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Chandler and his Successor.

It could scarcely be possible to find any two men in similar station in life so diametrically opposite in all their personal characteristics as the late Zach. Chandler and his successor, ex-Governor Baldwin. Without attempting to portray Chandler, whose peculiarities are well known throughout the country, it is sufficient to describe the person and character of his successor to show the remarkable contrast. In his personal appearance, dress and address, Governor Baldwin is a man who could not be mistaken by the most superficial observer for any other than a gentleman of elegant manners and refined culture, to whom a profane or vulgar word or act would be impossible. Having accumulated an ample fortune in the mercantile business, Governor Baldwin, at middle age, retired from the cares of business and devoted his time and means to the cultivation of his mind, in patronizing the fine arts, promoting religious and philanthropic objects, and in extended travels, visiting nearly all the States of the Union and the countries of the world. He is an earnest Churchman, a man of rare social qualities, great liberality and charity towards all men, and a party politician in no offensive sense. He was in California and Oregon about thirteen years ago and called at our office in company with Bishop Scott, and very earnestly deprecated the persecution to which we had been subjected in San Francisco under a political pretext. In all these characteristics there is no point of resemblance between him and his immediate predecessor that there was not between Chandler and his immediate predecessor, General Cass. If Henry P. Baldwin does not make as notable a Senator as Mr. Chandler, he will, nevertheless, confer quite as much dignity and honor upon the position.

"OLD BLOW HARD," is the name by which Toombs is familiarly known in Georgia. He is one of that kind of whom we have many specimens in the North: "Invincible in peace, invisible in war." A "stalwart" of the most uncompromising class. Before the war he predicted that the time was not distant when he could call the roll of his slaves at the base of Bunker Hill monument, and held in utter contempt the warnings of Stephens and other Southern conservatives whose predictions as to the result of war have been verified. He joined the Confederate army as a Brigadier, but there is no record of his prowess or military achievements; he was, however, among the very few Southern men of property who came out of the war richer than he went into it. Like John Hook, he clamored for pay for beef. No man who ever held so high public position, could command so little respect for his opinions in his own vicinage. Yet his drunken utterances are telegraphed over the North as representing the temper of the South towards the Government. Not long since he telegraphed the sentiment: "Death to the Union!" which created a sensation only where Toombs is not known. Now we have another of his belchings occupying a prominent place in the dispatches of the associated press: A newspaper correspondent met Toombs at Atlanta recently, and asked him who would be the next President. "Grant," he replied promptly. "He will be the next President and the last President." "After Grant—what?" "The Empire, by God! I am ready for it; it is part of the inevitable. When the North, by the Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments, injected 530,000 savages into the belly of the Constitution, they made popular government impossible." We have no more doubt that Bob Toombs said that than we have that he was drunk at the time he said it. What of it? Is it fair to hold a whole section of the Union responsible for the drunken ravings of an

old played out politician, who holds no authority from his fellow-citizens to either speak or act for them?

The Wailatpu Massacre.

THE TRUE STORY OF THE EXECUTION OF THE WHITMAN MURDERERS.

ROSEBURG, Or., Nov. 29, 1879.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE OREGONIAN:

In the Daily Oregonian of the 19th inst., I find an article taken from the Army and Navy Journal in relation to the surrender, imprisonment, trial and execution, as the writer says, of "three" Cayuse Indians at Oregon City in the year 1850. I have read the article and your comments upon it and thank you for noticing the article as it deserved. I know not nor care not who the author of the article may be; I know that he has not stated facts. In place of making history he has falsified history and I notice the author no further.

I will try and give you, for publication, a true history of the surrender, imprisonment, trial and execution of five Cayuse Indians, leaders and principal actors in the barbarous, cruel and unprovoked murder of Dr. Whitman, his wife and some twelve others, at his mission at Wailatpu, in November, 1847, and of the terrible suffering of the prisoners who fell into the hands of the Cayuses, among them young women who were forced to become wives of the murderers of their fathers and mothers, and other cruelties and barbarities too horrible to patiently think about. But all this history is well known to the people of Oregon, consequently, I will only write of that which transpired under my own observation and the part I took in bringing the murderers to trial and punishment.

At the time of the massacre I was in Mexico. But on the 27th day of August, 1848, I was at my home in Indiana, when Col. Jo. Meek arrived at my house bearing in his pocket a letter from President Polk and my commission as Governor of Oregon, and under the law ex-officio superintendent of Indian affairs. I left home for Oregon the morning of the 29th, the second day after Meek's arrival. But before we set out he had given us an account of the atrocious massacre of Dr. Whitman, his wife and others, at Wailatpu, and at many a camp-fire on our way overland to this coast did Meek relate to us the horrors of the massacre of Whitman and others at the mission, and frequently asked whether I would take steps to punish the Indians. It is hardly necessary to say I had learned to keep my plans to myself, consequently, listened to all that was said, and made known to but few what I thought was best. There were no troops in Oregon at that time, nor could any reach there till in the fall, when it was known the rifle regiment under Col. Loring would arrive; consequently, my only chance for punishing the guilty Indians was by trying to prevail upon the better portion of the tribe to deliver up the most guilty for trial and punishment. With this view, I visited Mr. Douglas and Gov. Ogden, at Fort Vancouver, and without making known my plans, got correct information about the upper Columbia Indians generally, and especially of the Cayuses, and found them ready to furnish any goods, tobacco and other things proper and necessary as presents for Indians, and that a boat and good and experienced boatmen would at any time be at my service to take me up the Columbia to the Indian country. All this being arranged, I returned to Oregon City, consulted with some of our good friends at that place about the chance of getting the tribe to give up the murderers. (And here I will with pleasure say that nowhere have I met or found a better or more civil or kind good people than in 1849 lived in and adjacent to Oregon City, and this I can say of the early pioneers generally; and he who would cast a slur

upon their good name is an unfeeling slanderer and wretch.) Well, after full consultation with such friends I was advised to consult with Dr. McLaughlin and Bishop Blanchet, who, they said, could do more to aid me than any other persons, as they were better acquainted with them, and could do more with them than any other persons could. Gov. Abernathy especially advised me to consult McLaughlin. I did consult them both and agreed upon the kind of communication I would write, making known the power and character of our government and the determination to make war upon the Cayuse nation should they refuse to meet me and give up the murderers. This communication was by Dr. McLaughlin placed in the hands of a half-breed who could read and translate to the Cayuses, and who delivered it and came back without a definite reply. They asked for time to consider and agree among themselves; and so the matter stood for a time. But after waiting and finding no further reply I renewed the demand, and just at this time the rifle regiment passed through their country on their way to Oregon City. This fact no doubt made an impression on them, and they agreed that the next spring they would meet me near The Dalles and give up the murderers. But in the intervening time I took care to make known to them that if the guilty were not given up before June, 1850, I would make war upon them—and so I would. Col. Loring was ready and a little anxious for the fray. They finally agreed that they would bring the prisoners to The Dalles in May. Accordingly I proceeded to Vancouver and procured a boat and hands to work it. Lieut. Addison with some ten soldiers were detailed to accompany me and to guard the prisoners.

We met near The Dalles. The principal chiefs and many warriors were of the Cayuses party. I had Lieut. Addison and ten men. We held a talk, arranged a peace and they delivered to me their old chief, Til on-kite, and four subordinate chiefs, and we took leave of the Cayuses, and with our five prisoners, not (three), as stated by the writer for the Army and Navy Journal, but five guilty, barbarous murderers, stepped into our boat, and we set out on our return to Oregon City, down the Columbia and then up the Willamette. I did not land them at Fort Vancouver nor were they kept there by the rifles or any other troops, not for a moment. We took them without loss of time to Oregon City and put them in a house on the island and furnished them with plenty to eat and took good care of them. From the island they could not escape.

The bridge from the main shore to the island was well guarded, and the access to the mills from the water below were also well guarded. At that time the island and the mills belonged to the writer of this, and the hands employed were placed on duty as guards until Marshal Meek arrived and took charge of the prisoners. At his request, Col. Loring detailed Lieut. Lane, with twenty men, to guard the prisoners until the court could be convened to try them. Judge Pratt presided, and with much patience and care extended to them a fair and impartial trial. Pritchett, then Secretary of the Territory, was on the defense, and was paid \$500 for his services, allowed and paid at Washington. He labored hard to acquit the guilty savages, but justice prevailed, and the five murderers were found guilty and were sentenced to die, and were hanged and buried at Oregon City, where then lived as good, honest, honorable and just a population as can be found on top of the globe. I arrived in Oregon City on the 2d day of March, 1849, and from that time till the guilty five were executed, I did not for a day lose sight of my duty and determination to have pun-

ished the cruel murderers of Dr. Whitman and others at Wailatpu.

JOSEPH LANE.

Snohomish Correspondence.

SNOHOMISH CITY, }
Dec. 5, 1879. }

EDITOR PUGET SOUND DISPATCH:

Another week has rolled around, and with it has come and gone the usual share of troubles and trials to which we, during our brief existence on this mundane sphere are subject, and of which may be mentioned, as one of the most dreaded but surest to come around, the time set when an additional per centage will be added to our already burdensome taxes, unless paid up before the 1st day of Dec. Yielding to the inevitable, our town was made to present quite a lively appearance during the last few days of November, by the number of people who came from all parts of the county for the purpose of paying their taxes, and despite the hard times that have prevailed for some time back, the books of our treasurer, so far this year, will compare favorably with those of more prosperous years; and it really seems a pleasure to be waited on by that most affable, efficient and courteous treasurer, Lot Wilbur, despite the natural repugnance felt by all to any such payments.

There are but few improvements going on in town at present, the most important of which is a building being erected by Mr. E. C. Ferguson, and intended, upon completion, to be used as a county jail or lock-up. As this county has heretofore been without a place of safe keeping for persons under arrest and as the county becomes more thickly settled the need of some such place is more deeply felt; in fact, public opinion demands that there should be a place of confinement here, and but for the penny wise and pound foolish policy of certain of our County Commissioners, we would have had a building of this kind here some months ago and the county would have been the better off for it in the end.

Business here appears to be reviving a little and money is circulating a little freer than for some time back, but there is still room for great improvement yet.

The Pacific Base Ball Club, of Snohomish, held a meeting last week, when steps were taken to perpetuate their organization with the object in view next season of adding more laurels to those so nobly won on the Diamond Field last season, at which meeting E. C. Ferguson was elected President, Dr. Folsom, Secretary, and the Hon. H. Blackman, Treasurer, and it was also decided that they should give a Grand Masquerade Ball and supper at the hall of the Snohomish Atheneum, on the evening of December 24th, and to which they cordially invite all, and I should say, that from the preparation that is in progress at this distant day, that it will be an enjoyable affair. I must now conclude with regards, from.

Yours ever,
NON EST.

THE EARLY BIRD, ETC.—Mr. Philip Ritz, of this city, has taken up some 5,500 acres in government and railroad land on the survey of the Northern Pacific railroad. He purposes breaking a large amount of it this fall with the view of raising feed for man and beast next year. This is foresight; the North Pacific will have employed the next season, in the construction of the line from the mouth of Snake river to Spokane, from five hundred to a thousand men. To supply these men with their teams there will be a demand for all the provender that he and many more can raise and at such prices as that country will never see again. With no mishaps, it would not be extravagant to predict that the frugal man working his land next year with the view of supplying edibles for these laborers and their teams would clear the cost of their farm.—Walla Walla Statesman.

David's Lament.

The beauty of Israel's fallen,
Her flowers are crushed in their bloom,
The strength of the mighty is broken,
Rejoicing is changed into gloom.
Oh! Let not the goddess e'er triumph
O'er the Lord's own anointed laid low!
Oh! N'er let the daughters of Gaza
Exult in an Israelite's woe!
Ye mountains that frown o'er Gilboa!
No more shall the silvery rain
Be sprinkled with moistening profusion
On the ground where a monarch was slain.
Like lions those warriors were standing,
Defying the foe to the end;
Like lions those warriors perished,
No knee to the Gath would they bend.
—HYDE PARKER.

Keeping the Peace.

This little essay has no wider scope than the discussion of some of the difficulties in the way of keeping the peace in families, and some of the methods by which these difficulties may be removed. If, however, it should appear that the same difficulties are at once in the way of the peace of nations as well as that the same methods which promote family peace may be successfully employed to harmonize nations, there need be no surprise.

Each individual is a world in himself. He has needs, desires, preferences, tastes; and the satisfying of these he instinctively seeks without regard to the welfare of any other individual. But he soon learns that every other person he comes in contact with is a unit just like himself, with like needs, and it may be with like desires, preferences and tastes, and that compromise of some sort between conflicting interests is a necessity. The family is the chosen field where these compromises should be adjusted, where brethren shall learn to dwell together in unity, where the strong shall not by reason of their strength oppress the weak, where love shall neutralize selfishness, and where the common good shall be the supreme law. To the mother chiefly is intrusted the responsibility of keeping the family peace, and sometimes she finds she has a pretty large contract on her hands. Some children are born inordinately selfish, others have this trait developed by excessive indulgence. Some children are born with an arbitrary disposition, and from their cradles impose laws on all about them. We do not propose here to discuss pre-natal influences and show how many a child is simply the victim of misfortune in coming into the world loaded with traits fastened on him by the errors and crimes of his progenitors. It is enough to point out the fact and then try to make the best of it, or rather make the most and the best of a child suffering for faults not in any just sense his own. And here we may remember with profound satisfaction that He who "knoweth our frame and remembereth that we are dust" is the final Judge of us all. The mother, holding from its inception the life of her child within her own, has opportunities vouchsafed to no one else to first form the character of her child and then study the unfoldings of this character from the very beginning onward. She has it in her power to check the budding of selfishness, to guide the will, to restrain the passions, to direct the current of its activities, and to throw around it an atmosphere which "seeming to be nothing shall contain the substance of all things," in which her child shall grow in beauty and symmetry as flowers grow in balmy climates. As one by one others begin to move in orbits about her as the planets around the sun, the harmonious adjustment of these orbits occupies her no less than the holding of each separate planet to its separate orbit. And in addition to this she must be herself in constant equipoise. Clouds on her face, disturbances of her "photosphere" are followed by climatic rigors and "electric storms" on all the orbs that encircle her. The laws of physical life and of spiritual life are alike.

It is impossible to avoid differences in families. They spring up of themselves as naturally as flowers and weeds and all vegetable growths spring from the soil. Sometimes they flow from similarity of dispositions and tastes, and quite as often from dissimilarity. "It matters not," said a mother in our hearing not long ago, "how many or what variety of playthings I get for my children, they all struggle for the same toy." Children, like grown people, often do not know what they want till they see some one else apparently happy with a possession; then it becomes clear to them that they want that alone. With children as with grown people the life does not consist in the abundance of things they possess, and it is well to let them learn this lesson early. No children are so restless and unhappy as those who have everything done for them and are never called upon to forget and even sacrifice their own inclinations to secure the happiness of others. Pleasant and varied occupation is very potent in preventing differences in families. Absorbed in music, in painting, in embroidery, in fretwork, in knitting, in crocheting, in reading, in studying, the young mind has no time to indulge in ill humors. It is, according to the old rhyme, "Satin" who always "finds some mischief still for idle hands" and idle hearts to do. As a means of preserving harmony among small children, the Kindergarten methods are the summation of wisdom, and when these are employed with the spirit that should accompany them, every ill-regulated

pulse is brought into quiet and happy rhythm.

Love is the great bond of peace. Where each seeks not his own but the good of every other, where the burden of each is borne by all in common, where the joy of one is the joy of all, and the grief of one is the grief of all, how can discord and strife and jarring enter there? This is the ideal home. This is the millennium. This is what we hope and expect to find in heaven. Where this idea of fusion in interest, oneness in hope, unity of aim, takes possession of the united head of a family and is engrafted upon all the members, there is a bond of peace that cannot be broken. There the whole body rejoices together and reaches the maximum of prosperity, vigor and success.
—N. Y. Tribune.

Neglect of the Eye.

Whatever an ounce of preventive may be to the other members of the body, it certainly is worth many pounds of cure to the eye. Like a chronometer watch, this delicate organ will stand any amount of use, not to say abuse, but when once thrown off its balance it can very rarely be brought back to its original perfection of action, or, if it is, it becomes ever after liable to a return of disability of function, or the seat of actual disease. One would have supposed from this fact, and from the fact that modern civilization has imposed upon the eye an ever-increasing amount of strain, both as to the actual quantity of work done, and the constantly increasing brilliancy and duration of the illumination under which it is performed, that the greatest pains would have been exercised in maintaining the organ in a condition of health, and the greatest care and solicitude used in its treatment when diseased.

And yet it is safe to say that there is no organ in the body the welfare of which is so persistently neglected as the eye. I have known dotting mothers take their children of four and five years of age to have their first teeth filled, instead of having them extracted, so that their jaw might not suffer in its due development, and become in later years contracted; while the eye, the most intellectual, the most apprehensive, and the most discriminating of all our organs, receives not even a passing thought, much less an examination. It never seems to occur to the parents that the principal agent in a child's education is the eye; that through it, it gains not only its sense of the methods and ways of existence of others, but even the means for the maintenance of its own; nor does it occur to the parents for an instant that many of the mental as well as bodily attributes of a growing child are fashioned, even if they are not created, by the condition of the eye alone.

A child is put to school without the slightest inquiry on the part of the parent, and much less on the part of the teacher, whether it has the normal amount of sight; whether it sees objects sharply and well-defined, or indistinctly and distored; whether it be near-sighted or far-sighted; whether it sees with one or two eyes; or, finally, if it does see clearly or indistinctly, whether it is not using a quantity of nervous force sufficient, after a time, not only to exhaust the energy of the visual organ, but of the nervous system at large.

A Cheerful Wife.

Better than gold to a man is a cheerful wife. But he must do his part toward making her cheerful. It is easy enough for a man to marry a happy woman. But the bride expectant, when she thought how happy she would be, never contemplated the picture of a husband coming home cross as a bear, and going to bed without speaking to her; she had never thought of the long evening when he would not come at all; or his bringing some one home to dinner without warning or preparation; or his awful profanity over so trifling a matter as her little bill of expenses. She had no idea, in fact, there could be anything but happiness in married life, and she had determined to be happy and to distribute her happiness to those about her. It is not often her fault if she doesn't succeed. Men, as a rule, do not exert themselves to secure their wives' happiness. They know that it requires a great and a constant effort to possess property and be secure in its value in the midst of constant commercial changes. The cheerfulness, the happy, hopeful character which every woman displays at the beginning of marriage, is not so easily lost as a fortune; it requires but a small share. A word to the girls in this connection is in order: Beware of the man who doesn't know enough about cheerfulness to understand its value in daily life. Such a man would improve the first opportunity to grind the cheerfulness out of his home, to frighten a sunbeam into a shadow, and then wonder what is the matter. Such is no better than a husband at all; and when you want a husband go find somebody else—somebody who will give you at least some chance to be happy far into the life beyond the honeymoon.

SPICED BREAD CAKE.—Take one and one-half teacups of dough after it is raised for bread, add to it one cup of butter, two cups of brown sugar, two-thirds of a cup of raisins, stoned and chopped. One tablespoonful each of cloves, cinnamon and allspice. Mix thoroughly and let it rise before baking.

When a man's temper gets the best of him it reveals the worst of him.

Returning a Favor.

A tinker was traveling in a country town; and, having traversed many miles without finding anything to do, he stopped, weary and hungry, at a tavern. Here he got into conversation with a glazier, to whom he related his troubles. The latter sympathized with him deeply, and, telling him he should have a job before long, advised him to go to his dinner and eat heartily. The tinker took his advice, ate his fill, and when he returned to the tap-room he was overjoyed to hear that the landlord required his services to mend a lot of pans and kettles which had suddenly "sprung a leak." The tinker at once set to work, accomplished the task, received a liberal sum in payment, and started on his way rejoicing. Upon reaching the outside of the house he found the glazier, who said:

"Well, you see I told you the truth. I procured you a job of work, and how do you think I accomplished it?"

"I am sure I cannot tell," replied the tinker.

"I will tell you," rejoined the glazier. "You told me you were weary, hungry, and dinnerless. I knew the landlord was well-off and doing a good business; and so I watched the opportunity, and started a leak in every utensil I could get hold of."

The tinker, with many thanks and a heart full of gratitude, resumed his journey. But he had not proceeded many yards before he reached the village church, when a brilliant idea struck him—the glazier had befriended him; he would befriend the glazier.

The church, he thought, could afford to bear a slight loss in a good cause; so, taking a position where he could not be seen, he riddled every window in the edifice with stones, and then, highly elated with his exploit, he retraced his steps to notify the glazier that he would speedily have a very important job.

"Sir," said he, "I am happy to inform you that fortune has enabled me to return the kindness I received from you an hour since."

"How so?" answered the glazier, pleasantly.

"I have broken every pane of glass in the church," answered the tinker; "and you, of course, will be employed to put them in again."

The glazier's jaw fell, and his face assumed a blank expression as he said, in a tremulous tone:

"You don't mean that, do you?"

"Certainly," replied the tinker; "there's not a whole pane of glass in the building. One good turn deserves another, you know."

"Yes," answered the glazier in despair; "but you scoundrel, you have ruined me; for I keep the church windows in repair by the year."

The Agitation in Ireland.

The clouds thicken in Ireland. During the last week Mr. Parnell, M. P., from Meath, and the Home Rule leader, has continued his journey from Cork to Galway, stirring up the people, if not to actual rebellion, to something very like it. Four monster county meetings have been held, numbering from 15,000 to 25,000 people, to whom Messrs. Parnell, Colthurst and a priest named Magee made inflammatory speeches, advising the farmers to stand together and refuse to pay the rent, not to allow themselves to be exterminated by starvation—to adopt a policy of passive resistance—"though," Mr. Parnell suggested, significantly, "you have the physical strength to back your right if necessary." The usual response followed of vindictive cries of "Shoot the landlords!" "Cold lead's the only cure," etc. England has taken the alarm at these demonstrations, and several large bodies of cavalry are stationed at Liverpool ready to proceed to Ireland at notice. There can be no doubt that there is suffering in Ireland from the failure of crops, but it is just as certain that this distress is greatly exaggerated by Mr. Parnell and his aids, in order to bring the chronic antipathy of the Irish to England to a white heat, that they may use it for their own purposes. Mr. Parnell is a shrewd politician. His last proposal is to call a monster National Convention, instead of the Central Home Rule League. In the League Mr. Parnell has not, it appears, had his own way, but he expects to direct the Convention as he chooses. Parliament but recently, in a spasmodic burst of generosity to Ireland, repealed the act which made Irish political conventions illegal, and Mr. Parnell at once uses the accorded privilege by summoning this national convocation. Whether, as he pretends, it is to be used to explain clearly the condition and wishes of Ireland to the Government, or is assembled for revolutionary purposes, remains to be seen. Probably Mr. Parnell himself will not be able to decide the question. He plays with fire whenever he undertakes to manipulate Irish temper and prejudices. An assemblage such as he summons in this convention of Federalists, Old Republicans, Young Irishmen and Fenians would, we suspect, be an explosive mixture beyond his or any man's control.—N. Y. Tribune.

"In the fourth place," said the preacher to his drowsy audience, "those of you who are awake will notice"—etc. There was a pause, a sudden straightening up of almost everybody in the congregation and a general appearance on nearly every face as if to say, "why don't you fellows keep awake better?"

Boston has the largest Swedenborgian church in the world.

The Mound Builders.

Mound builders' relics of singular interest and importance have been unearthed on the Cook farm, three miles south of Davenport, Iowa—nothing near so rich as Schliemann's Mycenae find, but as notable for this country. They are two small slabs, said to be of "coal"—which probably should be written "shale"—one about a foot square, the other about six inches, and both covered with inscriptions—on the larger, a religious ceremony, apparently the worship of fire, though possibly the preparation for a sacrifice. There are fourteen human figures surrounding a fire, with joined hands, while near the fire, on one side, is a dead body lying in a circle, and on the other side two such bodies. Two little circles to the right and left, above the figures, are supposed to represent the sun and moon. Surrounding the worshippers are small figures of birds and animals, crowding thickly in the space, and among them one suggesting the mastodon. On the smaller slab are three circles, one within the other. Between the inner circle and the middle one is a character at each of four equidistant points, and between the middle and outer circles are twelve characters arranged like the hour figures on a dial. Outside these circles, as all over the reverse sides of both slabs, are figures and signs which the learned men of the Davenport Academy of Science hope to be able to make some sense of. The only account we yet have of this discovery is a meagre and not very clearly-written newspaper paragraph; but it is stated that a full "scientific description" is shortly to be published by some of the aforesaid learned men. At present we only say that there may seem to be some intimation of kindred with the worship of the Arctics, with whom theory generally tries to connect the Mound Builders.

Pueblo, Colorado.

The emporium of the cattle trade of Southern Colorado is still young, and its growth was retarded by "the panic"; but it is now getting its full share of the prosperity which has come to the Centennial State, and the twenty-five people who were there in 1865 have grown to between six and seven thousand. It has two daily papers, two railroad depots, two national banks, with goodly lists of stock raising depositors, and two school-houses in juxtaposition, a sketch of which will give a good idea of the old and the new in Pueblo. Like many other Western settlements, it has had, too, its baptism of blood. It was a trading post of stent old William Bent, and became other than this only in 1858, when the gold excitement began, and "Pike's Peak or Bust" was the motto painted on the canvas cover of each prairie schooner, or emigrant wagon. One may still see, near the handsome stone station of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe railroad, the remains of the old fort into which, when, on Christmas day, 1854, the residents, thoughtless of danger, were gathered around the fire and enjoying the festive season, the Ute Indians broke, with brandished tomahawks and wild war-cries, and massacred nearly all.

Throughout the region of country tributary to Pueblo—where are found, besides the nutritious grasses and running streams, which are indispensable, a genial climate and mild winters—are scattered cattle ranches, great and small, including the immense Craig property, often mentioned in Eastern papers.—A. A. HAYES, JR., in Harper's Magazine.

CHILDREN'S GAMES.—Where do children's games come from? Are they invented deliberately, or are they the result of evolution? One theory is that they come where our language and our fairy stories and even our nursery rhymes originally came from, where all such things come from—from "the cradle" of the human race—from Asia. Battledore and kite-flying are comparatively modern European games, and are known to come from Asia, where adults fly kites—monsters of the most fantastic shapes—which the owners make fight in the air, bearing down and destroying one another, or cutting one another's strings. The South Sea Islanders are adepts at kite-flying, accompanying it with solemn ceremonial chants. In Borneo, Mr. Alfred Wallace once undertook to teach the children the game of "cat's cradle." They knew more about it than he did; while the New Zealanders can, with its various patterns, represent canoes, houses, people and incidents in Maori life. In the South Sea Islands and New Zealand the natives know how to play a kind of checkers, which is believed to have been derived from Asia.—Detroit Free Press.

PAPER FROM POPLAR.—It surprises people to see the great logs of poplar wood go through the powerful machine at the Connecticut River Pulp Mill, at Holyoke. The wood, as it is brought to the mill, is about the size of cord-wood used for fuel, and in this shape the machine takes it and gnaws it up very fine. So rapidly does this process go on that the machine eats about seven and a-half cords of wood a day, and this makes between three and four tons of pulp. After coming from the machine the wood is put into vats and reduced by the action of chemicals. It is used for the manufacture of book and news paper. The wood is obtained mostly from Canada.—Boston Transcript.

The World is making a "boom."

Josh Billings' Philosophy.

If you want to git at the actual value of a pekok, buy a bob-tailed one and wonder if his tale will ever grow out.

The man who iz never ashamed to borrow, will, after a while, git so that he sin't ashamed to beg.

Sho me the kind ov fun, or humor, that a man likes best, and i will photograph his karakter for you.

The more a man knows the more he laz got to kno to be very wize.

It ain't so mutch what a man kan lift az what he kan hang onto, that shows hiz strength.

Ideas are what win, but ideas even may be smothered in words.

It iz the sting ov the hornet that makes him respektable, and the want ov it that makes the butterfly a failure.

A ded man haz this advantage over a lazy one, he takes up less room.

A married man with hiz hare parted in the middle, and hiz wife hanging on hiz arm with her hare banded, iz a sight that makes me weak to behold.

Either yure children must be made to mind you, or you will be made to mind them—which shall it be?

The world asks ov a man, "What kan you do?"—good men ask ov him, "What hav you dun?"

The man who wears out hiz life iz like a smoothe shilling, he keeps bri'e all the time, and iz worth hiz face the last.

There iz nothing whitch i so mutch abhor as a sekret, i never accept ov one willingly, and no man who iz really yure friend will ever ask you to keep a sekret for him.

FULL MOURNING.—A Philadelphia clergyman, Rev. Mr. MacLeod contends that there is neither health, sense nor religion in full mourning. He tells his congregation that a bit of black ribbon, worn in some way, will tell the story of bereavement just as well as a complete mourning suit. A bit of crape on the bell-pull gives the hint to those who pass by, and it is not considered necessary to cover the whole front with black drapery. Why, then, will not a bit of ribbon on cloak or coat answer the purpose, and a weight of usual expense and a costume that is always gloomy and, in warm weather, very uncomfortable, be taken from the shoulders of bereaved mourners? Christians, he is convinced, ought not to take a gloomy view of death. There are glorious hopes linked with the sorrows, and the hopes of those who are gone before should be symbolized rather than the sorrows of those who are left behind. He would have cheerful garments worn by mourners in token of the triumph of the glorified ones, and a bit of ribbon or crape as a simple memorial of their own sense of bereavement. The rest of the full mourning he would send to the heathen, who in their sorrow at the grave have no hope.

JEWS IN JERUSALEM.—The Christian Herald, of London, reports that Sir Moses Montefiore, who has often been in Palestine with a view to the improvement of the Jews, and for whom he has expended large sums of money, is now seeking to secure the re-establishment of his race at Jerusalem, and has taken steps to restore the city. He recently gave orders for the cultivation of all the land in front of the Judah Torah houses. The rocks will be removed, terraces will be built as they probably existed in the time of King Solomon, and divided into twenty-two portions, so that every inmate of the Torah houses may cultivate the necessary vegetables for himself and family. Sir Moses has also caused a very large cistern to be constructed in the centre of the field, which will secure a full supply of water.

ANGEL CAKE.—The whites of eleven eggs. One cup of flour after sifting; one teaspoonful of cream tartar. Sift the flour and cream tartar four times; beat the eggs to a stiff froth, and then beat in one and one-half cups of sugar, and a teaspoonful of vanilla. Add the flour and beat lightly but thoroughly. Bake in an ungreased pan, slowly for forty minutes. The pan should have a tin strip projecting above each corner, in order that when it is turned over to cool the air may circulate freely under it. Cut it out when cool.

A Southern girl who has seen better days as a member of one of the first families of Virginia, is now earning her living by plying an awl at the shoemaker's bench in Petersburg. She served an apprenticeship of four years, and, it is said, can now turn out as good a shoe as any man in the business who has not had more experience. She is now thinking of manufacturing shoes on her own account, and if she can find a suitable one, she may be induced to accept a male partner, provided he will agree not to make love to her and offer to dissolve the mercantile partnership and go into a domestic one.

NERVOUS FAILURE.—When men do not die of some direct accident of disease they die, in nine cases out of ten, from nervous failure. And this is the peculiarity of nervous failure—that it may be fatal from one point of the nervous organism, the rest being sound. A man may, therefore, wear himself out by one mental exercise too exclusively followed, while he may live through many exercises extended over far greater intervals of time and involving more real labor if they be distributed over many seats of mental faculty.

No wonder that debt makes men criminals. It hardens the heart.

Co-Operative Stores.

It will be strange if the visit of Mr. George Jacob Holyoake to this country does not result in the establishment here of a system of co-operative stores for the working classes, such as he has been so largely instrumental in founding and carrying forward to success in Great Britain. His addresses set forth so clearly the manner of conducting these stores, and describe so well the benefits they have conferred upon the poorer classes, that public attention on this side of the Atlantic will be certain to be directed to the system, and some effort to introduce it in our principal cities will naturally follow. The fact that the Rochdale plan has demonstrated its value by an experience of twenty years, that hundreds of stores are working under it to-day, and that they have accumulated millions of capital and divided other millions of profits among their members, while furnishing pure food at the ruling market rates, challenges attention; and the connected fact that the system is the outgrowth of the intelligence, business talent and integrity of the laboring classes, and is not a gift to them from men who have no need of its advantages, must create surprise and admiration. We had heard in this country a great deal of these Rochdale stores before, but here comes the man who has spent a large share of a lifetime devoted to philanthropy in working out the theory and practice upon which their success has been based, and who now gives us the assurance that the theory is sound and its practical application feasible and beneficial. The words of such a man will have a vital interest for the American workmen. He shows them that it is possible while purchasing needed supplies for their families to be constantly saving money in the direct ratio of their purchases; so that at the end of the year they may have fifty or a hundred dollars laid by at interest where they now have nothing. He shows, too, that by the joint effort of many co-operative stores a purchasing agency may be created, commanding the services of the best buying talent, procuring goods of the best quality in the best markets, and insuring to the customers, no matter how small his purchases may be, immunity from fraud and adulteration. The co-operative store, as described by Mr. Holyoake, is a guarantee of good weight, honest measure and genuine quality, and is at the same time a savings bank in which the profits on the articles sold accumulate for the benefit of the purchasers.

Co-operative stores are not wholly unknown in the United States. A few years ago a number were set up in the cities and large towns of the Eastern and Middle States, but most of them came to grief. In many cases they were speculations under the guise of philanthropy; in others they were badly managed. If we are not mistaken they were all founded on the principle, which has been abandoned as a failure in England, of selling close down to the cost price, and thus underselling the regular shops. They maintained no general purchasing agency, and could give their customers no better opportunity for getting articles free from adulteration than could the other retail concerns. Their failure is no argument against the introduction of the system which has succeeded so well in England. It may be that co-operative stores are not as much needed here as in the old country. The average American takes so eagerly to barter and traffic, and is so ready to abandon a slow-going success on the farm for the chance of a more rapid one in the corner-grocery, that there is, we imagine, greater competition here in most lines of trade, and consequently smaller profits, than in the Old World, where shop-keeping is a calling descending from father to son, and an old-established green-grocer's or haberdasher's stand is a valuable property in itself by reason of the run of business which comes to it from habit. We hope, at all events, that the adulteration of food has not been carried to such an extent here as to place us in the condition in which the co-operative stores found the English working people, whose tastes had to be educated to like genuine articles. "When we offered pure flour," says Mr. Holyoake, "why, the women would not take it. They had never seen it before; they didn't like it; it was not made white by ingredients mixed with it for that purpose. When we offered them pure coffee they thought we were going to poison them. They had never seen it, and the aroma they never knew."

But though the American retailer may be content with smaller profits than his British cousin, and be more conscientious in the matter of the quality of his goods, there is field enough here for the working out of the co-operative scheme which has proved so remarkably successful in the English manufacturing towns. We should be glad to see the experiment fairly tried. Those who are disposed to make the attempt should realize, however, that there is no magic in the name co-operative which will make unskillfulness and shiftlessness succeed, and should understand that business sagacity and strict integrity are essential features of the Rochdale plan.—N. Y. Tribune.

A gentleman was one day relating to a Quaker a tale of deep distress, and concluded very pathetically by saying, "I could not but feel for him." "Verily, friend," replied the Quaker, "thou didst right in that thou didst feel for thy neighbor; but didst thou feel in the right place—didst thou feel in thine own pocket?"

A Talk With Artemus Ward.

I met Artemus Ward but once. I was quite young at the time, and was acting as city editor of *The Star*, published at Schenectady, New York. While I was city editor of that sheet I met Artemus. I was standing on a bridge at the time, and in talking about newspaper work was about to say something in regard to my heavy editorial responsibility, but Ward checked me by asking: "What creek is this?" "Creek!" I exclaimed, "why, this is the Erie canal." "How far is it navigable?" "Why, of course it is navigable from one end to the other." "Well," solemnly replied Ward, "that beats all the streams that I ever heard of. By the way, I think I can make out some large boats anchored up the stream there—what are they, propellers or side-wheelers?" I replied that they were mere canal boats, and were moved by horse power. "Ah! I didn't think the stream was as shallow as that," said Artemus. "As shallow as what?" "Why, you say that those boats are pulled along by horses. Now, of course, they must walk along in front of the boat, mustn't they? I used to run a stone boat on my lamented Uncle John's farm, and I distinctly remember that the horses walked along in front."

I mentally declared that I had never before met with such ignorance. I spent some time in explaining the peculiarities of the big ditch, and just as I had begun to think that at last I had set the stranger right on the subject, he knocked my hopes into kindling wood by remarking: "I suppose that when the stream dries up in summer they put the boats on wheels, don't they?"

Then I began again and explained every feature in the canal, from New York to Erie. How attentively he listened to my words. I can still see that melancholy face, lit by the sad light of the stars, and those mournful eyes looking into mine so earnestly; and again I hear, as I did then, after I had talked for nearly half an hour, going fully into the details of boating, the low, pathetic drawl: "Any saw-mills on this stream that you know of?"

Shortly after some gentlemen came along who seemed to be acquainted with my obtuse friend. Presently one called him Artemus, and then I commenced to reflect. I always reflect best when I'm hid away somewhere, so I went and hid myself.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Inventive Genius.

Englishmen say that the New Englander is an inventive animal. He is always restless to fix up something in a more convenient fashion than it has ever been fixed up before. No matter what his training or what his calling, his mind is working in a kind of backward over some idea for economizing labor that is on the eve of being realized. "New Englander mechanizes as an old Greek sculptured, as the Venetian painted or the modern Italian sings; a school has grown up whose dominant quality, curiously intense, wide-spread and daring, is mechanical imagination." Something of inventive energy may perhaps be discovered in these phrases skin to the faculty of discovery they glorify; but the pre-eminence of the mechanical genius of the citizens of the States must be admitted. What is the secret of the inventive activity of our American cousins? We are told that it runs in the blood, for the English descended population of New England has been much more fruitful of inventions than the descendants of immigrants from other parts of Europe; but the statistical evidence on this point appears to be of dubious authority. If it was clearly established that those descended from English parentage are more inventive than those who have sprung from Dutch, German or French origins, we should have to refer the inventive ability of New England to something else than the operation of patent laws, which are the same for all.

JAPANESE SHOES.—A writer calls attention to the cheap and effective method adopted by the Japanese to protect their feet:

One of the most striking sights that takes the attention of the traveler in Japan is that of the wooden sandals worn by the thirty-five million of people. These sandals have a separate compartment for the great toe, and making a clacking noise on the street.

Straw slippers are also worn, and a traveler setting out on a journey, will strap a supply of them on his back, that he may put on a new pair when the old is worn out. They cost but a cent and a half a pair. They are rights and lefts, and leave the foot free to the air. We never see those deformities of the foot in Japan which are so frequent in this country.

They are never worn in the house, being left outside the door; passing down the street, you see long rows of them at the doors, old and new, large and small. It is surprising to see how rapidly the Japs step out of them, and pick them up again with their feet without stopping, when leaving the house.

Men trust rather to their eyes than to their ears; the effect of precepts is therefore slow and tedious, while that of examples is summary and effectual.

Equine Sagacity.

A pleasant story has just come to us from the Cape of Good Hope. In Graaf Reinet, as in all the old Dutch towns in the colony, there is, in the center of the place, a large market square where the farmers, traders and others, arriving with their produce at any hour of the day or night, may "outspan" the oxen and horses from their wagons, send the cattle out to the "commonage" to feed, while they bivouac at their wagons, as is the wont of African travelers to do, until the eight o'clock morning market auction. An old horse belonging to one of these parties had wandered about in search of grass and water—vainly, no doubt, for it was during the severe drouth from which the country is but now recovering. Coming to the great bare market place, and finding a knot of men there, he singled out one of them, and pulled him by the sleeve with his teeth. The man, thinking the horse might possibly bite, repulsed him, but as it was not very roughly done he returned to the charge, with the same reception; but he was a persevering animal, and practically demonstrated the axiom that "perseverance gains the day," for upon his taking the chosen sleeve for the third time between his teeth, the owner awoke to the idea that a deed of kindness might be required of him; so putting his hand upon the horse's neck, he said: "All right, old fellow; march on!" The horse at once led the way to the pump at the further side of the square. Some colored servants were lounging about the spot. One of them, at the bidding of the man, filled a bucket with water. Three times was the bucket replenished and emptied before the "great thirst" was assuaged, and then the grateful brute almost spoke his thanks to his white friend by rubbing his nose gently against his arm, after which he walked off with a great sigh of relief.

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Puget Sound Dispatch

BERIAH BROWN EDITOR.

MONDAY, DEC. 8, 1879.

Death of Jefferson C. Davis.

The following dispatch is all that we have seen in relation to the melancholy event which it indicates:

WASHINGTON, Dec. 3.—A general order has been issued by General Sherman officially announcing the death and commending the services of Brevet Major General Jefferson C. Davis. Gen. Sheridan will give the orders necessary to mark the respect in which this honored soldier is universally held by the army.

In the death of Jefferson C. Davis the army has lost one of its ablest officers who only lacked the opportunity of becoming its most distinguished military chieftain, and the country one of its most patriotic and efficient defenders.

The deceased was born and raised upon a farm in southern Indiana, upon which he remained and labored with his father until he nearly reached the years of manhood, enjoying no other advantages of education than were afforded by a rural district school and his own exertions. He left his home and the farm as a volunteer in the Mexican war under the immediate command of Col. Joseph Lane, who was among the first to recognize in the green country boy the high military qualities for which he was afterwards so greatly distinguished: self-possession, undaunted courage, indomitable will, and the unyielding pertinacity which gave Grant his unparalleled fame. He won his shoulder-straps upon the battle field instead of acquiring them through the influence of a member of Congress by Government favor, and hence, he has always been an object of jealousy to the West Pointers, which was the cause of Crooks, the Lt. Colonel of the regiment of which he was Colonel, being promoted to the rank of Brigadier over his head. At the close of the Mexican war he was commissioned as 2d Lieutenant in the regular army. He was 1st Lieutenant under Capt. Anderson at the fall of Fort Sumter, immediately after which he was detailed to raise a regiment of volunteers in his native State and quickly succeeded in raising the quota for a regiment and reported to Gen. Nelson, the department commander, by whom he was violently assaulted for hot approaching him in accordance to the strict rules of West Point etiquette. He killed Nelson, was tried and acquitted, and his act justified by all honorable army officers. His subsequent military career is familiar to all intelligent readers who took an interest in the late civil war. In spite of all prejudices and disadvantages, he won his way to the command of a division at the head of which he made the famous march with Sherman "from Atlanta to the sea."

He succeeded Gen. Canby—who was murdered by the Indians—in command of the Department of the Columbia, and we all remember how promptly and effectually he closed out the "Modoc war," and how we all wished for his continuance in command in this department. From here he was ordered to Alaska and subsequently returned to this command and shortly after remanded to his regiment. A few days ago he presided at a reunion of the Army of Tennessee, at Washington, at which a monument to the memory of Gen. Thomas was unveiled, and immediately following this public tribute to an honored companion in arms, who had gone before, comes the sad news of his own death. A grateful country will award like honors to his memory.

Upper Columbia Freights.

No man has labored more zealously to promote the commerce of the Columbia river, as tending to the prosperity of Portland, than has Rev. Dr. Atkinson. No man has written more in volume, or more intelligently in matter, upon that subject. In a communication to the *Oregonian*, dated Wallula, November 21, the Dr. says: "One needs to take a trip in November to know the rapids and the improvements demanded. Every week one or more boats get more or less broken. The largest must stop. Others can hardly take half a load up or down. The same power and more skill and toil must be used to do half the service. That is the rapids and shoals and fogs add 100 per cent. to the cost of freights up and down. The Navigation Company must

count this added cost to the danger of breakage and damage of cargo over the cost in summer. Business men are thankful, under these difficulties, to get goods up and wheat down. Thanks to the perfect arrangements made by the company, and to the skill and faithfulness and hard work, day and night, and constant watchfulness of their officers and agents, pursers and clerks and engineers and deckmen and wharfmens, everything moves with accuracy at every station on boat and railroad car. Seldom is a package mislaid or lost of the tens of thousands handled eight times over every week. The same energy and faithfulness brings thousands of tons of wheat every week from Walla Walla to this point, and goods up on the railroad so opportunely built and equipped by Dr. D. S. Baker, and added by sale to this line of commerce. The farmers, too, are glad to get off their crops and receive their cash for larger enterprises next year. But the rush of freight to the Walla Walla warehouses puts every team in line, and every consignment in its turn on the books of the receiving clerks. One agent said that now over 9,000 tons are registered for transportation, which probably must remain till spring at Walla Walla. All the freights, which are now known to amount to 18,000 tons, must remain till April in the counties bordering the Snake river. No doubt the farmers there need the cash for their crops. At present high rates for wheat and flour, their delay of shipment is a loss not only of time but of tens of thousands of dollars of hard cash. For example, 30,000 tons is the estimated amount to be held back by rapids, reefs and rocks. These obstructions can be removed in a few months if Congress will grant the funds. The loss on these 990,000 bushels by delay may be 50 cents per bushel, or \$495,000, which falls upon the settlers in one year alone. If our delegation in Congress will by hard work secure half this sum for improvements next year, that entire amount can be promptly in autumn put on ships at Portland and Astoria, with other larger harvests in prospect and sent to Astoria."

This statement of facts presents an eloquent and conclusive argument in favor of a railroad from Snake river to Puget Sound. The distance to the Sound from any point on Snake river is less than to Portland. A railroad to the Sound, subject to no obstruction or interruption of trade, could be constructed for less than the estimated cost of opening free navigation on the Columbia river, including the removal of low-water obstructions and the building of locks, subject to "freeze up," which can not be estimated at less than one month in every year, and delays at the Columbia bar, which not unfrequently extend to thirty or forty days to ships loaded and ready for sea, which is a very heavy tax upon commerce. No such delays occur from any port on Puget Sound.

Dr. Atkinson estimates the cost of delay to not over half the crop of wheat at nearly a half a million of dollars. The saving in cost of transportation by railroad direct to a seaport, with two handlings instead of eight as at present, would certainly be not less than a half million dollars upon the whole crop. The distance from Seattle or Tacoma to Snake river by surveyed railroad lines is less than 200 miles. The cost of constructing and equipping a narrow-gauge railroad would not exceed \$4,000,000. Here we have a saving to the farmers of that section of 25 per cent. a year upon the cost of the road in the single product of wheat. The saving on return freights, including lumber and fuel, can be reasonably estimated at \$1,000,000. This would make a difference to the farmers of the upper Columbia and Snake rivers of \$2,000,000 annually, which would pay for the road in two years. This, with its interchange of freights, would be the best paying line of railroad upon the continent for its cost; and yet the people are too poor to build it, all the capital on the coast is controlled in the adverse interests of Portland and San Francisco, and the General Government takes no heed of its colonial dependencies which have no representation in Congress or vote for President.

FAILURE TO CONVICT—The trial of Bernard and Fairchild for the murder of Mrs. Hagar, was closed at Oregon City on Tuesday. The jury failed to agree and were discharged. The prisoners were remanded for a new trial.

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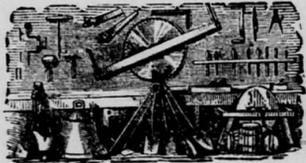
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ALL THE PUGET SOUND MADE BEERS
KEPT CONSTANTLY ON TAP; AND
NONE FROM CALIFORNIA.
The genuine Budweiser and Unheiser's first
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on hand.
A brand new pigeon-hole table has just
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BOSS BEER

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**BAVARIA BEER HALL
AND
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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.**

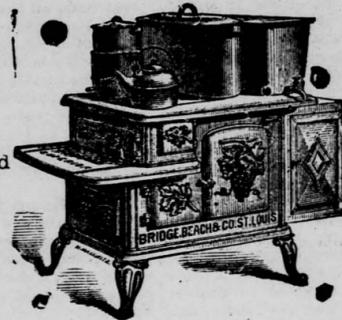
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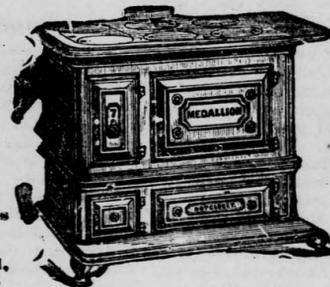
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GUNS, RIFLES, AMMUNITION, REVOLVERS,
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Front Street, Seattle, W. T.

P. O. Box 239.

Local News.

Death of Fred. A. Young.

When on Tuesday evening last a dispatch from San Francisco announced that Fred Young was dead, the shock upon the sensibilities of this entire community was as intense and wide spread as though it were a great personal calamity affecting every person in the town.

Fred. A. Young was the oldest son of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Young, who are among our most respected citizens. He was born at Meddybemps, Maine, on the 23rd day of December, 1850, and came with his parents to Puget Sound in 1860 when he was ten years of age.

THE SKAGIT GOLD MINES.—In conversation with an intelligent miner who has had many years experience in the mines of California and British Columbia, he said positively that the promise of the Skagit mines, so far as prospected, is better than any he had ever seen before.

DRAMATIC.—An entertainment by the "Washington Dramatic Club," an amateur company, was given at Yesler's Hall on Friday night last. It was reasonably well attended and is spoken of as a fair beginning, fully equal to the expectations.

DEATH ON HOOD'S CANAL.—A letter from Seabeck, dated 1st inst., says: "A young lady by the name of O'Neil died yesterday of diphtheria on the farm of Mr. Thomas Pevice. She was only a few days from Olympia, and was engaged to teach in Mr. Pevice's family."

OUR EXPORTS.—The Walla Walla country have this year shipped about 75,000 tons of wheat. All this vast amount, before it reaches salt water has to be carried 24 miles out of the direct route, and must necessarily be handled eight or nine times before it can be placed on board ship.

CAME TO TIME.—The father of the babe found in a vault in this city and marvellously restored a short time since, for the attempted murder of which the mother was arrested and held in prison, on being informed of the facts, came from his camp on the Skagit, acknowledged his paternity, gave bonds for the release of the mother and took the mother and child away with him, with the avowed purpose of marrying the woman and legitimizing the child.

JOB PRINTING.—We have just received at this office a full and very fine stock of printer's stationery, including every thing usually used in job printing, and are now prepared to execute any work in our line promptly and on reasonable terms.

COL. W. C. SQUIRES.—News from Col. Squires has been received that he cannot return as soon as he had expected, on account of the illness of his father-in-law, Mr. Remington, and that he has great hopes of negotiating bonds of the company sufficient to insure the completion of the Seattle and Walla Walla railroad.

TRAIL TO THE SKAGIT. A mass meeting of the citizens was held on Saturday evening last, in Yesler's Hall, pursuant to the call of Mayor Jacobs, to take steps for the construction of a trail from the head of navigation on the Skagit to the Ruby creek mines. L. P. Smith was called to the chair, and S. Baxter was elected Secretary. Speeches were made by Judge Jacobs and Mr. Goode, a returned miner. \$380 was subscribed by those present to aid in the construction of the trail, and Messrs. Jacobs, Gatzert and Baxter were appointed a committee to solicit further subscriptions. The meeting adjourned to meet next Saturday.

M. R. MADDOCKS, Seattle Drug Store, SEATTLE, W. T.

DRUGS AND CHEMICALS, TOILET AND FANCY ARTICLES.

Sign - SEATTLE DRUG STORE.

Notice.

In the Probate Court of King County, Washington Territory.

In the matter of the Estate of Polly P. Holly, deceased. Notice is hereby given to the creditors of the estate of Polly P. Holly, deceased, by the undersigned, administrator with the will annexed of the estate of Polly P. Holly, deceased, to present their claims, with the necessary vouchers, within one year after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator, at his place of business in Frauenthal building on Commercial street in Seattle, in King County, Washington Territory, or the same will be forever barred by law.

H. E. HATHAWAY, Administrator with the will annexed of the estate of Polly P. Holly, deceased. Dated December 8th, 1879.

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.

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

Soldiers' Additional Homesteads. Every soldier, sailor or marine who served for not less than 90 days in the Army or Navy of the United States "during the recent rebellion," and who was honorably discharged, if he has entered less than 160 acres of land under the provisions of the homestead law, is entitled to a certificate from the General Land Office, recognizing the right of the party to make additional entry to make up the full 160 acres. These claims are assignable by the use of two powers of attorney, and can be located on any surveyed land that is subject to original Homestead entry. That is, any surveyed land, whether \$1.50 or \$2.50 land that is not mineral land. The right attaches, without settlement or improvement, at once on filing the scrip in any district land office, to the exclusion of any subsequent claim under any law. I have the official blanks furnished by the Government and can obtain them at short notice. Orders for certificates already issued taken by me, and can be furnished on deposit of money at the following rates: 120 acre pieces, \$5.85 per acre; 80-acre pieces, \$3.75 per acre; 40 acre piece, \$4.38 per acre.

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.

INDIAN WAR CLAIMS, BOUNTIES, PRIZE MONEY, ARREARS OF PAY, TRAVEL PAY AND ALL CLAIMS AGAINST THE UNITED STATES, STATES AND TERRITORIAL GOVERNMENTS COLLECTED.

Letters of inquiry must contain postage stamps for reply and address ALBERT M. SNYDER, Seattle, W. T. Office—Mill Street, next Post Office. Refers to Delegate T. H. Brents of W. T., Senators L. F. Grover, Jas. H. Slater and Representative John Whiteaker of Oregon.

NEW ENGLAND HOTEL. Corner Commercial and Main Streets SEATTLE, W. T.

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

European Plan Can be had at moderate prices.

—IT IS— The Best Hotel in the City.

L. C. HARMON, Proprietor.

Notice to Creditors.

In the District Court of Snohomish County, Washington Territory.

James P. Austin vs. His Creditors. To Renton, Smith & Co., E. Martin & Co., D. A. Jennings, et al., D. B. Jackson & Son, David Williams, Andrew Johnson, Patterson, William Whitfield, Benjamin Stretch, Elisha Cleveland, Thomas Knoph, Nelson Mitchell, J. W. Swett, Isaac Cathcart, E. C. Ferguson, W. H. Ward, Ulmer Stinson, H. J. Fields, J. S. Hill, William Miller, Robert Hughes, Harry Mills, Eldridge Morse, D. T. Wheeler, Joseph McLeod, Thomas Bordeaux, G. W. Austin, Joseph Johnson. The United States Government, County Treasurer of Snohomish County, and all creditors of the said James P. Austin:

Take notice, that pursuant to an order of the Honorable Roger S. Greene, Judge of the said District Court, Notice is hereby given to all the creditors of the said insolvent James P. Austin, to be and appear before the said Judge, at the Court room of said Court, in Seattle, King County, Washington Territory, on Monday, the 25th day of January, 1880, at 2 o'clock, P. M., of that day, then and there to show cause, if any they can, why the prayer of said insolvent should not be granted and an assignment of his estate be made and he be discharged from all his debts and liabilities, in pursuance of the statutes in such case made and provided, and in the meantime all proceedings against said insolvent be stayed.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 11th day of November, L. S. A. D., 1879. H. A. GREGORY, County Clerk.

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, BUDWEISER, MILWAUKEE AND ST. LOUIS BEER, IN QUANTS & PINTS Always on Hand. SWISS CHEESE, SARDINES IN OIL, SARDINES IN MUSTARD, ETC. And the Finest Cigars from 5 to 12 1/2 cts

S. & W. 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. Grotto 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 R. O. & T. Tacoma

Puget Sound Dispatch.

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

A Caution.

There was a lonely man
Who kept drinking
And kept thinking
What a very lonely man
He was

Until so fat he grew
With his thinking
And his drinking
That he couldn't tell you who
He was.

Now all you lonely men
Who keep drinking
And keep thinking
What extremely lonely men
You are,

This advice I give to you:
Do less thinking
While you're drinking
That you always may know who
You are.

—N. Y. Mail.

Marie the Pauper.

While the following contains an account of a deception of very doubtful morality, it will be read with thrilling interest especially by those who are familiar with French history:

During the "Reign of Terror" in France there were many deeds of daring performed, even by women, and many noble examples of affection exhibited.

The very streets of Paris were deluged with human blood, but near the guillotine it ran in gushing torrents.

One dark morning an unusual number of the aristocracy had been marched forth, and countless heads rolled from the block.

A gaping multitude stood by, and with shouts rent the air as the aristocracy were thus butchered.

Among the assembled multitude that dreary morning, were two females. One of them was plainly clad, while a cloak was thrown around her, with which she kept her features nearly concealed.

But a close observation would betray the fact that the woman had been weeping.

Her eyes were inflamed and red, and she gazed eagerly upon the platform, while a shudder passed over her frame, as each stroke of the glittering knife severed the head from the body of some one who had been unfortunate enough to fall under the band of leaders.

The face of the woman was very beautiful, and she was young—certainly not more than sixteen or eighteen years of age.

The other female was quite different in character. Her face was fair, but there was a brazen expression about it. She was clad in rags, and as each head fell she would dance, and in various ways express her delight, and then exclaim:

"There falls another aristocrat, who refused me charity when I humbly sued to him!"

"Each expression of the kind would create a laugh from those who heard her. But any thoughtful person must wonder how one so young could have become so depraved.

The first female watched this creature for a few moments, and then, pressing her way to her side, she laid her hand upon the shoulder of the wretch, and whispered:

"Would you like to become rich at once?"

The female in rags turned about with a look of surprise, burst into a loud laugh, and then replied:

"Of course I would."
"Follow me, and you shall be."
"Enough. Lead on."

It was with considerable difficulty the females extricated themselves from the crowd; but they did so at length, and then the first female asked of the other:

"What shall I call you?"

"Oh! I'm called Pauper Marie."

"You live by begging?"

"Yes, but what's your name, and what do you want?"

"My name is Marie, the same as your own."

"Are you an aristocrat?"

"It does not matter. If you know where we can find a room lead me to it and you shall have gold."

The pauper led the way into a narrow and filthy street, and then down into a cellar, and into a dark and filthy room.

The other female could not but feel a sickening sensation creep over her, but she recovered herself. After contemplating for a time the apartment and what it contained she asked:

"Are you well known in Paris?"

"Yes, everybody knows Marie the Pauper."

"Are you known to Robespierre? If so I want to make a bargain with you."

"I am. What do you wish?"

"You see my clothing is better than your own, and I wish to exchange with you. I want you to consent to remain here, and not to show yourself at all for a short time, or until I come to you again. As recompense for aiding me I will give you a thousand francs, and when I come back I will give you a thousand more. As security for my return take this ring."

The lady drew a diamond ring from her finger and gave it to the pauper. Then she handed her a purse containing gold.

The girl appeared a little puzzled, and asked:

"Well, what are you going to do with my dress?"

"I want to put it on and go where I first met you."

"Oh, I understand now. You want to see the chopping go on, and you are afraid you will be taken for an aristocrat if you wear that dress. You want to represent me."

"Yes, I want to look as near like you as possible."

"Well, that won't be very difficult. Your hair and eyes, and even your mouth, is like mine. Your face are too white, though. But you can alter with a little dirt."

They changed dresses, and soon the young, rich and noble Marie de Nantes was clad in the rags of Marie the Pauper, of Paris.

The history of Marie de Nantes was a sad one. Her father and two brothers had fallen victims to the remorseless fiends of the revolution, and a third and last brother had been seized. But of his fate she was ignorant, although she expected that it would be similar to that of her other relatives. He had been torn from her side but a few hours before.

After the exchange had been made the pauper looked on the stockingless and shoeless feet and ankles of the lady and said:

"That will never do. Your feet are too white and delicate. Let me arrange matters."

In a few moments Marie was prepared, and in the filth and rags she emerged into the street.

She now took her course back toward the guillotine, and at length reached the square where the bloody work was still going on.

Gradually she forced her way through the crowd, and nearer and nearer she came to the scaffold.

She even forced a laugh at several remarks she heard around her, but those laughs sounded strangely.

She now stopped within a few feet of the platform.

She swept it with her eyes.

Her brother was not there.

The cry was now raised: "Here comes another batch!"

Her heart fluttered violently, and she felt a faintness creep over her as she heard the tramp of the doomed men approaching.

The crowd opened as the body of men passed.

Marie gazed among them.

A low cry escaped her.

Her brother was there.

But he walked proudly and fearlessly forward, and ascended the very steps which led to the block.

Up to this time the strength of poor Marie had failed her, and she was unable to put her resolve into execution.

But now a sister's love swelled up in her breast, and she recovered her strength.

She sprang forward, bursting through the line of guard and ran up the steps. Grasping her brother by the hand, she cried:

"What does this mean? It is only the aristocracy that are to die."

"Away, woman!" exclaimed one of the executioners.

"No. I will not away until you tell me why my brother is here, and thus bound."

"Your brother?" was the echo.

"Yes, this is my brother."

"Well, who are you?"

"I am Marie. Don't you know me?"

"The Pauper?"

"Ay!"

"But this is not your brother?"

"It is. Ask him—ask him!"

Young Antonio de Nantes had turned a scornful gaze upon the maiden, but a light passed at once across his face, and he murmured:

"Oh, my sister!"

"Is this your brother?" asked Robespierre of the supposed pauper, advancing near her.

"It is."

"But his name is down differently."

"Then you are mistaken. He is my brother. Ask him."

"Does Marie speak the truth?" asked Robespierre.

"She does," was the brother's reply.

"And you are not De Nantes?"

"I tell you I am her brother."

"Why did you not tell me this before?"

"I attempted to speak, but was silenced."

"But you might have declared yourself."

"You would not have believed me."

"But your dress?"

"It belongs to an aristocrat. Perhaps to him for whom I was taken."

Robespierre advanced close to young Nantes and gazed earnestly into his face. Then he approached Marie, and looked steadily in her eyes for a short time.

It was a moment of trial for the poor girl. She trembled in spite of all her efforts to be calm. She almost felt that she was lost, when the human fiend, whose word was law, turned and said:

"Release the man."

The chains were instantly removed, and Antonio de Nantes walked down from the scaffold, followed by his sister, while the shouts of those around rent the air, for they supposed it was a commoner who had thus been saved.

The young man worked his way through the crowd as rapidly as possible, leading Marie.

They had scarcely escaped it, before the poor girl fainted, from the intensity of her feeling.

The brother scarcely knew what to do, but a hand was laid on his arm, and a voice said:

"Bring her to my room again. She will be safe there."

The brother conveyed her to the apartment of the pauper and asked of her:

"Have you seen the female before?"

"Yes, I know all about it," returned the pauper. "She borrowed my clothes to save her lover. She has done it, and I am glad."

Before the noble sister returned to consciousness, the brother had learned all.

When she did so, they both sought secure quarters, after rewarding the beggar-girl as had been promised.

"Do you think Robespierre was really deceived?" asked Marie de Nantes.

"I think not," returned the brother.

"Then why did he order your release?"

"He saw your plan. He admired your courage. Could a fiend have done less?"

"Perhaps this was the case. But if so it was a deed of mercy, and the only one that man ever did."

"You are right."

Antonio de Nantes was not again arrested, and lived happily with that sister who had so nobly periled her own life to save him, by representing the "Pauper of Paris."

Get Ready for the Census.

The production of an acre in one year may be twice as much as in another. This is literally the case with so important a crop as wheat, in a country (England) claiming the best system of agriculture in the world. It is essential, then, that we should know whether a given census crop has a very low, a medium, a large or extraordinary yield.

Not a few careless publicists made the unwarranted assumption, from the census returns of corn in 1870, that the culture of this staple was declining. Returns of area, with production, would have prevented such a mistake. This important addition to the schedules for the census of 1880 has been carefully provided for, and will show the yield per acre in different soils, climatic belts, and under varied systems of culture, enabling all to institute comparisons, seek the causes of wide differences, and apply the remedies.

In General Walker's circular to the press, to societies and clubs and to representative farmers, he urges the widest publicity of the fact that all cultivators will be expected to report accurately the number of acres in each crop and the production of each. No census can be approximately correct without the intelligent and willing co-operation of producers. As such a degree of correctness is reasonably expected in this era of intelligence, and is especially important to the farmer himself, it is very desirable that all should make early notes of the areas, quantities and values to be reported of each crop as they are garnered or sold, that the information may be given with promptness and accuracy.

Most of the crops to be reported are those grown in the calendar year 1879, as the cereals, peas and beans, rice, cotton, potatoes, fruits, hay, hops, hemp, flax, sugar-cane and sorghum. Of orchards, the number of acres and gross value of products will be required, with similar returns of vineyards and also of small fruits. The returns of wool will be of the clip of the spring of 1880, except as to Texas and California, where the fall clip of 1879 will be included. Maple sugar and maple molasses will also be the product of 1880. There is another class of products which are gathered week by week, as they mature, and the year for these will end May 31, 1880. These are butter, cheese and milk sold, value of animals slaughtered, acres and value of market-garden truck, value of forest products and value of home manufactures.

The census is to be taken in June, 1880—begun, completed and returns made within thirty days. Every farmer should study the precise requirements of the law, have in readiness each item of information, and present on the first of June, with the highest attainable accuracy, the full returns necessary to insure the best and most complete agricultural census that has ever been taken by any Government. This should be the universal aim, and it can only be realized by the intelligent aid of the millions who have the highest stake in the results.—N. Y. Tribune.

How to POUR TEA.—There is more to be learned about pouring tea and coffee than most ladies are willing to believe. If these decoctions are made at the table, which is by far the best way, they require experience, judgment and exactness; if they are brought on the table ready made, it still requires judgment so to apportion them that they shall prove sufficient in quantity for the family party, and the elder members have the stronger cups. Often persons pour out tea, who, not being at all aware that the first cup is the weakest, and that the tea grows stronger as you proceed, bestow the poorest cup upon the greatest stranger and give the strongest to the very youngest member of the family, who would have been better without any. Where several cups of equal strength are wanted, you should pour a little into each, and then go back, inverting the order as you fill them up, and then the strength will be apportioned properly. This is so well understood in England, that an experienced pourer of tea waits till all the cups of the company are returned to her before she fills any a second time, that all may share alike.—House and Home.

New and Desirable Strawberries.

A few years ago it would hardly have been thought possible that such an interest would be taken in this fruit as there is at the present time. At our horticultural exhibitions we see persons in all stations of life, millionaires, merchants, divines, farmers and mechanics, alike eagerly pressing around the fruit tables and scanning the various specimens, while the fair sex seem equally interested, and the looker-on hears many a one clad in rich laces or velvet discussing and praising the comparative merits of the "President Lincoln," "Duchesses" or "Cinderellas," as if those fruits were so many persons in society or fiction. Little as these persons realize the fact, yet, in seeking enjoyment and recreation amidst these fruits they are, perhaps unconsciously to themselves, undergoing a certain refining influence; as what can be more ennobling than the thoughts that are called forth while looking upon the variety and handiwork of nature and of nature's God, as it is displayed in the fruits and flowers. Many a one who has allowed his or her thoughts to dwell on subjects like these, while engaged among or examining their fruits or flowers, has had new thoughts of the sublimity or grandeur of creative power aroused in their minds by these speaking and companionable plants. There certainly seems to be no end to the variety that nature displays. Each year she greets us with something new in some department of her handiwork. As our thoughts at this time have taken the direction of strawberries, we will recount in a few words some of the qualities of a few of the newer, as well as of the older and finer varieties.

General Sherman.—Upon suitable soils, and when given rich cultivation, this variety reveals some beautiful large specimens of fruit. It seems to especially delight in a good, moist, loamy soil, and when it can obtain sufficient moisture, either naturally or through irrigation, proves very grateful in the rich returns of fruit that it makes. The berries are of a brilliant scarlet color, conical, and of good quality.

Sharpless.—This is proving one of the most popular of any of the strawberries, combining a number of qualities of unusual merit. I do not wonder that it proves such a favorite with the ladies, or with those who have the care of the fruit in the house after it is picked, as the beautiful appearance of the berries upon the fruit-dish, and the ease with which these large berries can be hulled, to say nothing of their eating qualities, render them fully deserving of the cordial reception that they are receiving. This past season's fruiting has shown that the plants are adapted to nearly all soils.

Wilding Seedling, Kerr's Late Prolific, Glendale, Great American and Golden Defiance are among some of the finer varieties that have the merit of ripening late, and thus prolonging the length of the strawberry season; while of the sixty or seventy varieties upon my grounds, the Duncan, Crystal City, Matilda, Duchesse, and Black Defiance prove about as early as any.

As to the new method that is now employed in setting out plants in the summer, a few words in explanation will perhaps prove of interest. This consists in using plants that have been in little flower-pots. Its chief advantage to those living at a distance, rests in the fact that plants grown in this way can be transported even during the hottest days of summer, equally as well as in the fall or spring. Their value consists in their standing transplanting without receiving a check to their growth, so that when given frequent and rich cultivation nearly a full crop (sometimes nearly a quart of fruit to a plant) can be obtained the following summer. It is certainly a welcome improvement over the older method of using the ordinary grown plants for summer planting.—R. H. H. in Mass. Ploughman.

A Relish for Farm Stock.

The importance of an occasional relish of salt and wood ashes for all kinds of stock cannot be too highly appreciated. The most convenient form in which these materials are offered, according to feeders of wide experience, is in a solid mass, which admits of a diligent licking on the part of the animal without gaining more of the mixture than is desirable. In order to mix these ingredients so that a solid mass may be formed, take salt and pure wood ashes in the proportion of pound for pound, with water sufficient to hold the mixture together. To preserve the mixture in a solid state, place it in troughs or boxes sheltered sufficiently to keep rain and snow from reaching it and converting it into an alkaline pickle. These troughs with their tempting contents prove efficient as baits for alluring animals turned out on long runs during the day, home at night.

When cattle chew leather, wood, and old bones, remember that it indicates a lack of phosphate of lime in their food, which is required to supply bone material. A teaspoonful of bone material given daily with their grain will correct the habit and supply the deficiency which induces it. If the disposition to eat bones is indulged in when cows are on grass, the deficiency then evidently exists in the soil, and the pasture will be greatly benefited by a top-dressing of bone dust. Two or three hundred pounds to the acre, sown broadcast, will repay attending expenses in a better yield and quality of milk and butter.—Western Homestead.

About Distinguished Men.

Senator Blaine was asked recently how it came about that he, a Western Pennsylvanian by birth and education, made his start in business and politics in the far East. He said it was all owing to his wife. Her mother, who lived in Augusta, fell dangerously ill, and Mr. and Mrs. Blaine made a journey to be at her bedside. While in Augusta Mr. Blaine, then quite a young man, learned that *The Kennebec Journal*, an old established weekly paper, was for sale. He formed a partnership with one of the old editors of the paper, bought out the principal owner, and thus obtained a foothold in Maine. The paper was prosperous and the foundation of Blaine's success.

General Grant, during his recent tour, has been received by the following named princes and potentates: Queen Victoria of England, King Leopold of Belgium, the Khedive of Egypt, the Sultan of Turkey, King Humbert of Italy, Pope Leo XIII., President MacMahon of France, the King of Holland, Emperor William of Germany, Prince Bismarck, King Oscar of Sweden, the Emperor Alexander of Russia, the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, King Alfonso of Spain, President Grevy of France, M. Gambetta, Viceroy Lytton of India, King Thebaw of Burmah, Prince Kung of China, the Emperor of Siam, the Mikado of Japan.

Mr. Moody is said to dislike very much any obstruction between himself and his audience. When he entered the hall in Cleveland, the other day, he found a large ornamental glass stand in front of the platform filled with water and plants. "That is very pretty," he said, "but it must come away; it would feel like an iceberg between me and my congregation." And when he went to the church where he is also to speak, he objected to the platform being too far back, asking for a temporary one in front of the other, "so that I can be with them, and not feel as though I were talking across a street."

Why He Stopped the Train.

Saturday, at 4 p. m., as the express train on the Erie Road was coming from Red House to Salamanca, the engineer whistled down brakes, the train came to a stand-still and the passengers all rushed out to learn the cause of the detention, expecting to see a mangled corpse or some breakage in the machinery which would compel them to walk to Bradford. When they reached the platform of the cars a forlorn-looking individual in a straw hat the size of an umbrella loomed up to them. In one hand he carried a fishing-pole, and in the other a basket which contained seventy five trout. The conductor came out and remarked:

"What in—did you stop my train for, you moon-faced old hippodrome?"

"Why, you see, conductor," drawled the individual, in the faintest back-woods tone imaginable, "I've got a whopper here, and I thought as how some of your passengers would like to gaze onto it." Saying this, the old man drew out by the tail a monster of a trout that must have weighed at least two pounds, and held it admiringly up. The sun's rays flashed out from the beautiful colors of crimson and gold which dotted the coat of the fish, and whether the sight was so tempting to the palates of the hungry passengers or the ludicrousness of the affair struck them just then, they burst into roars of laughter, and even the conductor forgot for a moment the bell punch system, and all was serenity again. The venerable Walton boarded the cars for Salamanca, and soon the train was thundering away the miles to make up for lost time.—Bradford (Pa.) Era.

Art at the Capital.

One hundred and fifty feet above the floor of the Capitol at Washington, next the ceiling, hangs a scaffold up to which every day an old man is drawn in a wooden cage. He spends the whole of daylight at this height, painting the preposterous figures which constitute "art at the Capitol." On Thursday his chair slipped from under him, he rolled to the edge of the platform and went over. He grasped the railing and a cross-piece near it, to which, in spite of his age and size, he clung until his assistant came to his rescue and with great difficulty dragged him back, just as his hold was relaxing. In another second he would have fallen to the stone pavement below and been dashed to pieces. The shock so alarmed him that he has not yet resumed his work. It is perhaps to be hoped that it has cured him entirely. He is the notorious Brumidi, who has been engaged at the Capitol for twenty-five years in decoration, which is at once the consternation and the despair of artists. He still continues the production of those mysterious allegorical figures in our country's history which bear about the same relation, both to art and history as the animals in children's Noah's arks do to either Scriptural theology or the natural sciences.—Detroit Free Press.

ROYAL CREAM.—One quart of milk, one-third of a box of gelatine, four tablespoonfuls of sugar, three eggs, vanilla; put the gelatine into the milk and let it stand half an hour. Beat the yolks well with sugar, and stir into the milk. Set the kettle into a pan of hot water, and stir until it begins to thicken like soft custard.

A farmer in Virginia has raised and shipped 12,000 barrels of potatoes this season.

The Pension Office Blockaded.

The condition of affairs in the Pension Office is appalling.

The public is well aware that the work of the office upon original claims was also many months behindhand when the Pension Arrears act was passed. The fact is somewhat startling that since that law went into operation last February almost nothing has been done with the vast number of new claims which have been presented. The simple work of making an alphabetical record of them had fallen behindhand, while many of the old records of the office have become worn out with the heavy use. The alphabetical record is of the first importance, because the first thing an official wants to know when a claim is given to him for adjustment is whether a previous claim from the same person has ever been filed or acted upon. This he learns by reference to the alphabetical record, upon which claims are entered when filed. The magnitude of the simple work of making this record may be judged by the fact that there are more than 170 solid pages of entries under the name of Smith.

The following facts are gathered from official figures of the Pension Office, and tell their own story: From July 1, 1877, until October 31, 1879, there were filed 250,715 original claims of all kinds, and during the same period 180,807 claims were adjusted, showing that the office ran behind nearly 70,000 claims, or more than a whole year's work with its present force. To show what part of this is due to the Arrears act, it is found that previous to the passage of that act the office was running behindhand less than 1,000 claims per month, taking an average for more than a year and a half. Since the passage of the act the monthly average accumulation of business over that disposed of has been about 5,600 claims. The total number of arrearage claims alone filed up to the 31st of last month was 70,507, and the number adjusted was 61,291, leaving less than 10,000 arrearage claims now on file to be settled.

Some curious facts are disclosed by an examination of the figures accessible in the Pension Office. The instrumentality of the pension claim agent in the manufacture of pension claims is disclosed by the marked falling off in the number of claims filed after the law reducing the agents' fees went into effect. The law took effect in June, 1878. For six months previous to that event, the average number of claims filed was 1,567 per month, while for the six months following they averaged only 1,086.

For the month of June, 1878, the last month during which the Government held itself responsible for claim agents' fees, the number of claims filed was 2,156, while for July they numbered only 855. The amount of fees paid to claim agents for the year ending June 30, 1878, was about \$245,000, and for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1879, was about \$295,000. The latter sum was paid upon claims filed under the law which made the Government responsible for the fees, but which were adjusted after that law had been modified.

The appalling feature of the whole business is that under the present law the whole mass of claims, numbering more than 170,000 and accruing at the rate of 5,000 a month, must be adjusted without any opportunity being offered for the Government, through its agents, to come into personal contact with the applicant and examine into the justice and validity of his application. Experience proves that nearly one-half the claims presented are either unmeritorious or actually fraudulent; and it is readily seen that a single claim of this class requires a greater amount of work in its examination than does a meritorious claim.

Commissioner Bentley, who is justly regarded as one of the most energetic bureau officials in Washington, has lost no opportunity to bring this matter to the attention of Congress; and it is expected that he will, in his forthcoming annual report, and by personal conference with members of Congress, seek to bring about a reorganization of the pension system.—*Washington Dispatch.*

CHARLES MATHEWS' FIRST APPEARANCE.—I was a great success; bustled about, chattered with everybody while feeling their pulses, and, being a remarkably diminutive boy of my age, looked like an animated doll to the audience in the large theater. They roared with laughter, and applauded whenever I appeared. When the curtain descended there was a tumultuous call for "The Doctor! The Doctor!" and, pushed on by the stage manager, (albeit nothing loath,) I strutted across the stage, and kissed my hand to the public with all the airs of an old stager. Elated with my success, I stood at the wing in anticipation of perhaps another recall, when one of the carpenters, to my great disgust, lifted me out of the way as if I had been one of the stage properties saying, "There, you're done with, be off!" This to the artist who had been kissed by dozens of pretty actresses, and applauded to the echo by a discerning British public! This to the excited, overheated little Doctor, who had been treated continually through the evening by kind, but inconsiderate, admirers to glass after glass of negus! It was an outrage; but I was the weakest, and had to yield to this jacking-in-office, and made my way to the supper-room.—*Life of Charles Mathew.*

Wit and Humor.

A photographer announces that, besides other accessories, he has a "new ront gate just for a lover's picture."

Sir Charles—"I shall like of all things to see you in Parliament, Clarley." Son and heir—"Well, sir, I don't mind. I believe it's a good sort of a place; and then it's so handy to the Aquarium." [Punch.]

"What is the meaning of a back-biter?" asked a gentleman at a Sunday-school examination. This was a puzzler. It went down the class until it came to a simple urchin, who said, "Perhaps it is a flea."

The *Atlantic Monthly* says that "a Vassar young lady offers to wager that she can sit down in one hundred laps in one hundred quarter hours, and will donate the admission receipt to the education of the heather."

Mr. Pott Shott—"See, Maria! I've shot better to-day than ever, and won the first prize—this magnificent cap!" Wife (with sympathetic alacrity)—"Oh, bother! Another pot to keep clean!"—[Funny Folks.]

The gentlemen at a dinner-table were discussing the familiar line, "An honest man is the noblest work of God," when a little son of the host spoke up and said, "It isn't true. My mother's better'n any man that was ever made."

The clergyman in a certain town, as the custom is, having published the bans of matrimony between two persons, was followed by the clerk's reading the hymn beginning with these words: "Deluded souls, that dream of heaven!"

SLOW WORK.—Two Quakers were recently married at Albany, after a courtship of fifty years, which the *New York Commercial Advertiser* calls slow work, but still thinks it not best for people to marry before they know their own minds.

Elder Sister (to little one, who appeared to take great interest in Mr. Skibbons)—"Come, little pet, it is time your eyes were shut in sleep." Little Pet—"I think not. Mother told me to keep my eyes open when you and Mr. Skibbons were together."

First Boy with a Basket—"Is it here ye gits yer coal, Jimmy?" Second Boy with a Basket—"Yis; it's here me sister's living out this winter, and she laves our coal out ivery day. It is handier than going to a lot of barrels before yez git yer basket full."

When a man sneaks into the house at midnight, and tries to get into bed without waking up the family, every stair and floor board creaks like a rusty swinging sign in a gale; but a burglar can go through the same house as noiselessly as a floating zephyr.

A park policeman seeing a yellow dog near two handsomely-dressed women, approaches respectfully and says: "Does this beautiful little creature belong to you, ladies?" "Mercy, no!" Park Policeman (lifting his cane)—"Get out o' here, you beast!"

"Isn't yours a perilous life?" asked a lady of a railroad conductor. "Yes," he said, as he gently, persistently charged her ten cents extra for not having purchased a ticket "previous to entering a car"; "yes, it is perilous, but you see, none but the brave deserve the fare!"

Small Husband (who, whilst his wife is away in the country, asserts his authority)—"It comes to this, cook; am I the master of this house, or am I not?" Cook—"Well, sir, you precious well ain't when the missus is at home."—[Judy.]

A good lady who on the death of her husband married his brother, has a portrait of the former hanging in her dining-room. One day a visitor, remarking on the painting, asked: "Is that a member of your family?" "Oh, that's my poor brother-in-law," was the ingenious reply.

Old Tom Purdie, Sir Walter Scott's favorite attendant, once said: "They are fine novels of yours, Sir Walter; they are just invaluable to me." "I am glad to hear it, Tom," returned the novelist. "Yes, sir," said Tom; "for when I have been out all day hard at work, and come home tired, and take up one of your novels, I'm asleep directly."

"Stop ze moozeek!" shouted Prince Perrino, rushing frantically through the hall of his villa. "Ze partie he is break up—one of ze guests insult my wife!" But before the ladies could get their shawls the Prince came running back, saying: "Never mind; you dance plente more. Eet is all right—ze gentleman say he did not know it was my wife!"—[Boston Traveler.]

Prof. Grainger Stewart, delivering an address to the graduates in medicine at the University of Edinburgh the other day, told of a practitioner who, when asked forty years ago whether he believed in phrenology, replied, "I never kept it—he had a shop—and I never use it, but I think it highly probable that if given frequently, and in liberal doses, it may be useful in irregular gout."

It was before the trenches at Petersburg and very hot, when you consider we were in December. Our regiment was charging up a side-hill, raked fore and aft with batteries and sharpshooters. One fellow near me dropped on his hands and knees, and crawled on in that position towards the enemy, when the colonel caught him in the rear with the flat of his saber: "Get up, you darned fool! Do you think you are cavalry?"

Leadville's Former Owner.

J. P. Whitney, formerly of Colorado, makes some explanations in regard to an interview with him about Leadville and its mines which appeared in the *World* of October 10th. Mr. Whitney wishes, the first place, to say that he is not Dr. J. P. Whitney, of California, who is a well-known physician of that State. To a reporter of the *World* he good-naturedly said yesterday: "I call myself simply J. P. Whitney, though I was dubbed an 'Honorable' by the territorial legislature of Colorado in a parchment emanating from that body in 1868 and recording a unanimous vote upon a series of resolutions thanking me with the governor's signature and the great seal of the territory, for my personal efforts in securing the first gold medal of the world's exposition at Paris, in 1867, for Colorado ores."

Mr. Whitney said furthermore that in former years in Colorado he was very much amused by being generally called "Professor," while, since the late discovery of the great wealth of the mines about Leadville, he had been designated by some of his friends as a "dampboil!" for not holding on to all the mines he once possessed there. Neither of these appellations does he think himself wholly entitled to.

"Why did you not hold on to those rich veins?" asked the reporter.

"I did under the territorial laws, which were also ratified by the action of congress, which gave me undisputed title to over four hundred continuous mines, none of which were less than sixteen hundred feet in length. Then I held by discovery, pre-emption and improvement as real estate until the new mining law of the United States of 1872 came into operation, which required a continuous working of the mines or an expenditure of one hundred dollars upon each one hundred feet in linear measurement to secure a United States patent, otherwise all mines were open to new locators, and in 1876 and 1877 these mines were relocated, and I doubt if any are left worth looking after, though I am going out for the fun of the thing to look around."

"I suppose you feel a good deal of regret at allowing all this property to slip through your hands?"

"No, not much. Although life is full of regrets, I feel but little on this score for myself, though for a company to which I sold a portion of my property and which lost its property as I did, I do feel sorry. We must step aside and give others a chance. If I had all these properties to-day, I should have been worked to death, and, perhaps, as uneasy and nervous as a millionaire mine-owner from Leadville whom I saw to-day. Colorado is too large to be controlled by a few men, as Nevada is."

"Do you think Colorado presents better inducements for mining than Nevada?"

"Yes, altogether. There are but few great mines in Nevada. Take away the Comstock—which, with all its bonanzas, has cost more to work the whole vein than has been produced from it—and you have not got a great deal left. Colorado has dozens of mines which will approach, if not surpass, the Comstock vein."

"Do you think the best mines in Colorado have been already discovered?"

"By no means; not but what a great many already discovered will pan out altogether in excess of present developments as they are sunk into. Still, there are literally thousands of rich veins in Colorado yet over which the pick has not yet swung."

"Are not these mines visible on the surface?"

"Yes, almost always; yet, owing to their oxidized surface exhibits and the obliteration of surface by rock and earth slides, they are not always in sight, and, besides, rich veins do not always show their wealth at third-surface croppings. Sometimes the miner strikes at once a chimney or pay-streak which opens into a bonanza, but generally not."

"How did the mines appear to you about Leadville when you first saw them?"

"In the most prominent cases like roads on the mountain sides, and the eye could follow them for long distances. I was like Aladdin in the garden without hardly realizing it. I was quite alone in this region with my band of employed prospectors. When I returned into this region after the assays I had made at Denver in 1865, I helped myself to three or four hundred mines, besides faking up large quantities of water-powers and tunnel sites under the territorial laws."

"Did you take them all up in one locality?"

"No; I went from mountain to mountain. On Fletcher mountain, a few miles from Leadville, where I thought the mineral veins most prominent of any, I took up over 160,000 feet of mines in ten days. I took up here some mines for two or three miles in length, plainly visible on the surface. In some instances the partially oxidized ores with argentiferous galena projected some feet above the surface rocks, and I amused myself in some instances in having the men detach large masses weighing many tons of glittering ore, and roll them down the steep mountain side to see their rapid flight and final disintegration. In some instances a few feet of shaft sinking would develop solid veins of argentiferous galena from four to six feet in width. But it must be remembered that at that time there was not a railroad in Colorado, nor one within 600 miles of these mines.—*New York World.*

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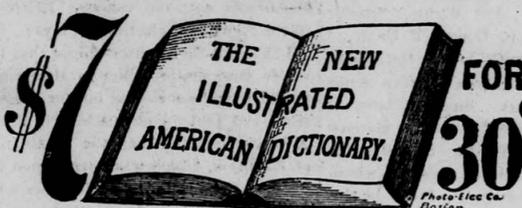
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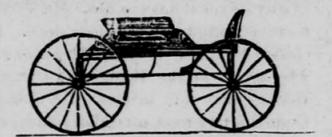
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The Concord Carriage Repository has removed to No. 46 New Montgomery street, next to Palace Hotel, San Francisco, where a full stock of "Concord" Buggies and Wagons, the genuine "Concord Harness" and E. M. Miller Co.'s (Quincy, Ill.) Buggies and Carriages will be constantly kept on hand. T. S. EASTMAN, Agent, 46 New Montgomery St., S. F.

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TESTIMONIALS:

SAN FRANCISCO, July 19, 1878. To the Standard Soap Co.—Gentlemen:

It affords me pleasure to say to the public that I have used and prescribed your PHOSPHATE SOAP as a remedy in various forms of cutaneous diseases with the happiest results. I am of the opinion that it is the mildest and most perfect detergent that can be used, either for cleansing the skin and leaving it soft and healthy, or for removing the fetor and corroding influences of sores and ulcerations. I should be sorry to be without it in shaving my face or making my toilet, to say nothing of my good opinion of its remedial qualities. A. J. SPENCER, M. D.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 19, 1877. 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.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 19, 1878. Standard Soap Co.—Gentles:

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

OAKLAND, CAL., Aug. 1, 1878. Standard Soap Co.—Gentlemen:

We have been giving your PHOSPHATE SOAP a pretty fair trial, and we like it the best of any soap for toilet use that we have found on this Coast. We have little doubt that it will meet with universal favor. MRS. R. R. JOHNSTON, 1016 Kirkham street.

The genuine merits of PHOSPHATE SOAP and persistent advertising will force every druggist, groceryman and general dealer to order it by the gross sooner or later. Ask for it in every store. The retail price is 25 cents per cake. We wish to sell it only at wholesale, but in case you cannot find it we will send a nice box of three cakes by mail, postage paid, on receipt of 35 cents in stamps.

STANDARD SOAP CO., 204 Sacramento St., S. F.

Mail and Telegraph.

LONDON, Dec. 1.—An appeal from Cardinal Manning for subscriptions to alleviate distress in Ireland, was read in all the Catholic churches of the metropolis yesterday. It is stated that in the west of Ireland such hunger, poverty and want are now to be seen as have never been known since the great Irish famine. A general collection for this purpose is appointed for Sunday next.

BLOOMINGTON, Ill., dispatch, 10: "Mrs. Davis, wife of Senator David Davis, died at Lenox, Mass., last night. Senator Davis and her son, George P. Davis, of this city, were with her at the time of her death. Mrs. Davis' maiden name was Sarah Walker. She was born at Lenox, Mass., in 1816, and was married to Senator Davis in 1838. She was the mother of two children, both of whom are still living, George P. Davis of this city and Mrs. Swayne, who married a son of Judge Swayne of Ohio. Mrs. Davis was a woman of loving disposition, modest demeanor, and a genuine quiet charity that won for her a warm place in the hearts of many poor people, who will bitterly mourn her loss. She was not a member of any church, but was a regular attendant of the First Presbyterian church of this city. Her health has been poor for several months, and she has been spending the autumn months on the seashore, where she contracted pneumonia, which was the cause of her death. The remains will arrive in this city on Wednesday night."

THE LONDON "TIMES" ON THE NEW YORK ELECTION.—The ambition of the Democratic party in the United States has received a heavy blow. The State election of Tuesday, following upon those of September and October, have given proof of a strong popular movement in favor of the Republicans. It is unnecessary to recapitulate the history of Republican defeats. The Presidential election of 1876, though it placed Mr. Hayes in power, was a disaster for the party which had ruled the Union since the outbreak of the war of secession. The Democrats, exulting in the majority of votes recorded for Mr. Tilden on that occasion, acted as if no power on earth could deprive them of the reversion of the Executive upon the ensuing vacancy. Never did a party with so many advantages throw them away so recklessly.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 2.—A Virginia dispatch says the engineer at the Union shaft on changing the shift this morning ran a cage into the sheaves. Eighteen men were in the cage and on the skip beneath. Nearly all were more or less injured. One T. C. McCarty has since died. Several others, it is feared, are fatally hurt. The engineer left immediately after the accident. A committee of miners are looking for him.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 3.—The Democratic delegate elections to-day were attended with much disorder. The 5th ward convention was broken up by a mob from the 4th ward, and several of their men were shot, one Bernard Reilly dying on the way to the hospital.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 1.—The President sent the following nominations to the senate: Geo. W. McCrary, Iowa, U. S. Judge 8th circuit; Wm. Hayes, Ky., U. S. District Judge for the District of Ky.; Chas. G. French, Chief Justice of Arizona Territory; Norman Buck, Idaho, Associate Justice Supreme Court, Idaho Territory. United States Attorneys—Joseph B. Leake, for the Northern District of Illinois; Edward Guthrie, Eastern District of Texas; J. W. Croft, West Virginia, for the Territory of Idaho. Registers of Land Offices—Wm. E. Hopping, Shasta, Cal.; James E. Goodall, Bodie, Cal.; Richard Harvey, Central City, Colorado. Samuel W. Sherfy, receiver of public moneys at LaMessilla, New Mexico. Albert Johnson, Surveyor-General, Colorado. James E. Spencer, agent Nevada Indian Agency.

NEW YORK, Nov. 25.—Abram S. Hewett, in conversation with a Tribune reporter last night stated how he consulted with Tilden in reference to the Electoral Commission Bill, when it first came to his knowledge. He said the bill was amended and modified to meet the suggestions made by Tilden at the time. He denied having a money grievance against Tilden, and declared that he had no

quarrel with him, but he thought Tilden had used him unfairly in allowing Waterson's attacks upon him to go uncontradicted. Hewett stated how far Pelton and Smith M. Weed were connected with the National Democratic Committee in 1876. He does not think Tilden will again be nominated for the Presidency.

Blackburn's Views.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 12.—Congressman Blackburn has exploded in an interview published here to-day. He says some very good things, and criticises his fellow Democrats with rare candor. Referring to the New York election, he says:

I have not the slightest doubt that the whole Democratic ticket in that State would have been elected but for the obstinacy of Tilden and treachery of Kelly. A greater mistake than the nomination of Robinson, which was forced upon the Syracuse Convention by Tilden, was never made by a political Convention or manager. I was one of the informal Committee that waited upon Tilden and requested him to consider the interests of the Democratic party before stooping to gratify personal animosities. Mr. Tilden, however, could not be convinced. He elected to stand or fall with Robinson. The action of the Republican Convention decided him in this. He thought Cornell a very weak candidate and argued that the Administration would not milk the treasury for his support, and that Conkling's great source of strength, the Custom-House, was out of his grasp. Then he considered the dissatisfaction existing among the Republicans of the State. Considering these things, he determined to thwart the risk. When Tilden has erred hitherto it has been lamentably upon the side of prudence. On this occasion he was rash. His logic was right but his premises were wrong. Against the advice of his trusted friends, Mr. Tilden took the risk. He must abide by the result.

You consider him dead, politically, then?

Why, he might as well be hermetically sealed in a terra cotta casket and buried twelve feet under ground instead of six. He is as dead as Thurman. There is an effort to arouse sympathy for him on the ground of the wrong done him in 1876, but the general feeling is that the interests of the party should supercede private claims, and Mr. Tilden will be dropped.

The New York election, then, has not weakened your faith in the ability of the Democratic party to carry the country next year again?

Emphatically, no. I will qualify that, by saying that if the Democrats don't make fools of themselves and nominate an idiotic ticket upon an insane platform, which I don't think is possible, we are sure of success. It behooves us, however, to be careful and make no mistakes next year. Our latitude has been considerably narrowed. Maine is Republican beyond question. Ohio is taken out of the list of doubtful states, and placed in the Republican column. We have no hope of carrying the Pacific slope. I am willing to draw these lines very tight, and tell the Republicans to take those and go to the devil with them. We will be content with New York, Indiana and concede to the Republicans the other northern states.

Being asked who his candidate was, Blackburn named Horatio Seymour; but he said he would be satisfied with Hancock, Hendricks, Porter or Bayard.

German Ideas.

St. Louis, Nov. 15.—A special dispatch this evening contains an interview with the editors of the four German newspapers published here on the question of Presidential candidates.

Dr. Pretorius, of the *Westliche Post*, Republican, said the nomination of Grant would be no more pleasant to German Republicans than to German Democrats. Both are firmly opposed to aristocratic military and monarchical tendencies. Should the Democrats nominate Bayard the Germans will rejoice. German voters, irrespective of party, would prefer a candidate clearly identified with conservatism—that is the liberal and progressive interests of the country. German Democrats would prefer men like Bayard, Palmer or Hancock, while Charles Francis Adams, jr., Bristow or Washburn would be favorites with the German Republicans. Mr. Pretorius did not say whether the *Post*

would support Grant in case he was nominated.

Dr. Preuss of the *American Democrat* said: While some German Democrats preferred David Davis and others Gen. Hancock, the largest proportion favored Bayard, and should the latter be nominated all will vote for him. Tilden is considered the weakest candidate the Democrats could nominate.

Carl Doenzes, of the *Anzeiger*, Independent Democrat, said the German press of the country may be considered for Bayard. With the Democratic voters Bayard is certainly the favorite, and there is no doubt a large number of German Republican voters in the western States who will vote for him in preference to Grant, who is the weakest candidate among the voters.

Albert Currlin, of the *Volkstimme*, organ of the Socialists, said: Bayard is the strongest candidate among the Germans. Some of them will vote for Grant, should he be nominated, but some have a strong aversion to him.

The Conklings.

Gen. Grover, of Ohio, relates to a correspondent of the *Cincinnati Enquirer* some reminiscences characteristic of the Conkling family:

"I have made some inquiries in New York about the Conklings, and they seem to be queer. In Genesee, where they came from originally, they tell all sorts of ridiculous anecdotes about them. It appears that there were three sisters and two sons. The sisters live a sort of hermit life, and two of them, I think, did not marry. They say Conkling's brother, Fred, thinks he ought to be senator, as he is altogether a bigger man than Roscoe. The old man, Judge Conkling, father of Roscoe, must have been a curiosity. I was told that some gentlemen called to see him at Utica on one occasion, presuming that he was staying at his son's office. Conkling entertained the party with considerable grandeur, supposing they had come to see him. He was not so cordial when he found they were in search of the old man. The Judge was found in a little house away down the street, and in a small room, and when he heard that they had called on Roscoe, he exclaimed: 'That is all you came to Utica for, to see Senator Conkling. You did not think me worth calling on first.' The old fellow was jealous of his son, and wanted the attention. On another occasion Judge Conkling was called on to make a speech, and was introduced to the audience as the father of Hon. Roscoe Conkling. At this the old fellow's countenance fell, and he began to stumble in his speech, and seemed to lose all heart in what he was going to say; and after the meeting he belabored that man fiercely for having introduced him as the father of his son instead of the Judge himself. They tell me that Conkling, on one occasion, wanted to consult his father on a point of law," said Grosvenor, "the father being the best lawyer of the two. So Roscoe began the letter to his father: 'Hon. Alfred Conkling, Utica, New York—My Dear Sir:' instead of saying: 'My dear father, give me some information.'"

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. Henry Westphall, Plaintiff, vs. J. Oppenheimer and S. Oppenheimer, defendants. No. 2185.

The United States of America send Greeting:

To J. Oppenheimer, one of the above named defendants: You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you and S. Oppenheimer by the above named plaintiff, in the District Court of the Third Judicial District of the Territory of Washington holding terms at the City of Seattle, in the County of King, for the Counties of King and Kitsap, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within sixty days from the date hereof, or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of the complaint.

The said action is brought to recover a judgment against you and S. Oppenheimer for the sum of five hundred dollars, with interest thereon from July 11th, 1878, at one per cent. per month, on a promissory note, of which the following is a copy.

"\$500 00. Portland, Oregon, July 11th, 1877 Two years after date, for value received, I promise to pay Henry Westphall, or order, five hundred dollars in gold coin of the United States, with interest in like gold coin from date, at the rate of one per cent. per month until paid.

(Signed) J. Oppenheimer."

Indorsed on back "S. Oppenheimer", and "Int. one year, \$90, paid."

Witness the Honorable Roger S. L. S. Green, Judge of said District Court and the seal thereof this 20th day of November, A. D. 1879.

JAMES SEAVEY, Clerk, By JAMES P. LUDLOW, Deputy. WHITE & BROWN, Attys. for Plff.

STETSON & POST.

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WEEKLY

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BERIAH BROWN, Publisher.

VOLUME 8, NUMBER 1.

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