty of the press, and no respectable editor will feel in the least oppressed or circumscribed in dealing with any personal matter of public concern. He is as free to comment upon the official acts of public men as though no statute existed on that subject. The editor who thinks he cannot make a "live paper" without lying and slandering, had better quit; his loss would be no detriment to journalism or calamity to the public.

A section of country three miles square containing 5760 acres, near Wallula, is being fenced, and it is the intention of the parties owing it to put it all in wheat this fall and next spring. Estimated product, 170,000 bushels.

Northern Pacific Lands.

Gen. J. W. Sprague, general superintendent of the Northern Pacific railroad, telegraphs from New Tacoma to the *Oregonian* the following dispatch, which he has received from New York. It contains important information for large numbers of settlers on Northern Pacific railroad lands.

NEW YORK, Nov. 19.

To J. W. Sprague: The board passed to day the following resolution:

Resolved, That the agricultural lands of the company west of the Missouri river to Puget Sound shall be offered for sale to actual settlers at the government price of \$2 50 cash per acre, with an addition thereto of ten cents per acre to be paid to the company to reimburse it for the cost of selecting, surveying and conveying said lands.

This resolution does not apply to coal or iron lands nor to lands chiefly valuable for timber, nor to lands required for town sites or suitable for manufacturing sites, nor in regions where water is scarce, so lands containing springs or other natural supply where it shall be for the interest of settlers at large that such water privileges shall not be exclusively held or controlled by any individual, nor to lands required for the use of the company in connection with the operation of the roads.

FREDERICK BILLINGS, Pres't.

Growth and Resources of Montana.

General Brisbin, who is just in from a four years' sojourn in Montana, was briefly interviewed by a *Republican* commissioner yesterday, the resources and developments of that great northland being the principal theme. The General started out by saying that if he was possessed of such an empire as Montana he wouldn't exchange it for the great State of New York. Montana, three times greater in extent than New York, he says, possesses a wonderful array of resources and attractions of which any six average Eastern States might well be proud. There are millions of unoccupied farm-lands which he thinks are incomparably finer than those in the East or elsewhere in the West; thousands of square miles of mineral lands rich in gold, silver, copper, iron, lead and coal—the undeveloped silver vein of Clark's fork near Bozeman; he believes more extensive than the Comstock cluster, and just as rich; and as for pasture fields, they are in extent beyond comprehension, and will fatten hundreds of thousands of cattle, sheep and horses yearly. He believes Montana will be a very heavy shipper of ores as soon as the Utah and Northern railroad gets a little further into the country, and of course our Omaha smelting works will come in for a share of such products. Business interests are booming, mines and mills are doing well, and the population of the Territory has increased some five thousand this season. The new comers are generally satisfied, and the old residents find they still have plenty of elbow room.

Crops were excellent this summer, many large fields yielding from thirty to forty-five bushels of wheat to the acre. They even produce corn, melons, etc., at Fort Ellis, where the General was stationed, and that is pretty high up among the mountains.

There has been quite a heavy travel to Yellowstone Park this season, the tourists hailing from all parts of the country, and being highly delighted with their experience. Roads have been built through that wonderland, and the Superintendent has built a comfortable house at Mammoth Springs, on Gardiner river. He says the natural, and by far the most pleasant route, is via Omaha and Ogden; thence north via the Utah and Northern, which already extends into Montana. The General is on his way east on leave.—*Omaha Republican.*

General Grant and Popular Caprice.

Frank Pixley of the *Argonaut*, was one of the crowd that blocked up the Mechanic's Pavilion in San Francisco to witness the Grant show and added his voice to the chorus of "huzzas!" on that occasion. At the time, he says he was persuaded that the outpouring and the enthusiasm on that occasion were genuine, heartfelt tributes to a powerful idol. Since then Mr. Pixley has attended a walking match in the same pavilion, and witnessed such tumultuous applause over the exploits of the walkist, Sadie Donnelly, as to be wrought up to the point of serious reflection. We extract from the *Argonaut* Pixley's speculations on the subject while in a serious mood, as follows:

"Popular favor and popular applause is a curious thing. We have tasted it, and now, as from the calm heights of philosophic reflections we look back and down over the way we came, we are constrained to admit that when we were most wrong we were most popular, and when nearest right we were nearest the jagged edge, when popular clamor culminated and when the cannon crowds cawed with the greatest harmony. Sometimes we think that popular favor, always capricious, is never right, but as the thing does often change sides it must be sometimes right. When Santa Ana lost his leg it was buried amid salvos of artillery, with all the honors of war, a grateful people went mad with enthusiasm, and Mexico was ablaze with joy. Then came the reaction, and the poor, mangled leg was drawn from its hallowed grave and incontinently kicked through the streets of the City of Mexico amid the execrations of an angry mob. When Banks, of Massachusetts, came back to Boston flushed with some supposed success, a hundred thousand people with forty bands met him with oratory, music, flowers, and applause; after his Red river fiasco, upon his return to the Hub, the boy who carried his carpet-bag demanded ten cents for the unwilling service. We heard General Grant acclaimed at the Mechanics' Pavilion from ten thousand throats, and shortly afterward at the same place Sadie Donnelly, for spurring a lap on the sawdust against big Von Berg, obtained the same cheers from the same throats, and ten thousand men and women went wild over Sadie's legs, and muscle, and nerve. Well do we remember the famous race between "Norfolk" and "Lodi;" how we clapped our hands and strained our throats and cheered when the brave old stallion came in amid thunders of applause. In our enthusiasm we would have preferred him to Kalluck for Mayor. It was such a sentiment as this doubtless that prompted a Roman Emperor to make his horse a Roman Consul."

Fiendish Outrage.

BOISE CITY, Nov. 21.—On Wednesday at about 11 o'clock, A. M., while George Holbrook's daughter, a girl sixteen years old, who lives forty miles below here, on the Boise river, was out not more than forty yards from the house, a stout built, middle aged man came up behind her out of some brush, unobserved, caught her and choked her so that she could not speak, and ravished her. The girl made a desperate struggle and had her clothes nearly torn off her. She soon after got to the house, where there was no one but her mother and little children. Her father was sent for a mile off and the neighborhood turned out fifty strong and hunted all day Wednesday and are still hunting for the man. He appears to be a stranger in the neighborhood, and is supposed to belong to a gang of cattle drivers. The excitement is great, and if the right man is caught he will be hung without ceremony.

President Diaz of Mexico declines a second term.

Puget Sound Dispatch.

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

Like His Dad.

I hear his mother's chiding voice:
"How came your trousers torn?
And black as ink, sir, is that shirt
You put on clean this morn."

"Your feet are wet, too, I declare:
You're muddy to your knees;
It is too bad; you only care
Your mother, sir, to tease."

"And those nice shoes—your Sunday best,
That but three times you've worn,
Are scratched and scraped and all run down,
The heel of one is gone."

"Your hair is twisted in a snarl,
And just look at that hand!
It looks as though 'twere never washed—
How dare you say 'tis tanned?"

"You've been a-fishing sir, I guess—
What! been to see the match?
You'll have a fit of sickness, sir;
A pretty cold you'll catch."

And thus she talks for half an hour,
And only stops to say,
"Your father'll hear of this to-night;
I wonder what he'll say?"

My friends in complimentary way
Declare to me they see
A close resemblance—very marked—
Between the boy and me.

But nothing that they see in him
In either form or face
Bespeaks my son as do his pranks—
In these my own I trace.

And why should I at tattered clothes
Or dirty ones repine?
In him I live my youth again—
God bless the boy! he's mine!

Love Stronger Than Life.

The principal event in local history, Sunday, is one of indescribable and grievous sadness, and its recital affords another plummet for the partial sounding of the depth of woman's love and the awful intensity of woman's nature. In its general features it is not without a parallel, but it is nevertheless one of those strange truths of humanity that startle and shock the mind as profoundly as though there had never been any preparation through the medium of literary fiction or the sad annals of human misfortunes. There are details in the case so full of woe that their recital seems sacrilegious; they concern feelings that are too holy to be made the subjects of careless gossip, and it is doubtful whether the exalted language which such a description would exact would be clearly comprehended by a cold and passive reader far from the immediate influence of the tragic occurrence. A young woman, remarkable for unusual beauty, and especially for the superior graces of mind and character, lifts her hands against her life because of the death of her lover and betrothed husband. Such cases are on record with many sorrowful details, but none can now be called to mind that equals this in its utter depth of misery and woe. The suicide is a Miss Luella George, who has been in Cincinnati since September 1st, but whose home is in Bonaparte, Iowa. She is between eighteen and nineteen years of age, with beauties of features that met their complement in her singular gifts and talents. In two respects these talents were nearly akin to genius; she painted with an almost inspired skill, and was an exceptional musician. She played the piano finely, and had even written little pieces for the piano, and with them won the admiration of her friends in the far West. The special purpose of her coming to Cincinnati was to take lessons in singing at the College of Music, she desiring to add this to her other accomplishments. Her home was at Mrs. Rogers' boarding house, southeast corner of Fourth and Smith streets. Her bearing, her tastes, and all her actions gave evidences of gentle birth and refined culture. At her home in Iowa lived her mother, her father being dead, and two brothers who are in the law profession. Another brother is a druggist in Keokuk, Ia. The interest which those at home had in her welfare can be read in this, that, on learning of her engagement to the lover whose death was the cause of her dreadful deed, one of the brothers came to this city to make his acquaintance and learn his character. The young man was Fred. B. Ferriman, traveling agent for the wholesale clothing house of Voorheis, Miller & Co., 95 West Third street, and all who knew him are aware how estimable was his character. He was a devoted lover, and was glad in the knowledge that his love was met by another as pure, and deep and lovely as ever blessed a man's life. They had met at Olney, Ill., when she was visiting her uncle, Mr. Powers, salesman for Shipley, Hoover & Co., this city, and proprietor of a store in that town. There also Mr. Ferriman and his brother Henry kept a room at which they often stopped on their Western trips. Visitors to that room speak with pathetic enthusiasm of the marks of love upon its walls and furniture. Its chief ornament was a full-length portrait of the lover from the pencil of Miss George. Their home is at Albion, Ill., where their mother still lives at the age of seventy-four years. Another brother, Mr. Charles Ferriman, and a sister, Mrs. Emery, of Paducah, Ky., complete the living members of the family. Fred's employment in this city, and the meetings which her visit here made possible,

were the source of much happiness to the lovers. He was on the road, most of the time, however, and when he roomed at the St. James Hotel. There he took ill with congestive chills last Monday. The disease made rapid havoc with his system, which had suffered from malarial influences. Dr. O. D. Norton was summoned, but the symptoms grew so alarming that Dr. Comegys was called in consultation. As the week passed he sank rapidly, and already on Wednesday had spells of delirium. On that day occurred an incident, which, though not part of this recital, affords food for such strange reflection that it is given. After one of his delirious spells, he startled his brother, who had come in obedience to summons to nurse him, by saying that he had seen their little niece, a daughter of Mrs. Emery, of Paducah, dead in her coffin, and that she was a wondrously lovely corpse. At the time neither of the brothers knew that the child was ill, but two hours later news came by telegraph that she was dead.

During the week of the young man's illness, Miss George was a daily visitor at his room, though she was not permitted to take upon herself nurse's duties. All needed care of this kind came from the brother, who had a fervent affection for the sick man; an affection, indeed, so tender that it can well be designated unusual. Fred was the youngest of the family, and though twenty-seven years old, had retained his character of the favorite from childhood up. She came with fresh flowers and other tributes of love to brighten the sick chamber, and when prevented from being at his side she came to the office of Dr. Norton to learn the developments of each visit.

On Saturday evening hope of his recovery was abandoned, and a sorrow-stricken circle of friends gathered to attend his last moments. Mr. Albert Voorheis, and Mr. Kupel, of the firm of Voorheis, Miller & Co., Mr. Charles Ferriman and wife, Mr. Henry Ferriman, Rev. I. Newton Stanger, of Christ P. E. Church, were there to watch the dying lovers, for both were dying, though only one lay on the death-bed. The sufferings of the poor girl, her passionate prayer to heaven for the succor which she seemed to wish to compel by her agonizings, either through his recovery or her death; her tender pleadings to the unconscious and dying man, her vain wrestlings with her own will for mastery of her feelings and love, and anon ominous settings of her teeth, all are mentioned by the witnesses, but not one seeks to describe them. She had come to the bedside early in the afternoon and had caught his last audible words; they accompanied a faint smile of recognition and were: "You come to see me, Petty?" Her prayers for his life, or if not that, her death, were couched in the language of such exaltation that the mourning ones heard with amazement and could do nothing else than to let the frenzy have its course.

A few minutes before 10 o'clock at night nature broke down under the terrible ordeal and she swooned. Mr. Voorheis carried her into an adjoining room and found her muscles as rigid as marble. Before she recovered consciousness the lover died. That was at 10 o'clock. Her strength returned, she at once insisted on going home. Mr. Voorheis insisted on accompanying her, but she declined the proffered services and started down stairs on a rapid run. Mr. Voorheis and Mr. Kupel overtook her, however, and accompanied her to Mrs. Rogers' house, where, though Miss George requested them not to do so, they informed Mrs. Rogers of the cause of the girl's hysteria. The precaution was a wise one, for within a few minutes her condition required a vast amount of care. She at once became frantic with tearless grief, and entirely uncontrollable. A physician's care was found necessary, and Dr. Carr was summoned. He came, but she resolutely refused to take medicine of any kind. In her hysteria she rehearsed scene after scene from the past. She pleaded, scolded, laughed, and tormented the lover whom her diseased fancy made present. She quarreled and begged his forgiveness. She listened to his avowals, and returned them with frenzied protestations. She even sang, like poor Ophelia, and all her horror-stricken listeners felt that her reason could not long stand the awful strain bearing upon it. Finally Dr. Carr was obliged to call a couple of gentlemen to his assistance, and to administer an anesthetic of chloroform and ether by force. He then injected morphia in her veins, and eventually succeeded in quieting her completely. At half past 7 o'clock in the morning the doctor, who had watched nearly all night at her bedside, returned and found his patient calm and rational. During her wild ravings she had often called out to her Fred, that she would soon join him, but little heed was paid the remarks, they being looked upon as natural to her exalted frame of mind, and as not having the force of threats against her own life. During the morning call she appeared calm, but showed a refractory spirit when the doctor attempted to induce her to take medicine. He first argued the case with her, and asked her why she refused to take it. "Do you think that it will kill you?" he asked. "Oh, no," she replied quickly; "if I thought that I'd take it." Dr. Carr finally told her that unless she took the medicine willingly he would be obliged to force her, as he had done the night previous, whereupon she consented. Some time between the hour of this visit and 10 o'clock she was left alone in her room. When next

seen it was in the neighborhood of Fourth and Vine streets by a couple of gentleman boarders at the house. Knowing her condition they took her back to her room. This was at ten o'clock. At about eleven o'clock Mr. Henry Ferriman, who had been deeply touched by her devotion to his dead brother, called at the house to find out whether there was anything he could do for her; she asked if she could not see the body of Fred. Mr. Ferriman replied, not just then, for it was being prepared for shipment, but that if she wished he would call for her at three o'clock. She urged him to come, and spoke somewhat vaguely of going with Fred, and of being there when he should be buried. The strangeness of her expressions were not noted until afterward, when by her own act she proved that she was already resolved to die, and that her morning walk had had a fatal purpose. Up to this time she had not wept; her grief had found vent in tempestuous ravings which were unsolicited by tears. Now, Mr. Ferriman being gone, Mrs. Rogers took her upon her lap and talked to her with the purpose of causing her to weep. She succeeded, and it was hoped that the worst danger was passed, when she sank sobbing into the kind landlady's arms. She now begged Mrs. Rogers to leave her alone for a few moments "to think." With a singular cunning, however, she had already learned the exact location of her heart by questions to Mrs. Rogers so adroitly put that no suspicion was excited. After she had located it, Mrs. Rogers asked if her heart pained her, and she replied yes. Mrs. Rogers left the room to arouse her daughter, who was sleeping after the watching of the night, and within a few minutes heard a suspicious click. She hurried to Miss George's room, and just as she put her hand on the door-knob heard the report of a pistol. The deed was done when she entered; Miss George lay across her bed, clad in an elegant dress, which was torn open in front. A twenty-two caliber pistol had fallen from her hand, and blood from a wound in her left breast dyed her clothing. She seemed to have put on her best apparel for the event. The dress was a heavy silk, elegant diamond rings graced her shapely fingers, and around her neck was a heavy gold chain with a locket attached, and in this a portrait of her dead lover. In her left hand she clutched a towel, some money, and a purse. She spoke kindly to Mrs. Rogers, and said it was useless to attempt to help her as she was resolved to die and go to Fred. This and other remarks of the same purport was the substance of her talk whenever conscious, though once she answered a question about the pistol by saying she had bought it for a dollar on Fifth street. Doctors were at once summoned. Dr. Minor, Dr. Young, Dr. Norton, and Dr. Carr. When Health Officer Minor, who was first on the ground, arrived, she had already lost all consciousness, bore every mark of speedy dissolution. He attempted the usual means of producing a reaction, but failed, and gave her up as lost. He left on the arrival of Drs. Norton and Carr in order to take the two o'clock train. Shortly after the reaction set in, and she was soon able again to talk. Such an examination as could be made, indicated that the bullet, which entered the breast at a point two inches from the left nipple toward the right, had passed in an oblique direction, and missing the heart, which it would surely have pierced if the pistol had been held straight against the breast, had passed through a portion of the left lung. That the lung had been pierced, was evidenced by its action and the blood which the injured woman spit and vomited up. During all of the afternoon and at night, up till a late hour in the morning, she remained in this condition, entirely conscious when not under the influence of anesthetics and opiates, which she asked the physicians to administer whenever she awoke. She manifested little concern in her condition, saying only that she hoped to die. As to the result of her injuries the physicians do not speak with much certainty. They have not yet made as thorough an examination as is possible, because of the suffering it would cause her without a compensating good, and do not know to what an extent internal hemorrhage has taken place. It is feared, however, that death will result, if not soon, from the wound directly, yet it will come from secondary causes soon after inflammation sets in. The brothers of the dead lover started for Albion, Sunday night at 7 o'clock, with the remains.—Cincinnati Gazette.

Why the Light Went Out.
Next time you go out on the Michigan Central Road, take a seat on the right-hand side of the car, so that you may notice, about ten miles down the road, a little, old, red farm-house. The curtains will be down, the doors shut, and rank weeds and tall grasses will meet the flying glance in the front yard. A month ago old Nan Rogers lived there; to day the place is in the keeping of rats and mice and desolation. The old woman was a widow and childless. If she had a relative anywhere in this great world, those who buried her were not aware of the fact. She lived all alone, having only a bit of land, and being aided by kind neighbors to raise enough to supply her wants. Seven or eight years ago, when her last child left home to meet a violent death on this same road, the men of the rails became interested in that quaint old farm-house. One night they saw a bright light in one of the windows. Its rays streamed out over the flowers and fell upon the rails along which the wheels thundered, and the engineer wondered over the signal. The lamp was there the next night and the next, and it was never missed for a single night until one evening a month ago. Old Nan, deprived of husband and children, made friends with the rushing trains and their burdens. The train-men soon found that the lamp was for them, and they watched for it. During the early evening hours they saw old Nanny's face behind the light or at the door, and a thousand times conductors, engineers and brakemen have called cheerily through the darkness:

"Good night, old Nanny—God bless you!"
Winter and summer the light was there. Winter and summer the trainmen looked for it, and the more thoughtful ones often left a bit of money with the station-men beyond, to help the old woman keep the bright rays shining. The lamp was not there for one train, but for all, and all men understood the sentiment and appreciated it.

One dark night, not long ago, when the wind howled and the raindrops beat fiercely against the headlight and cab, the engineers missed the signal-light. They looked for it again and again, as one suddenly misses an old landmark in a city, and when they failed to find it, the hand instinctively went to the throttle, as if danger lurked on the curve below. Each train abroad that night looked for the signal, became anxious at its absence, and made inquiry at the stations above and below. Next day men went down to the little old house, fearing old Nanny might be ill. There sat the lamp on the window-sill, but the oil was exhausted. In her bed, seeming to have only fallen asleep, was the poor old woman, cold and dead. Life and the lamp had gone out together, and men of rough look and hardened heart replied as they heard the news:

"Poor old woman! May her spirit rest in Heaven!"—Detroit Free Press.

Intelligence Items.

Out on the Texas frontier corn is worth \$2 50 per bushel.

Alasosa county, Texas, is enjoying a thirteen months' drouth.

Corn is selling at eight and a half cents a bushel in Quincy, Fla.

Fine cotton picking weather prevails all over the South, and the crop is being rapidly gathered.

In the past three months, 41,844 barrels of flour, valued at \$263,798, were shipped from Richmond to South America.

John Carman, sailor on the privateer *Waip* in the war of 1812, lives in Fairfield county, S. C., and wears his hair in a queue.

When a Chicago man gives his seat in a street-car to a lady, the papers of that place publish it as a piece of news.—*Courier-Journal*.

There are only two Republican newspapers in Arkansas, and both favor the nomination of General Grant.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Mr. Cyrus Field has erected a monument to Major Andre. Mr. Tilden has also performed a similar job for Cyrus himself.—*Courier-Journal*.

It is announced that the ex-Khedive of Egypt is worth \$8,000,000. But this statement of his financial condition was made before his wives had bought their new fall bonnets.—*Ibid*.

The capital invested in hydraulic mining in California is \$100,000,000, and the annual output of gold about \$3,000,000. This is too big an interest to sweep out of existence.

Of the 7,000 to 8,000 blacks who have arrived in Kansas from the South, not more than a dozen are now dependent on the relief committee. The rest are at work, and some of them are already laying up money to buy farms.

"A member of a London ladies' club was requested to resign for kissing her brother in the dining-room."—*Boston Post*.

Served her right. She ought to have been kissing somebody else's brother.—*Ibid*.

Something new under the sun has been found. It is a Chicago lawyer who has thrice refused the nomination for Judge of the Superior Court on the ground that he does not consider himself competent to discharge properly the duties of the office.—*Ibid*.

The cotton crop of the present season is estimated at an increase of 500,000 bales over the crop of any previous year in the history of the country. The wheat crop shows twenty to thirty million bushels increase, and the tobacco crop twelve million pounds increase.

The highest chimney in the world is at Mr. Townshend's works, Port Dundas, Glasgow, Scotland, and it is, with the exception of the spire at Strasburg, the Great Pyramid, and the spire of St. Stephen's at Vienna, the loftiest building. It is circular in section, and rises to a height of 454 feet from the ground. The next in height is also at Glasgow, at the works of Messrs. Tennant & Co., St. Rollox, the height being 435 feet above the ground.

Montgomery (Ala.) *Advertiser*: Mrs. James Bryant, of Lowndes county, donated last year her colossal fortune of natural black hair for the benefit of the Memphis yellow fever sufferers. It realized several hundred dollars, and has now come back to the original owner, by the kindness of a Boston merchant, who was the last purchaser. It will be raffled for in Montgomery in an evening or two, for the benefit of General Hood's children, and everybody should take a chance.

The Young Men's Christian Association of the United States now number 854. Of these, 56 have buildings of their own, valued at \$1,924,770. Building funds to the amount of \$234,182 have been collected by 42 associations, and will be expended hereafter upon association buildings. The value of property of all kinds belonging to the associations amounts to \$1,295,600. Reading rooms are supported by 340 associations, and 468 expend \$316,240 annually for current expenses.

Detroit Currency.

A woman who comes into church half an hour late in order to show off her good clothes, should be looked upon mildly. She is simply making room in Heaven for two women in calico.

There is something passing strange about human nature. If a man had to support his family by playing billiards at two dollars a day, he'd swear he had to work awful hard.—*Middletown Transcript*.

There was never yet a boy so good that he didn't have an overweening desire to look for lump sugar if he came home and found that his mother had gone to a neighbor's to "borry flat-irons."

There is a Norristown in Pennsylvania and a Morristown in New Jersey, and when you are sending money by mail to pay an old debt of twenty years' standing you cannot be too careful of the address.

Beware of the landlord who wants you to make his hotel your home. He invariably arrives at the opinion that when you are home you cut your beef-steak with a hatchet and masticate it with a corn-sheller.

Lightning struck a tree in Georgia to which a mule was tied, splintered it to kindlings and melted the buckles on the halter, and yet that mule was browsing on the fallen limbs when hunted up. Are mules non-conductors?

The Wonderful Girl.

Those who have begun to fear that the "wonderful girl" would not put in her annual appearance this season can take heart of grace. She has been heard from, not in the West, as usual, but in Maine. She is but 15 years of age. Two years ago she surprised her father by cutting an incredibly large quantity of wood in an incredibly short space of time; but her achievements the present summer have outdone all former ones. Being at work on a farm in the village where the Honorable Hannibal Hamlin formerly resided, this 15-year-old maiden went out after supper a few evenings since, put up forty-five bundles of hay and milked twenty-three cows before sunset. The next day, after washing the dinner dishes and putting the house to rights, she went into the field, loaded three loads of hay, stowed them away in the barn and then stowed away a fourth load, which somebody else loaded. Then she prepared supper for a family of four, served it, washed up the dishes; walked two miles to get a pair of shoes and got back before dark. In one way, of course, this energetic damsel deserves the admiration of her sex for destroying the theory that woman is "a poor, weak critter," and creating a demand at the East for the helpful wives who are, as the census reports persist in saying, so much in excess there. But, in another way, she is doing an incalculable injury to her sex, inasmuch as her example will be held up as a perpetual taunt to the over-worked wives and mothers of the land.—*Detroit Free Press*.

HEAR IT.—If you place one of your fingers into your ear, a roaring sound will be heard, which Dr. Hammond says is the sound of the circulation of the blood:

Try it, and think what a wonder of a machine your body is, that even the points of your fingers are such busy workshops that they roar like a small Niagara. The roaring is probably more than the noise of the circulation of the blood. It is the voice of all the vital processes together—the tearing down and building up processes that are always going forward in every living body from conception to death.

A Hartford paper gives the following "signs of the times" to be found in that city: "Washing and going out to days' work done here;" "Breakfast, dinner and supper at all hours;" and "Saws filed, and set up-stairs."

It is no sign because a farmer is growing sage that he is becoming wise.

Genuine Nerve.

Nerve, as the blending of the mental and physical staying power is generally termed, is not at all a novel quality with the majority of men, but, like all other attributes, is of a comparative and resolute character. Many a man who wouldn't hesitate to follow in the lead of a forlorn hope, or ride in the front ranks in a cavalry dash, shrinks with painful fear from a dentist; while a woman who would run at the sight of the meekest cow in the meadows will go through the ordeal with Spartan fortitude.

The nerve that is supplemented by speculative intellect and calculating shrewdness is the most valuable, as well as the most genuine. Probably no better specimen of this sort was ever evinced than by a young Pole, Leckinski, by name, a lancer in the service of Murat.

The French Marshal was in Madrid during Napoleon's invasion of Spain, and found it necessary to communicate with Junot in Portugal. But the woods and country from Madrid to Lisbon swarmed with Castano's forces, the Spanish guerrillas. Russia at that time was not only a friend but an ally of France, and in his quandary, Murat went to Strogonoff, the Russian Ambassador to Spain, told him of his situation, and waited upon diplomatic cunning to help him through.

The Russian encouraged him wonderfully. "Send me," he said, "the most intelligent of your Polish lancers. Those Poles are very thoughtful men, and valuable in an extremity. The Admiral, Sinivan, is in the port at Lisbon. We will dress your Poland in Russian uniform and send him with the dispatches for the Admiral. Even if captured he will be safe, for the Spaniards are anxious to maintain the neutrality of Russia, and will not maltreat him for fear of causing a rupture with the Czar."

Murat was greatly relieved, and sent for the man, who, in the esteem of the commander of the Polanders, was the most efficient and intelligent. A handsome young fellow, not yet 20 years of age, was returned to him. The Marshal hesitated to send so young a man on a trip so terribly dangerous, but was reassured by the quiet, determined certainty of success expressed by the youth. So they attired him as a Russ, and he struck out on his hazardous errand.

The first two days of his trip were pleasant, but on the third Leckinski was seized by a body of Spaniards, disarmed, and brought before the commanding officer—Castanos himself. He knew the fate that would follow if he were discovered as a Frenchman, and he hit upon the plan not to perform the gallic to escape him, and confine himself to Russian and German; with the latter he was perfectly familiar. He was but a few weeks privy to the most horrible tortures, and with the savage threats of his torturers, tended to shake his nerves considerably, but it was a matter of life and death to himself, and the fate of his army, as well, depended upon him, so he determined to play his part well. And he played it well.

"Who are you?" asked Castanos, in French. Leckinski looked blankly at him and answered in German, "I do not understand you."

An interpreter was called and the most difficult questions put to the courier, but he never gave himself away. Every answer was in Russian or German, the crowd of men about him hungry for his blood and feeling assured of his identity as one of the French.

Shortly they brought a Spanish peasant, and with him confronted the courier. The peasant recognized him, and with a howl of hatred and joy declared that he had but a week ago sold forage to Leckinski in Madrid, and described the countenance and the man with genuine accuracy. Still the latter could not be phased. He stood mute, and with a face evincing a blissful ignorance of the colloquy about him. Castanos was disposed to acquit the courier, but the soldiers and mob demanded his life. Then the question of Russia's anger, in case the man should really be a Russian, came up, and his prospective death was compromised upon by a further trial. He was taken to a wretched jail and incarcerated. For twenty-four hours he was without food or drink. Fear, physical fatigue and mental anxiety sat about him like vultures about a dying wayfarer. Too fatigued, he fell asleep without knowing it. He had slept but two hours when a woman entered the cell, and arousing him, said: "Will you not have something to eat and drink?" It was a cunning trap, but the Pole was not to be entrapped. "What do you want?" he asked drowsily, in German. Castanos gave orders to give him food and drink, and to release him. "He is not a Frenchman, but a Russ. No man could control himself so far," he said.

But it was decided to keep him longer, and put him through another series of experiments. Racks, garrotes and corpses of murdered Frenchmen were exhibited to him, but he was still the phlegmatic German. Finally he was brought before a drum-head court. While the preparations for the final trial were being made, horrible threats in French and Spanish were uttered about him, but he continued stolid and ignorant. An interpreter was brought forward. Through him he explained why he was going to Lis-

ben, showing his passport and the dispatches to the Admiral of the Russian fleet. Though subjected to the most intensely scrutinous cross-examination, he stuck to his pseudo nativity and his story, without a change of feature or a flaw in his assured veracity.

As a last resort the presiding officer told the interpreter to ask Leckinski if he loved the Spaniards. The question was put.

"Certainly," said Leckinski. "I am fond of the Spanish nation. I esteem it for its nobility, and trust that my nation and it will be friends."

"Colonel," said the interpreter in French, "the prisoner says he hates us because we are bandits. He despises us, and if delivered will do his utmost against us."

It was a cunning trick. All eyes were fixed upon Leckinski to discover the least shadow of intelligence of the words. But it failed. Unbaffled, he kept the same dead-mask of ignorance upon his face; not a feature moved, nor did he offer the least gesture. This ended his terrible trial. He was released, and his arms and dispatches returned. Under safe transport he reached the Admiral and fulfilled his mission.

An Extraordinary Suicide.

An extraordinary suicide is reported to have occurred at the town of Jhitomir, in Russia. A well-dressed traveler arrived at the Hotel de France, of that place, stating that he was Mr. Joseph O., a colonial agent. He spent a few days in walking about the streets. On the fourth evening he retired to his room early, and locked himself in. Next morning he was called at the usual hour, but made no answer to the summons. The door was broken open, when a terrible spectacle presented itself. Mr. O.'s body was lying on the bare bedstead, from which the mattress and bed-clothes had been removed, and was in a state approaching nudity. The eyes were wide open, fixed in a glassy death-stare, and the features distorted with agony; the left hand was pressed tightly upon the region of the heart, the right hand convulsively clutching the hair. An oppressive odor, as of scorched fat, pervaded the room. When the corpse was turned over, a deep and broad burn was exhibited in the middle of the back, and the spine was found to be completely carbonized. Upon the floor underneath the bedstead were discovered the wicks, embedded in a little blotch of cold stearine, of three candles, which had been taken out of the candle-sticks and fixed upon the plank. Over the flames of these candles Mr. O. had lain upon the skeleton work of his bedstead, and suffered his spine to be slowly consumed until he died. A manuscript lay upon the table. It contained a resume of the reasons which prompted this unfortunate man to undergo self-inflicted martyrdom. It was written in four languages—Grecian, Russian, Polish and Czechish. The first hand-writing was firm and bold; the last few pages were scarcely legible. The writer stated that he wished to solve practically the question whether suicides were cowards. He therefore had resolved to subject himself to atrocious suffering. He declared his intellect to be perfectly clear. Additions were from time to time made to the manuscript. The victim rose from the bed to write to his mother and father his last farewell. He actually put something under the candles to raise them a little, and recorded that the smell of his consuming flesh annoyed him. The last words scrawled were: "If I could remain alive, my life should be vowed exclusively to vengeance on her. But I am going to my rest. Be she accursed with my last breath." There was evidently a woman in the case.

Consumption Cured.

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

BAD FLAVORED EGGS.—Speaking of ill flavor of eggs the *Journal of Horticulture*, London, remarks that it is the result of one or two causes—either the food on which the fowls are fed, or the substance on which the eggs are laid, and adds:

This may be easily tested by shutting up a laying hen, and giving her garlic or melted barley to eat. In a few days the eggs will taste of the food. We have tried this ourselves, and know it to be correct. Another theory is—but we cannot speak of it with the same certainty—that an egg laid on any strong smelling substance will contract it. This is explained by the fact that the shell, when the egg is first laid is comparatively soft and impressionable, and only hard after contact with the atmosphere. Let your birds be wholesomely fed on plain food, and your nests be made with clear straw. Hay nests have a tendency to make eggs taste. Follow nature and you will have nothing to complain of.

The man lacks moral courage who treats when he should retreat.

Butter-Making in July and August.

Butter-making can be carried on in hot weather as successfully as in June by using the Gilt-Edge Butter Maker. It reduces time of churning one-half. Increases production 6 to 10 per cent. Storekeepers pay 3 to 5 cents a pound extra for butter made with it. Sold by druggists, grocers and general storekeepers. Send stamp for "Hints to Butter-Makers." Address, Butter Improvement Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

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Is proving such an indispensable article to those suffering from liver complaint that parties are in some cases purchasing half a dozen bottles at a time, after they have tried it. Physicians frequently prescribe the Sacred Bark which is one of the ingredients of this medicine. The advantage of using Turner's Regulator arises from the fact that its ingredients are the result of experiment and study such as few physicians could devote to a single object.

A little girl wanted more buttered toast, but was told that she'd had enough, and that more would make her ill. "Well," said she, "give me an annular piece, and send for the doctor."

Humbugged Again.

I saw so much said about the merits of Hop Bitters, and my wife, who was always doctoring me and never teased me so urgently to get her some. I concluded to be humbugged again; and I am glad I did, for in less than two months use of the Bitters my wife was cured and she has remained so for eighteen months since. I like such humbugging.—*St. Paul Chronicle.*

White's Prairie Flower.

Taken before retiring will insure a good night's rest, with an awakening in the rosy morn to health, courage and vigor. For coated tongue, bad breath, sick headache, or any disturbance arising from dyspepsia or torpid liver, it is without a peer. Its action on disease is entirely different from any medicine ever introduced, quieting pains almost instantly. The hum and cry raised against it by patent medicine men, who have foreseen in its advent the destruction of their nefarious business, and the thousands of unsolicited testimonials flowing in from all parts of the New World, are a sure indication of its great merits. Trial size at all Drug Stores. Half pound bottles, 75 cents. CHAS. LANGLEY & CO., Wholesale Druggists, Sole Agents.

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2. Warehouse to cats in Walla Walla.
3. Cars to wharf boat at Wallula.
4. Wharf boat to steamer at Wallula.
5. Steamer to warehouse at Celilo.
6. Warehouse to cars at Celilo.
7. Cars to warehouse at the Dalles.
8. Warehouse to steamer at the Dalles.
9. Steamer to wharf boat at upper Cascade.
10. Wharf boat to cars at upper Cascade.
11. Cars to wharf boat at lower Cascade.
12. Wharf boat to steamer at lower Cascade.
13. Steamer to wharf in Portland.
14. Wharf to truck in Portland.
15. Truck to wharf in Portland.
16. Wharf to barge, steamer or ship in Portland.

What the cost of transportation with all these handlings is, to say nothing of damage and wastage, we can only judge by the market quotations, which usually show from 25 to 50 cents a bushel difference between Portland and Walla Walla, and when landed at Portland it is 120 miles from the ocean, with the navigation to and from that port liable to obstruction and entire suspension every winter, which has lasted for six weeks at a time. Besides this, the present facilities for transportation on the river are not equal to the demand, and the O. S. N. Co. are said to be preparing to build a railroad from Wallula to Portland, to be run in connection with their boats to maintain their monopoly of the carrying trade between Eastern Washington and Oregon and the ocean. This cannot be expected to afford any great measure of relief, as it gives the river to the steamer to dictate the distance

is the same as from Wallula to Seattle, and the route is quite as favorable to the latter as to the former. Wheat sent from Walla Walla to Seattle would require but one handling, after leaving Walla Walla to place it on ship board for any sea port in the world, to which it could be shipped as cheaply as from San Francisco or any other port on the Pacific coast. For shipment to Europe wheat is worth more at Seattle to-day, and will be in all future time, than wheat in Milwaukee or Chicago, and for shipment to China or Japan, Seattle has an advantage of not less than 700 miles in distance over San Francisco. With a railroad connection with Puget Sound, farm products in Eastern Washington will be worth more per pound and the production from 25 to 50 per cent per acre more than in any section of the old Northwestern States a hundred miles from a lake port.

Aside from geographical and topographical advantages, Seattle has not less than 50 per cent. advantage over Portland in the proposed railroad connections in the interchange of freights. Portland has not the means of supplying the most urgent demand of that prairie country for fuel and lumber. Puget Sound, with its commercial centre at Seattle, has an inexhaustible supply of both. Seventy miles of the projected Seattle and Walla Walla railroad runs through an almost continuous coal field, overgrown by one of the finest bodies of timber in the world, which, with the farming products, would give to a railroad the largest interchange of freights of any railroad route on the continent.

Seattle has no rivalry with Portland. The latter town has had a wonderful growth and unparalleled prosperity. Its future is assured. Though Astoria, by railroad connections with the interior is bound to become the commercial metropolis of the State. Though the great commercial rival of San Francisco is destined to be upon Puget Sound, Portland

will still be rich and prosperous, being to Oregon what Sacramento is to California.

Civil Damage Act.

Following is the act passed by the late Territorial Legislature, intended to make the vendor of intoxicating liquors liable for damages caused by the sale of the same to irresponsible persons. It is to be hoped that this law will effect the object sought, but our observation and experience incline us to regard it as a doubtful experiment. As an abstract right, we cannot see why a public carrier should be held liable for casualties to persons and property which may occur in his business; the hotel keeper to losses of property sustained by guests in his house, and the liquor seller be exempt from damages liable to occur from his own recklessness or design in selling intoxicating drinks to drunken persons who are known to be utterly incapable of self-control when under the influence of intoxicating drinks. No man of "good moral character" would sell or give liquor to such persons, and our laws specially charge the authorities to whom are delegated the power to grant licenses to retail intoxicating drinks, not to license any persons not of "good moral character." If our public officials will not obey the law under oath, how can we expect it to be enforced by the people at large? That there are many persons of good moral character and high social standing engaged in the liquor traffic—some under the authority of the United States—cannot be disputed. The act under consideration makes no discrimination between the wholesale liquor dealer and the keeper of the doggerly who is the really guilty party; all who deal in the liquor which caused the intoxication, in whole or in part, are made alike liable. The enforcement of the law will be found utterly impracticable, and the attempt will cost much more than it will come to, from the difficulty of fixing the responsibility where it properly belongs in the judgment of a popular jury. Over thirty years ago, with others, we worked very earnestly to procure the passage of a similar act by the Wisconsin Legislature. It was tried just one year. The law was repealed at the next session of the Legislature by an almost unanimous vote.

The other act passed by the Legislature relating to the liquor traffic, providing for the guardianship of confirmed drunkards, is an old law of England, and was a statute law of New York over fifty years ago, and may be yet. We never heard any objection to it:

SECTION 1. Be it Enacted by the Legislative Assembly of the Territory of Washington: Every husband, wife, child, parent, guardian, employer or other person, who shall be injured in person or property, or means of support by any intoxicated person, or in consequence of the intoxication, habitual, or otherwise, of any person, shall have a right of action in his or her own name, severally or jointly against any person or persons who shall, by selling or giving intoxicating liquors, have caused the intoxication in whole or in part of such person; and any person or persons owning, renting, leasing or permitting the occupation of any building or premises, and having knowledge that intoxicating liquors are to be sold therein, or who have leased the same for other purposes, shall knowingly permit therein the sale of any intoxicating liquors, shall, if any such liquors sold or given therein, have caused, in whole or in part, the intoxication of any person be liable severally or jointly with the persons selling or giving the intoxicating liquors as aforesaid, for all damages sustained, and the same may be recovered in a civil action in any court of competent jurisdiction. A married woman may bring such action in her own name, and all damages recovered by her shall enure to her separate use; and all damages recovered by a minor under this act shall be paid either to such minor or to such person in trust for him, and on such terms as the court may direct. In case of the death of either party, the action and right of action, to or against his executor or administrator, shall survive.

SEC. 2. No license for the sale of intoxicating liquors shall hereafter be granted without the consent in writing of the owner or lessor of the building or premises in which the business is to

be conducted; and the paper containing such written consent shall be kept on file by the officer issuing such license.

SEC. 3. Any owner or lessor of real estate who shall pay any money on account of his liability incurred under this act for any act of his tenant, may, in a civil action, recover of such tenant the money so paid.

SEC. 4. This act shall be so construed as to make any owner or lessor of any building or premises, held under lease at the date of the passage of this act, liable under the provisions hereof for any damages resulting from the lawful sale or giving away of spirituous or intoxicating liquors on said premises during the term of said lease.

SEC. 5. This act to take effect and be in force from and after its approval.

L. S. McCLURE,

SUCCESSOR TO

H. W. Rowland.

General Insurance Agent,

FIRE, MARINE, LIFE AND ACCIDENT.

Dealer in

COUNTY, CITY AND TERRITORIAL

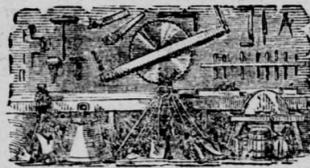
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Flynn & Anderson.

ADELPHI SALOON.

Opposite Yesler's Hall, Seattle

DRINK HOME BEERS

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Keep Money in the Country.

—AT THE—

TIVOLI BEER HALL.

ALL THE PUGET SOUND MADE BEERS KEPT CONSTANTLY ON TAP; AND NONE FROM CALIFORNIA.

The genuine Budweiser and Unheiser's first premium St. Louis Beer always on hand. Limberger, Swiss and other cheese constantly on hand.

A brand new pigeon-hole table has just been set up. Mill Street, Seattle, W. T. A. HESS.

BOSS BEER

—AT THE—

BAVARIA BEER HALL

AND

Reading Room.

ALSO

Chicago Beer on tap LUNCHES TO ORDER.

PIGEON HOLE TABLE.

Corner First and Mill Streets, Seattle

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.

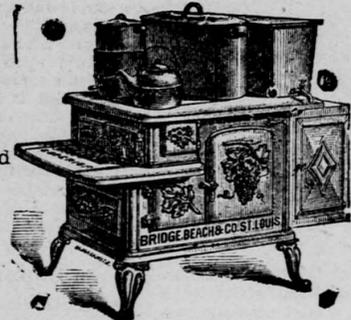
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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

Ranges, Cook, Parlor and Box

STOVES.



Brass Goods, pumps, Copper, Lead and Iron Pipe, Pipe Fittings.

Tinware, Japanned and Marbelized Iron-ware, Kitchen Utensils of all Descriptions.

STEAM WHISTLES, GONGS, STEAM AND WATER GAUGES, GLOBE

Malleable Iron Fittings, Copper smithing, Plumbing,

STEAM AND GAS FITTING.

Call and examine the FRANCONIA RANGE; Single and Double Oven; an improvement over all others.

Agents for the celebrated Superior Stoves, the best sold on the Pacific Coast. All plates warranted not to crack by fire. Fire backs warranted to last five years.

ALL JOB WORK NEATLY EXECUTED, AND ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED.

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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.

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

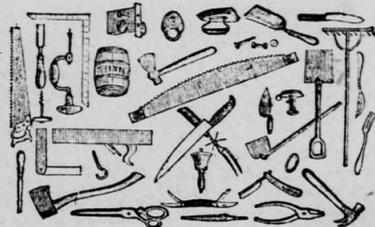
H. MCALEER & Co., Commercial Street, Seattle, W. T.

F. W. Wusthoff,

DEALER IN

GENERAL HARDWARE,

THE BEST OF AGRICULTURAL Implements



MECHANIC'S TOOLS.

BUILDERS HARDWARE, SHIP CHANDLERY, SHOEFINDINGS, GUNS, RIFLES, AMMUNITION, REVOLVERS, AND FISHING TACKLE.

Front Street, Seattle, W. T.

P. O. Box 259.

solid

Local News.

SQUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE is finished and now ready to be delivered to the proprietor. Mr. Bigelow, the contractor and builder deserves great credit for the skill, care and attention he has devoted to the work.

ENTERTAINMENT.—The ladies of the Congregational Church will open the new Opera House this (Monday) evening, consisting of Popular Music, Pantomimes and Tableaux, for the benefit of the Church.

SKAGIT GOLD MINES.—All the miners from the Skagit who have returned from the mines during the past week, confirm previous reports of the rich discoveries made just before the snow fall which suspended operations until spring.

SISTERS' FAIR.—The Sisters, assisted by many ladies of Seattle, will hold a Fair in Yesler's Hall, for the benefit of Providence Hospital, on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of this week.

THANKSGIVING.—Thursday, the 27th, is the day appointed by the authorities, civil and ecclesiastical, for the customary annual thanksgiving to Almighty God for the fruits of the earth and the manifold blessings of the preceding year.

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REVIVAL OF A COAL MINE.—We are reliably informed that the Renton and Talbot Coal companies have consolidated their stock under a new organization, in which Simpson, Brothers and other San Francisco capitalists have taken a large amount of stock.

Grant's Finances.—In conversation with a correspondent Gen. Grant alluded freely to his financial affairs. Being asked if it would not be hard for him to content himself in Galena as a place of residence, he said: "No, I think not. When I was in Japan I went up in the mountains and stayed ten days almost alone. It was a novel experience for me, but I enjoyed it."

MASONIC.—A new Lodge of F. and A. M. has been established U. D. at Newcastle, in this county, with the following officers: Charles W. Hemisphere, W. M.; Milton Lowe, S. W.; Archibald Bell, J. W.

SUMMONS.

In the District Court for the Third Judicial District of Washington Territory, holding terms at Seattle, for the Counties of King and Kitsap. Complaint filed in the County of King, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION. TERRITORY OF WASHINGTON, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT. Whereas, the President of the United States has by proclamation designated Thursday, the 27th day of November, 1879, as a day of thanksgiving and praise.

Whereas, by the Providence of God, the people of this Territory have enjoyed the temporal blessings of health, prosperity, abundant harvests and the rapid growth of all their material interests, unaccompanied by any public disasters or calamities. Now, therefore, I, Elisha P. Ferry, Governor of said Territory, do hereby designate the said 27th day of November, A. D., 1879, as a day of thanksgiving and prayer.

North Pacific BREWERY. AUGUST MEHLHORN, PROPRIETOR. [SUCCESSOR TO M. SCHMIEG.] The Best Beer always on Hand. ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED.

Albert M. Snyder ATTORNEY FOR U. S. CLAIMANTS, COMMISSIONER OF DEADS FOR OREGON AND CALIFORNIA. NOTARY PUBLIC, COPYIST, Collector, Etc. PREEMPTION ENTRIES MADE AND HOMESTEAD FINAL PROOF TAKEN FOR SETTLERS, CONVEYANCING DONE, LOANS NEGOTIATED.

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

NEW ENGLAND HOTEL. Corner Commercial and Main Streets SEATTLE, W. T. THE NEW ENGLAND Is eligibly located and its accommodations for families are unsurpassed.

Notice to Creditors. In the District Court of Snohomish County, Washington Territory. James P. Austin vs. His Creditors.

THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION. TERRITORY OF WASHINGTON, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT. Whereas, the President of the United States has by proclamation designated Thursday, the 27th day of November, 1879, as a day of thanksgiving and praise.

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 * " " 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 Kolland 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.

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

S. & W. W. R. R. SEATTLE TO RENTON —AND— NEW CASTLE. PASSENGER AND FREIGHT CARS OF Seattle and Walla Walla Railroad will leave Seattle every day (Sundays excepted) at 7:30 A. M. and 2 P. M. Arrive at Renton at 8:30 A. M. and 3 P. M. Arrive at Newcastle at 9:30 A. M. and 4 P. M. 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. JACK LEVY, DEALER IN Meerschaum Goods Cigars, Tobacco, Etc. THEATRICAL AGENT. Crotto Cigar Stand, Occidental Square Seattle, W. T. Information given of the arrival and departure of Steamers.

SLORAH & CO.'S "BOSS" BEER!

STILL TAKES THE LEAD! 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 7 A. M. and Sunday at 6 P. M., connecting with the Railroad at Tacoma. n149tt

The End of the Romance.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

Their romance began in the twilight,
Down by the deep, sad sea.
He vowed it should last forever,
And "Forever!" echoed she.

They kissed at the end of the season;
And tore themselves apart,
Swearing to live for each other,
Or die of a broken heart.

Years after—I know not how many—
These faithful lovers met,
And that meeting—oh, fie! my Mabel,
Your foolish eyes are wet.

He came to a ball with his daughter,
And it happened that she was there
Whom he vowed he would love for ever,
With her daughters, plump and fair.

But the years had wrought such changes
That he did not recognize
In the fat, red lady before him,
The girl with the "angel eyes."

And she never dreamed that this person,
Portly and bald, could be
The romantic young man of that summer,
Down by the deep, sad sea.

They gave them a grave introduction;
She repeated the name he bore.
"It really sounds quite familiar;
Have we ever met before?"

No, he thought not; then a daughter,
Who looked as her mother did, when
In that summer of old he wooed her,
Came up, and he understood then.

"Why, yes. I am certain I met you
Long ago, by the sea"—with a grin;
"Before you wore eyeglasses, madam,
Or had such a very fat chin."

Then she laughed till she shook like a jelly.
"Dear me, can it possibly be?
Of the 'fairy'—the 'sylph'—you remember—
Do you see any traces in me?"

Then they laughed as they thought of the old
time,
Down by the deep, sad sea,
Till both of them cried, and their daughters
Were shocked, as was proper to be.

"Now what do you think of it, Mabel?"
She answered never a word:
But I saw she didn't believe me—
She thought it too absurd.

—Chimney Corner.

Love Conquers.

"Louisa, what is the matter? You look down-hearted. Is there anything wrong between you and Hal? He has not been here for a week—yes, two weeks, as I live! What does it mean?"

The girl addressed did look down-hearted and disconsolate, as Cecil Dean had said. She raised a pair of dark, troubled eyes to the speaker's face as she said,—

"Yes, something is wrong, but if I tell you what I shall only be rewarded by one of your lectures;" and the girl laughed, a nervous little laugh that told of a mind ill at ease.

"You know, Lu, that I only lecture you for your good. I hope this trouble will soon be over, but if you do not wish to confide in me, I don't mind," and Cecil moved toward the door.

"Wait, Cecil; I suppose you will know some time, and it might as well be now, though I think you will blame me."

"That is as good as acknowledging yourself in the wrong; but I'll listen to your story."

"You remember that two weeks ago Hal and I went to Alice Creighton's party?"

"Yes, and I also remember he has not been here since."

"Well, we had not been in the room twenty minutes before an oldish gentleman and one of the prettiest girls I ever saw made their appearance. Hal saw them and said:—

"Louisa, excuse me a moment, I must speak to those two last arrivals; I will be back and introduce them shortly," and before I could speak he left me.

"I looked toward them, and saw the fair lady extend her white, jeweled hand to my liege lord that was to be. Though I could not hear their greeting, I could see her bewitching smiles and glances. I waited the minute and a good many added ones for his return, but he came not. I was forgotten—ignored, so I accepted Lawrence Clayton's arm for a quadrille. As we took our places I heard a person say,—

"It seems Hal Lambert knows that handsome stranger."

"Oh, yes; they have traveled together abroad, and I have heard that he used to be quite attentive. I can readily believe the report, for he seems to have forgotten his fiancée for her now; but one can't blame him, for she is the handsomest woman I ever saw."

"I had heard enough. He had known her abroad, yet had never spoken of her in my presence. How I wished myself at home! As soon as Hal came I told him that I was going home, but that he need not accompany me, as he seemed to be enjoying himself. He actually laughed, and asked me if I was jealous. We went out on the lawn, and he said he was sorry he had left me so long, and that he had intended to come directly back, but he had been detained by her heavenly smiles. I suppose I told him that it was of no consequence—that I did not care at all, and he had the impudence to tell me that I must not get jealous and think because we were engaged he had no right to speak to any one else. Just as if I cared how many he spoke to! Then he asked me to return and he would introduce them, but I would

not; I asked him to order the carriage, but would not allow him to come home with me. He coldly said he hoped I would sleep off my annoyance.

"Well, Cecil, you need not smile; that is not the worst of it. Thursday, when I went to Mrs. Halley's, I saw him driving with the person who had caused me so much unhappiness. I could endure no more. I came home and sent him a note telling him he was free to return to his first love, and that I did not care to see him again. He called Friday, but I would not see him, so that is the end of it!"

"You certainly have had some cause for annoyance. I hardly know what to think. I must acknowledge that he has behaved very strangely, but you should have seen him when he called, and given him an opportunity to explain himself. He is proud and impulsive. You may have judged hastily. What is this beauty's name?"

"I do not know and would not ask; of course I am altogether to blame. I always am, and I suppose I should have seen him and begged his pardon for leaving me, and eat some humble pie because he chose to talk with some one else and neglect me. That is all the sympathy I expected from you, Cecil."

"I don't say that you were altogether to blame; but you acted hastily in giving him his freedom—that is, if you love him."

"Perhaps I did act hastily. As for loving, I do love him, though I am ashamed to say it," and Louisa left the room to have a good cry, while Cecil sat down to think how the tangle could be cleared from love's bright dream.

At last she arose, and writing a hasty note to Hal, dispatched it and waited for a reply. She did not have to wait long. Then, throwing a cloak about her, she left the room just as the shadows of evening began to deepen. She walked briskly for a short distance, when she was met by a tall, good-looking young man.

"Ah, Hal—I am glad to see you."

"Thank you. Louisa is not ill?"

"No, nor is she very well. But though I fear you will think I am meddling, I came to ask you why you have acted so strangely and brought this pain upon you both, for she has not suffered alone."

"She is the one who has acted strangely, and I must say I don't think her love for me could have been so very strong or she would not have given me up so easily."

"You forget the circumstances?"

"Not at all. It is a deuced pity if a fellow is not to speak to a cousin he has not seen for an age because he happens to be engaged."

"Cousin! Is she your cousin? Why did you not tell Lu so?"

"I thought I did tell her, though I believe now I neglected to do so, she was so angry and jealous—would not even see me when I called."

"Hal, do you still love my hasty little friend?"

"Yes, with all my soul."

"Then rest assured your love is more than returned, and if you will lay aside your pride all will yet be well. But even you must acknowledge that you treated her rather carelessly."

"I was going to explain, but she would not let me. She won't see me, and said if I wrote she would burn my letter; so what can I do?"

"She was very indignant. But I have a plan. Come to-morrow night at dusk. I will have her in the sitting-room; you can enter by the window and surprise her."

"Do you think she will receive me?"

"Without doubt."

"Very well; I won't fail."

He conducted Cecil home, and after he had left her a thousand conflicting thoughts took possession of him. For a time it seemed hard to tell whether love or pride would gain the day, but at last his determination was made, and with an outward calmness he turned his steps homeward.

The next night at the appointed time Hal stole softly up the steps to the balcony and entered by the open window, to see a fair head bent on the table, while sobs shook her slight frame. She had not heard him enter, and was not prepared for the firm clasp of manly arms, and the low tones asking to be forgiven.

"And you are very sure, Hal, that you do not love her?"

"Of course I love my cousin! She is engaged to marry some one else, so I promise that we will again be friends and never let jealousy separate us."

"I promise. Oh, here is Cecil."

"Yes, I am ever present, and as I see the clouds have vanished, allow me to wish you much future happiness. I trust this lesson is well learned."

They were married in due time, and find their greatest happiness in their perfect trust of each other.—*Waverley.*

HOW SHE DECIDED IT.—A young lady in Covington, Ky., had so many suitors for her hand that to put a stop to further annoyance she invited fifty of her friends and relatives, and all her lovers to call in the evening at her residence, under the pretence of meeting a charming lady from Washington. The friends nearly all came, and the lovers turned out to a man. Then selecting one of the latter, an insurance agent, she stood up before the minister who was present with the overjoyed suitor, and was married. The consternation that seized the remaining beaux may be imagined, but cannot be described.

"Will you settle that old account of yours this morning?" said a colonist.

"No, sir; you are mistaken in the man; I am not one of the old settlers."

Paper Wheels on Pullman Cars.

In the United States Circuit Court, before Judges McKennan and Butler, the trial of the case of George W. Halloway and wife against the Pullman Palace Car Company was resumed. The plaintiffs sought to recover damages for the death of their son, caused by an accident on one of the Pullman cars, on the night of November 1, 1876, on the Niagara express train. The accident was caused by the breaking of one of the wheels under the forward truck of the palace car "Woodbine," several persons being killed and many wounded. The broken wheel, as well as all the wheels of the palace car on that train, was made of paper, and the plaintiffs contended that the wheels made of that material were unfit for use and not as good as first-class chilled iron wheels, and that the use of such paper wheels was such gross negligence on the part of the Pullman Palace Car Company as made the latter liable for damages. The plaintiffs called a large number of engineers and experts, who testified that, in their opinion, paper wheels were not fit for use, and that it was unsafe to place them under the company's cars, and that only wheels solidly cast were safe. Upon the cross-examination of these experts, however, by P. X. Ransford and Christian Kneass, Esq., for the Pullman Palace Car Company, it turned out that the experts either knew nothing of the construction, manufacture or qualities of the paper wheels, or else were interested in the manufacture and use of iron wheels, which latter class, it is alleged, are being rapidly replaced by paper wheels. Numerous models of the paper wheels were exhibited to the jury by Messrs. Kneass and Ransford, and they contended that they were not only more safe and durable than the best iron wheels, but were far more expensive, and one of them would last as long as ten of the other kind. It was sought to be established that iron wheels were liable to break at any moment, were subject to contraction and expansion by the action of cold and heat, and were not strong enough for the heavy Pullman cars, but that the paper wheels were not liable to be affected by either heat or cold, were capable of sustaining any weight, supported the cars without jarring, and were practically indestructible. It was also shown that the North Pennsylvania Railroad Company had agreed to keep the cars in good order and repair.

The case excited a great deal of interest among members of the bar, railroad men and mechanical engineers, on account of the important and novel questions involved. It is stated that a verdict which would condemn the wheels would involve a loss of over \$1,000,000 to the Pullman Company alone.

After the plaintiffs had closed their evidence, Messrs. Kneass and Ransford moved for a judgment of non-suit, on the ground that the plaintiffs had failed to make out their case, and that their testimony did not show any liability whatever on the part of the Pullman Company.

After argument by the counsel, the Court granted the non-suit, sustaining the Pullman Company's view of the case.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Ascent of the Scherrihorn.

The death of Mr. Mosely while descending the Matterhorn has awakened an interest in Alpine accident and adventure which the newspaper correspondents are doing their best to gratify. One of the most remarkable of the recently told stories comes from a correspondent of the Bund of Geneva: Dr. Gampert, of Ottenbach, with the guide Vincenz Bissig and Herr Gisler, of the Klausen Inn, had made the ascent of the Scherrihorn. As they were returning, Gisler, who was acting as porter and had on his back a load weighing seventy pounds, made a false step and slipped. He thereupon, against the desire of his companions, untied the rope by which they were attached, saying he might slip again, and he was determined to endanger no other life than his own. They were then on a steep ice slope. Shortly afterward Gisler did slip again, and, losing his footing, shot with frightful velocity in the direction of a crevasse forty feet deep and six feet wide. As he neared the brink, however, Gisler, who is a man of powerful frame and great presence of mind, contrived to spring to his feet, and, clearing the crevasse at a bound, alighted unhurt on the other side, where, the slope being less steep, he was able to keep his footing. He joined the others lower down the mountain, and all arrived safely in the evening at the Klausen Inn.

HOW TO EAT AN OYSTER.—To tickle an oyster with your teeth, says Barry Gray, is one thing; to chew it is another—worse far than cutting it with a knife. What a degradation to the oyster! What an insult to civilization! and yet there are wretches who do it. There be fellows, too, who salt, pepper, vinegar and horse-radish—they ought to be horse-whipped for so doing—an oyster previous to eating it, and thereby partly mummify it as the old Egyptians did their dead. No! an oyster needs no condiment; gild your refined gold and paint your lily white, if you please; veneer diamonds, smother your strawberries with cream, season your champignons with Worcestershire sauce and add chicory to your coffee, if you will; but if you have the instincts of a gentleman destroy not the flavor of your oyster with the contents of the castor.

Glance at Belgium.

Belgium is one of the nations of Europe to be envied. Several of the "great powers" having "guaranteed" its independence, it is not much disturbed by continental wars. France has long coveted it, and would have annexed it long ago, if it had dared.

Just now, Belgium, the most populous State of Europe, fertile and rich in its resources, is suffering from the depression of trade. One of its great industries is iron manufacture. Having both iron and ore and coal in its hills, of great abundance and superior quality, its products in this line have commanded a ready market. France, Germany and the United States have been its customers.

But a change has come. One of the chief sources of complaint lies in the diminished trade with the United States. This, as I learn from conversation with intelligent merchants and manufacturer, is more severely felt in the traffic in woolen goods than in the products of iron. "Americans," they say, "who once bought of us, not only supply themselves, but bring their manufactured woolen goods into our principal towns and undersell us in our own markets."

Charleroi, a considerable town a short distance from Brussels, is nearly as celebrated for its iron works as Liege, and in the manufacture of plate glass it stands unrivaled. I learned at the American Consulate, in this city, that glass of the largest size plates, and other descriptions, were hitherto exported to the United States in large quantities from the manufactories of Charleroi. But during the last few years this trade has been gradually diminished, until now the exportation has dwindled to zero. On further inquiry, I was told at the Consulate that the chief cause of this diminution was the manufacture of plate glass in the United States; that the progress in the production of this article had been very great of late, and the Belgians are beginning to fear that the "quick-witted Americans" will soon be sending plate glass to sell in the shops of Charleroi. They supposed that here they had a permanent monopoly. Mr. Wilson, our Consul at Brussels, is from Pittsburg, and is fully posted in the glass trade, both at home and in Europe. He is just now on a visit to the United States.

I have spent several days in Belgium's Capital, including a Sabbath. Brussels is Paris in miniature. French is the prevailing tongue spoken, and everything looks French. The shops, the boulevards, the parks, the churches, the air and manners of the people, all appear as though they were trying to ape Paris. On Sunday the likeness is striking. In the morning the churches are tolerably well attended, and the afternoon and evening—just as in Paris—are given up to gayety and pleasure-seeking. This presents a marked contrast to the habits of the people in Switzerland and Germany, where the population is more largely Protestant. Belgium, like France, is mainly a Roman Catholic country.

On a summer evening in front of the large cafes, and in the most fashionable thoroughfares, the wide sidewalks are covered with little tables, at which are seated crowds of men, women, and children, sipping their beer and wine. Some of the women have infants in their arms. These crowds are not noisy, but the hum of conversation, the ripple of laughter, and the countenances of the people, show that they are enjoying themselves. These scenes may be witnessed in every direction, at the large cafes and along the principal boulevards. Children sit at these tables with their parents, families seem to be all congregated, and from the father to the youngest child, even the infant at the breast, they all drink. How far this may go, in stamping intemperate habits upon the generations as they grow up, no one can safely say; but it is true, in the most emphatic and literal sense, that children, in nearly all the continental cities, "drink in spirits with their mother's milk."

Other crowds are pouring through these streets to the theaters; and what is noteworthy is that on Sunday evening both the cafes and theaters are more patronized than on any other evening of the week.

I have alluded to the contrast in the appearance of the cafes in Paris and Belgium on Sunday, and such cities as I have visited in Switzerland and Germany, to the credit of the latter. But as all Americans know, at home as well as here, Sabbath observance, in any country on the continent, is a very different thing from its observance in England and the United States. In nearly all places in Europe, though the morning may have an externally devout aspect, in the habits of the people, they give up the afternoon and evening to pleasure, and often to carousing and boisterousness.

London is a model, externally considered, for Sabbath keeping, during the whole day up to 6 o'clock p. m. The shops are closed, with remarkably few exceptions, the streets are deserted, no omnibuses are running, and if you look into the churches, they are well filled. But all is changed at 6 p. m. The drink shops are now opened; they are crowded with men, women, young men, girls, and a few children; the streets are thronged with a low order of characters; as night comes on many are intoxicated, and reeling men and women are seen frequently.

The battlefield of Waterloo is twelve miles south of this city. An Englishman would hardly be deemed loyal to his country who should come to Brussels and not go to Waterloo. On going

there I fell in company with a young Englishman who was full of Wellington and his victory. On arriving at the principal monument, which is a mound thrown up in the center of the plain where the battle was fought, surmounted with a huge bronze lion on a granite pedestal, my young friend eagerly bought of a trader in human credulity two or three bullets "fired in the battle," a bone "from the arm of a soldier who fell in the battle," and a bone from a horse, but "whether it was from the horse of a French or an English officer" the dealer was "not quite sure," but it was all the same to this young John Bull. We walked together over the principal points of the field, and he returns home to England with his trophies as well satisfied as a devotee of the Pope who has got a bone of one of the saints.

R. L. S.

Maj. Thornburgh.

Maj. T. T. Thornburgh, whose tragic death at the hands of the Ute Indians is announced in the telegrams of today, was a native of East Tennessee. He enlisted in the volunteer service during the early part of the late civil war, and soon rose to the rank of Captain and Adjutant General, serving on the staff of Brig. Gen. Spear, who commanded a brigade of Tennessee volunteers. In 1863 Capt. Thornburgh, who was then a mere youth, was appointed a cadet at the West Point Military Academy, where in due course of time he graduated in the Artillery Department. He was assigned to duty, successively, in Alaska, Washington Territory, and California; and was afterward transferred to the Atlantic Coast. He was appointed Paymaster with rank of Major, and, after remaining some time in the pay department, he tired of the monotony and inactivity in this branch of the service, and, wishing for out-of-door life, he sought and effected a transfer with Maj. H. G. Thomas, of the 4th Infantry, this being the first case of the kind on record. By this change Maj. Thornburgh stepped above several ranking Captains. This transfer occurred early in 1878.

During the Cheyenne outbreak of last year Maj. Thornburgh was in command of the troops sent out to intercept the Indians on the line of the Union Pacific Railway. His command was almost entirely composed of recruits and infantry who were unused to horses, while the Cheyennes were splendid horsemen, finely mounted, and acquainted with the country. While he failed of success, he did good and faithful services. He did some of the hardest work on record, traveling the first day between sixty and seventy miles, and pressing the Indians so closely that they abandoned nearly all their plunder.

Major Thornburgh was one of the best rifle shots and horsemen in the United States Army. It is said by his friends that, with practice, he could have equaled Carver in rifle shooting. He was a man of splendid physique, with a noble, manly appearance, which impressed every one. He was ambitious, brave and a gallant officer, and a genial, hearty and a whole-souled gentleman, the very embodiment of jovial nature—a man who always made friends wherever he went, and rarely, if ever, made an enemy. In Omaha, where he resided for some time, he was well known, and he has a host of friends here who regret his untimely death. He was a brother of ex-Congressman Thornburgh, of Tennessee, who was one of the most prominent members of the last House of Representatives.

Maj. Thornburgh's military career was an active one, and his record was one of which he might well be proud. He leaves a wife and two children, who are now at Fort Fred. Steele. Maj. D. R. Clark, paymaster in this department, is father of Mrs. Thornburgh, and he left Omaha to-day for Fort Steele. He will endeavor to recover the body of his dead son-in-law.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Do Men Resemble Animals?

A writer in the Boston *Traveller* inquires: "What animal am I like?" and then proceeds to trace (as others have done before him) the close resemblance not only in the faces of men with those of beasts, but similar characteristics in their mental and moral composition. No man, he thinks, likes to be told that he looks like a dog; no woman that she resembles a sheep, and yet there are men and women who look like both. The miser has a prototype in the rodents, whose two narrow, gnawing teeth are eternally reproduced in humanity. The proud peculiarity of the strong gray-beards is to look like a lion—and Longfellow has that distinction. Christopher North looked like a noble mastiff; but other men have a more ludicrous resemblance to dogs of an inferior breed. A much-whiskered individual driving in a Victoria down town, with his Scotch terrier, asked a witty lady what she thought of them. "Why!" she said, "I thought you were beside yourself!" A man of the Dundreary type can look very much like a terrier. The bulldog finds his manly prototype in Bill Sykes, and we have all seen slender, greyhound looking men, and little, mean, ferret faces, on the lookout for game. Men of sardonic temper and smooth outlines, who are wise enough to wear a white, straight mustache, have a grand resemblance to a Bengal tiger. They look cruel, but it is a handsome, strong cruelty. No one can help respecting a Bengal tiger, although his traits are scarcely amiable.

Mischievous Reading.

The amount of pernicious literature that is sold upon the news-stands in this country is enormous and frightful.

The mixture that one sees upon the counters of the newsdealer is often a curious one. All varieties of periodical literature are represented here; but it is quite too plain which variety is in demand, and on which the dealer makes his largest gain.

The damage that is done by this pestilential literature,—the belittling and enervating effect of it upon the minds of those who read it, the false direction that it gives to all their ideas of life, the familiarity with debauchery and crime into which it brings them, the bad line of conduct that it suggests to them, who could undertake to tell? Probably not less than two millions of the youth of our land are fed weekly upon this moral carrion.

The Deep Sea.

At a recent meeting of the Christiana Society of Science, Robert Collett stated that the deep-water fishes collected during the last Atlantic expedition amounted to thirty-three species and proved to be of great interest to science, as the fish had, with a few exceptions, been taken from depths from which no Arctic fishes had previously been obtained.

A "ROUND UP" ON A COLORADO CATTLE RANCH.—As in more primitive days the different herds ranged intermingled over the public domain, so do they now stray from ranch to ranch, and at certain seasons of the year they must be collected and separated.

"That land ought to be used for a cemetery," remarked a gentleman, as the train glided by a field in which and stone were the principal portions.

An Irish crier at Ballinsloe being ordered to clear the court, did so by this announcement: "Now then, all ye blackguards that isn't lawyers must lave the court."

"Old Probabilities."

Gen. Albert J. Myer, chief of the Signal Service Department, is jokingly known as the mysterious "Old Probabilities," whose prophecies in the morning papers everybody consults before making their plans for the day.

Gen. Myer, with half-a-dozen other scientific men, crossed the continent a year ago, to take observations of the eclipse of the sun from the summit of Pike's Peak.

A female correspondent of a New York paper watched their preparations with breathless eagerness. At last she proffered her request. "Could she go into their observatory and stand beside them during the eclipse?"

Gen. Myer looked annoyed; then his eyes twinkled. "On one condition, madam. That you do not speak for half an hour."

She accepted the offer with a gulp of determination. At the end of five minutes after the commencement of the eclipse, a fluttering of skirts was heard. The lady fled, and was not seen again.

Gen. Myer ought to be able to manage one troublesome woman, as he has organized the most efficient and complex meteorological service in the world. To furnish the daily weather bulletin, which a boy reads with a glance of the eye, stations are maintained all over the United States.

The men who make these observations do it sometimes at the risk of health and life. A station was maintained on top of Pike's Peak during a season so inclement that prayers were offered in the churches below for the safety of the two officers.

Frederick Meyer was sent on this service to the North Pole. He made daily observations for more than a year. He, with a part of the crew, was deserted by the ship, and floated through the night and horror of an arctic winter on a floe of ice that was melting beneath them every hour.

When found by the ship Tigress, "they were more like ghastly corpses than living men." Yet through all this, the officer did not discontinue his work one day. All honor to these heroes who do their duty when no man looks on.

The Study of the Stars.

W. B. Stearns, President of Amherst College, in his book, "Ecce Caelum," says: "The great book of nature is the heavens, which it is a joy and an exaltation to peruse; such a natural and truthful book—one that is so acceptable to all, not a part. Its outspread pages invite study by day and by night. It is now an interpreted book. The interpretations were hard. Great men, persevering men, and many of them have been engaged in the work for long ages. The results are before the world. Once men could not see an eclipse and shooting stars without inferring some dire calamity. Now humanity does not tremble at the signs of heaven. The progress of astronomical science has freed us from our superstitious terrors. We leave such foolish things to centuries long past. To the science of stars we owe the safety and audacity with which unlimited canvas now stretches on the widest seas in the darkest nights."

"This science is worth more than all the fictions and poems the world has ever seen. The chief theorems of astronomy are more lofty than Milton or Homer. It is a poem as well as a science—the best example of polished completeness, and the noblest specimen we have of an epic poem. Look at the mighty secrets that men have wrested out of that stryry page above us! That ancient sentiment should be often repeated: 'The undevout astronomer is mad.' Note can tell us how ancient astronomy is, as a science. Neither history nor tradition carries us back to its beginning. The first clear view of it dates back about three thousand years before Christ. Some claim Chaldeans for its birthplace, others Egypt, and some India, the latter having the most ancient astronomical tables."

DEATH OF A ROBBER KING.—Rosza Sandor, the robber king of Hungary, has just died in prison at the age of sixty-five. He excelled in courage, success and picturesqueness both his father and grandfather, noted brigands, and his generosity toward the poor, his chivalry toward women, and the recklessness with which he attacked the police and military in broad daylight made him a sort of national hero. Few nobles traveled thirty years ago without conciliating him by a formal payment of blackmail. In 1836 he was imprisoned, but escaped with the assistance of his mistress, whose husband's brains he had previously blown out. Kossuth gave him a pardon in 1848, when he did good service as a patriot leader. In 1859 he was again arrested through the treachery of a member of his band, whom he killed as his captors approached, but in 1864 a general amnesty sent him free. In 1868 he again fell into the hands of the authorities, among his accomplices being several high civic functionaries, and he died in prison.

The debtor's memory is apt to fail.

Wit and Humor.

A girl said of her bow-legged beau that she "din't like to waltz in brackets."

Wonder if it screamed? A sporting paper says, "The yacht came down on a tack."

Why is a pair of skates like an apple?—Because they have occasioned the fall of man.

Stubbs says that the times are so dull that it is difficult for him to collect even his ideas.

The grocer who gives short weight to his customers ought to wait long for his money.

There is no peace for the bald-headed; just as sharp winds are going out flies are coming in.

The world, without woman, would be a perfect blank—like a sheet of paper—not even ruled.

An interesting man has named his daughters Time and Tide, so they will wait for no man.

"Take away women," asks a writer, "and what would follow?" That's easy. The men.

Wives should always sit up for their husbands. It makes two hour's difference in their arrival.

There's one sphere that belongs to everybody—to women as well as men—and that's the atmosphere.

A Cleveland man, who has had several wives, says a bald-headed eagle is one that has been married.

"That's a poser!" replied the photographer's assistant, when questioned as to whom he had in the chair.

"You've heard Browne's married again?"—"No; has he? Stupid ass! He didn't deserve to lose his first wife."

The beauty of a man's parting his hair in the middle appears to be that it gives both ears an equal chance to flap.

John writes to ask "If old Boreas ever had any wives?" Certainly; didn't you ever read of the "Merry Wives of Wind-sir?"

A cynical old bachelor says: "Wedlock is like a bird-cage; those without peck to get in, and those within peck to get out."

What is the difference between the weather and the baby?—One never rains but it pours, and the other never pains but it roars.

It is a mean man who would fool a fish by wearing a white choker and clerical coat when strolling along the banks of a brook on Sunday.

"I haven't enough work for another servant," said an old lady to a girl that applied for a situation. "Oh, yes, you have, mum; it'll take precious little to keep me busy."

If we were asked what physician stood at the head of his profession, we should say it was the gentleman who was in the habit of attending "patients on a monument."

"Have you a Chaucer?" asked a young lady, looking in at a book-store. The polite young man replied No, he never used it; but there was a tobaccoist's just two doors above.

A little girl wanted more buttered toast, but was told she'd had enough, and that more would make her ill. "Well," said she, "give me anuzzer piece and send for the doctor."

An editor, with nine unmarried daughters, was recently made justly indignant by the misconception his contemporaries put upon his able leader on, "The demand for more men."

A young man went into a restaurant the other day, and remarking that "time is money," added that as he had half an hour to spare, if the proprietor was willing he'd take it out in pie.

A young lawyer of Boston says that persons seeking solitude, where they can commune with their own thoughts uninterrupted, should come to his office, where it is as quiet as the grave.

It is said of actors that they are often particularly happy in their "make up," but for real bliss nothing in the way of "making up" beats a young couple who have been in the sulks for a week or two.

The bell-punch is supposed to be a modern invention, but it was evidently in use in Macbeth's time, from the fact that he says, "Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready, she strike upon the bell."

"Healthy place here?" asked a visitor who was prospecting in the neighborhood of Denver, Colorado. "Stranger, yes," was the reply; "ten years ago we had to kill two old men to get seed enough to start a cemetery."

They asked a crier in one of the courts if he did not find it difficult to while away the time during the hearing of dry cases. "Oh, no," was the prompt reply; "I just lean my head back, and sleep of the judge."

"Prisoner, how old are you?" "Twenty-two, your honor." "Twenty-two? your papers make out that you were born twenty-three years ago."

"So I was; but I spent one year in prison, and I don't count that—it was lost time."

"I am the oak; you are the vine," remarked an ardent though silly lover to his Marianne. "Let the vine, therefore, creep around the oak until it reaches the topmost leaves—"

"And finds nothing there," exclaimed the heartless beauty.

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A. J. SPENCER, M. D.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 19, 1897.

Standard Soap Co.—Gentlemen:

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

C. M. SAWTELLE, M. D., 120 Capp street.

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Legislative Doings.

The following are the enactments, memorials and resolutions passed by the Legislative Assembly of the Territory of Washington, at the seventh biennial session of October and November, 1879, no bill receiving a veto.

ACTS.

An act prohibiting hogs from running at large in the counties of Yakima and Whitman.

Defining lawful fences in Columbia and Stevens counties.

To amend an act entitled "An act relative to liens," approved November 8, 1877.

To prevent the spread of scab or other infectious diseases among sheep in the counties of Walla Walla, Columbia, Whitman, Stevens, Yakima and Klickitat.

To amend an act entitled "An act relative to deeds," approved November 9, 1877.

In relation to the Judges of the District and Probate Courts and Justices of the Peace practicing as attorneys-at law in certain cases.

To change the name of David Lipstine to that of Henry Landes.

To fix the time for holding the regular terms of Probate Courts.

To extend and define the corporate limits of the city of Port Townsend.

In relation to acknowledgments of deeds, mortgages, and other instruments of writing taken in foreign countries and beyond the limits of the United States.

To organize Spokane county.

To repeal an act entitled "An act for the protection of stock raisers in the counties of Clallam and Jefferson."

To regulate the building of wire fences.

To authorize the city of Port Townsend to license, tax, regulate and restrain certain kinds of business within the limits of said city.

To repeal an act entitled "An act to provide for the appointment of a county assessor in the county of Pierce, and defining his duties, and declaring the sheriff thereof ex-officio assessor."

To protect the inmates of Insane Asylums.

To change the name of the county seat of Lewis county.

For the protection of game and fish in the counties of Walla Walla and Columbia.

Defining libel, and providing for the punishment thereof.

Relating to liens of farm laborers.

To provide for the sealing and measurement of logs, and the formation of lumber districts.

For the better protection of bridges in Washington Territory.

Fixing the rates to be paid for public printing and providing for the auditing the accounts of public printer.

Repealing the proviso of section one of an act entitled "An act for the relief of the clerks and employes of the present Legislature," approved November 9, 1877.

To amend section 460, chapter 41, of an act entitled "An act to regulate the practice and proceedings in civil action," approved November 8, 1877.

To regulate actions and proceedings to recover or affecting real estate.

To appropriate money for the University of Washington Territory.

For the relief of the county of Stevens.

To punish gambling.

To amend an act entitled "An act in relation to compensation of certain officers of Columbia county."

Regulating salmon fisheries on the waters of the Columbia river and its tributaries.

To dispose of certain persons held in custody.

To amend an act entitled "An act to regulate the practice and proceedings in civil actions."

To create the office of Fish Commissioner for the Columbia river, to license the taking of salmon in the Columbia river and its tributaries, and to encourage the establishment of hatching houses on the waters of the Columbia river for the propagation of salmon.

To provide for the codification of the laws of Washington Territory.

Supplemental to and explanatory of chapter 2, of an act entitled "An act to provide for the incorporations of cities," approved November 9, 1877.

In relation to assignments.

To legalize certain ordinances of the city of Seattle.

For the relief of Klickitat county.

For the relief of B. S. Miller.

For the relief of James T. Berry.

To amend an act entitled "An act providing for the election of County Commissioners and defining their duties," approved Dec. 1, 1869.

To repeal an act entitled "An act to extend and define the corporate limits of the city of Port Townsend," approved Oct. 1, 1879.

To incorporate the city of Goldendale. In relation to mortgages on personal property.

To amend an act entitled "An act to amend an act entitled 'An act to encourage the cultivation of oysters,'" approved Nov. 7, 1877.

To provide for the recovery of damages for injuries caused by the use of intoxicating liquors.

To amend an act entitled "An act in relation to Notaries Public," approved Oct. 31, 1877.

To repeal an act entitled "An act to provide for the appointment of an official shorthand reporter for the District

Courts," approved Nov. 6, 1877.

To amend the charter of the city of Walla Walla.

To authorize the Governor to execute a bond to the United States.

Legalizing the action of certain Boards of County Commissioners.

Regulating the fees of certain officers in Lewis county.

Providing for the care and keeping of Maggie and Thomas Phillips, infant children of Mary Phillips, a Territorial convict.

Creating a Territorial Board of Equalization and defining their duties.

For the relief of E. Serfling.

To amend an act entitled "An act relating to the support of the poor."

To amend an act entitled "An act to regulate practice and proceeding in civil actions," approved Nov. 8, 1877.

Concerning proclamations issued by the Governor.

Establishing District Courts in the First and Second Judicial Districts, and fixing the times and places for holding the same.

Regulating the removal of certain causes from the District Court holding terms at Olympia to the District Court of Lewis County.

To provide for cataloguing the Territorial library.

For the relief of Walla Walla county.

For the relief of Columbia county.

To amend an act entitled "An act in relation to Territorial Auditor," approved Nov. 29, 1871.

Authorizing the County Commissioners of Thurston county to levy an additional tax for county purposes.

To change the boundaries of Pacific, Wahkiakum, Lewis and Skamania counties.

To require the Board of Pilot Commissioners of the Columbia river and bar to pay a portion of the money in their hands into the Territorial Treasury.

To provide for the collection of road taxes and the maintenance of roads in Kitsap county.

To provide for the recording of articles of incorporation.

Conferring upon foreign corporations certain powers.

For the relief of certain clerks and employees of the present Legislature.

To amend an act entitled "An act relative to crime and punishment, and proceedings in criminal cases," approved Nov. 10, 1873.

To authorize the Commissioners of Jefferson county to borrow money for road purposes.

For the relief of Irving Ballard.

For the relief of Wm. Billings.

To authorize the adoption of children.

For the relief of Yakima county.

To change the name of Claus Oeser to Frederick Oser.

For the protection of deer in San Juan county.

In relation to the organization of new counties and the changing in county lines.

In relation to the relocation of the county seat of Pierce county.

Regulating appeals from the decisions of County Commissioners.

To provide for the appointment of a Board of County Commissioners for Stevens county.

To authorize the County Commissioners of Clallam county to raise money for certain purposes.

To amend an act entitled "An act to incorporate the town of Olympia," approved Nov. 9, 1877.

In relation to Prosecuting Attorneys, defining their duties, and fixing their compensation in Walla Walla, Columbia, Whitman, Spokane and Stevens counties.

To legalize and establish certain roads in Clallam and San Juan counties.

To confirm the location of the county seat of Island county.

To enable counties to borrow money to pay their indebtedness.

Authorizing the Puget Sound Iron Company to construct a wharf at the head of Port Townsend bay.

To repeal section 17 of an act entitled "An act relating to county auditors," approved Nov. 29, 1869.

To appropriate one-half of the Territorial tax of Snohomish county for the year 1880, for the purpose of building a Territorial road therein.

Relative to the property rights of husband and wife.

To dispose of license money in the city of Port Townsend.

To change the lines between Walla Walla and Columbia counties.

To provide a system of revenue to be paid by certain foreign corporations and the manner of collecting the same.

In relation to roads, ferries, bridges and travel on public highways.

Prohibiting hogs from running at large in Pacific county.

To provide for the assessing and collecting of county and Territorial revenues.

To legalize the action of the Commissioners of Thurston county in levying a special tax of two mills on the dollar for the year 1879.

Exempting firemen and members of fire departments from certain duties and obligations.

For the relief of T. M. Reed, Territorial Auditor.

To amend an act entitled "An act in relation to the Territorial library," approved Jan. 31, 1867.

To declare certain persons habitual drunkards, and to protect them and others in person and property.

In relation to the disposal of certain moneys derived from liquor licenses in the town of Colfax.

To amend sub-division 26, section 32,

chapter 5 of an act to incorporate the city of Vancouver.

Appropriating money for immigration purposes.

To fix the number of the Legislative Assembly, and apportion the same.

For the assessment and collection of taxes in the county of Kitsap for the year 1878.

To amend an act approved Nov. 31, 1873, entitled "An act to provide for the formation of corporations.

To provide for extra clerks.

To ascertain the wishes of the people in certain counties in regard to the fence law.

For the relief of the Oregon Steam Navigation Company and others.

Supplemental to and amendatory of an act entitled "An act to establish Courts in the First and Second Judicial Districts, and to fix the times and places for holding the same," approved Nov. 6, 1879.

To provide for the location of a Territorial road from Quillete to the Straits of Juan de Fuca.

To amend an act entitled "An act in relation to licences," approved Nov. 13, 1873.

For the relief of Frank Seidel.

To prevent hogs running at large in Thurston county.

For the encouragement and support of mining and manufacturing.

To amend an act declaring Black river navigable and a public highway, approved Nov. 14, 1873.

To amend an act entitled "An act offering a bounty for killing wild animals."

To appropriate money to pay for indexing the laws.

Providing for the payment of expenses incurred by the Prison Commissioners in examining the Territorial Penitentiary.

To authorize the purchase of books for the Territorial Auditor and Treasurer.

To establish District Courts in the Third Judicial District, and fixing the times and places for holding the same.

To provide for the removal of records of the District Court from Fort Colville to Spokane Falls.

To restrain the sale of intoxicating liquors in certain limits in the counties of Spoken, Stevens and Whitman.

To amend an act entitled "An act to regulate the government of the Hospital for the Insane" approved November 9, 1877.

To make a change in the Territorial road running from Palouse City, in Whitman county, to Dayton, in Columbia county.

Requiring pickled, barreled or canned fish put up in this Territory to be marked in a certain way.

For the relief of Mrs. L. B. Noble.

Amendatory of an act entitled "An act to amend the Charter of the City of Walla Walla," approved Nov. 9, 1879.

To provide for the correction of errors in the spelling and punctuation of the acts of the present Legislative Assembly.

To provide for the printing and distribution of the revised road law.

To establish and protect the rights of married women.

MEMORIALS AND RESOLUTIONS.

Praying for the establishment of a district land office at Port Townsend.

Praying for an appropriation of fifteen thousand dollars to remove obstructions to navigation in the Chehalis river.

For the relief of Dennis Stores, et al.

Praying for a light house on Miller's Point, at the North end of Saratoga Passage, Puget Sound.

Praying for the appropriation of a sum sufficient to complete the locks and canal at the Cascades and Dalles, on the Columbia River.

Praying for the establishment of a land office at Goldendale.

Relative to the establishment of a military post in Yakima County.

Relative to the establishment of a mail service on route 43,100 from New Tacoma via Steilacoom and Ortondale.

Praying Congress not to change the boundary line between the State of Oregon and Washington Territory.

Asking the President to detail an officer to act as professor in the University.

Praying Congress for a bounty for the soldiers of the Indian war of 1855-6.

Asking for the establishment of a land office at Spokane Falls.

Praying for the establishment of a land office at Yakima City.

Relative to mail service between Whatcom, Washington Territory, and New Westminster, British Columbia.

Praying Congress for a railroad subsidy. Relative to a military telegraph line.

Relative to the removal of the jam from the Nootsack River.

Praying Congress to extend the session of the Territorial Legislature, and increase the compensation of officers and members.

Relative to printing certain laws. In respect to the memory of the late Clarrick Crosby.

Praying for aid by land grant to the Seattle and Walla Walla Railroad and Transportation Company.

Praying Congress to reduce the tariff on foreign imports.

Praying Congress that suitable laws be made by Congress to cause thorough survey and scientific examination of the Territory.

Relative to the entry and clearance of vessels under thirty tons register on Puget Sound.

Praying Congress for aid to remove obstructions from numerous rivers emptying into Puget Sound. Relative to the death of the late Zachariah Chandler. Relative to the death of the late Maj. Gen. Joseph Hooker.

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