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## Puget Sound Dispatch.

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#### JAS. McNAUGHT. JOS. F. McNAUGHT McNAUGHT BROS. Attorneys-at-Law.

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

### DEMOCRATIC ADDRESS.

#### An Appeal to the Democracy of Oregon.

PORTLAND, Oregon, Jan. 16, 1880.

To the Democrats of Oregon:

By authority of the State Central Committee we publish the following, and most earnestly commend it to your attention:

There never has been a time in the history of the Government, when more than now it was incumbent upon Democrats to stand by the old time traditions of their party.

The Constitution, or rather a Constitutional union is upon trial.

The men who stand in the high places of the opposition, and who voice its opinions, in the arrogance of their power, are seeking to destroy the last vestige of the Constitutional limitation—which is the essence of Constitutional law—and under the specious cry of a "Strong Government" or "The National Idea," they hide the real issue, and pervert even their own followers.

Since this Government was organized, in the Constitutional law, has always been, and must ever be, both the National and the Federal idea. We are one as a nation—but many as States. In whatever appertains to treating with the other peoples of the world and to those powers specially delegated by the States to the National Government, we are a nation; but in that which touches the private, as distinguished from the public rights of the citizens, we are a union of States.

These States have never surrendered, and never can, the unconditional and absolute right to manage in their own way the internal domestic affairs of their own citizens.

The recent extra session of Congress has passed into history, as the occasion of a contest between these two ideas. There they met in deadly conflict—and the pernicious theory that this country is purely a Nation survived the contest only because they could say to us, and perhaps truthfully, as of then—your States are not now limited or circumscribed in the exercise of any of their Constitutional rights. That session ended, and the masses of the opposition, apparently forgetting,—or, perhaps remembering—the lawlessness, the shameful lawlessness of the "Strong Man" in Louisiana and in South Carolina, with one accord, are calling for that same hand to be placed at the helm of the Nation and at the throat of the States.

Do Democrats, does the country, need more to emphasize this recent struggle, and does it not come to us with the intensity of the most earnest conviction that the peril to Constitutional liberty can be averted only by a stern and unflinching adherence to the old fashioned faith of the fathers of the party. Republicans even in their best days, and before the lust of power had eaten away honesty of conviction, saw the truth and as loudly almost as ourselves spoke for the untrammelled right of each State to order and control exclusive its own domestic affairs.

The Republican Convention of 1860, at Chicago, which nominated Abraham Lincoln, among other planks in the platform had the following:

"That the maintenance inviolate of the rights of the States, and especially the right of each State, to order and control its own domestic institutions according to its own judgment exclusively is essential to that balance of powers on which the perfection and endurance of our political fabric depends; and we denounce the lawless invasions by armed force of the soil of any State or Territory, no matter under what pretext, as among the gravest of crimes."

How stingingly this honest Republican declaration rebukes their party of to-day and the great captain who has been twice President. But the party has advanced. Less than eighteen months ago the Re-

publican Convention of Iowa, where the Republican idea has fed and fattened upon itself in very literalness, declared that the National power gave and protected all and every right of the citizen. And this is the Republican idea of today. It dominates their party completely, controls them absolutely. To continue themselves in power, they invoke and use upon all occasions this "power of the Nation," and, as in 1876, they crush remorselessly either the Legislative or Judicial power of the State, whatsoever may stand in the way of their purposes.

Fellow Democrats, this pestilential heresy carries with it more of peril to the existence of our Republican institutions than all the other dangers that surround us. This is a Union, but a union of States; and if one is indivisible the other is indestructible; or more aptly and as an able Democrat has put it, "an indivisible Union of indestructible States."

The dangerous sentiment that speaks with directness upon the soil of Iowa, but which has been indirectly uttered by almost every other Republican State Convention within the past eighteen months, must be met and throttled. True to our early memories and with our shields locked we must move upon this common enemy and destroy him.

We stand upon the threshold of a National election. The American people are Democratic by a majority of at least 300,000. Now, more momentously than ever in our history, we are called upon to settle this question, and to maintain this Government upon the principles upon which the fathers built it. The Federal arm was not created by the States to smite them, it is their servant and so it shall remain.

Let the general Government move within its own prescribed sphere with its sovereignty untouched, but say to it, it can neither crush nor make weak the States which formed it.

Hamilton had his day, and the powerful after-assistance of Marshal, helped to fix in the American mind his theory of the Government; but to-day, if there is one principle dearer than another to American freemen, it is the right of the States in the language of the Republicans of '60 "to order and control exclusively their own domestic institutions and affairs."

Recent events have made this the prominent issue, all others are of secondary importance. The party which has, from its organization, made this its touchstone of political orthodoxy, deserves and will receive the support of not only its own members, but of all true American citizens who see the forecast of empire in the march of centralization.

The strong Government again upon us, whether by votes or fraud, means the end of Republican institution in America, and this too whether we dishonor our traditions by giving a third term or by selecting any other politician who trains under the stalwart standard. Rally, then Democrats of Oregon and let your voice—first of this fateful year—be for the rights of the States, and for a Government upon Constitutional limitations.

Upon the question of national finances we beg you to remember that we are Jackson Democrats. Public and private debts, whether providently or otherwise contracted, must be honestly met and paid in money.

Let us be true to this grand old leader of the party whose genius has made an imperishable mark upon his country's history, and who in his life was the great defender of the true Democratic idea upon the subject of honest money.

Stand fast by these, the cardinal principles of our party; demand with unflinching earnestness a reform of, and economy in all the branches of our public service, whether State or National, and we will march to assured victory, not alone in June, but also in the larger conflict of November.

But desirable as is success we can afford

to achieve it only by an honest vote and a fair count.

The fraud upon the people which gave us our present Chief Executive officer must be sternly condemned—and never imitated.

Retaliation in kind is morally wrong and politically unjustifiable and if it ever become the rule in America that chicanery and fraud may defeat the spoken will of the people, the end—anarchy—is near.

In concluding this address we are constrained to say that there are some dissensions in our party. Personal differences threaten to divide and distract Democrats who have been all the time true and loyal, and whose fealty to our common cause has never been impugned.

We know not how these differences have arisen—nor do we care to inquire; but this we do know, that in the next June election every Democrat is expected to do his whole duty.

Forget the feuds which the common enemy so sedulously seeks to keep alive and remember that we are all Democrats engaged in a common fight to redeem and restore this Government of ours.

Send men to the convention who will not seek to redress personal grievances nor to stand for a mere faction. Let your representatives be in truth those who can and will look only to the interests of the great party whose servants we are. Let them forget men and remember only principles.

Through all the long years we have lived as a party, our sole source of life and strength has been in the fact that we were a party of principles.

Other political organizations have arisen, to challenge for a time popular favor and have obtained a large following, but being without distinctive principles they have passed away or have been merged in other parties.

The grand old Democratic party surviving defeat, and even its own errors, is the great party of the country to-day. It has been true to the fundamental doctrines upon which it was founded and hence its vitality—its strength.

Learn here a lesson, fellow Democrats. You have been faithful in the past; you must be for the future.

JOSEPH LANE,  
W. H. EFFINGER,  
E. C. BRADSHAW,  
M. V. BROWN,  
A. NOLTNER.

### ANDREW JACKSON'S WIFE. Her Devotion to her Husband.

FEBRUARY, 8, 1813.

MY DEAR HUSBAND: Your letter of the 18th January from the mouth of the Cumberland river came safe to hand. It was everything to me. I rejoiced, I was happy to hear you were in health. It was my nightly prayer to the Almighty God. My thoughts are forever on thee. Where'er I go, where'er I turn, my thoughts, my tears, my doubts distress me. Then a little my hope revives again, and that keeps me alive. Were it not for that, I must sink; I should die in my present situation. But my blessed Redeemer is making intercessions with the Father for us to meet again, to restore you to my bosom, where every vein, every pulse beats high for your health, your safety and all your wishes crowned. Do not, my beloved husband, let the love of country, fame and honor make you forget you have me. Without you, I would think them all empty shadows.

You will say this is not the language of a patriot, but it is the language of a faithful wife, one I know you esteem and love sincerely, but Oh! how many pangs, how many heart-rending sighs has your absence cost me. My time passes heavily, and I am not in good health, but I hope to see you once more on this globe, and after this frail life ends, be with you in happier climes, where I shall experience no more painful separation, and then I shall be at rest. I feel a foretaste of the joys that are to the virtuous souls.

Gracious God, help me to pray for your happiness. I was delighted to learn you were pleased with Mr. Blackman and the other two clergymen, and the society in general.

Our little Andrew is well, the most affectionate little darling on earth. Often does he ask me in bed not to cry, sweet papa will come home to you again, and I feel my cheeks to know if I am shedding tears. One of the extreme cold nights he got a little vexed, and said he wondered his papa did not come home and sleep with him in his big bed. On Thursday last, mamma, said he, let's go to Nashville and see if he is there. I told him where you were gone. He said, don't cry, sweet mamma. You can't think how that has supported me in my trials. I wish I was with you—vain wish.

Pray, my dear, write to me often. It's cordial, it's balm to my mind in lonesome hours. I treasure them up as a miser does his gold. I could write more to your satisfaction, could I refrain from tears, but you know how to make allowance for me. Catherine Caffery returned in a few days after you set out. The stock wants their master's eye, all your household regrets your absence, all wishing and praying your return. I paid Fields every cent that I did not send you in my letter. He was not satisfied. I then borrowed thirty dollars and paid him. He was going about trying to sell your note. I have made nearly enough to pay him off.

Sister Hayes, Mrs. McKeane, Mrs. Jackson, Mr. Small and Catherine send their best wishes to you. Please to present mine to Mr. Blackman and Mr. Hines Carroll, and may the Almighty God of Heaven shower down His blessings, His mercy on you, assist you in the ways of life, in the ways of righteousness, be your shield in the time of danger, support you in all things, and keep you in the paths of wisdom—the ways thereof is peace afar. Well, think on me, your dearest friend on earth.

RACHEL JACKSON.

MR. A. JACKSON.  
—A letter, just printed for the first time, in the Cincinnati Commercial.

THE COLDEST TOWN IN THE WORLD.—Here it may relieve us when the mercury has crept into the nineties, to think of a town which Humboldt and other travelers have pronounced the coldest on the globe. This is Yakutsk (or Yakootsk), chief town of the province of that name in Eastern Siberia, on the left bank of the river Lena. 62° 1' north, longitude 119° 44' east, distant from St. Petersburg 5,951 miles. The ground remains continually frozen to the depth of 300 feet, except in midsummer, when it thaws three feet at the surface. During ten days in August the thermometer marks 65°, but from November to February it ranges from 42° to 68° below zero, and the river is solid ice for nine months out of the twelve. The entire industry of the place—population 5,300—is comprised of candle works, and yet it is the principal market of Eastern Siberia for traffic with the hunting tribes of the Buriats. The former, mostly nomadic, having large heads of horses and cattle, bring to market butter, which is sent on horseback to the port of Ochotsk. The Buriats, also nomadic, bring quantities of skins of sables, foxes, martens, hares, squirrels and the like, and many of them are sold at the great fair in June, which, with May, is the active period of the year. In May the collected goods are conveyed to the sea ports, whence they are sent in every direction. The merchandise, chiefly furs and mammoth tusks, sold at fairs amount in value to 400,000 rubles (\$300,000).  
Bacynrus Journal.

VICTORIA, Feb. 4.—About 30 acres of land on the lower Fraser river slid into the river on Friday, and now forms an island, with forest trees growing thereon in the midst of a deep river. A farmer named Edger received serious injuries on the 1st inst. while engaged in cutting wood on the island.

Hoe Your Own Row.

This world is surely large enough  
For each to live his life  
Without colliding with his friend,  
Or giving cause for strife.  
There is no need to bandy words  
O'er what we find to do,  
And he who gives unsought advice  
Will oft have cause to rue.  
So, he who takes his time to roam  
O'er other people's land,  
Will find, when squaring his accounts,  
He has no cash in hand.  
The man whom once we thought a friend,  
With enmity we view,  
Should he come telling us the way  
Our business to pursue.  
Too many irons in the fire  
May cause a blistered hand,  
And he who guards a neighbors' gold,  
Will find his own but sand.  
So then, perhaps it might be well  
To let our friends alone;  
Be sure, when digging up the ground,  
The land we hoe's our own.  
You'd better save your breath to cool  
The dinner on your plate,  
Than use it up to give advice,  
And get, alas! but hate.  
For in this land of liberty  
The best way, you must know  
To win success in any path,  
Is just to "hoe your row."  
—N. Y. Weekly.

The Rising Mining Fever.

Will New York become the great mining center of the country instead of San Francisco? is a question now often asked and generally answered in the affirmative by those who are posted. It is known that for the last two years there has been a steadily increasing interest in gold and silver mines shown by investors and capitalists at the East. A special Mining Board has been established in this city, which now does a very large business, larger, it is claimed, than that transacted in the San Francisco exchanges, while our regular Stock Board, which ignored mining securities for so many years, now actively deals in some ten stocks of large mining companies. It has also been noticed that the dealings on the San Francisco Board have shrunk compared with the old bonanza times, and recently prices have been very low compared with those current two years back. To get at the true inwardness of this matter a reporter called on Mr. D. G. Croly, who was found at the Bullion Club, No. 19 West Twenty-fourth street.

"You have given some attention to mining matters, I believe, Mr. Croly?" said the reporter.

"Yes; my health and eyesight failed me in journalism, and as I had as an amateur taken a great deal of interest in mining matters, when I had the time to spare, I visited Colorado last fall and California last spring. Being Secretary of this Club I naturally have become very well acquainted with the growth of the interest in mining here at the East. When in California I was interviewed by several of the newspapers, and I then said that I believed New York was destined to become the great mining center of the New World. I saw Mr. John Mackey, and he half admitted to me that he feared such would be the case."

"How did you happen to come to this conclusion?" asked the reporter.

"California seems to be the natural headquarters for mining in view of its nearness to the Comstock lode and the special acquaintance of its people with the business."

"Well," answered Mr. Croly, "this very question was put to Mr. Mackey, and he said that England could manage mines in any part of the world. The London capitalists own bullion-producing properties, and some very good ones, in our own country. Probably the best managed mine in the world is one exclusively dealt in in London—the Richmond Consolidated, in the Eureka District. The Terrible Mine, in Georgetown, is also owned in England. None of the shares are on this market. English capitalists successfully manage mines in New Zealand, Australia—in short, in every part of the world. Mr. Mackey could not see why New York could not do for our own country what London did for the whole world. It was merely a matter of money, organization and proper management."

"But, Mr. Croly, what special means have you for believing New York is to become the center of the bullion-producing properties?"

"I formed that opinion several years ago, and in a paper with which I was then connected I wrote article after article calling the attention of our Stock Board to the importance of securing this business for the metropolis. I reasoned that all enterprises that were speculative in a large and wholesome way would naturally come to that point where money was the most abundant and cheapest."

"I doubt if the whole State of California has use for more than twenty millions of dollars in the transaction of its business. It follows that the market there must be very fluctuating. A few thousand shares bought will put up the price of any stock, and a few hundred shares sold will very often knock it down. But with the immense money interests in New York, with

capital seeking investment profitably, there are not these wide fluctuations. The number of buyers and sellers is larger, and hence, by a natural law, these industrial enterprises which demand large capital naturally center at that point where it can be got the cheapest and the most abundantly."

"But," asked the reporter, "is there not a great deal of swindling, of corrupt dealing in mines and with mining shares, and are not the investing public likely to be steadily fleeced?"

"It must be admitted," was the answer, "that there is great danger that the 'lamb' will be caught out if they buy mining stocks. In some respects it is a dangerous business. You see, while a district will produce bullion for many generations, single mines are liable to accidents, and may give out entirely. Under our mining laws a company can be organized upon a claim 1,500 feet by 300 or 600. After a shaft is sunk there is a liability to numerous accidents. The woodwork in the shaft may get on fire; the vein may temporarily or permanently 'pinch' out and no ore be produced afterward, or water may get into the mine. Under these circumstances the insiders take advantage of the investors. Dividends stop. The outside public rush in to sell. The insiders may drain the water or rebuild the works, or go through the barren ground and put the price of the stock up again. In an address before the Bullion Club I tried to make the point that mining would never become a legitimate business until there were larger consolidations of interest; that the investor should not have to depend upon any one 'hole in the ground,' that groups of mines should be worked instead of single ones; then if there was some accident to the machinery or a pump broke, or fire took place or water poured into the mine, dividends could be continued from the other associated enterprises. And I was quite pleased to notice that the point was so well understood as to be widely copied. I found my remarks quoted in the prospectuses of a number of new Western enterprises where combinations of properties were offered to investors rather than any one mine with its single shaft, &c. I think the day is coming when mining companies will issue bonds as well as common stock; the former representing the plant of the investment, the stock the more speculative element. There is constant difficulty among mining companies due to quarrels as to which one ore bodies belong to. No vein runs down steadily. It will sometimes pitch to the west, but more often to the east. It thus gets into the ground of another mine, and then there is trouble and litigation."

"Mr. Croly, in what respect does mine owning here in the East differ from what obtains in the California market?"

"Well, Eastern investors insist upon having dividend paying properties; the California cares more for the 'gamble.' He will pay fifty cents or seventy-five cents a share for a 'prospect,' but with the hope that when ore is struck or the mine developed, he will get a very large advance upon his investment. The fifty-cent share may be worth \$20 in time, but the moment it becomes dividend-paying his interest ceases and he sells out. Hence, it is not remarkable that there are probably not more than three mines on the San Francisco boards which pay dividends. All the rest are mere prospects. Here, on the New York Board, the great bulk of the properties are either dividend-paying or expect to become so shortly. Hence there is less fluctuation in the price of mining securities dealt in on the New York market."

"As the dividends are quite large, compared with railway investments, is it not attracting people who have surplus wealth to invest, and is there not likely to be quite a furor in mining?"

"Certainly there is," answered Mr. Croly. "Why, I was looking over the list the other day and I find that there are some thirty-five mining stocks paying dividends which are actively dealt in in our market. These disburse from five cents to \$1 a month, and I happen to know there are a quite a number of properties about to be put on." (Here Mr. Croly showed the reporter a list of the mines, but said he did not care to give their names, as it would look like advertising them, and, besides, he was afraid that some of the properties were mere bluffs on which dividends were paid simply to sell the stock and cheat the public. So any list that he might give would contain some such wildcats.) "Now," continued Mr. Croly, "I think this will tell on the public; indeed, I know it is telling. They see and hear month after month of a stock which sells anywhere from \$10 to \$30, which pays from fifty cents to \$1 a month. Some of these mines have done this for two, three and four years. Then the returns of some of the Leadville mines, for instance, are really extraordinary. How long they will last no one can tell, but the figures for many of them are ridiculously low, even if they can continue these dividends for two years. The speculative feeling is rising in this country. Railway stocks have had a great 'boom,' and people who have made money in them are very doubtful about continuing to put up margins for a further rise. I believe myself that railway property is low to what it will be. I think almost any of the leading stocks dealt in are a purchase at to-day's prices; but then everybody doesn't think so. But they will see that a mining stock which sells at \$25 and pays fifty cents a month, ought to be a very good investment, and hence we are looking for a great speculative 'boom'

in mining stocks before many months are over."

"What is the matter with the San Francisco Stock Exchange?" asked the reporter. "Prices seem absurdly low compared with what they were two years since."

"Well, you see it is nearly two years since any bonanzas have been struck. The Comstock lode from its very nature is the greatest gambling property in the world. It has thousands of feet of quartz entirely barren of pay ore. Then suddenly it developed what are called bonanzas, which are enormously large, thick and rich deposits of gold and silver. Stock which have sold for \$1 have run up to over \$300. This has happened several times, a fact which appeals strongly to the cupidity of men who like to take chances. The same impulse which makes a man take a share in a lottery, where he has one chance in ten thousand, induces the people of California to deal heavily in stocks on the Comstock lode. But it is a serious matter to hold stocks on the Pacific Coast, for they are assessable, and if bonanzas are not found the shareholder is treated to what are known as 'Irish dividends'—those on which he pays an assessment instead of receiving a bonus. The people of California have been paying over \$12,000,000 per annum to companies on this Comstock lode, and so far they have developed no new bonanzas. I have an abiding faith they will strike one some time, but 'hope deferred makes the heart sick,' and then the active competition of New York taking away so many dividend paying mines is injuring California. Another 'setback' is the development of other districts. For instance, the Bodie region, which is on the borders of Nevada. It has suddenly loomed up as a great gold-producing territory, and it is as yet in its infancy, and will give a great account of itself before the close of the year 1880. Then there are the gold mines of the Black Hills, in Dakota. They are attracting deserved attention on account of their mines, which are of an enormous extent, though the grade of ore is very low; so much so that people are beginning to be afraid to handle new properties in that region, as the machinery required is very expensive and the profits very small. Ex-Senator Spencer told me that he did not believe that the ore in the Black Hills would average more than \$7 a ton, and this fact is telling against the market value of the mines."

"How about Colorado?" asked the reporter.

"Well, that is now the favorite region for New Yorkers. Indeed, one distinguished Senator from the Pacific Coast told me the other day that he believed the greatest mines of the country would yet be discovered in Colorado, and that it would entirely outstrip the mines of the Pacific coast. The mountains are higher there, volcanic action has evidently been more intense, and there seems to be a greater variety of deposits of the precious metals than in any other place on earth. Then there is a new region in Arkansas which is very promising. I hear the most glowing accounts from there, and yet that field is entirely virgin. The new mines are located near the Hot Springs, and, by the way, all the great mineral fields are near hot springs. But this new region, is to-day in the situation that Leadville was two years ago—full of promise, but undeveloped, and prices as yet very low."

"How about Arizona?"

"A wonderful region, but as yet too far off. When the Southern Pacific road is built, and when the Atchison and Santa Fe runs to the Pacific on the line of the thirty-fifth parallel we will then see Arizona, Southern Utah, New Mexico and the regions adjacent developed. Undoubtedly the mineral wealth of the country these roads will traverse is something enormous. There has been in times past a great deal of prejudice against mining enterprises. People regarded them as dangerous and uncertain, but really it is as legitimate a business as any other. We are to-day the greatest producers of gold and silver of any nation on earth, and I am surprised that the press of New York has not paid more attention to this important matter. An industry has come to us to give employment to our capital and profit to our investors without any active help from our newspapers."

"Will the demonetizing of silver hurt the mining interests of the country, Mr. Croly?"

"Yes. If it was possible to demonetize silver and use only gold it would put a stop to about two-thirds of the silver mines of the United States, but there is no danger of that. The great bulk of mankind use silver and will continue to use it. As Professor Newberry said, in his lecture before the Bullion Club, more than half of the world use silver exclusively, while less than 200,000,000 people on the globe use gold exclusively. Even in gold countries the popular coinage for retail trade is always silver."

"But is not the silver dollar too small? Is it an honest dollar?"

"Well," said Mr. Croly, "our complaint is that it is too large. The scientific ratio between the two metals is 15 1/2 to one, but our American dollar makes it sixteen to one. The Latin Union, which uses more than six hundred million of five-franc pieces, puts three per cent less silver in the five-franc than we do in our dollar. It was a great mistake when we were re-coining silver that we did not make it conform to the ratio established by France and the Latin Union, which experience proves is the one which best

represents the normal relations of the two metals."

"How do you account for the silver dollars not being in circulation?"

"For the same reason that the gold dollars are not in circulation. Paper is the most convenient, and if Congress were wise and would do what the English, French and German governments did, withdraw all small bills, you would then soon see the silver dollars and gold eagles and half eagles in circulation. We ought to have nothing less than twenty-dollar bills either in national or bank notes, and it is too bad that in the greatest bullion-producing country in the world our legislators should be so bewitched that they should discriminate against our own productions and insist upon issuing small bills."

"But have we not too many silver dollars?" asked the reporter.

"Oh, nonsense! We have only got something like \$45,000,000, yet the Bank of France holds over \$250,000,000 in five-franc pieces, while among the people at large in the Latin Union there are more than \$250,000,000 more, in other words, France and the countries which compose the Latin Union have ten times the quantity of silver dollars that we have, only, as I said before, they are smaller dollars; they contain less silver by three per cent."

"How do you account for the opposition of our bankers to the use of silver?"

"To me it is unaccountable. I judge, however, you will not find the same active opposition to monetizing silver here East as you did pending the discussion in 1878. I could name to you twenty bank presidents who signed their names to the gold manifestoes who are to-day largely interested in silver mines. You will be surprised to find how many of the leading people connected with banks are officers in silver mining corporations."

"You admit," asked the reporter, "there are, or will be a great many mining schemes intended to swindle the public?"

"Unquestionably," was the reply. "If you go to the leading hotels on Broadway you will notice they are filled with people from the Pacific coast and the Rocky Mountains, and among them are some of the most villainous-looking rascals I ever saw in my life. Unfortunately these fellows have scented the prey afar off and are coming here to try and swindle our Eastern investors. So far I don't think they have had very good luck, but undoubtedly, if there is a furor, an excitement seizes the public for mining investments, the green-horns will be pretty certainly taken in. We have altogether too many California operators already at work in placing mines here at the East. People with very unsavory reputations on the Pacific coast are conspicuous in a number of new mining enterprises that are about to be put upon the New York market. I, for one, want it distinctly understood that while I believe this business has got to come to New York and think it ought to be encouraged, I wash my hands in advance of any possible abuse of a legitimate business. Probably one-half of the active operators of California are now in this city, and among them are some very scaly fellows."

"Have not our Eastern investors in times past had experience of mining in Colorado and further west?"

"That is very true, but you must remember that mining was then a new business and the loss fifteen or twenty years since was the price we had to pay for learning how to mine, mill and market gold and silver ores. During the Pike's Peak excitement the cost for transportation across the plains was appalling. A box of candles cost \$40, and for machinery incalculable sums were spent. But the very mines which failed to pay then, are productive to-day. Then, during all these years, we have learned how to treat ores, and there has grown up a body of experienced miners and experts whose judgment is generally a very safe guide to those who wish to put their money into mining ventures. We have the advantage, too, of the experience of the Pacific coast mining. We know all about the business and hence there will be fewer losses in the future than there have been in the past."

"One other point, Mr. Croly. Do you believe in the extravagant stories which are told about the ore bodies in certain well-known mines?"

"I do honestly believe that there are certain mines in this country which will more than repeat the history of the famous bonanzas on the Comstock lode. I think I know several such; but, at the same time, it must be remembered that all mines are not bonanzas, and capitalists must bear in mind that mining, like every other legitimate industry, after all only pays a fair interest upon money invested. I doubt if, taking the mining history of this country altogether, it has paid more than four per cent on the money and labor expended; but, then, you see the business is very attractive, for some mines have paid enormously in the past, and other mines will do so in the immediate future. And this is what is creating the furor at the East. Every one expects that his mine is to be the favorite one."—N. Y. Herald.

Zachariah Chandler.

The death of Mr. Chandler—writes the Rev. Mr. Abbott, of Stamford, Vt., in the North Adams Transcript—revives the memories of half a century ago. The old brick school-house where we were taught together the rudiments of our education, the country store where his father sold such a wonderful variety of merchandise for the wants of the inner and outer man; the broad acres of field and forest in the ancestral domain where we used to rove and hunt; his uncle's "tavern," the cheerful home of the traveler when there were no railroads, situated on a great thoroughfare, constantly alive with stages, teams, cattle, sheep, swine, turkeys and pedestrian immigrants—all these form a picture as distinct to the mind's eye as if a scene of the present. No unimportant feature of that picture in my boyish memory was a rough-built, overgrown, awkward, stooping, good-natured, popular boy, who went by the never-forgotten, familiar sobriquet of "Zach." He never forgot it. After more than forty years separation, when I called on him in the capitol, and apologized for calling him Zach, in his old rollicking way, he said, "Oh, call me old Zach, call me old Zach; that's what they call me out West." It was in the midst and under the molding influences of such scenes as I have described that the grand old "stalwart" Zach Chandler, was reared and educated. He had not the honor—as I have seen stated in the papers—of being born of poor parents. His father was one of the "heavy men" of the town, and a gentleman of the old school. His uncle, Thomas Chandler, the "tavern-keeper," was once a member of the lower house of Congress. Zach might have had a liberal education as his two brothers, who died younger had, but he did not "take to it." Perhaps it was thought he did not possess quite promise enough for it. It was indeed a question with the neighbors whether his choice between a merchant and a farmer's life was a wise one when he left home to enter, as a clerk, the large mercantile house of a relative in Detroit. I am sorry to deprive his memory of that modern charm that hangs, like the scent of roses around a broken vase, around a "poor boy" in rags, and ignorance and of ignoble birth. He was neither poor, nor ragged, nor with "limited means of education," nor of ignoble birth. Nor did he, if my memory serves me, "make his advent into Detroit with a sawbuck on his shoulder"—what a pity he did not! He was born and bred unfortunately (?) when it was no disgrace to be born of parents in good circumstances and honorable social position. Had it been otherwise there is no knowing how great a man he might have been. It is to be hoped that a generous public will overlook this radical defect and give him due credit for what he made of himself, notwithstanding these unfortunate circumstances of his youth. When, in future generations, his origin shall be forgotten, no doubt his great worth as a man and a statesman will be fully recognized.

An Acadian Courtship.

The wooing must be done at balls or in the presence of the family. Flirting being impracticable, it is always understood that the wooer means marriage, and consequently he eagerly avails himself of the few privileges deemed by the rural Mrs. Grundy consistent with the proprieties. These usually begin with prancing, caracoling and racing his horse on the road in front of his "belle's" dwelling-place. He repeats the performance as often as possible, and enjoys it immensely. The more spectators, the greater his delight. The sweets of courtship are necessarily expended on the old folks. Macaboy snuff a la vanille, a bottle of anisette, etc., for *maman* go far toward making the course of true love run smooth. With the old gentleman, tact at losing half-dimes at play is equally effective, always provided the lover comes under that comprehensive descriptive "*bon garcon*." While thus courting the parents, he avails himself of every opportunity to make "sweet eyes" at the daughter, and, after a few weeks of such wooing, proposes. The ball-room is generally the place; when the pleasurable excitement of the waltz has reached its climax, while her slender waist is encircled by his arm, and her head almost leans upon his shoulder, then comes the opportunity. If the coy maid favors his suit, he instantly seeks the approval of her parents. With that, one might think the affair settled. But no; he must obtain the permission of the numerous relatives of the bride-elect, even to the cousins, who may be of no special importance. Dressed in his nattiest suit, he proudly prances around on the grand tour, and formally asks the consent of each in turn.—From "The Acadians of Louisiana," in Scribner.

The Chicago strike is resulting adversely to the workmen. They are restrained from violence by the local authorities, while men in need of work are easily found to take their places. A labor strike is always a doubtful experiment. Under a proper distribution of the profits of labor, strikes should be unheard of. But capital and labor have not agreed upon any common basis. They appear to array themselves against each other, taking advantage of each other's weakness upon every possible occasion.—S. F. Post.

Increased attention is being given to fish culture in Virginia. There are now three hatching houses in the State.

At Castroville, Texas, recently, a vein of coal eight feet thick was encountered in digging a well, and in the coal were found pieces of wood and leaves, astonishingly fresh and green, and what is more remarkable, part of a glass bracelet of beautiful design and fine workmanship.

### Farm Fencing.

There is no practical farm question of more importance to us at present than, "How shall we fence our farms." Most farmers are out of rail timber, and we may conclude that the days of the Virginia fence are numbered. We need not regret it, for while it has served a good purpose and was the best fence, all things considered, for the pioneers, it is hardly suited to this age of advanced ideas in agriculture. What shall we substitute for it? is the question. Shall it be hedges, wire or boards? After twenty years' experience with hedges, I am not inclined to advocate that they be planted to much extent. A hedge fence requires too much labor to keep it in shape, and that labor comes at the busiest time, when crops are demanding all the attention of the farmers. A limited amount of hedge on line fence is admissible, but for division fences it is entirely unsuited. All division fences on the farm should be moved every few years, so as to plow up the old fence row, and as it takes about five years to grow hedge, so as to make a good fence, when it is grown, it must stand. I have had over twenty-five years' experience with hedges, and have now a half mile of good hedge, nearly thirty years old, on my farm, but would not take as a gift—all ready to turn stock—another half mile; nor, with my present knowledge, would I plant a rod of it if I had none. I believe that the use of wire for fencing is destined to increase largely in the future, although there are some objections to it, but I have not had experience enough with it either to recommend or condemn it. It is probable that boards will, for many years to come, be the material from which the bulk of our fences will be made. If this is the case we need to make the matter of board fences a study. A good board fence is as economical a fence as can be built, but, if made of sappy oak posts, and beech or sycamore boards, it will prove the most expensive and least satisfactory of any. It is an objection to board fence, when used for dividing fields, that it can not be moved. I devised, eighteen months ago, a fence which combines economy, portability and protection.—WALDO T. BROWN, Box 33, Oxford, O.

### Leigh Hunt and the Cabman.

Either from natural eccentricity or from bad training, Leigh Hunt, the gentle poet and essayist, was unable to appreciate the value of money. He had not the slightest sympathy with Burn's advice to a young friend:

"And gather gear by every wire  
That's justified by honor;  
Not for to hide it in a hedge,  
Nor for a train attendant;  
But for the glorious privilege  
Of being independent."

Poor Leigh Hunt seldom enjoyed this "glorious privilege." His conversation and refined manners made him the pet of his friends, while through his extravagance and indifference to money he became the victim of duns. He had hot-house peaches on his table, and the sheriff at his door. One day Hunt drove up to the friend's house in a cab. The gentleman noticed, as he opened the door, that the poet was beaming benevolently upon the cabman, and that cabby was reflecting the smile. "Fine fellow that!" remarked Hunt to his friend, who saw nothing "fine" in cabman, horse or cab. "Well," replied the poet, "I found him driving this way, and he said as an 'empty,' he would take me here for half-fare (the whole fare was three shillings), so I told him to drive on. Now, when I asked him how much his fare might be, he said he would leave it to my honor. Nothing could be fairer than that, you know, so I said I was sorry that I had only two half-sovereigns in my pocket; would one of them do? He said that would do, and thanked me. As he was getting on his cab, I stopped him to say I was pleased with him, and that I should be returning about nine to-night, when, if he liked, he might come for me and receive the same fare back. He said he would, but as you opened the door, he drove away so suddenly that I hardly know what to think."

Boston is the birthplace of one of the most unique companies on record. It has not yet a name, but it will take some such title as the Statue Erecting Company. It will be incorporated under the laws of the State, and its object will be to beautify the city by the erection of statues, monuments, shafts, tablets, etc., in commemoration of great men. It will solicit donations from all charitably-minded and monument-admiring persons, and expects to inaugurate a monument every 4th of July. If this company gets its way it will make Boston a sort of huge graveyard as far as monuments are concerned. The Hub is hereby tendered the sympathy of the Great West.—*Detroit Free Press.*

**WATER FOR CATTLE.**—Many hogs die every year of disease resulting from want of pure water, and yet this loss is submitted to year after year. The remedy is a simple one, and compared with the loss of hogs and cattle an inexpensive one, viz., dig a well. Want of water is productive of much suffering, which results in disease and death. See that every animal is well supplied with pure water in abundance. Ponds, sloughs and foul spring holes are not fit to supply stock with water, and wells or cisterns only should be used.

A man's good breeding is the best security against other people's ill manners.

### Take Off the Check-Rein.

The following article, under the above caption, is from the pen of our esteemed correspondent, Peter F. Alba, Esq., a prominent veterinary surgeon of Mobile, Ala.: "When the check-rein is drawn, so as to derange the natural incline of the head, it causes a stiffness of the neck and a pressure of the cervical and dorsal vertebrae, changes the natural position of the windpipe, and interferes with free respiration. The neck being raised curves the vertebrae of the back, making it hollow, which has a tendency to draw the hind legs forward under the body, or to thrust the body backward upon them. This deprives him of the power of extending himself. Because, by changing the natural carriage of the horse, you cause a greater demand upon his strength for the resistance against natural motion, and the action will be dwelling and slow. The shoulders being inclined out of position throws the support of the front legs, cramps the withers, which divides the free movement of each leg, and impairs the freedom and suppleness of his front action; for, as the front legs are kept stiff so is the spring diminished, which is the essence of free action, and in proportion as the weight on the front legs is interfered with by over extension in the front, so does over contraction of the suspensory and lateral ligaments, the flexor muscles and back tendons take place. This is the prolific cause of the knuckling over the pasterns and springing of the knees. Besides, as undue bearing is being brought on the lumbar vertebrae, serious strain is produced on the loins and rear parts, and a disordered state of these members is the consequence. Hence come lumbago, vertigo, spinal meningitis, and other diseases of the spine, to say nothing of the contracted heels, navicular-joint disease and leg disorders. Moreover, the head being drawn up in a constrained position not only the neck is stiffened, but the muscles of the eyes likewise retract, alter the focus of the sight, strain the optic nerve, and, as it were, force the eyes from their sockets, and sometimes so distort them as to prevent the closing of the lids. In this manner the poor creature is sometimes left for hours exposed to the dazzling rays of the hot sun, the least consequence of which must be inflammation of the cornea and the lens itself. Do we wonder then at the number of weak-eyed, moon-eyed and blind horses? Only reflect, good Christians, for one moment what an instrument of torture we have invented, and what a sin we daily commit by this heart-rending punishment of our most submissive, faithful and noblest of servants."—*Turf, Field and Farm.*

**A FEMALE HERMIT.**—Years ago, a beautiful girl promised herself in marriage to the man of her choice. She was perfectly happy, when an unnatural brother set about breaking the engagement, and only too soon succeeded in his purpose. The sorrow-stricken girl lost hope and happiness at a blow. Her lover left home and friends for the far West, not to return. A short time after the girl's parents died, and the large estate was divided between the surviving children. Taking her share, nearly a hundred thousand dollars, she turned her back on the home of her childhood, went West, and has since lived a most isolated life, not admitting anybody to her confidence, repulsing all attempts at friendship. Retiring deeper into seclusion year by year, to-day few may dare face her stern presence. She seldom, if ever, writes or receives letters, makes no calls and has no callers, and, in short, is as entirely alone as one could be in this busy world. With an immense income, and one that is rapidly increasing, she spends but little money, and that for necessities. She rarely goes out, and then avoids the glances of the passers-by. Her unnatural brother still lives to regret his work.

### Not a Bit Astonished.

The fact that the large majority of people in this country are prepared for anything that may happen at any hour of the day, was strongly exemplified at the ferry-dock yesterday. Three or four "old heads" got together and cooked up a plan and then went in a body to a ragged, woe-begone chap who stood leaning over a spile and developed it. Greeting him with smiles they each took him by the hand, and then the spokesman said:

"It gives us pleasure to be honored with the errand of seeking you and informing you that at our State Convention, held this forenoon, you were chosen our nominee for Governor on the first formal ballot. It is our pleasure to ask your acceptance of the honor, and in so doing you insure us a candidate for whom we can work with earnestness and enthusiasm, and whose election to the gubernatorial chair no sane man can for a moment doubt."

The man had not changed a muscle of his face. He had preserved a calm and placid expression to the end, and when the spokesman stepped back the stranger turned his quid, spit off the edge of the wharf, and replied:

"Well, being you want me to run I'll do it, but I tell you beforehand that I haven't got a durned cent to spend on the canvass! You'll have to run me on my high qualifications entirely."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Hope is said to be the brightest when it dawns from fears. This is a very beautiful thought, but it seldom occurs to a man who has just got up off his wife's new hat.

### Not His Darling.

After a down-town young man had been keeping company with a girl at the north end of Third street for several months, her father suddenly got the idea that a salary of \$7 per week would not support his daughter in proper style, and he forbade the young man to come to the house. Letters were exchanged and stolen interviews followed, but nothing of the sort will occur again.

The other night the old man observed his daughter acting nervous and queer, and he scented cologne in the air. Whispering in the old woman's ear, he dodged out doors and took a position favorable for one determined on evil. Pretty soon soft steps were heard. The old man coughed. The gate opened, the steps came nearer and a voice whispered:

"Is that my darling?"  
"Not hardly!" replied the old gentleman, as he rose up and reached out for a coat-collar, and the next moment a pair of polished boot-heels revolved in the air, swept off the top of a rose-bush, came down and demolished a flower-pot and then shot out of the gate at the rate of a mile a minute, bearing away a young man whose hair had pushed his hat off.—*Detroit Press.*

Used Up—An umbrella on rainy days.

### Consumption Cured.

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

### White's Prairie Flower.

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

### Mines and Miners

Are of little value unless the receipts exceed the expenditures. The Robertson Process enables parties to make money in mines where they could not otherwise pay expenses. The means used to extract the gold and silver from ores is very simple and effective. The fact that some parties denounce it who know nothing of its workings is in its favor. John A. Robertson, P. O. Box 552, Oakland, Cal., owns the patent.

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It has hitherto been confidently believed that a feather-bed is a reliable place of safety in a thunderstorm. But that belief is shattered by the fact that a goose was recently struck by lightning in New Jersey.

### Advertising Cheats.

It has become so common to write the beginning of an elegant, interesting article and then run it into some advertisement that we avoid all such cheats and simply call attention to the merits of Hop Bitters in as plain honest terms as possible, to induce people to give them one trial, as no one who knows their value will ever use anything else.

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COMBINING SIMPLICITY, Durability, Speed, and Lightness in Running.

This Machine is unequalled for all kinds of FAMILY SEWING, and is made in the very BEST possible manner, the workmanship and finish being unsurpassed. Extra inducements offered to the trade. Good agents wanted in every county.

**THE HOWE MACHINE CO.**  
873 Market St., San Francisco.

**CONCORD CARRIAGES.**

REMOVAL.  
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.

**GILHAM'S GREEN HOOF AND HEALING OINTMENT**

For Collar Galls, Harness Galls, Saddle Galls, Burns, Scalds, Bruises, Old and Recent Wounds, Quilt Hoofs, Fvers in Feet, Founder, Sand Cracks, Quarter Cracks, Scratches or Grease. For Cuts, Burns and all Flesh Wounds on Human Flesh. This Ointment has no equal. It is the only Ointment in the United States that ever received a medal.

For sale and recommended by all Traders, Druggists and Harness Makers. Main & Winchester, 214 and 216 Battery St. S. F. Wholesale Agents.

**THE DAILY EXAMINER**

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

**\$7.50 per Year.**

THE EXAMINER, Established in 1865, is the leading Democratic organ on the Pacific Coast, and is the City and County official Organ.

**WEEKLY EXAMINER,**  
A quarto of 56 pages of reading matter, will be sent per mail or express at

**\$3 per Year.**

The Market Reports of the EXAMINER are of the most reliable character and persons engaged in business should give it a trial.

Both papers are conducted so as to make them welcome visitors to the home circle. All advertisements of a certain character are rigidly excluded from their columns.

Families will find under its weekly columns devoted to matters affecting

**"THE HOUSE AND FARM"**  
The most valuable information. THE DAILY receives the latest

**Telegraphic Dispatches,**  
And the WEEKLY contains the latest received until going to press.

A great struggle is before the Democracy and it behooves the Democrats of the Pacific States to make a gallant fight in the next residential contest. Subscribe for the DAILY or WEEKLY EXAMINER.

Wm. S. Moss & Co.,  
PHILIP A. ROACH,  
Geo. F. N. JOHNSON,  
532 and 533,  
Washington St.

**Jackson on State Rights.**

The Cincinnati Commercial of January 8th printed a fac simile of the handwriting of General Jackson while President. It is in the form of a memorandum-note to Amos Kendall, defining Jackson's views of the rights of States. It says:

"Nullification is revolution—and if a State attempts to nullify the laws of the United States by force, it is rebellion, and if she possesses the physical power to resist successfully, then she has a right to establish her own government, and if the balance of the States have the physical power, they have a perfect right under this confederation of perpetual & perfect Union, to coerce her to obedience. For a State to go out of the Union peaceably she must obtain the consent of that number of the States which the Constitution gives the power to alter, & amend it.—The people being the fountain of all sovereign power have a right to alter & change their government; and the confederated & perpetual union formed by themselves, upon which the more perfect union, the constitution of the United States is based, provides how it can be altered or dissolved—any other mode to alter it is, *revolution, & war.*"

The Oregonian publishes the foregoing note with the comment: "It will be noted that this from Old Hickory is significant—the clearest statement that has been made of his views of the rights of States, and reads like prophecy. The original MS. is in the possession of the Ohio Historical Society."

Had the editor read the current history of politics in the United States from the days of Jefferson to the present, with no prejudice or design to misrepresent for party purposes, he would not have any cause for presenting the sentiments of Jackson, as declared in this simple statement, as either novel, prophetic or startling. The same sentiments were reiterated and reiterated from the times of Jefferson to those of Jackson, by the party whose views they represented respectively. Thenceforth the declaration of Jackson: "The Union—it must and shall be preserved," was a watch word in every Democratic camp, a slogan in every political battle, and was emblazoned upon every Democratic banner. The nullifiers—the followers of Calhoun—were but a faction, acknowledging no allegiance to the Democratic party, and only acted with that party as an alternative, never allowing their faction to be represented in General Convention in such manner as would commit them to the support of the nominee. In 1848 but one Delegate from South Carolina appeared in the Democratic Convention at Baltimore, and he represented Orr's district, which uniformly elected a Union Democrat to Congress. At the election which followed, Rhett, Yancey, Moses, and nearly all the openly avowed nullifiers and secessionists, zealously supported Taylor in opposition to Cass, expressly on sectional grounds. Pending the same election, the Free Soil party, subsequently merged in the Republican party, was started and fused with the abolitionists, both agreeing in the doctrine that paramount sovereignty resided in the States and that the Federal government only possessed delegated powers subject to State revision. The Republican party, the immediate successor and legatees of the Free Soil party, in nearly all local and State Conventions, adopted the doctrine of State sovereignty to the extreme limit contended for by the most ultra nullifiers. The ablest speakers and writers of the party scouted the idea of "a more perfect union," and in their official publications distinctly declared their purpose to put down slavery or divide the Union. That purpose they followed to its legitimate conclusion. As fast as a State was gained by the party, an act was at once passed nullifying the so-called "Fugitive Slave Law." Fourteen Republican States adopted these nullification acts in the teeth of the constitutional requirement for the rendition of fugitives from labor, and after the Supreme Court had affirmed the constitutionality of the act. Recorded history proves conclusively that nullification and secession were of New England origin, and that any time before 1860 there were more avowed nullifiers and secessionists in the Northern than in the Southern States. The spirit of disunion was manifested on the question of adopting the Constitution; it became rampant and defiant towards the General Government

in the war of 1812, and under official sanction convened the Hartford council in which the New England States were severally represented through their State authorities; to consider the proposition of a British emissary for the annexation of those States to Canada, and the project of secession and annexation under British protection only failed because the high contracting parties could not agree upon terms. The same elements of disunion became threatening on the purchase of Louisiana; again on the annexation of Texas, and the President was officially informed by the Governor and Legislature of Massachusetts, that any demand upon that State for men or money to carry on the war with Mexico would be met with "open defiance."—The phrase quoted was repeatedly used subsequently in Republican platforms to express their relations to the Federal Government in contingencies liable to occur any day. In every conflict which occurred between the States and the General Government for sixty years, the party of Jefferson and Jackson—called at first Republican, then Democratic Republican, then Democratic—has uniformly stood literally upon the principles set forth by Jackson in the foregoing note, and as expressed in the Address to the Democracy of Oregon: The maintenance of the Union without invading the reserved rights of the States. This was the position of the Democratic party throughout the war. Their opponents constantly try to confound State rights with State wrong—the reserved right of absolute control over their domestic affairs with the wrong of State nullification, repudiation and secession. Nothing could be more erroneous.

The editor of the Oregonian may possibly remember how we were constantly assailed during the war and almost ever since, as a "secessionist." Now we most solemnly affirm that at no time in our political career did we entertain or publish a single sentiment or expression in the smallest degree in conflict with the sentiments of Jackson as expressed in the foregoing note. We never regarded nullification or secession as any more or less than a revolutionary right—a declaration of war against the General Government by breach of compact between the sovereign States. We never questioned or doubted the right or the duty of the adhering States to use all the powers of the Federal Government to maintain the integrity of the Union against attempts of revolting States to destroy it. That is entirely consistent with the rights of States as ever maintained by the Jefferson and Jackson Democracy. Deprive the States of the right to "order and control exclusively their own domestic institutions and affairs," under the pretence of strengthening the General Government against a revolt of States, and you deprive the people of the only safe-guard to their liberties. Centralization is inevitable despotism. They may be inscribed upon the tomb of our fallen Democratic Republican system of government the epitaph suggested by Mr. Jefferson: "A people who lost their own liberties to give freedom to the slaves."

**Senator Grover.**

We get the sad news by telegraph that Senator Grover, of Oregon, is dying of softening of the brain. Though deeply to be deplored, this intelligence is not to be wondered at by those who know him best. Indeed, it was predicted more than a year ago by one of his most intimate friends. Mr. Grover was a man of generous instincts, gentle breeding, liberal education, more than ordinary ability and fine social qualities. He was bound to make friends and admirers in any community, if he had never achieved political distinction. But with all his better qualities, he had an overweening, irrepressible yearning for political preferment, though he knew it led through a dirty pool which he could not pass dry shod or with clean hands. He staked every thing at his command, spent the most valuable years of his life, his fortune and his current earnings upon the issue, and only achieved the object of his ambition bankrupt in purse and reputation, broken in health, and almost crushed under the weight of odium brought upon him by the dirty tools with which he felt impelled to work. He found the golden promise which had been his illusion through years of toil and suffering, but dead sea fruit, and ashes in his grasp.—Smarting and sickening under public odium, much of which was unmerited, he became prematurely old, and the poor

tired brain sought rest in inanity. The devoted wife, who cheerfully surrendered her own dowry to promote his ambition, sank under the defamations which assailed her husband, and has been for several years a confirmed invalid. They will both soon pass over the river and be at rest, leaving behind them the testimony that the honors of this world are but vanity and vexation of spirit.

**The Machine Wins.**

The machine politicians of Pennsylvania, under the lead and absolute control of the Camerons, have carried the State Convention for Grant against a very manifest adverse popular sentiment. This result is no indication that Grant will be nominated, or that his friends will press him for a nomination; but it makes Don Cameron master of the situation. Backed by a delegation of his own henchmen, he will hold the balance of power in the Convention and dictate the candidate, bargaining therefor for the control of the Federal patronage of his State, to be divided up among his own followers. That is, and always has been the Cameron policy, which has given to Pennsylvania politics an odious eminence. That is what made the action of the State Convention a matter of such intense interest to the Don. His triumph assures his dictatorship over the Republicans of Pennsylvania for another four years.

AN ADMINISTRATION WITHOUT SCANDALS.—The New York Herald says: If there is a bright side to the recent gloomy pictures of embezzlement and misappropriation of funds, it is to be found in the absence of such scandals from the Administration of the Federal Government. The Government, besides collecting and disbursing an annual revenue of between \$250,000,000 and \$300,000,000, has made gigantic transactions in loans, and during the last three years there has not been a conspicuous case of defalcation or embezzlement by any Federal officer. At a time when we have so many painful and startling disclosures of private demoralization, we should not fail to recognize the remarkable integrity which prevails in the Administration of the National Government. We have never had an Administration which deserved higher praise than that of President Hayes, and all honest men should feel a sincere pleasure in paying it this tribute.

**Sheriff's Sale.**

BY virtue of an Order of Sale issued out of the District Court for the Third Judicial District of Washington Territory, holding terms at Seattle, King County, on the 7th day of February, A. D., 1880, in case of Henry E. Hathaway, Administrator, with the Will annexed of Polly P. Hoiler, dec'd., Plaintiff against John Martin and Harriet Martin, Defendants, I will, on

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 10th, A. D. 1880, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M., at the Court House door, at Seattle, aforesaid, proceed to sell at Public Auction, for cash, all of Lots Number 13, 14 and 15 of Section 29, North of Range 4 East, in King County, Washington Territory, excepting the portions of Lots 13 and 14 conveyed to Martin L. Cavanaugh and Charles Grover before the date of the Mortgage upon which the judgment in this case was obtained, said premises, to be sold, containing about forty-one acres, with frame dwelling house, barn, orchard and other improvements thereon; and said sale is made for and towards the satisfaction of a Decree and Judgment of said Court, in favor of Plaintiff, and against Defendants, in the sum of \$1,488, with interest at rate of one and one-half per cent. per month, from Jan. 28, 1880, with costs and fees amounting to \$80.30 and accruing costs.

Dated at Seattle aforesaid, February 9, A. D. 1880.  
L. V. WYCKOFF,  
Sheriff of King Co., Was. Ter.  
C. D. EMERY, Atty. for Pltiff. 5w12

**Dissolution.**

The co partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned under the firm name of O'Leary & Folsom, has been this day dissolved by mutual consent. R. M. Folsom will continue the business in his sole right, and is authorized to settle all the affairs of the late firm.  
DANIEL O'LEARY,  
R. M. FOLSOM.

Snohomish, January 27, 1880. 4w11

**Wanted 400 Men**

IN THE TOWING BUSINESS, TO Haul Schooners over the BAR,

—AT THE—

**BAVARIA BEER HALL**

AND

**Reading Room.**

All kinds of Lunches to Order. BOTTLED BEER A SPECIALTY. New Billiard and Pool Tables. Two Drinks and a Game of Billiards, 25 cents.

Corner First and Mill Streets, Seattle.

**Waddell & Miles,**

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN Ranges, Cook, Parlor and Box

**STOVES.**



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

Tinware, Japanned and Marbelized Iron-ware, K'tchen Utensils of all Descriptions.

STEAM WHISTLES, GONGS, STEAM AND WATER GAUGES, GLOBE

Maleable Iron Fittings, Copper smithing,

Plumbing,

STEAM AND GAS FITTING.

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

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

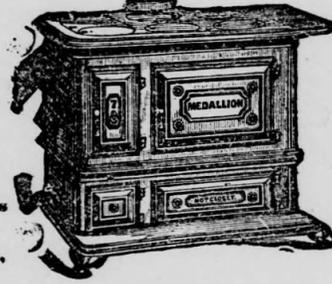
ALL JOB WORK NEATLY EXECUTED, AND ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED.

MILL STREET, SEATTLE, W. T.

**Hugh Mc Aleer & Co.,**

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

STOVES, RANGES, TINWARE,



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

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

**MEDALION RANGE**

—AND—

**BUCK STOVE.**

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

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

**F. W. Wusthoff,**

DEALER IN

GENERAL HARDWARE,

THE BEST OF AGRICULTURAL Implements



MECHANICS' TOOLS.

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

Front Street, Seattle, W. T.

P. O. Box 239.

**Local News.**

**The Cady Trail.**

A correspondent of the *Post* gives the following interesting and valuable information in regard to the Cady trail to which we first directed public attention recently:

The project of building a trail across the mountains from some point on the Snohomish river, was first broached by Mr. Cady, one of the pioneer settlers on this river, and he, together with some of his neighbors, about the year 1862, surveyed a route across the Cascades from where the town of Snohomish now stands to Wenatchee lake, on the Wenatchee river in Eastern Washington. About the same time a good and practicable pack trail was built on the survey made, and but little work would be required to put it in good shape again.

This trail leaves Snohomish city, and after following the course of the Snohomish river for a short distance, strikes eastwardly into the woods for some 20 miles, when it crosses the Sultan river a few miles above its confluence with the Skykomish river, then follows the Skykomish, though at some distance from it till it reaches Wallace river, which it crosses near the north; it follows the south fork of the Skykomish to its source, passing within a mile or so of the head of the south fork of Stilligumish, and leaving the south fork of the Skagit but a few miles to the north; thence across the summit of the range and down the Wenatchee to the lake, and as the country is open, a traveler can have his own road from there.

The trail located by Cady was a good pack trail in every particular, no heavy grades, but few water courses to cross, and those few are bridged, and running through a country rich in mineral wealth, and destined some day, and that not far remote, to play an important role in the mining exhibit in the Northwest. For fair diggings have been struck on all the streams mentioned above, and the south fork of the Skykomish is known to abound in quartz leads of undoubted richness and value, and all that is needed to make the mountains reverberate with the clang and thud of the stamp mill is the opening of this route and the introduction here of men skilled in mining with capital at their back, ready to be invested in this remunerative industry.

The distance by this trail to Wenatchee lake is between ninety and one hundred miles from Snohomish city, and to the summit of the Cascades fifty-five.

**VIDETTE.**

**TO THE MINES.**—The *Post* gives the following table of distances to the Skagit gold mines:

From Seattle to the mouth of Skagit river, by boat, 55 miles; from the river mouth to Mt. Vernon, 11 miles; from there to the head of steamboat navigation, 64 miles; from there to Goodell's place, by canoe, 7 miles; from the portage into Ruby creek, by trail, 30 miles. Total distance from Seattle to Ruby creek, by water and Skagit trail, 167 miles.

**DELEGATES TO NATIONAL CONVENTION.**—Messrs. Tarbell, Barlow, Hill, Hovey and Attridge, of the Territorial Central Committee, met at Olympia on Wednesday last, and elected Dr. T. T. Minor and Thomas H. Brents, Delegates to the National Convention; George H. Stewart and James A. Perkins alternates.

Mr. R. D. Attridge of Port Ludlow, has been appointed lumber inspector for the counties of Kitsap and Jefferson; Thos. Cranney for Island county and M. Whittier for Clallam and San Juan.

**ARRIVAL.**—On Tuesday evening last, the P. M. S. S. Dakota arrived from San Francisco with the following passengers: J. B. Griffiths, R. J. Williams, S. E. Murphy, Mrs. F. E. Webber, W. H. Benham, Hy Shafer, Geo. Borrodale, Hy Kaufman, H. M. Giffert, Mrs. Blackman, H. Callen, Geo. Weaver, Miss Burdell, J. T. Cochran, J. C. Robinson, F. A. Bartlett, W. T. Coupe, B. Stearns, D. Lister, F. O. Meeker and wife, James Allen, Mrs. Featherstone and child, Mrs. Tilley and son, Miss May Tilley, C. Thorason, Wm. Greene, J. E. Peebles, J. N. Strowpecker, M. G. Watson, J. C. Lecovey, J. B. Bushell, J.

Quinn, J. Anderson and wife, Mrs. Burquest, J. McComb, R. Barnum, M. Hawson, G. W. Simpson, S. Mansfield, M. Child, J. Johnson, H. Dawson, P. Burrell, John Hodges, Thos. Bowles, Chas. Kalestrom, J. A. Baird, and about 35 miners bound for the Skagit gold fields.

**FALSE REPORT.**—The casualty to this office by reason of the snow storm, which caused a suspension of one week, was maliciously seized upon as a basis for the report that the interests of suitors in court were greatly imperilled by the failure of a publication in legal notices. The report but betrays the baseness of its origin, without having any foundation in truth. None but the base-born and low-bred meddle with the private affairs of their neighbors, and only a malignant and unprincipled nature can draw felicity from the misfortune of others.

**ADVERTISING.**—Some of our advertisers think our rates too high in comparison to the rates charged in the dailies, and yet no country newspaper advertised here by ruinous competition. When Portland was not over one-third larger than Seattle is now, and supported two daily and several weekly papers, our receipts for advertising on one of the papers in that city were over \$15,000 a year. That is more than is paid for advertising in all the papers in this city, each one of which devotes more space to it than we did. Several years ago an American-Chinaman printer came here from Tacoma and established a paper with no other purpose or object in view than to make money. Having no social qualities or gentlemanly tastes to gratify, or professional character to maintain, he could live on garbage and get rich where a decent mechanic or artizan would starve. He introduced the practice of "rattling," by offering to publish legal notices at a little over one-half the standard rates uniformly charged by all respectable newspapers, throughout the country. He solicited business advertising at less rates, and thus managed to demoralize and degrade the business to his own standard, which makes it difficult, if not impossible to support a respectable daily paper in the city. Our Weekly has a larger circulation and more readers than either of the dailies and hence as valuable to advertisers as an advertising medium as either.

**GOING TO WASHINGTON.**—Col. M. D. Ball, Collector of customs for the District of Alaska, passed through here on Saturday night, in the steamer California, from Sitka, en route direct to Washington—having been so authorized to do, by telegraph from Secretary Sherman. A public meeting was lately held at Sitka, presided over by Major M. P. Berry, late Collector, at which resolutions were passed, requesting Col. Ball to repair to the Capitol of the Nation and urge upon Congress the appropriate legislation for Alaska. We have every confidence in Col. Ball's mission, and earnestly trust our Northern neighbors may soon rejoice in a Territorial form of Government.—*P. T. Argus.*

**CHANGE.**—Capt. H. G. Morse, the late popular commander of the Dakota, has been transferred to his old command, the City of Peking, of the Japan and China line. The numerous friends of Captain Morse, will much regret his leaving our coast, whilst all will rejoice in his deserved promotion. The Dakota is now commanded by Capt. Griffith, late first officer.

**A CLACKAMAS COUNTY MURDER.**—A terrible shooting affray occurred Monday afternoon at Molalla, a village towards the southern portion of Clackamas county, about sixteen miles southeast of Oregon City, resulting in the death of Clark Hamilton. For some time a feud has existed between Hamilton and George Collins, a saloon keeper of Molalla, either on account of an alleged intimacy of Hamilton with Collins' wife, or on account of some slanders uttered by Hamilton against the woman. The enmity between the men was so bitter that neither ever went unarmed. About four o'clock Collins went into the store of a prominent merchant of Molalla, carrying a heavily loaded double barreled shotgun, which he placed behind the door, and took a seat near the stove. He remained about an hour, until he saw Hamilton come out of a store on the opposite side of the street and prepare to mount his horse. Collins then advanced to the

front of the store, picked up the gun, walked cut upon the porch, took a steady aim and fired. Hamilton fell dead at the feet of his horse. Collins fired a second time killing the horse. Hamilton's body was conveyed to a neighboring drug store, where it lay until the arrival of the coroner. Collins walked to the office of Squire May and gave himself up.—*Oregonian.*

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

IN EVERY STYLE AT THE

**SADDLE ROCK RESTAURANT.**

COMMERCIAL STREET,  
—AT—

25 Cents Per Plate.

CHAS. KIEL, Proprietor.

**Probate Notice.**

In the Probate Court of King County, Washington Territory.

In the matter of the estate of Thomas Fitzgerald, deceased.  
Notice is hereby given that by an order of the Probate Court of King county, Washington Territory, the undersigned has been appointed administrator of the estate of Thomas Fitzgerald, deceased. Now, therefore, all persons having claims against said deceased are hereby required to present them with the necessary vouchers within one year after the date of this notice, to the undersigned administrator as aforesaid, at his place of business, being on the north-east corner of Main and Commercial streets, in the city of Seattle, King county, Washington Territory, or they will be forever barred.

BENJ. MURPHY,  
Administrator of the estate of Thomas Fitzgerald deceased.  
Dated February 2, 1880. 4w11

**L. P. SMITH & SON,**

SULLIVAN'S BLOCK,

FRONT ST., SEATTLE, W. T.

**Watch-Makers**

—AND—

**JEWELLERS.**

DEALERS IN

WATCHES, JEWELLERY, SILVERWARE & CLOCKS.

Notarial and other seals made to order.

**M. R. MADDOCKS,**

Seattle Drug Store,

SEATTLE, W. T.

DRUGS AND CHEMICALS,

TOILET AND FANCY ARTICLES.

Sign -- SEATTLE DRUG STORE.

**North Pacific**

**BREWERY.**

AUGUST MEHLHORN, PROPRIETOR.

[SUCCESSOR TO M. SCHMIEG.]

The Best Beer always on Hand.

ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED.

**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.

R. T. FLYNN.

J. S. ANDERSON.

**Flynn & Anderson.**

**ADELPHI**

**SALOON.**

Opposite Yesler's Hall, Seattle

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 Hen-

nessy 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 o a st 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. CASCH . . . Proprietor.

**MEHLHORN'S CELEBRATED**

**LAGER BEER**

On Tap.

—ALSO—

WEINER, BUDWEYSER, MILWAUKEE AND ST. LOUIS BEER, IN QUARTS & PINTS always on Hand.

SWISS CHEESE, SARDINES IN OIL, SARDINES IN MUSTARD, ETC.

And the Finest Cigars from 5 to 12 1-2 cts

**S. & W. W. R. R.**

**SEATTLE TO RENTON**

—AND—

**NEW CASTLE.**

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

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

DEPOT, KING STREET, FOOT OF COMMERCIAL.

J. M. COLMAN, Genl. Supt.

**PONY SALOON.**

KEPT BY

**Ben. Murphy**

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

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

CIGARS AND TOBACCO, WINES AND LIQUORS.

**JACK LEVY.**

DEALER IN

Meerschaum Goods

Cigars, Tobacco, Etc.

**THEATRICAL AGENT.**

**Crotto Cigar Stand**

Occidental Square Seattle, W. T.

Information given of the arrival and departure of Steamers.

**SLORAH & CO.'S**

**"BOSS"**

**BEER!**

STILL TAKES THE LEAD

For Tacoma, Steilacoom & Olympia

THE STANCH AND SEAWORTHY STEAMER

**ZEPHYR**

W. R. BALLARD, Master.

Carrying U. S. Mails and Wells, Fargo

& Co's. Express,

WILL LEAVE SEATTLE EVERY

Wednesday and Friday morning at

7 A. M. and Sunday at 6 P. M., con-

ing with the Railroad at Tacoma.

n1491f

### Beginning Again.

When sometimes, our feet grow weary,  
On the rugged hills of life—  
The path stretched long and dreary  
With trial and labor rife—  
We pause on the toilsome journey,  
Glancing backward in valley and glen,  
And sigh with infinite longing  
To return and begin again.

For behind is the dew of the morning,  
In all its freshness and light,  
And before are doubts and shadows,  
And the chill and gloom of the night.  
We remember the sunny places  
We passed so carelessly then,  
And ask, with a passionate longing,  
To return and begin again.

Ah, vain, indeed, is the asking!  
Life's duties press all of us on,  
And who dare shrink from the labor,  
Or sigh for the sunshine that's gone?  
And, it may be, not far before us  
Wait fairer places than then:  
Life's paths may yet lead by still waters,  
Though we may not begin again.

Forevermore upward and onward  
Be our path on the hills of life,  
And soon with a radiant dawning  
Transfigure the toil and the strife;  
And our Father's hand will lead us  
Tenderly upward to;  
In the joy and peace of a fairer world  
He'll let us begin again.

### T. G. Goes With Jack, the Newsboy.

"I WONDER IF I'LL BE 'PAPERS' OR  
'BOOTS' UP THERE!"

All day long the rain had poured or drizzled, and night had closed in the murky day with a fog and a mist, which made the street lamps appear dim and sickly. The City Hall bell had tolled 6 half an hour since, and Jefferson avenue had gone home to the bosom of its family, closing its large wholesale houses, and leaving the great thoroughfare gloomy, quiet and deserted; quiet save for the rumbling street cars and lumbering drays and heavy carts, and deserted by all except an occasional pedestrian, the police and the watchmen who haunt the doors of the wholesale institutions. Griswold street—Detroit's Wall street—had gone home, too, and the offices which erstwhile had hummed with life were dark and deserted, except in one or two instances where some young attorney, unmindful of the hour, was still poring over reports and trying to unravel a knotty point in a new case.

Town Gossip was picking his way through the water pools over a Larned street crosswalk, when the familiar cry, "Evening pay-pur," smote his ear.

"Paper, sir! It's my last. Won't you take it, sir? Then I'll be sold out."

I let my umbrella slide down to my shoulder as I paid for the paper and stuck it in my pocket. The boy uttered a "thank you" and ran across the street, stopping under the yellow gas-light to count his money. I saw that he was miserably clad and that his bare feet protruded from his worn-out shoes. Then, on looking sharply at his face, I remembered that I knew him. He was a boy that T. G. was wont to wait for in front of the Exchange every day of the dusty summer after dinner. He was a better "shiner" than the other fellows, and T. G. liked his frank face and ready answers.

"Well, Jack, how much did you make to-day?" I asked as I overtook him.

"Only thirty cents, sir."

"And how much do you usually make?"

"I most allus get eighty or ninety cents countin' papers and boots, and sometimes as much as ten shillin'."

"Do you remember me, Jack?"

"You bet I do. Oh, last summer I used to make as high as a dollar an' a half some days. But blackin' boots don't pay this weather."

"I remember you had a brother older than you; how much does he make?"

"Oh, he hain't made nothin' for three months, sir; he's sick."

"Is he very sick, Jack?"

"Yes, sir; and that's why I'm a hurryin' to get home. Mother said this noon as how the doctor said that Jim couldn't live very long."

"Where is your home, Jack?"

"Down on 'the Heights.'"

The answer staggered me a little until I recollected that the police have lately given the vicinity of Fort street east the name of "The Heights," in contradistinction to the Potomac quarter, which they call "The Flats," hence Jack's "down on the Heights."

T. G. resolved to go home with the newsboy.

"Is it far, Jack?"

"Bout ten blocks. Why, was you goin' with me?"

"I think so. You are not sorry are you?" I asked, as the boy dropped his head.

"No, sir; but mother—"

"Well, what about your mother?"

"She don't like to have strangers come there—the place looks so bad since Jim has been sick; she's had to sit close by him for two or three weeks."

"Has your mother any money?"

"No, sir; we get along on what I earn."

"Why have you not applied to the Superintendent of the Poor?"

"Cos mother wouldn't let me. She'd starve first."

T. G. saw a picture of woman's pride struggling with poverty and want.

"I am going home with you, Jack, to-night, and we'll take a car."  
"I most allus do. I ride on the hind step and most of the conductors never see me."

We went through Woodward avenue, which was all a blaze of lights. Down Croghan street some distance we stepped off the car and Jack led the way through an alley and into another, where we came to a little old brick building that had evidently been intended for a barn. Jack opened the door and he went in where were the wacher and the wached. On the lounge against the wall lay the sick boy and near him sat the mother. On a bare table burned a tallow candle, and the only other furniture in sight were two wood-bottomed chairs and a wood-box half filled with broken bits of boards. The woman whose features were worn with watching, turned a half-scared, bewildered look at the visitor, who simply said:

"I have come home with Jack to know if there was anything I could do for you, my good woman."

"You cannot save my boy, sir," said the woman. "Jack, Jimmie is dying—and he won't know you, now."

I looked at the boy, whose years numbered 14 or 15, and saw in the white face, hollow cheeks and the unearthly bright eyes, the unmistakable marks of that dread disease which places its victims beyond all hope—consumption.

On the table lay an old Bible, its yellow pages lying open where the mother had finished reading. The boy's mind was wandering. He was too weak to cough and the accumulation in his throat could not be removed.

"Shine yer boots—shine 'em up fer a nickel—morning paper, sir?" came in feeble accents from the pillow. "Paper, sir? Morning paper! All about the—"

And the sufferer made an effort to clear his throat, which occasioned something like a death rattle. The mother was on her knees at the lounge sobbing, and Jack was by her side crying. I lifted the wasted frame and moistened the poor boy's parched lips and tongue with water from the cracked glass that stood on the window-sill. He felt the cool hand on his brow and his mind came back to him.

"Oh, Jack, I'm so glad you have come home. I shan't sell any more papers or black any more boots, Jack, but don't cry. Mother's been readin' somethin' better'n newspapers to me, and I know where I'm goin'. Give my kit to Tom Jones. I owe him twenty cents. Bring all your money home to mother, Jack. Keep my badge bright, Jack. I wonder if I'll be 'papers' or 'boots'—up there. Good-by, mother, Good-by, Jack. See 'em shine. Morning—"

Jim, the newsboy, was dead. He was buried decently, and Town Gossip will buy his papers of Jack and Jack shall black his boots as long as he follows the business.—*Detroit Free Press.*

### How It Was Stolen.

The true story of how the president's message and secretary's report was surreptitiously obtained for publication has come to the ears of your correspondent this evening. The matter was engineered by Theron D. Crawford, the correspondent of the *Chicago Times*, and formerly of the *Pittsburgh press*. He approached a Government printer, and finally secured a bargain to obtain proofs of the document for \$1,500. He made arrangements with several papers to receive the message and divide the expense. Some of them were disposed to weaken on Saturday, but Mr. Crawford was instructed by the *Times* to go ahead, if that paper had to assume all the expense itself. The message was telegraphed so as to close about four o'clock in the morning, when the *Chicago Tribune* got wind of it, and immediately telegraphed to New York where a copy of the *New York Times*, with the message in it, was obtained. The work of telegraphing it from New York to the *Tribune* commenced at four o'clock in the morning. Ten wires were used, and the *Tribune* was enabled to appear with the message in a late edition about half-past seven o'clock in the morning. This is, perhaps, the most remarkable feat of telegraphing and setting up of matter on record, as the entire work of making arrangements, telegraphing and setting up over 20,000 words was accomplished in less than four hours.—*Pittsburgh Commercial-Gazette.*

RIDING INTO FAME.—If a person desires to get into the high-toned society of classic Boston, the easiest way is to ride on a bicycle. It is the thing now in Boston, as it long has been in New York, to ride the spidery and sprightly wheel. The smooth roads which environ the modern Athens are peculiarly suitable for this sport, and, in fact, where could a wheel be ridden with more appropriateness than at the Hub? Even staid old Philadelphia is overrun by the bicycle fever. The last number of *Harper's Weekly* contains a full-page picture of the bicyclers of the Quaker City going through their graceful movements. At the "meet," there illustrated, over sixty bicyclers gave exhibitions of their skill on the Centennial grounds.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Horn buttons are now mostly made of the hoofs of cattle, and not of the horns as formerly. Cattle hoofs sell at the present time, for about \$50 per ton. The products of neat stock are very numerous, and there is scarcely a particle of the whole creature that goes to waste.

### Ladies of Cadiz.

Some persons say that traveling destroys the love of home and makes you restless and unsettled. Now, if there is any one so afflicted, all I have to commend as a cure is a visit to Spain. Your love of home increases one hundred per cent by every day you remain in the land of Cervantes. Indeed, I might say so of many places on this side of the Atlantic. Tastes differ. I would sooner be a hydrant even at this season of the year in Baltimore than a Hidalgo in Seville. Consequently I left there by the first opportunity, and passing through a region of half swamp, half Gaudalquivir and a little fringe of San Juan mud and San Lúcar clay, duly reached this land of Byronic ladies—Cadiz. This is the Venus of Spanish waters, and a "right peert Venus" she is, too, as the Washington correspondent once said of the Milo one. I don't know how a Venus is expected to behave herself in a civic form, but if she ever kicks up her heels and indulges in low and "high jinks," like a few of the Sam Weller "Venuses" here, then all I have to say is a Cadiz Venus has been improperly trained for the decorous or delightful duties of a fair maiden. Talk about flamings in their thousands along this journey to the Mediterranean! Why they are few and fairly demure compared with the Venuses. The first thing on my landing at Cadiz was a baxom young Venus boldly walking off with my valise to a "hotel" I had no more intention of going to than has Gotham Cleopatra's needle. Bright, enchanting goddess has Venus been called. I am sure my expressions toward this Cadiz one conveyed no such admiring terms. Of all the parts of Spain this is the cleanest. There are less fleas, garlic, stewed paving stones and glory hallelujah! less "de manana" here than in any part of Don Alfonso's dominions! All the houses are outside a creamy white, and marked within with hospitality of the "milk of human kindness." There is a comparative regularity of order here that to some extent is pleasing. The streets are straight, fairly wide, and intelligently planned. The ramps are the fashionable promenade of Cadiz, and the sea, so greeny-blue at this moment, is very attractive and bracing. Not altogether do you fail to remember Naples as you look out and around from these ramparts. The next rendezvous is the Plaza, and at this moment, though considered cold by the "weenus," you can see numerous fair ones in the mantilla going through what is here called "a walking exercise"—i. e., tripping up and down a distance about as big as a Turkey carpet. I suppose that is a sample of "walking Spanish," if not Cadiz "cavorting." But all this is very picturesque here, with ample material for the pencil and portfolio. The native costumes are sadly intruded upon by a good sprinkling of Anglo-American crude cuts, and then you observe how singularly angular, stiff and wooden we look beside the ease, grace and elasticity of the Cadiz people—or any other people. A material and moral reform in English clothes may come in the course of human events, but I doubt it. There has been a good deal said about the combined dignity, elegance and repose of a well-bred English woman of cultivated mind—her modest self-possession, her unobtrusiveness and gentleness, her genuine politeness, but save me from her costumes, particularly on the continent of Europe! I believe it is Philip James Bailey, in his *Festus*, that says: "You look as if you lived on buttered thunder." The English woman here looks like she was brought up on a volcano of rag-fair! If all her refined internal nature takes delight in this external expression of harlequin costumery, all I have to say is, a little less inner refinement and more outer reform would be very suitable, in a land of "weenus" at least! When we go through life thrusting our national vagaries in the faces of foreigners, we must expect a little rebuff now and then. The German transcendentalist learnedly talks of a country called "Elsewhere"—a sort of Utopian halfway house between Heaven and Hades, no doubt. If the English costumes are not there, I may yet visit that blessed place. The Valley of Jehosaphat—the Millennial Earth—so far is not free of those lengthened slovenliness long drawn out and commonly called British feet! Poor nature weeps over these enormities!

O hallowed English homes! as chaste as fair, Still modeled after Eden's happy bowers; No sorrow comes but loving hearts will share, And not a joy but is a common dower. Far as can reach the arm of England's fleet Still further reach—her women's feet!

You are, by contrast, at once impressed with the smallness of the Cadiz ladies' feet, yet they are by no means as pretty or as expressive of grace and activity as those of the Baltimore belle. But the Cadiz charmer can beat us all hollow in smoking! How gracefully she handles and makes the cigarette, and how seductively she smokes it. The most radical anti-smoker would be converted here in less than an hour. The art and graces of fuming are here charmingly studied. "You smoke frequently," I say to a "Weenus." "Oh, yes; always!" she archly replies, and puffs all the while. I find that before and after doing anything they resort to the balmy cigarette. It matters not whether it be pills or prayers, baptism or boluses, the smoke precedes or follows the ordeal. As a rule, when a culprit is about to be executed he goes manfully to his doom, with a cigarette. If a child has the whooping cough, instead of a dose of castor oil they give the little dusky dear forty whiffs of tobacco smoke. I saw the bride, the groom, the "best man," and even the mother-in-law, all smoking fiercely like unto Pittsburgh, just after the nuptial knot had been tied. What a cloudy condition they would be in if at the mother-in-law's funeral! In the courts of law the Judge frequently fumes and frets over a knotty point, and the entire jury—if such a body should preside—may be gone from our gaze in a cloud of the narcotic weed. I once saw in Germany ice cream and cabbage dished up simultaneously, but not until to-day have I seen a salad served with a trimming of *cigaros*! The beet root was cut into the shape of cigars. Indeed, almost all things, except the grand lottery tickets, take this shape here, and all, tickets and tobacco, end in smoke.—*Corr. Baltimore Sun.*

### An Unpleasant Encounter.

Of all perilous places for night-traveling, we should think a Florida pond or river would be the last to choose. And yet the old inhabitants seem to take it coolly enough. The *Jasper Times*, of that State, reports a specimen adventure of such night-wading, in which a man, a mule and an alligator got badly mixed up.

"One night last August, about eleven o'clock," says Mr. John Ellis, "as I was riding a mule from White Springs to Jasper and when passing through a pond where the water is about two feet deep, I encountered a huge alligator. Of course I could not see him, nor did the mule appear to see him until getting close upon him, when he raised himself, and with one sweep of his tail, the mule was thrown on his broad-side."

"Fortunately for me, I fell on the off side from the gator, completely enveloped in mud and water. Before the mule could rise, another sweep of the monster's tail passed over him, striking the water near me, throwing up high in the air at least a barrel of water. Before he made the third strike, the mule recovered, and by his surging and jumping, having hold of the bridle, fortunately for me again, my foot being in the stirrup, I was jerked beyond the reach of that terrible tail, which was once more aimed at us."

"The animal must have been not less than eight feet long and large in proportion. In the melee I lost my overcoat and umbrella, and having no weapons, politely informed Mr. Gator that I would not contend for the articles, and left them in his possession."

### Hats.

The felt hat is as old as Homer. The Greeks made them in skull-caps, conical, truncated, narrow, or broad-brimmed. The Phrygian bonnet was an elevated cap without a brim, the apex turned over in front. It is known as the cap of Liberty. An ancient figure of Liberty in the times of Antoninus Livius, A. D. 115, holds the cap in the right hand. The Persians wore soft caps; plumed hats were the head-dress of the Syrian corps of Xerxes; the broad-brim was worn by the Macedonian kings. Castor means a beaver. The Armenian captive wore a plug hat. The merchants of the fourteenth century wore a Flanders beaver. Charles VII., in 1469, wore a felt hat lined with red, and plumed. The English men and women in 1510 wore close woolen or knitted caps; two centuries ago hats were worn in the house. Pepys, in his diary, wrote: "September, 1664, got a severe cold because he took off his hat at dinner;" and again, in January, 1665, he got another cold by sitting too long with his head bare, to allow his wife's maid to comb his hair and wash his ears; and Lord Clarendon, in his essay, speaking of the decay of respect due the aged, says "that in his younger days he never kept his hat on before those older than himself, except at dinner." In the thirteenth century Pope Innocent IV. allowed the cardinals the use of the scarlet cloth hat. The hats now in use are the cloth hat, leather hat, paper hat, silk hat, opera hat, spring-brim hat, and straw hat.—*Young People.*

### Wise Words.

God be thanked for books. They are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us the heirs of the spiritual life of past ages.—[Channing.]

The hardest working men and women are those who do the working and planning; and they are few, for most people consider second-hand goods the cheapest.

Feelings come and go like light troops following the victory of the present; but principles, like troops of the line are undisturbed and stand fast.—[Richter.]

A library is not like a dead city of stones, yearly crumbling and needing repair, but like a spiritual tree. There it stands, and yields its precious fruit from year to year and from age to age.—[Carlyle.]

When we are out of sympathy with the young, then I think our work in this world is over! That is a sign that the earth has begun to wither—and that is a dreadful kind of old age.—[George MacDonald.]

The happiness of your life depends upon the quality of your thoughts; therefore, guard accordingly, and take care that you entertain no notions unsuitable to virtue and unreasonable to nature.—[Marcus Antoninus.]

It is a good thing to learn caution by the misfortunes of others.

A man of letters: A Post Office clerk.

### John Morrissey's Teacher.

A prize-fighter and a gambler teaches, as a rule, only such moral lessons as only an "awful example" would naturally exhibit. John Morrissey was a pugilist and a keeper of a gambling-house. His life was bad, but the following story, which tells how under the teaching of his wife he educated himself, conveys a lesson to those who, though placed under more favorable circumstances, are inclined to neglect their opportunities. John's wife tells the story to a correspondent of the *Philadelphia Record* who thus reports it:

"I knew John as a ragged little boy about Troy, barefooted and belligerent, always looking for a fight. When we were married he could not read nor write, and, to tell the truth, I was only a trifle better off in the matter of educational advantages."

"I told him he must learn to read, and he said I should teach him. Well, we established lesson hours. Every night before going to bed he devoted himself to his spelling-book, and in the morning one hour to writing in a copy-book."

"The rule of study was inflexible. We made it so. The morning after he fought John C. Heenan, when he was all sore and bandaged, and blind of one eye as well, I propped him up with pillows and made him write."

"How long, Mrs. Morrissey, did you keep him a pupil?"

"Till his fatal illness. Every night he studied something, and I studied during the day that I might be able to help him. Of course, when I say studied I don't mean in the ordinary school children's way."

"After we managed the English branches we took up history, and when he was pretty well posted in that, we made the living topics of the day a matter of investigation—the European news, the speeches of the great men."

"I read them in the daytime, and John would go through them at nights."

"Then we took up such books as De Quincey, the writings of Carlyle."

"Did Mr. Morrissey follow this line of study because of a natural bent of mind?"

"I don't think so. He would say, 'Now, this is no good for me, Susie; but I pressed him on and he would soon get interested.'"

"Then he had such an indomitable perseverance. When he found a thing he could not readily understand he would master it out of very spite."

"I remember once of his throwing down his arithmetic, shortly after we were married, and exclaiming pettishly: 'I don't care about these fractions; they're only a part of a thing anyway! What's the use of all this study, Susie?'"

"John," I said, "if you don't beat those fractions, you will never go to Congress."

"Oh! that's your lay-out for me, is it?"

"It is, indeed, my boy," I replied. Then he took up his book again and said:

"All right, my dear, we'll go to Congress." And he did."

### Determination.

A very interesting account is given of his own sensations by a man who was bitten by a cat that died of hydrophobia. He was determined not to yield to fear, and for three months his health was as good as usual. At the end of that time, however, he felt one morning a severe pain in his arm, accompanied by extreme thirst. He called for water, but "at the instance," he says, "that I was about to raise the tumbler to my lips, a strong spasm shot across my throat; immediately the terrible conviction came to my mind that I was about to fall a victim to hydrophobia, the consequence of the bite that I had received from the cat. The agony of mind I endured for one hour is indescribable; the contemplation of such a horrible death—death from hydrophobia—was almost insupportable; the torments of hell itself could not have surpassed what I suffered. The pain, which had commenced in my hand, passed up to the elbow, and from thence to the shoulder, threatening to extend. I felt all human aid was useless, and I believed that I must die. But I determined, if possible, to conquer the disease. Accordingly, feeling that physical as well as mental exertion was necessary, I took my gun, shouldered it, and went out for the purpose of shooting, my arm aching the while intolerably. I met with no sport, but I walked the whole afternoon, exerting at every step I went a strong mental effort against the disease. When I returned to the house I was decidedly better; I was able to eat some dinner, and drank water as usual. The next morning the aching pain had gone down to my wrist, and the third day left me altogether. I mentioned the circumstance to Dr. Kinglake, and he said he certainly considered that I had had an attack of hydrophobia, which would possibly have proved fatal had I not struggled so resolutely against it."

Gov. Charles Brooks, father of the state normal schools in America, was asked by a teacher this question: "What shall I teach my pupils?" He answered, "Teach them thoroughly these five things: First, to live religiously; second, to think comprehensively; third, to reckon mathematically; fourth, to converse fluently; and fifth, to write grammatically. If you successfully teach them these five things, you will nobly have done your duty to your pupils, to their parents, to your country, and to yourself."



## Mail and Telegraph.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 2.—It was near 8 o'clock when the Speaker called the House to order. Very few were present, but seats of the absentees were occupied by ladies, and the galleries were closely packed with spectators.

The speaker gracefully introduced Charles Stewart Parnell, of Ireland.—[Clapping of hands.]

Parnell said that the American Republic opinion would be of the greatest importance in enabling them to obtain a settlement of the Irish question. He proceeded to speak of the tenure of land in Ireland as being the most pressing question of that country, and quoted the testimony of the historian Froude, against the principle of private property in land. He also quoted approvingly the New York Nation against the idea of immigration as a remedy. He proposed to imitate the example of Prussia and other continental countries where feudal tenure had been tried, found wanting and abandoned. He proposed to give an opportunity to every occupying farmer in Ireland to become the owner of his own farm. He referred to John Bright's proposition for a company to advance money for the purchase of Irish farms, and criticised Bright for shirking from asking Parliament to sanction that principle.—In conclusion, he said that it would be a proud boast for America if she by the force of her public opinion alone, and by the respect with which all people look upon any sentiment prevailing in America, to obtain for Ireland without shedding one drop of blood, without drawing a sword, without one threatening message in aid of a solution, that great solution. He was proud and happy in the belief that in the way he mentioned and in no other way, America would be an important factor in the solution of the Irish question.

On motion of O'Connor the House then adjourned, and a personal introduction of members and others to Parnell followed.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 3.—A decision in the following case was announced by the Supreme Court to-day:

Neal Dow, plaintiff, in error, vs. Bradish Johnson, in error, to Circuit Court of the United States for the District of Maine. This is an appeal from a judgment of the Circuit Court awarding to defendant in error the sum of \$2,659 in satisfaction of a judgment obtained by him against Dow in the Sixth District Court of New Orleans on the 9th of April, 1863. At the outbreak of the late war Johnson was the owner of a plantation on the Mississippi river, thirty-three miles above New Orleans. In 1863, after the capture of New Orleans by Federal troops, certain property of Johnson, including twenty-five hogsheads of sugar and some table silver, was taken from his plantation for the use of the United States army by Federal soldiers, acting under orders from Brig. Gen. Neal Dow, present plaintiff in error. Johnson brought suit in the State court to recover the value of the confiscated property. Gen. Dow did not appear to answer, and judgment went against him by default. Johnson then brought suit in the United States Circuit Court, District of Maine, to recover the amount of his judgment with costs. In this suit he was successful, whereupon Gen. Dow brought the case here upon a writ of error. This Court holds that an officer or soldier of the army of the United States whilst in service during the late war in the country which acknowledged the authority of the Confederate Government, that is, in the enemy's country, was not liable to civil action in a court of that country for injuries resulting from acts of war ordered by him in his military character, nor can he be called upon to justify or explain his military conduct in a civil tribunal upon any allegation of the injured party that the acts complained of were not justified by the necessities of war. A Federal officer in the enemy's country is amenable only to his own Government and laws administered by its authority. A resident of the enemy's country whose property is taken by order of a Federal officer must appeal to the military Commander, or if war is over, to the Government, and has no other means of redress. The State courts which are allowed by the army of occupation to continue in existence in an enemy's country are sustained for the benefit of the inhabitants of that country and not for the control

of the army, or its officers and soldiers. From this principle it follows that the Louisiana court had no jurisdiction over Gen. Dow, and that the present suit cannot be maintained. Judgment is reversed with costs, and the cause is remanded with directions to enter final judgment for defendant on demurrer to replications. Justice Field delivered the opinion, Justice Clifford and Miller dissenting.

The following order was announced by the Court: That in all cases decided prior to the first day of January, where no petition for rehearing is pending, the mandate may issue after this date when applied for.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 19.—Mrs. Sara J. Spencer, Secretary of the Woman's Suffrage Association, called on Judge Thurman, Chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee, yesterday, and made through him a personal request for permission to appear before the committee at its meeting this morning. When the committee met this morning Mr. Thurman laid the request of Mrs. Spencer before it. Quite an animated discussion followed on the subject. Judge Davis advised that Mrs. Spencer be heard because, an important constitutional question was involved.—Senator Edmunds opposed the granting of the request, as did Senator McDonald, but finally it was determined that she should be admitted. On entering she commenced to address the committee standing but was invited to take a seat. She gave a brief history of her own early life, and how she had been ill-treated by her father, and maintained that the ballot was absolutely necessary to women for protection of her person and property.—She asked the committee to permit a delegation of women to appear before it and present the cause of woman's suffrage, in connection with the petitions before the committee on that subject.—The committee, after Mrs. Spencer had withdrawn, considered the matter, and agreed to hold a special meeting on Friday morning at 10:30 o'clock, to hear arguments from a limited number of delegates from the Woman's Convention, for not longer than one and one-half hours. The committee decided that no persons but those who are to make the arguments shall be admitted. Senator Edmunds opposed the whole thing throughout.

NEW YORK, Feb. 2.—In reference to a statement made recently by Parnell that Queen Victoria contributed nothing in 1847 to the Irish famine, denial of which statement by Lord Randolph Churchill, was cabled here, Parnell has addressed a letter to the New York Herald in which he says: "In reference to Lord Randolph Churchill's contradiction of my statement that the Queen gave nothing to relieve the Irish in 1847, I find that I might have gone still further, and said with perfect accuracy that not only did she give nothing out that she actually intercepted £6,000 of donation which the Sultan of Turkey desired to contribute to the famine fund. In 1847 the Sultan had offered a donation of £10,000, but the English Ambassador at Constantinople was directed, by the Queen, to inform him that her contribution was to be limited to £4,000, and that the Sultan should, in good taste, not give any more than her majesty, hence that the famine fund was less £6,000 by the Queen's action."

NEW YORK, Feb. 4.—A Post Harrisburg special says: Senator Cameron was about the hotel all night endeavoring to arrange a compromise; but his efforts have been of no avail, except in few individual cases. Cameron insists on carrying out his original plan of instructing the delegation to vote as a unit for Grant. Through his lieutenants this morning, Cameron freely makes a threat that if the Blaine men go on with their fight in the convention, not a Blaine man will be allowed in the Chicago delegation. The Blaine folks make a counter threat, in that event they will go back to their districts and elect delegates by a popular vote of the party and appeal directly to the Chicago convention for recognition. They say this would destroy the moral force of the Cameron packed delegation.

HARRISBURG, Feb. 3.—A caucus of Blaine delegates was held to-night at which there were 105 votes cast in his interest. Afterwards a caucus of all the delegates was held and it was decided, by a vote of 123 to 110 that the Convention to-morrow should select delegates to the National Convention.

MILWAUKEE, Feb. 3.—The county hospital burned this morning. Thirty were carried out and others made their own escape. Two bodies have been recovered. The walls partially fell in, and it is thought that several bodies are yet among the ruins.

It is now known that all but two inmates of the hospital were rescued. Mrs. Christine Nelson, a feeble minded woman, 90 years of age, and Fred Schouflan, an insane man, were awakened and came into the hall, but instead of following the others into the open air, probably returned to their rooms and perished in the flames.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 4.—The Senate rejected Morton's nomination by a vote of 42 against 10.

CHICAGO, Feb. 4.—The Tribune's Washington special says: It is known here that Don Cameron was more interested in the Harrisburg convention than in any other political event of his life. When the Leeds and McManes delegation was here, McManes was not in favor of instructing for Grant, and during an interview in Cameron's house the latter was greatly excited, and walked up and down the floor in a great state of mind, declaring that if he failed at Harrisburg it would be to him his political destruction. It was no longer Grant, Blaine or Sherman, it was himself. His appeals were listened to and McManes succumbed.—The point is uppermost that all Cameron's hard work only saved a defeat by six votes, as a change of that number would have been fatal to Grant. The victory is by no means a cause for rejoicing here.

PITTSBURG, Feb. 1.—At a meeting of the Republican Executive Committee of Alleghany county yesterday to select delegates to the State Convention, the full delegation was instructed for Grant.

Senator Cameron's information is to the effect that a majority of the Pennsylvania delegation are for Grant, with Blaine as second choice.

The oldest paper of uninterrupted publication in this country is the Hartford Courant, which has already attained the hoary age of 116 years. In regard to its last birthday it plaintively says: "We believe that, with the already announced death of a New Hampshire paper recently at the age of 116, we are left in a condition of absolute isolation. The last of our early cotemporaries is gone."

### Albert M. Snyder

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