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Puget Sound Dispatch.

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GOVERNOR GARCELON'S LOVE ROMANCE.—His first wife was a Miss Waldron, and by her he had five children, four of whom are now alive. He went out with a Maine regiment early in the war, but soon returned home. When he came back he married the wife of a man who had gone to California when the fever broke out, but who had always sent back plenty of money. Just before the marriage \$700 was received from him, and this helped to buy the wedding dresses. Just three weeks after the marriage the former husband arrived from California and was greatly surprised to find that his wife was the wife of another. He went to Garcelon and told him he could keep the woman, but he wanted his money back. An arrangement was made and he returned to California.

The *Intelligencer*, the editor of which probably from natural cause has acquired a morbid appetite for gobbling up every bit of social nastiness afloat and spewing it upon the public, adopts the foregoing piece of petty scandal without any reference to its source or object in its publication but the gratification of a depraved taste. We touch the dirty thing only at the instance of intimate personal acquaintances of Gov. Garcelon in this neighborhood, who know that it is false and are scandalized by the publication. Governor Garcelon is seventy years old and resides in the town of Lewiston, in which town he was born and where he has practised medicine for nearly half a century. His social position was as high as that of any man in the State and his private character as far above reproach as any. His wife was a sister of Frey, the leading Republican Congressman of Maine, and his daughter was recently a guest at the White House and among the distinguished ladies mentioned as receiving with Mrs. Hayes on last New Year's day. He was attached to no Maine regiment during the war, but was Surgeon General of the State, having the supervision of all the Surgeons attached to the Maine volunteers, with his headquarters in Washington. The absurd story of his having married the wife of another man, who had been away from her for more than twenty years and being compelled to compromise with the lawful husband, was never before heard of by persons now residing in this city who have been guests in his family since the date assigned to that transaction, and would certainly have heard of it had it been true. True or false, the only interest attached to the story, outside of the parties implicated and their immediate friends, depends upon the filthy tastes of the publisher and his readers.

According to a recent Government report, there are 584,892 tenants in Ireland who are striving to wring out of the uncertain soil not only their own support, but that of the landlords and middlemen. There are only 1,529 tenants in Ireland who have more than 500 acres each; 8,157 have between 200 and 500 acres each; 498,239 have 50 acres or less; and 287,516 have 15 acres or less. These numbers are sad indeed, and they are doubly sad as compared with the landlord statistics. In 1870 the government reported 2,973 absentee landlords of Ireland, who owned precisely one-fourth of the Island, rated at an annual rent of 2,470,816 pounds.

WASHINGTON, March 10.—The bill passed by the Senate yesterday for the relief of homestead settlers is a measure of great importance to very large numbers of settlers in California. It was originally introduced by Senator Booth, and his persistent efforts procured its passage, both in the public land committee and in the Senate. Under the existing law the right of pre-emption on public land attaches from the date of settlement, but the right of a settler under the homestead law only from the date of the entry. This bill provides that the land shall be given to the first settler whether he claims it as a pre-emption or as a homesteader. Senator Booth said on this point:

"There is no reason why the right of homestead settlers should not relate back

by his alleging the date of his settlement in his homestead affidavit, and the fact that a settler now before the survey has no option but must claim under the pre-emption law in order to cut under intervening settlers or grants. Many settlers have already used their pre-emption right and are now, although in possession of valuable improvements, entirely at the mercy of intervening pre-emptors or railroad grants."

The bill next provides that the first settler upon an abandoned homestead entry shall have a preference right to acquire a title to it after the original entry is canceled, and the last section substitutes for the present roundabout and dilatory method of canceling relinquished homesteads and timber culture entries in the General Land Office, the common sense provision that such relinquishments shall be effectual as soon as they are filed in the local land office. Booth, in explaining this section, said:

"The relinquishments are nearly always made as the result of purchase of the improvements by some person who is looking for a homestead, and if the cancellation were immediately noted, he, by reason of his being a party in the matter, would be able to enter before any one else; but as long as cancellations in such cases are made as at present, he has no advantage by reason of such purpose, for in the interval, it becomes widely known in the neighborhood and at the land office, that the claim to that tract has been relinquished, and all the jumpers and speculators of both localities are immediately on the alert to ascertain in advance of every one else the manner of the cancellation. This desire is no small source of corruption in the local land offices, and reporting cancellations by telegraph which goes by mail, forms a considerable part of the business of some land attorneys in this city."

Advice to a Whistler.

Sometimes, my son, you will want to whistle. Do not entirely repress this desire to aspirate your feelings in sibilant strains of wheezy music; merely modulate and regulate it. Go off into the woods five or six miles from any habitation, if the desire comes upon you during business hours, and whistle there until the birds make you ashamed of your poor accomplishment. Do not yield to the temptation too readily, lest you become addicted to the habit and become a slave to it, and go whistling around even as a man who has lost a dog. There are men, my son, who can whistle musically; once in a while you find men whose whistle is pleasant to the ear and soothing to the soul, but you only find one of those men every three or four thousand years, and they die very young. You observe that the best whistler is he who whistles least and practices in solitude. The poor whistler, who flirts on the high notes and gasps on the lower ones, wheezes in the middle register, is the man who whistles at all times and in all places. Whistle all you will in solitary places, son, if it pleases you, whistle in the night as you go home, if you will, for a cheery whistle in the dark is a pleasant sound unto the listening soul of the belated passenger, but when you come into the assemblages and the business haunts of men, unpucker your musical lips and shut up your whistle in your heart. And if ever the temptation comes to you to whistle against the edge of a card, crush it out, if the effort kill you. Whistling is not a lofty nor yet a useful although a universal, accomplishment. Though you practice a hundred years, and though you whistle ever so wisely, my son, yet the commonest switch engine that ever scared a human being deaf, can beat you at it. The great and good were never great whistlers, son. George Washington never sat in a friend's office, with his feet on the window sill, whistling "My Grandfather's Clock" against the edge of a card. Strive to emulate George Washington,

and although you may never be first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of your countrymen, yet fame will not forget you if they can write upon your tombstone that you never whistled your countrymen into convulsions of intemperate but fruitless profanity.—*Hawkeye.*

Rules for Cooking Vegetables.

A French cook gives the following general rules for cooking all kinds of vegetables. "Green vegetables should be thoroughly washed in cold water and then dropped into water which has been salted and is beginning to boil. There should be a tablespoonful of salt for every two quarts of water. If the water boils long before the vegetables are put in it has lost all its gases, and the mineral ingredients are deposited on the bottom and sides of the kettle, so that the water is flat and tasteless; then the vegetables will not look or have a fine flavor. The time for boiling green vegetables depends much upon the age and time they have been gathered. The younger and more freshly gathered the more quickly they are cooked. Below is a very good timetable for cooking vegetables:

Potatoes boiled, thirty minutes; baked, forty-five minutes. Sweet potatoes, boiled, forty-six minutes; baked, sixty minutes.

Squash, boil twenty-five minutes.

Gree peas, boil from twenty to forty minutes.

Shelled beans, boiled, sixty minutes. String beans, boiled, from one to two hours.

Green corn, from twenty-five to sixty minutes.

Asparagus, fifteen to thirty minutes. Spinach, one to two hours.

Tomatoes, fresh, one hour. Canned, thirty minutes.

Cabbage, from forty-five minutes to two hours.

Cauliflower, from one to two hours. Dandelions, from two to three hours.

Beet greens, one hour. Onions, from one to two hours.

Turnips, white, forty-five to sixty minutes; yellow, one and a half to two hours.

Parsnips, one or two hours. Carrots, one or two hours.

MR. M. A. HURST, of England, is now on his way to the Virginias to purchase land for 2,000 of his countrymen, who desire homes in the United States. He has bought 18,000 acres of land in West Virginia, and will probably settle all the colonists in the two States. During the past ten years several thousand English immigrants have settled in Virginia. As nearly all the settlers were in business and energetic and owned money enough to buy land and stock, they have done well for themselves and proved a valuable acquisition to the State.

NEW REMEDY.—Mr. C. E. Wright, of this city, has been experimenting with carbolic acid as a prophylactic of scarlet fever, and is favorably impressed with its efficacy. It seems to abort the disease. In numerous cases persons in an infected household who took the acid have every one escaped infection, while all who failed to take it were attacked. In the family of Mr. C. L. Divine, foreman of the *Journal* composing room, all who took it escaped, while the servant girl, who refused to take it, is now down with the disease. The subject is one worthy the study of every physician, and, if the theory is established, the discovery is one of the most important ever made in medicine. The doctor puts five drops of acid in a half pint of water, and gives a teaspoonful four or five times a day.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

A CURE FOR SMALL-POX.—From numerous experiments made in the great hospital at Posen, Prussia, it appears that ice is a most effectual remedy against small-pox. One of the patients, in a fit of delirium, escaped to the garden, where the snow lay two feet deep. There he remained the whole night, with no cover-

ing but his shirt. On the following morning the fever had subsided, and the pustules had dried. This strange circumstance attracted the physician's attention, and after consultation, they determined to keep the temperature of the small-pox wards very low, and apply small quantities of ice to the patients. The results surpassed their expectations, and at the end of a week all the patients had recovered.

WHEAT IN WISCONSIN WINTER KILLED.—The *Sentinel's* Winnecone, Wis., dispatch of March 5th, says that the entire winter wheat crop of that section will be a failure. The cause is frequent freezing and thawing. Most farmers will plow their crop up.

DEATH OF MRS. GEN. BABBITT.—Mrs. Sarah Sprague Babbitt, wife of Gen. E. B. Babbitt, died of pneumonia at her residence, corner of Third and Oak streets, at half past 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon, after an illness of five days. She attained one year beyond the allotted three score and ten, and her life was full of good works. Mrs. Babbitt has been a resident of Portland for many years, and by her pure life, her gentle manners, her piety and her charity had endeared herself to all who knew her. The last time she left her home was to attend the burial services of Mrs. General Hamilton a week ago to-day. She leaves three children, Mrs. Capt. J. C. Ainsworth, of this city, Mrs. Maj. H. Weeks, of Arizona and Maj. Lawrence Babbitt, of Fortress Monroe, Virginia. The day of the funeral has not been fixed, and depends upon the time of the arrival of the State of California, on which Capt. and Mrs. Ainsworth are passengers.—*Oregonian 8th.*

"Shall I hereafter darn your stockings?" is said to be the fashionable language for a young lady to use when making a leap year proposal.

Mr. C. T. Thomas of Astoria, captured a large salmon and on opening it found a fine mallard duck. The *Astorian*, in reporting the matter, says: The explanation is that possibly the fish swallowed the duck accidentally, as it was diving, as this is the first instance recorded where anything has been found in the stomach of a salmon.

A statement comes from New York that the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad will make its Pacific coast termination at Guaymas, and the construction from that point towards the north and east will begin at once. Rails have already been bought in England, and will be allowed to enter Guaymas free of duty. It is claimed that the route will be the shortest one by 1000 miles for the Australian and New Zealand trade. Guaymas is on the Gulf of California in the Mexican State of Sonora, about half way up the Gulf from the Pacific ocean.

It is perfectly marvelous the number of persons who are anxious to discover some new kind of religion that the world never saw. They don't stop to try the religion that has stood by thick and thin for 1,800 years. They are like the young man who took his geography home from school, informing his teacher that he wasn't going to study it until he knew more about it.

PORTLAND, Ogn., March 11.—The following dispatches were received last evening from Astoria:

ASTORIA, Ogn., March 10, 4 p. m.—The bark Dilharree while attempting to cross over the bar struck on Sand Island. It is thought she will break up and go to pieces.

4:20 p. m.—Tug with men going out to the Dilharree. She will have to leave her cargo overboard. News spread rapidly, and there is great excitement among river men and shippers.

PORTLAND, March 11, 2:30 p. m.—Telegraph reports have just been received here, stating that the Dilharree is breaking up, and that there are but slim chances of saving any part of her cargo.

Puget Sound Dispatch.

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

Uses of Adversity.

If none were sick and none were sad,
What service could we render?
I think if we were always glad
We scarcely could be tender.
Did our beloved never need
Our patient ministrations,
Earth would grow cold, and miss, indeed,
Its sweetest consolation.
If sorrow never claimed our heart,
And every wish were granted,
Patience would die and hope depart—
Life would be disenchanted.

In the Future.

What is yonder in the future?
Lift this mystic veil away;
Let the morning sunlight golden
Fall on shadows grim and gray,
Of the doubt and fears we borrow,
Of the death chill and the sorrow
Hovering o'er our lives to-day.
Tell us, there is not a glory
In the onward gliding years!
See we not, beyond the parting,
As we gaze through falling tears,
Fond hopes and rosy visions?
Is there not, then, some elysian
Which the glowing sunlight cheers?
Though we may not lift that curtain
Falling o'er our future lives,
Yet we know the years are bringing
Rich reward for him who strives,
And, where on a day drops of sorrow
Fall to earth, upon the morrow
We shall see a plant that thrives.

The New Year's Party.

"Then you won't go, Alice?"
"No, Herbert—I'm so sorry—but the baby!"
"Oh, hang the baby!" and Herbert lunged out of the room, slamming the door behind him.
Alice stood looking at the door, growing whiter and whiter. Then she gave a heart-breaking cry, fell on her knees by the cradle, and holding her face in her hands, sobbed bitterly.
She had looked forward so long to going to this New Year's party. It was given by Mrs. Mountjoy, one of the leaders of society in Washington, and all that was eminent in politics, diplomacy, or literature, as well as distinguished in the fashionable world, was sure to be there. She had been kept so much at home since baby had been born that she really felt the need of a little variety and relaxation. But baby had been threatened with croup a week before, and the fond mother had not yet recovered from her fright. Baby, she admitted, was now better, "but not fit," she declared, "to be left, at least with only the nurse to look after it. Nurses are so careless, everybody had told her, even the best of them." So she had not asked Herbert to give it up also, and even said there was no reason he should stay at home; but still, in her heart of hearts, she had hoped he would.
"He said 'Hang the baby,' yes, he did, darling," she murmured, with indignant emphasis, as she bent over the little unconscious sleeper. "It was your papa who said that, and he has gone to a brilliant party with such thoughts of his wife and child! Did you come, dearest, to estrange us from each other?"
This awful idea called for bitter signs.
Herbert had said such beautiful things in her trusting young maidenhood. "Never should their lives run in separate channels, as those of some married people of their acquaintance did; never a joy be accepted that did not make them one; never a barrier should come between them." And now to feel that this wee babe, with its golden curls, that this beautiful little helpless creature should part them as never strong hands could!
She pictured the gay assemblage, and her Herbert dancing with fair young girls, smiling on others, and leaving her to die of heart-break.
Her imagination, always too vivid, viewed him in the midst of his triumphs, until her misery took almost the form of madness.
"He didn't want me to go," she cried; "he acted as if he didn't, and then he pretended to throw all the blame on dear, helpless baby."
Suddenly she heard the sound of carriage wheels outside; they stopped at the door; the bell rang, and a fairy-like figure stood on the threshold of the room in all wistfulness of expectancy, with dimpling smiles and laughing eyes.
"Oh, Mabel!" cried Alice, starting to her feet with a glad cry. "This is, indeed, a surprise. I'm so glad you've come. My darling sister!"
Forthwith ensued a scene of rapturous welcome. Then the baby was exhibited, and one would not have dreamed that a tear had ever stained the cheek of the proud mother. The visitor's trunks were ordered to be carried up-stairs.
"But where's Herbert? In the study?" said Mabel, at last.
All the light went out of her sister's eyes; her hands fell.
"He's out, dear."
"Good! Don't be angry, because I'm glad, for we can have such a nice little chat. You didn't expect me?"
"Of course I didn't."
"Well, I didn't think of coming, as

you know, for a month yet. But I thought it would be so nice to surprise you. It would open the New Year auspiciously, perhaps."
"Oh, I'm so glad!"
"And then Paul's coming," she said, blushing, "next week to stay a month; he has business here, and he wanted me so badly to be here, too, I declare," she added, laughing; "I'll have to marry him soon to get rid of him."
"Oh, Mabel, don't marry him unless you're certain you'll be happy!" cried Alice, hysterically. "Be sure, first, he won't go to parties and leave you alone with baby," she sobbed.
"What! Is Herbert at a party?"
"Yes, he is; and when I told him I couldn't go on account of the baby, he said, 'Hang baby!' Yes, your little angel, your father said those awful words—and then he slammed the door."
"He's a viper!" exclaimed Mabel, with sudden vehemence. "A nice way to treat a wife like you—a baby like that! But why couldn't you leave the baby?"
"Because he was threatened with the croup last week."
"But he's well enough now—sleeps deliciously. He'll not wake up all night, perhaps. And the nurse would have taken good care of him."
"I should have been thinking of fire and croup, and all that."
"Oh, nonsense! You ought to have gone. But Herbert had no right to behave as he did, and he must be punished," and Mabel threw her wraps on the bed, and took her seat by the glowing fire. "It won't do to let him get the upper-hand. Ah! I have it. I've thought of a splendid plan. A charming, delightful little plot!" and she clapped her hands in glee.
"Oh, Mabel, what is it?" and Alice slid down at her sister's feet, gazing in her face with expectant smiles. "What are you going to do?"
"I'm not going to do it. I shall stay here and watch baby. You are to go to the party."
"Mabel, impossible!"
"Quite possible. In fact, it must be done. You must let Herbert see that you're as pretty as anybody, quite as much admired. It is decided. You are to go to the party and play a part. Let me arrange the programme."
"But, Mabel, I haven't a dress prepared—or anything. I gave up going a week ago, you see, when baby was threatened with the croup."
"Pshaw! You shall wear one of mine; one of the most bewitching, bewildering of dresses, bought from my last allowance from Uncle Curtis. Only to see it will throw you into ecstasies. Worth never composed anything more lovely. I want to see it on you. Come, come; call your maid. I am all impatience. We'll shame our bad husband into good behavior; see if we don't. No irresolution, pretty sister of mine. I'll stay at home and count your pictures and vases and pretty things, and catalogue them, so as to make mamma happy with a letter tomorrow. Order John or Jack or Bill, or whoever your coachman is, to get the carriage—if that's impossible, send for a hack."
In less than an hour Mabel led her sister to the great French mirror, and laughingly introduced her to the loveliest and best-dressed woman she had almost ever seen.
Alice trembled a little when she found herself actually on her way to Mrs. Mountjoy's, but her sister's urgent will had conquered, and her heart was hardened by Herbert's emphatic expression concerning the baby. She was reassured, however, by Mrs. Mountjoy's hearty welcome.
"So glad you've come, my dear," she said. "Your husband said he feared 'baby' would keep you at home; but I told him it was nonsense. You did right to reconsider the matter."
Herbert, like many handsome society men, was a little spoiled and selfish without knowing it. He loved Alice devotedly; but he was not unwilling to receive sweet smiles and honeyed words of others; while, with a man's inconsistency, he was not desirous that his wife should play the part of a married belle.
It was while he was dancing with one of the most noted and beautiful women of the metropolis, who was more than willing to listen to his nonsense, that Herbert, looking up from the face leaning against his shoulder, while the dreamy waltz music thrilled hearts sensitive to sadness as to joy, encountered the sparkling face of his wife, and saw her arrayed in the freshest and most graceful costume in the room. She was moving quietly along with an escort in uniform.
"Pray don't stumble," said his *vis-à-vis*, petulantly, for from that moment the grand repose of his manner was gone, and the lady on his arm might have been made of wax, or any other ductile material, for all he cared now.
"How the dickens came she here?" he muttered to himself, as he led his partner absently to a seat, deaf to all her pretty words, blind to her fascinations. "It certainly is Alice—but that dress—the prettiest thing here! and I left her quite determined not to come. I don't understand it. Dancing with that military puppy, Guinnett, too. She knows how I hate him!"
With these amiable thoughts, he laid himself out to gain the attention of his wife, and make her explain. It was some time before he had the chance, so he was obliged to content himself with following her graceful motions, angry with himself and with her.
"Alice! Can I believe my eyes?" he said, at last, in the pauses of the dance.

"I should think you might, rather," was the nonchalant reply.
"Pray, how did you come?"
"Pray, how did you come? I rode. Did you walk?"
"Well, but—"
"Excuse me, I'm engaged four deep, already," and Herbert was forced to move aside, as a pompous acquaintance claimed her hand.
"I'd like to knock that fellow down," he muttered, angry in earnest.
Another pause, and another *vis-à-vis*. No satisfaction given. Herbert had hardly the grace to redeem his dancing engagements.
"About the baby, Alice?" he asked, anxiously.
She put her rosy lips to his ear, and, in a subdued voice, exclaimed:
"Hang the baby!"
Herbert started and changed color. To be sure, he had used the same language. But from her it was too exasperating. How he got through the evening he could hardly tell. When, at last, they were in the carriage driving home, there might have been an open rupture, but for the determined calmness of Alice, who took everything as a matter of course.
One glance in the beautiful nursery unsealed his eyes. There by the fire sat Mabel in all the abandonment of a *neglige* toilet, luxuriant tresses falling in glossy freedom over her shoulders, while the little fellow on her lap, clutching at one long, shining curl, crowed and laughed as well as he could for "auntie's" smothering kisses.
A sudden revulsion of feeling came to the father's heart at sight of this home picture.
"Ah! I know now who contrived this plot," he said. "But I am glad to see you, Mabel, nevertheless."
"Wasn't she the belle of the ball?" answered Mabel, saucily.
"There's no doubt of that. At any rate, I didn't get a chance to dance with her."
"Of course. Who ever heard in society of dancing with one's wife?" she said, sarcastically. "I see that she followed my directions implicitly. You must learn, sir, that a house divided against itself cannot stand—that is, if one-half is flirting at a party, and the other half is at home crying her eyes out—"
"Oh, Alice—were you really?"
"I should think she was. I can assure you that I myself saw half of the house dissolved in tears and so wretched that—"
"Mabel hush!" said Alice, imploringly.
"Traitor, do you turn on me?" exclaimed Mabel, with mock displeasure.
"My child," she went on, tossing the crowing cherub, "tell your selfish papa that he also has some obligations, and that, if you had known you were to be the bone of contention in this family, you'd have stayed in the garden of angels, where you were wanted."
Herbert was strongly affected by this audacious outburst, but it had the effect of leading him to see his duty in a new light. It taught him to reflect; opened his eyes to his selfishness; and made him, from that evening, a better and more considerate husband.
Six months from that time Alice was dressed for a party. But this time the party was given at her own home, and in honor of Mabel's marriage. Even the bride did not look any lovelier; for nothing now ever occurred to mar Alice's happiness, and happiness, after all, is the best preservation of beauty.
"Ah! how charming you look!" whispered Mabel, with an arch look, as they passed each other in the dance.
"Prettier even, and it is saying a great deal, than when I cured your husband by sending you to that New Year's party."

MR. CAMERON'S DREAM.—Mr. Cameron dreamed, when he was a boy, that he would be massacred by Indians at the age of forty-seven. The same vision was repeated ten years later, and with such vividness that every detail was left impressed upon his memory. He was at a ranch near Brule City, Dakota, a short time ago, when his forty-seventh birthday arrived. The place was alive with friendly Indians; but he recollected his dream, and their presence made him excessively nervous. He went to bed in trepidation, and, to his horror, as he afterward declared, the room was exactly like the one of his dream. He fell asleep, and promptly dreamed that the Indians were scalping him. He bounded from the bed, leaped from a window and fled, temporarily insane. In the morning he was missed, and a large party of white men and Indians went in search of him. It was three days before they found him, for he hid whenever he caught sight of an Indian and only slowly recovered his senses. He was naked, and nearly dead with hunger.

A four-year old neighbor of ours lately said a good thing. His mother had promised that in a few days she would communicate something that would make him very happy, provided he was a good boy in the mean time. But he didn't want to wait. So he urged her to tell him now, promising not to repeat it, and offering other inducements. Finding that everything failed, he said, as his last argument, "Whisper it to me mamma, and I'll forget it." Wasn't that boy a philosopher? And that is only a sample of our children.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

If birds of a feather flock together why is it that the first doctor who reaches a man who has fallen on the street has no sweet smile of welcome for the second who comes rushing up?

American Meat and Wheat.

The cattle and meat trades naturally attracted much of the Commissioners' attention, and they closely examined the far Western stock yards, where cattle are loaded on the cars, and the Philadelphia stock yards and abattoirs, whence they are shipped to Europe as live or dead meat, as the case may be, and also the methods of preparing the dead meat and "refrigerating" and packing it on the steamers. They were charmed with the facilities given for this traffic in Philadelphia, describing the arrangements as complete, and the abattoirs and yards as the most systematic and cleanly they had ever seen on either side of the ocean. The trade is a large one here—live cattle from April to September, and dead meat the rest of the year. It is a new business, being all the growth of the past four years. Martin, Fuller & Co., the chief shippers from Philadelphia, select the finest cattle in the country for this trade, refrigerate the meat for forty-eight hours, so that the temperature is reduced to about 36 deg. or 38 deg., keep it at this temperature on the ocean voyage, and deliver it in this condition in the great English markets. Their shipments average 300 cattle or carcasses on each steamer, the dead meat being sent in quarters. They have sold it delivered in the English markets as low as 5d. per pound all round, and as high as 6½d. If it realizes 6d. per pound, this they say will pay all the expenses and give them a living profit. They prefer to send dead meat, because with their live cattle they do not in England get the returns they ought from the hides and other products when the meat is killed there, and they can do much better with these products in the United States. But they complain that their dead meat is not handled properly after it passes out of their control in England. When they sell it the meat is the finest that can be produced, and is in the best condition, but it does not get to the consumer in England in this way. They say it is almost universal there to sell their good pieces as cut from English or Irish cattle, and to call inferior meat, wherever raised, "American." This examination demonstrated that the finest American meat can thus be sold dressed in the London dead meat market at 5d. or 6d. per pound wholesale; and as the supply seems practically limitless on this side, the English farmer will have to compete with this price for some time to come.

When such is the condition of affairs it will be seen how readily the Commissioners can ascertain and report facts and statistics, and how difficult it will be for them to report remedies. But upon one thing England may depend. The government has sent out for this purpose men who will ascertain all that can be learned on these important subjects. They have found the Americans courteous and anxious to aid them in every possible way in the matters of inquiry, this being the case wherever they have gone and made the object of their visit known. They regard Philadelphia as rather the cheapest port for foreign shipments, the elements conducing to this being a shorter railway line from the West, a more complete terminal system for transfer between railway and steamer, and lower port expenses for vessels. But they are lost in admiration at the vastness of everything in the United States, and the enormous scale on which traffic is done, and will go home with a very favorable impression not only of American kindness, but also of American ability to maintain competition.—*Phil. Cor. London Times*.

Washington's Market Cart.

On the 20th of April Braddock left Alexandria. On the 9th of July he fell. Washington filled the mountain passes with troops, and kept off the French and Indians from the town that trembled and grew. When the French power in Virginia was broken, he married, and "society" was chagrined at his early experiences of his married life. Parson Weens tells us that "Alexandria, though small, was lovely, but had no charms for the palate. By tobacco its neighbors had made money. They then began to look down on the poorer sort, and to talk about families. Of course such great people could not run market carts. Hence the Belhavenites often sat down to a dinner of salt meat and Johnny-cake. But when Washington brought the wealthy widow Custis to Mount Vernon, a market cart was constructed, and twice a week sent to Belhaven with fat things that amazed the lean market. Country gentlemen dining in town wondered at the change of fare, and thus it was discovered, to the mortification of some of the little great ones, that Colonel Washington ran a market cart." "Society" then, if proud, was often plain; for Washington writes in his diary of a ball in Alexandria in 1760, where pocket-handkerchiefs served as tablecloths, that bread and butter with tea, "which the drinkers could not distinguish from hot water sweetened," made the bill of fare, and in his disgust he writes it down "a bread-and-butter ball."—*WILLIAM F. CARNE, in Harper's Magazine*.

Jersey justice is not always dealt out with characteristic consistency, if we may draw our deductions from the recent charge of an Hibernian dispenser of law to the jury. He said: "Gentlemen of the jury, accordin' to the larr and evidence, the case should go to the diffrindit; but, accordin' to equity, I give it to the plaintiff."—*Hackensack Republican*.

Wit and Humor.

When a man proposes he makes his maiden effort.

A cold snap—An icy answer.—[Boston Transcript.]

That's gnome matter.—A ghost story.—[Yawcob Strauss.]

A boy's whistle is often sucked tin.—[Cincinnati Commercial.]

Held for further hearing.—The ear trumpet.—[New York News.]

The Edison light will make courting both difficult and dangerous.

Leap year doesn't amount to much—the men are so coy.—[Boston Post.]

It certainly shows public spirit in the man who contracts a disease that is spreading.

It's meet and driuk that is depriving many a family of food.—[Cincinnati Commercial.]

New and improved reading by the *Picayune*: "Uneasy lies the face that wears a frown."

Kite tails will feel lost when telegraph wires have been put under ground.—[N. O. Picayune.]

Some students think it necessary to be behind in their lessons in order to pursue their studies.

The music of the bell is not in its tongue. Belles should remember this.—[Boston Transcript.]

The cabalistic "3t" attached to political advertisements means a third term.—[N. O. Picayune.]

A man arrested for firing a barn, whereby its contents were destroyed, said he didn't know it was loaded.—[Boston Transcript.]

An inn-keeper need never be at loss for means to entertain his patrons, being always a host in himself.—*Boston Journal of Commerce*.

Don't scold the boy; it's your fault. You ought to have known better than to bring that horn and drum into the house.—[Boston Post.]

The Philadelphia *Item* has a department for lovers, and says: "A lady thoroughly competent to decide love questions is in charge."

One of the Utes is so noted for coveting everything he sees that he is known at the agency as Hunker-Chief.—[Syracuse Sunday Times.]

A London bootmaker has this extraordinary announcement in a window: Ladies will be sold as low as seventy-five cents per pair.

Jones says it isn't the color of her hair that troubles him in choosing a helpmate. The color of her money is what interests him vastly more.

Court of Archer (to Mr. Mackonochie): "You are suspended, sir." Mr. Mackonochie (to Court of Arches): "You be hanged!"—[Funny Folks.]

The Rochester *Democrat* suggests that young men who stand in front of church doors waiting to see the congregation come out might be used as stands to hang wraps and umbrellas on.

Lady: "How much is this a yard?" Clerk: "Fourteen and sixpence. It is an elegant material—double; it can be worn on both sides. If you tear one side you've only to turn it on the other."

THE LINE OF BEAUTY.—Athletic: "Don't you bicycle?" Aesthet: "Er—no. It develops the calves of the legs so! Makes 'em stick out, you know! So, coarse! Positive deformity."—[Punch.]

It is said that Victor Hugo kisses the ladies at meeting and parting. That's all right at parting, but kissing them at meeting is a new dodge in the way of getting up a religious revival.—[Brooklyn Eagle.]

Japan has iron coins worth about one hundredth of a cent. The handiness of a coin for dropping into the collection basket will immediately be recognized by all church-goers.—[Philadelphia Chronicle.]

Said one of society's smart ornaments to a lady friend: "This is leap year, and I suppose you will be asking some one to marry you?" "Oh, no," was the reply, "My finances won't permit me to support a husband."

A young lady in Chicago, when asked by the officiating minister, "Will you love, honor and obey this man as your husband and be to him a true wife?" said plainly, "Yes, if he does what he promised me, financially."

A little boy said he didn't want the soft part of the biscuit. "Some little boys," observed his mother, "would be very thankful to get it." "Then why don't you give it to them?" answered the four-year-old hopeful.—[Boston Transcript.]

"Carl Maria von Weber!" said an opera-goer the other night. "I suppose he was christened after his mother. What a curious thing!" "Not at all," replied a friend; "surely he could scarcely have been christened before his mother."—[Funny Folks.]

Said an old farmer of the Jersey highlands to his daughter, fresh from boarding-school: "No, Jane, we haint got no nappins, 'n' we don't eat with no forks 'n' we do shovel 'n' ther grub, 'n' we do smack, 'n' we git our elbows onto ther table; yes, we do all of that; but, Jane, we've got the pork and beans."—[Albany Express.]

An Evanston (Ill.) preacher, who was making the prayer at a fashionable wedding, recently, asked Providence to bless those present who were married, and those who wanted to get married.

"He Never Played."

Such was the comment of the venerable Thurlow Weed, when mournfully gazing into the open coffin of his old compeer, Horace Greeley. It was one of the saddest sentences ever pronounced over mortal remains. It told of a life of unceasing toil, a constant struggle, a daily routine of labor of mind and body upon a perpetual treadmill of self-imposed duties, with no recreation or relaxation from toil until the wearied brain forgot its functions and the worn-out body succumbed to the inevitable and laid down to its eternal rest, long before the time which he had allotted to himself in which to enjoy the fruits of a life of perpetual toil from early infancy to a ripe old age. He never played!

Horace Greeley was no cynic; a more loving, gentle heart never beat in human breast; no one had broader philanthropic views, a keener appreciation of the pleasures of social intercourse, or the joys of domestic relaxation. The shouts and laughter of children at play always awakened in him pleasurable emotions, the sweet sounds of music stirred him to ecstasy, and we have seen him gazing upon a beautiful work of art with such wrapt abstraction as if he were communing with the gods. There was nothing beautiful in nature or art which he did not adore; no form of recreation or innocent amusement, for old or young, in which he did not keenly sympathize; and yet he never played, but always lived in the expectation of doing so at some future time. The last time we met this loved friend of our boyhood was at a big meeting in a Northwestern State, and together we stole away to a neighboring wood, and no boy ever enjoyed a holiday with greater zest than did he the few hours of relaxation from busy life. He told us that his success in life had far exceeded his most sanguine expectations, and that after purchasing a tract of western lands upon which to provide homes for a score or more of impecunious relatives, he should be in a condition to take a breathing spell, and "lie a whole day on a sofa and read novels," which he seemed to regard as the highest enjoyment of life. Alas! the time so long looked forward to never came; he died before he ever played.

We cannot but think that Greeley's usefulness to society was greatly impaired, and his enjoyment of life materially diminished by his failure to observe the law of Nature which demands recreation and amusement as among the material functions of healthful animal existence; and to the higher intelligence as necessary to the mind as to the body. All animated nature plays; it is a common instinct from the lowest to the highest in the scale of being; from the worm that burrows in the earth to the heavenly hosts who play upon their golden harps around the Throne of God. That man who attempts to deal with the social and political problems of life without having ever played, lacks one of the most essential elements to a proper understanding of his subject—that knowledge of human nature and the natural tendencies of the human mind which can only be acquired by free intercourse in social pastimes. The lack of this knowledge often obscured and brought into ridicule the best efforts of Greeley's life; his noblest philanthropic efforts were indiscriminate and often misdirected, and his theories of social advancement were almost uniformly found to be impracticable when tested by experience; failures which embittered his life and soured his disposition, making him irritable and sceptical.

The errors and failures of this good man's life point an important lesson to all parents and teachers. The Puritan theory that all social amusements are vain and sinful, only resulted in breeding hypocrites; those who deprived of their natural rights under a tyrannical system, followed their instincts by seeking and practising clandestinely amusements of a demoralizing tendency to indemnify themselves for the deprivation of those innocent pleasures which might be indulged in without harm. To do this successfully, it was necessary to practice the meanest of human vices—falsehood and deceit—to become consummate hyp-

ocrites, living lies; and this system was carried on from generation to generation, the sons cheating the father in one generation and attempting to enforce the obnoxious prohibition upon their sons in the next. It is not strange that the most spirited should revolt at every form of religion under which such unnatural restraints were imposed and such vicious evasion practised.

Play should be allowed to enter into the education and training of every child, and no form of amusement proscribed which is not intrinsically vicious, and a taste for innocent and refined amusements in social gatherings and the home circle should be cultivated as the surest safe-guard against vicious indulgences among degrading associations. Those who inveigh the loudest against places of amusement of a demoralizing tendency, are generally those who object to home amusements calculated to gratify the natural craving for pleasurable excitement, which in the thoughtlessness of youth is only made more reckless by attempted restraint. Forbidden fruit is ever the most tempting and stolen pleasures always the most corrupting. Games of cards, played in the home or social circle, have no element of evil in them any more than have the type which we are now framing into words and sentences, and which might be as readily used to promulgate the most infamous sentiments. Prohibition impregnates every pack of cards with the very spirit of the devil to tempt the young to illicit indulgence. Teach your children by precept, and if necessary by example, the graces of the social dance, the rules and courtesies of the card table—never to accuse their opponent of cheating, never to grumble at a partner's play, and never to trump their partner's ace or lead from a "sneak." Above all, allow your children plenty of time to play, and never require them to bring home their books from school to study in the evening; the school hours are plenty long enough to keep any child of tender years upon a mental stretch. The stuffing process now so generally practised never yet imparted genius to a dunce, or improved the capacity of a bright intellect. Matured manhood is the only season for "burning the midnight oil" over abstruse sciences which only exhaust and shrivel the callow brain. The foregoing rules will not prevent the training of any child in moral and religious duties, or interfere with the attainment of the highest type of American civilization—the Christian gentlemen.

San Francisco Mob Law.

The fabled sowing of dragon's teeth to breed and perpetuate the race of monsters has been realized in San Francisco for more than twenty years past. The merchants and business men in that city, failing to control the municipal government through the lawful medium of popular suffrage, usurped and maintained the same by lawless force, establishing a reign of terror which it was perilous to oppose, and a star-chamber tribunal which arraigned, condemned and put to death citizens, without legal authority, judicial forms or interposition of jury, openly and publicly assassinated men who resisted their authority or incurred their displeasure; by threats and violence prohibited the exercise of any official function by the regularly constituted officers and successfully defied and set at naught both State and Federal authority. This lawless organization perpetuated its control of the city government for ten years through the party machinery against which the rebellion was ostensibly aimed, and by the use of some of the identical strikers and tools who were banished from the city under its behests. Every subsequent attempt at mob government—of which the people live in perpetual fear—are the legitimate fruits of the seeds then planted. The merchants and capitalists, deeming themselves wronged, or not properly protected by the lawful civil authorities, resorted to lawless violence for the correction of the supposed abuses; they established a precedent and made mob law respectable because of the high social position of those engaged in it. But in this country, where all men are equal before the law, who will undertake to justify the "Vigilantes," and condemn the workingmen for seeking the redress of acknowledged grievances by the same means? The wrongs against which the "Vigilantes" made unlawful war grew out of an unsettled state of society which time would shortly remedy. The remedy applied

established a precedent for respectable lawlessness to the viciously inclined for all future time. The sore was seared over as by a hot iron, but its virus was left to fester in the body politic and suppurates whenever the surface is irritated—a perpetual invitation to the restless spirit of disturbance. Organization to maintain law and order when threatened by lawless violence is a public duty; but organization to resist lawful authority is a crime against God and man which no degree of social respectability can palliate. It is an assault upon the bulwarks of all human rights, destroying the sole defences of the weak against the strong, and as certain as the laws of nature will its fruits be after its kind: violence begets violence; lawlessness begets lawlessness; "he who taketh the sword shall perish by the sword." Nearly the life-time of a generation after the "Vigilantes" took forcible possession of the city government and established lawless rule, the leaders, now surrounded by wealth and luxury, at a time of life when freedom from care and anxiety are most necessary to a tolerable existence, find themselves suddenly confronted by the spirit of lawless violence which they then invoked, threatening them with the same measures they then meted out to others. "The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind exceeding fine."

Choice of Candidates.

If in the matter of choosing candidates each party could be allowed to choose the candidate for the other party, there would be no reasonable doubt as to the result. The Republican politicians predict with rare unanimity of opinion that Tilden will certainly be the Democratic nominee for President, and the Democratic politicians are just as unanimous in the opinion that Grant will be the Republican nominee. Undoubtedly "the wise is father to the thought" in both cases. The choice is not actuated by the patriotic motive of desiring the success of the best man in the opposition in case of the defeat of their own, but by the belief that the candidate they indicate for the other party is the one who could be most easily beaten. It is not regarded as good policy in war to take counsel of the enemy, yet it is the part of wisdom to heed his suggestions which have a harmful intent. We hope that each party will select the best man for the position, without regard to the weakness or strength of the other. Then the success or defeat of either would be no public calamity.

GENERAL JOSEPH LANE.—In answer to letters asking for his consent to the use of his name for the Democratic nomination for Congress in Oregon, General Lane replies through the public prints: "I am not a candidate for Congress, or any other office, and I ask that my name shall not be used in connection with any office. I will vote for the nominees of the Democratic Convention, reserving to myself the right to scratch any one or more, should I believe him or them dishonest or in any way corrupt." The reservation should be made by every honest voter.

Wit and Pathos.

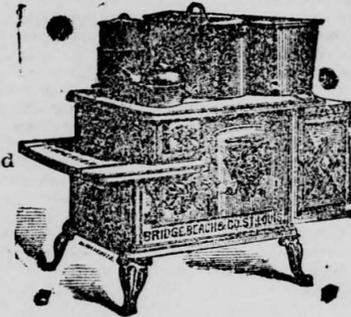
Among the funny newspaper writers of the day, few, if any, excel Robert J. Bordette in tricks of fancy which amuse without wounding the sensibilities of any. The following touching incident which he relates, shows that his fancy is as tender as it is humorous:

"While I was lecturing at Washington I saw a lady with an intelligent pretty face, and bright, eloquent eyes, that were rarely lifted towards the speaker and then only for a flash of time. They were bent upon her husband's hands almost constantly. Brilliant and accomplished, a few years ago she had gone down into the world of voiceless silence, and now all the music and all the speech that comes into her life comes through the tender devotion of her husband, and as I talked, I watched him telling off the lecture on his pimple fingers, while her eager eyes glanced from them to his sympathetic face. It was a pretty picture of devotion. They were so young to have this cloud shadow the morning skies of their lives, but as I glanced from the voiceless wife to her husband, I thought how beautifully the sun light of his devotion was breaking through these clouds and tinting even their afflictions with a tender radiance. This discipline of attending upon suffering is a good thing for a man. It rounds out his life; it develops his manlier, nobler qualities; it makes his heart brave and tender, and strong as a woman's."

Waddell & Miles,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
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Brass Goods,
Pumps,
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Tinware,
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Descriptions.

STEAM WHISTLES, GONGS, STEAM AND WATER GAUGES, GLOBE

**Malleable Iron Fittings, Copper smithing,
Plumbing,**

STEAM AND GAS FITTING.

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

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

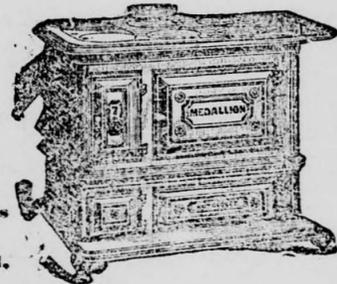
ALL JOB WORK NEATLY EXECUTED, AND ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED.

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.

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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.

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MANUFACTURERS OF ALL KINDS OF

ROUGH AND DRESSED LUMBER,

Rustic, Flooring, Casings, Gutters, Packing Boxes.

Sashes, Doors, Blinds, Shutters and Wood

Finish of Every Description.

SEASONED LUMBER OF ALL KINDS CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Local News.

THE RAILROAD DISASTER.—The falling of a 97 feet trestle with a coal train, a brief account of which we published last week, resulted in the death of Mr. John Stewart, immediately after the accident. The deceased was a coal miner from Nanaimo and had only been at Newcastle a week. He was buried by the Masonic fraternity on Tuesday, Rev. Mr. Watson conducting the religious services.

The friends of R. L. Thorne—which includes all who know him—will be pleased to learn that his injuries are not as severe as first thought. Both legs are broken, but are rapidly mending, with the prospect of resulting in no permanent physical disability.

The wreck has all been cleared away and a large force of carpenters are engaged for the reconstruction of the trestle, which it is confidently expected will be ready for the passage of trains by the 1st of April.

STEAMBOAT SUNK.—The steamer Fanny Lake sank at her dock, alongside Yesler's wharf, at 3 o'clock on Monday morning. She was loaded with freight for Nootsack and way ports, preparatory to leaving at 7 o'clock. She had been made fast to the wharf and as the tide receded her lines slipped down on the piles and as the tide rose again held fast listing the boat over till it filled with water and went down. The passengers and crew escaped, with the exception of Peter Sinclair, deck hand, who was asleep below and could not be aroused. On raising the boat he was found dead in his bunk. The deceased was decently buried by the steamboat men, Rev. De Vore officiating.

BARRELL FACTORY.—The Eagle Mill, at Belltown, for the manufacture of barrels, had her machinery put in motion for the first time on Tuesday last, and every thing was found to work to the entire satisfaction of Mr. Root, the Superintendent. Regular work will begin today with a force of 40 to 50 men and boys, which will be increased to 100 or perhaps 150 during the summer.

THE POST has been placed in possession of the following facts in relation to the shooting affray, which resulted in the death of Michael Padden, at Schome: It seems that there was a dispute about a piece of land between Clark and Padden, which had been cleared by Clark. Padden came and began building a fence around the premises. Clark being away from home at the time, Mrs. Clark gave a double-barreled shot gun to her eight-year-old son with instructions to drive him (Padden) off the place. The boy went out with the above instructions, and Padden coming toward him, the child emptied the contents of the gun into his body with fatal result.

NEW SILVER LEDGE.—A letter from Snohomish informs us that eight miles above there, on the Snoqualmie river, a first rate silver bearing quartz ledge has been struck, cropping out for a mile back of the river. Specimens from the ledge show considerable quantities of free silver, under the microscope, but no assay of it has been made. If it is as rich as is anticipated it will pay enormously to mine the ore and ship to San Francisco for reduction. It is immediately on the bank of the river, and if one rifle in the river was cleaned out, is easily accessible to all stern-wheel steamboats.

COLONEL HALLER.—A brief note from Col. Haller, in command of the 23d U. S. Infantry, informs us that he is stationed at Fort Supply, Indian Territory. All around him, he says, is rolling prairie without rain or snow for the past three months. He is supplied with a daily mail from Dodge City, on the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad. The many friends of the Colonel in this country will always be glad to hear of his welfare.

ACCUMULATING HONORS.—Since his return from the Legislature, W. H. White, Esqr., has been elected Master of a Masonic Lodge, Commander of the G. A. R.'s, and at the last meeting of the City Council was unanimously elected Fire Warden. "Some men are born to honors, others have honors thrust upon them."

HOUSE BURNED.—The dwelling house on the Terry farm, Duwamish river, was discovered on yesterday forenoon at 10 o'clock by Mr. Dudley and H. Vanselt to be on fire, but before these gentlemen could reach the place the fire had obtained such headway, the wind blowing from the north very hard, that only one sack of flour was saved. It was extremely difficult for the men to save the barn, which had 40 tons of hay stored in it, the wind at the time blowing the flames and brands on that building. The hay caught once or twice. Messrs. Cochran & Day had been occupying the house the past two months. Mr. Cochran informed the Post that he left the house after cooking his breakfast at 7 o'clock, but before leaving he took the precaution to throw water on the fire. Cochran & Day's loss will not fall short of \$150. The house was when occupied by the late C. C. Terry and family, one of the most costly dwellings in King county, but the past 6 or 8 years it has been exposed to the floods and considerably damaged.—Mr. Cochran says he cannot think it possible that the fire originated from his cooking upon that morning.—Post, 12th.

DIED.—At his residence at Crescent Harbor, Whidby Island, on Sunday, the 7th inst., Mr. Dana H. Porter, a native of Maine, and one of the pioneers of Puget Sound. Deceased was a son-in-law of Mr. Buzby, late proprietor of the Star mill, in this city.

BURGLARY.—S. Baxter & Co.'s store was burglarized on Thursday night and several boxes of tobacco taken, which were afterwards found by some boys in the cellar of an unfinished building opposite the store. This is the second burglary upon that store within a short time. The plunder in both cases amounting to but a little over \$100. Supposed to be by Chinamen or boys.

ON last Sunday, Rev. Samuel Green organized a Congregational Church Society at Pleasant Bay, with a membership of twenty persons. It is also proposed to erect a Church building at that point during the present summer.

THE wreck of the bark Dilharree, on the Columbia river bar, was solely the fault of the vessel and not of the bar. So the Portland papers say. The passage of the bar is entirely safe, but the confounded vessel didn't see it.

University of Washington.

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

TEN INSTRUCTORS.

Boarding Department.

SPRING TERM—Begins March 22, 1880. For admission or Catalogue apply to the President,

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

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—

SADDLE ROCK RESTAURANT.

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

Wanted 400 Men

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

BAVARIA BEER HALL

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.

Notice to Take Depositions.

Territory of Washington, } ss County of King, } IN THE District Court of the Third Judicial District of Washington Territory, holding terms at Seattle.

David L. Smith, vs. Lewis V. Wyckoff, J. H. Robbins and C. R. Yates, Claim to property levied upon and attached. To the above named defendants, Lewis V. Wyckoff, J. H. Robbins and C. R. Yates:

You, and each of you, will please take notice, that the deposition of David L. Smith, plaintiff in the above entitled cause, to be used in the trial thereof, will be taken before Frank Seidel, a Notary Public, in and for said County of King at his office, in the City of Seattle, in said county, said office being in the second story of the building on the South East corner of Columbia and First Streets, in said City, the same being the office occupied by W. H. White, as a law office, on the 8th day of April, 1880, between the hours of 10 o'clock in the forenoon and 5 o'clock in the afternoon of said day, commencing at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, and if not completed on that day, the taking will be continued from day to day, successively thereafter, and over Sunday, at the same place, until completed.

W. H. WHITE, J. C. HAINES, Attorneys for Plaintiff. Seattle, March 15, 1880. 3w7

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.

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

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

PATRONIZE

DIRECT IMPORTATION

—BY—

HOME HOUSES.

We are the sole agents for the Pacific Coast of the

Celebrated Fair Oaks

Bourbon Whiskies.

UN-MEDICATED.

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

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

Fountain Beer Hall.

FRONT STREET, OPPOSITE SULLIVAN'S BLOCK.

FRED. GASCH . . . Proprietor.

MEHLHORN'S CELEBRATED LAGER BEER

On Tap.

—ALSO—

WEINER, BUDWEISER, MILWAUKEE AND ST. LOUIS BEER, IN QUANTS & PINTS Always on Hand.

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

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

S. & W. W. R. R.

SEATTLE TO RENTON

—AND—

NEW CASTLE.

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

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

DEPOT, KING STREET, FOOT OF COMMERCIAL. J. M. COLMAN, Genl. Supt.

PONY SALOON.

KEPT BY

Ben. Murphy

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

A quiet place where can always be found the very best of CIGARS AND TOBACCO, WINES AND LIQUORS.

JACK LEVY.

DEALER IN

Meerschaum Goods Cigars, Tobacco, Etc.

THEATRICAL AGENT.

Grotto Cigar Stand,

Occidental Square Seattle, W. T. Information given of the arrival and departure of Steamers.

SLORAH & CO.'S

"BOSS"

BEER!

STILL TAKES THE LEAD!

For Tacoma, Steilacoom & Olympia

THE STANCH AND SEAWORTHY STEAMER

ZEPHYR--

W. R. BALLARD, Master.

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

WILL LEAVE SEATTLE EVERY

Wednesday and Friday mornings at

7 A. M. and Sunday at 6 P. M., connecting with the Railroad at Tacoma.

n149tf

The Waiting Ones.

To some 'tis given to stand and wait,
And watch the green mold of decay
Steal o'er their work, because stern Fate
Has scourged them back and barred the way.

Some lives stand ever on the brink
Of joy. They wait through all life's day
To see hope's sun shine out, and sink,
And drag their sunset tints to gray.

They wait and watch some coming good
That flings its radiance ahead.
'Twas for another; where they stood
Falls but the shadow cold and dead.

As starving children through a pane
Watch others at some rich repast,
They see each boon they craved in vain
On happy, sated favorites cast.

To some 'tis given to wait and yearn
Till faith slow smolders into doubt,
Till love and faith to ashes turn,
And all life's fires have burn'd out.

Courage leaps for valorous deeds,
And time will wipe out sorrow's tears;
But for the waiting heart's sore needs
Patience grows threadbare through long years.

Aye! if the lines grow hard and deep,
And eyes grow cavernous that wait,
'Tis nobler far to wait and weep
Than conquer worlds when helped by Fate.

Brave, brave is he who bears his curse
With courage and a cheerful heart;
Who ever says, "It might be worse,"
And lifts his head when hopes depart.

—Baltimore American.

Bending Her Will.

"My dear," said Hero Field, "don't give up. If you yield to him it's all up with you for the rest of your married life. And the idea of a bride in her honeymoon being weighted down with an old grandfather and grandmother-in-law. My! whoever heard of such a thing?"

Nannie Eastlake was a bright-eyed girl of nineteen—a girl who had been brought up in a fashionable boarding-school. She had never known the peaceful influences of a home, for she had lived with Mrs. Sykes Ponsonby, an aunt who floated on the very top wave of fashion, and spent her nights in society and her days in bed. And the first real heart experience that had ever happened to her was Donald Aubrey's love.

"It's such an elegant house," said Nannie. "Finished in real wood, you know, and furnished so beautifully. Turkey carpets and furniture of ebony and gold, and the tiniest gem of a conservatory filled with roses and camellias and the sweetest carnations, and my boudoir all in pink and silver."

"Of course it's all very fine," said Hero Field, "but you'll never enjoy it with those horrid, mischief-making old antediluvians sniffing and prowling around. Why not open an asylum for indigent poor at once?"

"But they are Donald's grandparents," pleaded Nannie.

"Well, what then? Let him provide for them as other people do. His wife has the first and the only right in his house, and so I'd tell him if I were you. A mother-in-law would be bad enough, but this is ten times worse."

"I don't think he ought to expect it of me," said Nannie.

"Of course he oughtn't," replied Hero.

So when Mr. Aubrey came to make his usual evening call that night, and Aunt Ponsonby had discreetly made some excuse for leaving the drawing-room, Nannie broached the subject at once.

"Donald," said she, "I've been thinking—"

"Well, dearest?"

"And I've come to the conclusion—"

rather abruptly—"that you ought not to ask me to make a home for old Mr. and Mrs. Vivian."

"Is it not right and natural, Nannie, that their home should be with me?" he asked, his face clouding over a little.

"I dare say it will be very nice for them," said Nannie, with a toss of her golden head; "but how about me?"

"Do you object to it?"

"Very decidedly, indeed," answered the pretty young bride-elect, fondly imagining that she had but to lift her slender finger to win any boon that she asked of Donald Aubrey.

"I am very sorry," said the young man calmly. "As I have decided to ask them to remain with me, I cannot, of course, permit my wife—"

Nannie crimsoned angrily.

"But I am not your wife yet, Mr. Aubrey; and I will not be your wife if—"

"Nannie! for Heaven's sake stop! Think what you are saying!"

"I mean it!" said Nannie hotly. "I do not choose to marry into a nest of relations-in-law; and so you may choose between your grandparents and me!"

"Nannie!"

She laughed a haughty, constrained laugh.

"I am quite in earnest," said she. "If you really care for me you will give up this unreasonable caprice of yours."

"Is it unreasonable to honor one's aged parents?" he asked, slowly, while his dark, searching eyes seemed to read the very secret of her heart. "Is it a caprice to retain some natural affection for those who loved and cared for me when I was a helpless child? If you think it is, Nannie, I have been sorely mistaken in your character!"

"Very well," said Nannie, feeling her

cheeks burn and her lips quiver, "I am then to understand that your selection is made?"

"It certainly is."

"And you prefer Mr. and Mrs. Vivian to me?"

"I prefer my duty to anything in the world, Nannie."

"I have the honor to wish you a very good evening, then," said she, regally.

Nannie swept out of the room in a manner which she meant should be overwhelming.

"Good!" cried Hero Field, the next day, when Nannie related to her the occurrences of the evening. "He'll be on his knees to you before three days are passed, and you'll have your own way for good and all, after this."

But the three days passed, and three more on top of that, and never a penitent lover made his appearance to sue for Nannie Eastlake's pardon. And she began, most reluctantly, to realize that Donald Aubrey had been in earnest; and that her own mad folly had estranged her from one of the truest and manliest hearts in the world.

Nannie had been brought up foolishly and frivolously enough, but there was a vein of genuine gold in her nature, for all that, and she bitterly felt her own mistake.

"Oh, Hero, what shall I do?" she pleaded, with wistful tears in her eyes.

"Let him go," said Miss Field, who, truth to tell, had been a little envious that Nannie had become engaged before herself. "There's as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it."

"Perhaps so," said Nannie. "But there is only one Donald Aubrey in the world for me."

And she took counsel with herself and decided what she would do.

Donald Aubrey was sitting alone in the pretty blue and gold drawing-room that he had furnished expressly with regard to Nannie Eastlake's taste. Mr. and Mrs. Vivian, early risers and early retirers, had gone to bed, although it was hardly yet dusk, when the parlor-maid announced,—

"Please, sir, a lady to see you."

And Donald found himself looking into Nannie Eastlake's deep blue eyes.

"Nannie!" he ejaculated.

"Yes, Donald, it is I. Oh, Donald, I have been so wrong, so foolish! And I have come to ask your pardon."

"My little Nannie, hush! Not a word more!"

"But I must speak, Donald! I must tell you how earnestly I have repented my temper and folly. If you will take me back to your heart, Donald, I will try and be a good wife to you, and a dutiful daughter to your grandparents."

So Nannie hauled down the flag of rebellion, and remained true to her better nature, much to Miss Hero Field's scorn and contumely.

"You have made a great goose of yourself," said that young lady, angrily.

"Donald thinks I am right," persisted Nannie; "and his good opinion is of more consequence to me than of all the world beside."

"Oh, if you're as far gone as that, I have nothing more to say," jeered Hero.

The wedding-day came, and the wedding tour passed away amid the thunder of Niagara and the green glitter of the Thousand Islands, and the gray walls of Quebec, and when Nannie Aubrey came home to the house Donald had furnished for her, she wore a face as bright as a rose in June.

Grandpapa and grandmama Vivian were waiting on the threshold to greet her. Nannie kissed and hugged them both most heartily.

"It is so nice to have you here to welcome us," said she. "And you're sure your rooms have been quite comfortable? And grandpapa has had his dinners just as he liked them? But I mean to see to that myself now. For you don't know what a famous house-keeper I am going to make."

But when the cosy tea dinner was over the old couple got up.

"Where are you going?" cried Nannie.

"Home," said Grandmama Vivian.

"Home is here," said Nannie.

"No, my dear, no," said the old lady, kindly; "young people are better by themselves. Donald has bought us a pretty little cottage a mile or two out in the country, where I can keep a cow, and grandfather can look after the poultry. And you must come and see us every day."

So the old people trudged away, and Nannie looked up into her husband's face.

"Donald," said she, "what does this mean?"

"It means, my darling," he answered, "that grandpapa and his wife could not be happy in the unwanted confinement of a city. They longed for the country. And so you will have a home without any relations-in-law, after all."

"Oh, Donald, don't repeat my silly words!" she whispered.

But there was only love and tenderness in his eyes.

"Little one," said he, "your heart was right all along."

"It was, if love could be a guide," she answered softly.

She was a school-teacher, and had to teach morals as well as arithmetic, so when the big oath came from a little urchin on the playground, she made him climb into her lap and proceeded to tell him to "Swear not at all." "I didn't swear at all—I just cursed one feller, and you would too, if he'd chucked a snowball down your back."

—Janesville (Wis.) Gazette.

Descending the Humboldt Mine.

Entering a rough wooden building you may see a steam engine turning an immense drum, around which is coiled a wire rope. On a chair sits, with each hand on a lever, the bright, watchful engineer, his eyes fixed on the drum, now nearly covered with the coil. In another minute, click! the machinery has stopped, and out of an opening in front, like Harlequin in a Christmas pantomime, has come a grimy figure, who stands there smiling at you, with a lamp fixed on the front of his cap, and his feet on the rim of a great iron bucket. He steps off, the bucket is emptied of the load, not of rich ore, but of very dirty water, which it has brought up, and there is an air of expectancy among the workmen, and an inquiring smile on the face of Mr. Thornton, the superintendent. Something is clearly expected of you, for it is established that you are not what is called by the miners a "specimen fiend," or unmitigated sample collecting nuisance, and it is assumed that when you came hither to investigate you "meant business." You take the hint, and follow Mr. Thornton to a room, where, amid a good deal of joking, you put on some clothes—and such clothes! If you have one spark of personal vanity, "all hope abandon ye who enter here," for even your kind guide has to turn away to hide a smile when he sees you in overalls which will not meet in front, and are precariously tied with a ragged string, an ancient flannel shirt, the sleeves of which hang in tatters around your wrists, and a cap which might have come over in the *Mayflower*, and has a smoky lamp hooked into its fast decomposing visor. As you approach the mouth of the shaft, the engineer generally remarks that there "ain't such danger," and when the bucket has come up and been partially emptied, the by-standers repeatedly advise you to be careful about getting in. As you climb perilously over the side, you think of the Frenchman who, starting in the fox-hunt, cried out: "Take notice, mes amis, zat I leave everything to my wife!" And when you are crouched down so that Mr. Thornton can stand on the rim above, you do not think at all, but know, that you are what Mr. Mantalini called "a dem'd moist, unpleasant body." Mr. Thornton makes a grim remark about it being as well to have some matches in case the lamps go out, gives the word, and down you go. Understand that there is just about room for the bucket in the shaft, that the latter is slightly inclined, and that you catch and jar and shake in a nerve-trying way; and understand, further, that a person should carefully study his temperament and possible disabilities before he takes a contract to go into a deep shaft.

At a certain depth—it may be 500 or 1,000 feet (in some Nevada mines it is 2,500)—you stop at side drifts or cross-cuttings in which men are at work, and here you see, walled in by rock, the fissure vein. Some are "stopping," or cutting pieces away with the pick, others holding the steel wedges, and others striking them tremendous blows with sledge-hammers. They are, by-the-way, in the habit of accompanying these blows with guttural sounds, the hearing of which induced a special correspondent of the gentler sex—ignoring the fact that they receive three dollars per diem, own chronometer watches, and have fine bank accounts, and silver spoons on their tables—to write a soul-moving description of the poor down-trodden miner, imprisoned far from the light of the blessed day, uttering terrible groans as he toiled his life away for the enrichment of the bloated and pampered capitalist. Other men, again, are drilling, loading, and tamping for the "shots," which are to tear the rock in pieces; and you will probably remember a pressing engagement to "meet a man" at some distance from the mine, and induce Mr. Thornton to ring for that moist car, and take you up before they light the match.—A. A. HAYES, Jr. in *Harper's Magazine*.

VIRTUES OF A NEVADA NUT.—Pine-nuts are now to be found on sale at most of our fruit-stands where other nuts are kept. They are a Nevada production, and are therefore suited to the requirements of our people in the nut line—good to be eaten in this climate. They are quite sweet and agreeable to the taste, notwithstanding a faint flavor of pine or balsam. It has long been known that these nuts were excellent for all diseases of the kidneys—the early settlers made that discovery—but it is not generally known that they are about the best medicine that can be taken in cases of bronchial affections and throat ailments. There is in the nuts just a sufficient amount of a peculiar piney balsam, combined with a sweet and agreeable oil, to soothe and heal the throat, and to clear and strengthen the lungs. It is only necessary to carry them in the pocket and nibble at them as at nuts of any other kind. No one need be afraid of eating too many of the nuts. They are the bread of the Pintes, who fatten on them. Children devour these nuts with avidity, and in this climate and thin atmosphere they should be selected for them in preference to nuts from the tropics or other foreign regions. In case of throat troubles or weak lungs, pine-nuts are the best and cheapest medicine that can be found by the little folks; big folks, ditto.

He who laughs at cruelty sets his heel on the neck of religion and godliness.

Cigars and Tobacco.

Two men were sentenced in the Criminal Court, yesterday, one for beating his wife and the other for stealing cigars. The wife-beater's crime was measured by a sentence of three months and that of the cigar-stealer by fifteen months, indicating that cigars are just five times more valuable than wives. Perhaps in these particular cases, the cigars were unusually good and the wife unusually bad, and it would not, therefore, be altogether safe for husbands, generally, to indulge in the habit of assault and battery, unless they are prepared to prove that their wives are of a very inferior grade, or for the tobaccoist to rely upon heavy sentences as a protection to any but the best Havanas. Even then he must be sure that the case is tried before a judge who knows the difference.

A recent case in England opened up a line of defense which, had the precedent been sooner thought of, might have saved many a cigar thief from jail. In this case, the judicial action turned, not upon the cigar stealing, but upon selling cigars without a license. An old man was charged with selling tobacco in the shape of cigars without a license. The defense was that cigars were not mentioned by the act of Parliament under which the charge was made, tobacco only being named, and that, in the point of fact, the cigars in question contained no tobacco whatever, being manufactured solely from cabbage leaves and hay, no offense was committed. The magistrate thereupon discharged the prisoner. It will be observed that in this case the defense was peculiarly strong; as strong as the cigars, themselves. The dealer boldly alleged that there was no tobacco in them, at all. But even if the American dealer, in revenue cases, or the American thief, in larceny cases, were to admit the presence of some tobacco in the article sold or stolen, it is evident that the plea in mitigation of sentence or abatement of tax would depend upon his ability to show how little real tobacco was involved in the transaction. The Court might take cognizance of a theft, even if it were only of cabbage leaves and hay; but it would naturally send the culprit, not to jail, but to a reformatory where genuine tobacco alone was used, and where he might learn to discriminate between the real and the bogus articles. The British trader was a bold man to own up the total absence of tobacco from his cigars. Few American dealers would display equal courage. Although the ability of American intellects and morals in evading the tax-collector has reached some very high developments, very few tobaccoists would go to such lengths of confession. And in the matter of cigar-stealing, the average thief is so accustomed to bad cigars that he probably does not know whether they contain tobacco or only cabbage and hay. It is evident that his safety lies, if anywhere, in stealing the cheapest article he can lay his hands on, as it gives him the best chance either of squashing his indictment on the ground of improper description, or claiming the clemency of the court on the ground that he was doing public service by putting so much bogus tobacco out of the way.—*Phil. Bulletin*.

A Novel Advertisement.

A well-known hatter, by name John Genin, adopted some novel modes of advertising. When Barnum brought Jenny Lind to this country, the first choice of seats was sold at public auction. Genin ran to see Barnum, and said: "Barnum, I want the first seat sold, and I want to pay a good price for it." "Send down a couple of your clerks with instructions to bid against each other," was the reply. This he did, and the clerks run the ticket up to two hundred and twenty-five dollars, when it was knocked down. "What name?" inquired the auctioneer. "John N. Genin," was the answer. Meanwhile the exuberant crowd seized the suppositions Genin, lifted him upon their shoulders, and bore him in triumph to Genin's store. The news had preceded the crowd, however, and before they reached the store it was filled with a shouting, excited mass of congratulating friends. Genin was the hero of the hour. The telegraph flashed the news over the country that "the first choice of seats to the Jenny Lind concert had been sold to John M. Genin for two thousand, two hundred and fifty dollars," (a mistake of a figure), and the deed was done. Mr. Genin made an arrangement with the news editor of one of the morning papers to clip out and hand to him every article he could find in his exchanges in relation to the matter. These he carefully preserved, making a calculation at the regular rates of advertising per line, until it had reached the enormous sum of eighty thousand dollars, when he ceased longer to keep account.

"Young man, can you tell me who's lecturing here to-night?" inquired a motherly-looking old lady in front of the Tabernacle last night. The party addressed, a gentlemanly-looking young man, made answer as pleasantly as a bad cold would permit, "Gough." A pained expression came over the old lady's face and just a shade of indignation was apparent in her voice as she inclined her head forward and demanded, "Who did—that did you say?" "Gough, Gough." "Gough! And I have raised six boys and trained them to be respectful and polite to their elders, and live to be told by a young whelp like you to go off! Why, if one of my boys, old as they are, was to give me such impudence, I'd spank him—I'd—I'd—"

Nassau.

It seems strange in this age of telegraphy to be more than two weeks without knowing what is going on in the world. The steamer that is to bring us news from home is now on her fourth day out of New York, but it is not due here till the day after New Year's.

This is really a charming place, and the days slip away in a pleasant sort of idle way that grows upon one. The climate is certainly perfect. The air, as it now blows in on me as I write, is delicious. The thermometer in my room stands at seventy-four degrees at 7 A. M., and rises to seventy-six degrees at noon, with unflinching regularity. I intended to keep memoranda of the temperature, but it seems really useless. Dr. F— says that there is sometimes a "norther," when the mercury will go down to sixty-five degrees, and one will wish to close the doors and windows. A light blanket on my bed is all that I need at night. The sun is often rather too warm for walking, but never for driving or sitting on the piazza. I have enjoyed driving very much, everything being new and interesting. We have had three rains since I have been here, quick, summer-like rains, but the soil is so porous the water soon disappears.

In speaking of the climate I forgot to say that many seem to think it very damp. It does not seem to me so. I observe that people, especially strangers and invalids, are careful not to be very much in the night air. Dr. F— says that he does not think the climate better than some others for rheumatism, but for all nervous troubles and for affections of the throat and lungs he thinks it unsurpassed.

Our rooms look north over the harbor, above which we are at an elevation of from 80 to 100 feet. We have a beautiful view of the harbor, as well as of the town below us. The harbor is formed on the north by a narrow island called Hog Island, beyond which we have a full view of the sea, deeply blue with its white caps, and sometimes of the surf breaking in spray that rises far above the island. Inside the harbor the water is of the most beautiful colors imaginable—emerald, blue, purple—changing constantly. I never saw anything like its clearness. At the wharf the little boats seem floating in air. You can see the bottom almost as well as if you looked through air instead of water.

We sailed the other day out to the famous "sea-garden." It is curious to look down to the bottom, with purple ferns and feathery sea weeds gently waving to and fro, the sponges, coral and shells on the white sand, with brilliant little fish swimming among them. Divers are ready to bring up anything you ask for.

The vegetation here is beautiful; but if we at home had this climate I think we should have finer flowers and more abundant vegetables. Certainly, they could have every kind of nice vegetables. But I do not think there is on the island anything you could dignify with the name of market gardening. After seeing the people, I almost wonder they have anything. I think a dark woman would sit all day on the street with three or four short pieces of sugar cane and half a dozen oranges to sell.

Oranges are very abundant and cheap. They are quoted at \$6 per thousand. We pay a cent a piece. Lemons lie on the ground as if not worth picking. I have never seen one used; but occasionally a lime is used. Bananas are very cheap. We bought a bunch for sixty cents—too many to count—but so heavy that Henry could hardly get it up stairs. It is now too late for pineapples. Those we had for a day or two after we came were delicious. The sapodilla grows on a tree like a pear tree. It looks somewhat like a potato, but is shaped like a peach. It is sweet and tasteless. The sour sap and jelly cocconut I have not yet tested. The mango, which ripens only in the summer, is spoken of as delicious.

Of vegetables we have peas, beets, beans, cucumbers, new potatoes, sweet potatoes, plantains, yams and bread fruit, but these are not all plentiful.

I have said the vegetation was very fine. I think it must feed largely on air, for the island seems nothing but rock. It would be much benefited by a few feet of our rich Western dirt. The famous silk cotton tree—the largest tree I ever saw—grows, as Dr. F— says, in about three inches of soil. The cocoa palms here are much more beautiful than the cabbage palms I saw in Florida; and the royal African palm—of which I have only seen two on the island—is much more beautiful than either. Great poinsettias hang over the high walls of the winding streets—a dazzling blaze of color.

In the yard back of our house are cocconut palms, with blossoms and fruit in all stages. There is also a beautiful, large India rubber tree; orange, lemon and lime trees; almonds, bananas, sago, pimento, croton, cayenne pepper, poinsettia, caladiums, gardenias, roses, cacti and many other things that I do not know. Thunbergias grow wild, as do four o'clocks and aloes, by the hundreds. Three or four of these last have tall flower stalks, with blossoms just opening. I brought home one day a flower which looked like our orange milk weed, but it proved to be *ipecaeanha*.

We have some insect pests. I have seen mosquitoes and a few fleas and cockroaches. There are said to be no poisonous insects or reptiles on the island.—Extracts from *Letters from Nassau*.

White specks on the nails are luck.

A Dog Bathing-Master.

Our faithful friend Jet, a powerful dog, lived with us on the Navesink Highlands. One summer, we had a bright little fellow who, although not in the least vicious, yet had a boy's propensity to destroy and to injure and to inflict pain. Master Willie loved Jet dearly, and yet he would persist in torturing the patient dog outrageously, striking hard blows, punching with sharp sticks, and pulling hair cruelly. One summer's afternoon Jet was lying on the front piazza, taking a nap, and Willie came out and assaulted him with a new carriage whip, which had been left in the hall. Jet knew the child ought not to have the whip, so he went and called the nurse's attention, as he often did when the children were getting into mischief or danger. But the girl did not give heed, as she should have done, and Willie kept on following Jet from place to place, plying the lash vigorously. Finding he was left to deal with the case himself, Jet quietly laid the young one on the floor, carefully took a good grip in the girths of his little frock, lifted him clear, and gave him a hearty, sound shaking. Then he took up the whip, trotted off to the barn with it, came back, stretched himself out in the shade, and finished his nap. The young gentleman did not interfere with him again, and ever afterward treated him with great consideration.

Nothing delighted the dog more than to go into the water with the young folk, and to see the bathing-suits brought out always put him in the highest spirits. The children called him "the boss of the bathing-ground," and so he was, as he made all hands do just as he pleased. He would take them in and bring them out again, as he thought fit, and there was no use in resisting him, as he could master half a dozen at once, in the water. No one could go beyond certain bounds, either, under penalty of being brought back with more haste than ceremony. But, within the proper limits, he never tired of helping the bathers to have a good time, frolicking with them, carrying them on his back, towing them through the water, letting them dive off his shoulders, and playing leap-frog. From "A Faithful Friend," in *St. Nicholas*.

Tips on Shipboard.

Upon a transatlantic steamship, as elsewhere, the taste for tips is shared by all the steward's underlings in an eminent degree. They seem to select their victims as they come on board. It is evident, moreover, that early on the first day, within the inner precincts of the pantry, in secret conclave assembled, they lay out the programme for the voyage, and solemnly ratify and confirm to one another those cases which instinct and experience alike encourage them respectively to work up. Inensibly, as time passes, there steals through the voyager's soul the impression that somehow he has come to be somebody's man, and that invisible toils are being woven around him, growing stronger every hour. As the end of the voyage approaches, the chains become evident to all, while the fell agent of this enslavement alternately appears elated or depressed by hopes and fears. Sometimes an amusing scene is witnessed when the entire corps of waiters draw up in a kind of military order as the passengers go on shore. Then the successful manipulators of men put on their best smiles, while the less expert assume the mask of the Tragic Muse, looking, not corkscrews, but daggers. In a corner it would not be unprofessional for the interested party to suggest to the voyager the propriety of remembering the waiter, but more than one quizzical, cold-blooded individual has improved such an occasion by saying, while scanning the victim from head to feet, "Yes, I think I shall be able to remember you." This, however, would prove hardly more galling than the action of a great New York millionaire, now gone on that voyage whence the traveler ne'er returns, but who, on finishing an ocean trip, in an access of frugality, sent a five-franc piece to the steward, to be divided amongst the corps. Something, however, is to be said on the other side, for there is, perhaps, nothing that tries the temper more than this business of tips. Often is the tourist's soul stirred with righteous wrath by the beggarly and indefensible efforts so incessantly employed to deplete his purse.—B. F. DE COSTA, in *Harper's Magazine*.

Some people when they meet a loss sit down despondent; others go to work all the harder and make a gain that more than covers the loss. There is a good moral to the following: At the battle of Shiloh an officer rushed up to Grant and said: "General, Swartz's battery is took." "Well, sir," said Grant, "you spiked the guns before they were taken?" "Vat! Schpike dem new guns?" No, Sheneral, it would spoil 'em." "Well, then, what did you do?" "Do? Vy, we went right in and took 'em back again."

COMMON SENSE.—Old Dr. John Brown, of Haddington, England, was in the habit of impressing his divinity students with the importance of common-sense. He would say to them: "Young gentlemen, ye need three things to make ye good ministers; ye need learning, and grace, and common-sense. As for the learning, I'll try and set ye in the way of it; as for grace, ye must always pray for it; but if ye have na brought the common-sense with ye, ye may go about your business."

Edison's System of Electric Lighting.

Concerning the article on the Electric Light in *Scribner*, by Mr. Edison's mathematician, the editor received this note:
EDITOR SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.
Dear Sir: I have read the paper by Mr. Francis Upton, and it is the first correct and authoritative account of my invention of the Electric Light.
Yours truly,
THOMAS A. EDISON.

From the paper referred to we quote the following:
Mr. Edison's idea in regard to the electric light was that, in all respects, it should take the place of gas. Following the analogy of water, the inventor conceived of a system which should resemble the Holly water works. As the water is pumped directly into pipes which convey it under pressure to the point where it is to be used, so the electricity is to be forced into the wires and delivered under pressure at its destination. In the case of water, after being used, it flows away by means of a sewer-pipe, and is lost. But it is easy to imagine that the water used in working machinery, for instance, instead of being lost, might be returned to the pumps and used over and over again. With such a system as this, we should have a perfect analogy to the Edison electric lighting system. The electricity, after being distributed under pressure and used, is returned to the central station. As the light results from no consumption of a material, but is mere transmutation of the energy exerted in the pumping process, it is therefore seen that all which is essential to an electric lighting system is the generator (or pump), the two lines of wire, one distributing the electricity, the other bringing it back, and a lamp which transmutes into light the energy carried by the electricity when it passes from one wire to the other, and in which the energy of the pressure expresses itself as the light. In Edison's invention the amount of electricity delivered in the lamp is determined by the size and resistance in the carbon, just as in water the amount of flow is determined by the size of the openings. As a great many small jets of water can be supplied from one pipe, so a great many lamps or small escapes for electricity can be furnished from one wire. As in the case of water, the amount of work done by electricity—either as illuminant or motor—is dependent quite as much upon the pressure from which it escapes as upon the quantity passing through the wires. We might have a system of lamps which would give a certain amount of light from large quantities of electricity escaping under low pressure, or another system which could give an equal amount of light from a small quantity of electricity escaping under high pressure. As in either case the amount of electricity flowing through a wire is in proportion to the size of the wire, it will be readily seen that the application of pressure made by Mr. Edison obviates the main difficulty in the way of subdivision (i. e., in the way of the domestic use of the electric light), namely, the enormous size and cost of conductors. The well-known principle of the effect of pressure upon the dynamic power of electricity had never been utilized because the proper lamp was still unknown. This lamp is Mr. Edison's main discovery. In order to utilize this, one of the plans devised by him was to make the flow of electricity intermittent. Enough was allowed to escape in a short time, say one-third, to keep the lamp all the time supplied. It of course would require a large wire to furnish the quantity of electricity needed, yet two-thirds of the time the wire would be inactive, during which period it could be used to supply two other lamps constructed on the same principle. According to the doctrine of probabilities, one-third of a large number of lamps would be in use all the time. Such being the case, the cost of a conductor would be divided among three lamps. The lamps were so constructed as to burn steadily all the while, although the electricity was passing through them only one-third of the time.

Besides the enormous practical value of the electric light, as domestic illuminant and motor, it furnishes a most striking and beautiful illustration of the convertibility of force. Mr. Edison's system of lighting gives a completed cycle of change. The sunlight poured upon the rank vegetation of the carboniferous forests, was gathered and stored up, and has been waiting through the ages to be converted again into light. The latent force accumulated during the primeval days, and garnered up in the coal beds, is converted, after passing in the steam engine through the phases of chemical, molecular and mechanical force, into electricity, which only waits the touch of the inventor's genius to flash out into a million domestic suns to illuminate a myriad of homes.

VEVUVIUS.—It is thought that a crisis in the history of the mountain is approaching; either there will be a great discharge, such as will terrify the neighborhood, or, as is more likely, there will be an overflowing of lava, covering the cone with a mantle of fire, and silently inflicting more destruction on property than a grand eruption. Vesuvius has been in an active state now for several years, and Professor Palermi has from the first prophesied that the eruption would consist in the overflowing of lava.

He hath a good judgment that relieth not wholly on his own.

Intelligence Items.

Railway engines in England have given up smoking.
The Pope's new organ, the *Aurora*, appeared in Rome on the 1st.
One hundred pounds of water of the Dead Sea contains forty-five pounds of salt.
Water, when converted into steam, increases in bulk eighteen hundred times.
Parnell is the latest Irish tator—agitor, so to speak.—*Hamilton News-Graphic*.

The Louisville *Courier-Journal* calls ex-Queen Isabella, of Spain, "a popular old hussy."
A man in Tuscaloosa county, Ala., ate twenty-seven oranges one morning before breakfast.
During the conversion of ice into water one hundred and forty degrees of heat are absorbed.
In some of the counties in Colorado the children are obliged to go from two to six miles to school.

Three thousand people will turn out on a fine Sunday in New Orleans to witness a game of baseball.
Mercury freezes at thirty-eight degrees below Fahrenheit, and becomes a solid mass malleable under the hammer.
There are ten bridges across the Mississippi above St. Louis, and seven of them have spans as long as those of the Tay bridge.

The violence of the expansion of water when freezing is sufficient to cleave a globe of copper of such thickness as to require a force of 27,000 pounds, to produce the same effect.

The United States is making more than one-third of the paper in the world. The product is about 180 tons per day, or 610,500 tons a year. There are 227 mills, representing a capital of \$100,000,000, employing 22,000 persons, who receive in salaries about \$9,500,000.

In England there are over 300 kinds of bicycles. There are in this country more than 300 makers, who have invested \$5,000,000 in machinery, and who pay out \$6,000 a week in wages. There are in England 250 bicycle clubs, with 7,000 members, and there are in use more than 150,000 bicycles.

Those who are building the Forth bridge in Scotland have now petitioned the Board of Trade to allow them to lower the structure ten or fifteen feet. The light as at present arranged is 150 feet above high water mark. The steel for the new work will all come from the foundry of Krupp, in Germany.

Rhode Island is not the largest State in the world, but it is making preparations to bring what little weight it has down heavily on the tramp. A bill is now before the Legislature to have every person convicted of being a tramp sent to the House of Correction for not less than six months or more than a year. Any tramp who carries unlawful weapons, makes threats, kindles fires, or attempts to enter a dwelling, will be sent to States Prison for two years with hard labor. The tramp who injures persons or property will find himself in prison for five years.—*Detroit Press*.

A big telephone experiment has been tried with complete success. Conversation was kept up between Omaha and St. Louis, the distance by wire being 410 miles. This is the longest distance that the telephone has yet overcome. Every word was heard quite distinctly and the programme was varied by a St. Louis man singing the "Sweet Bye and Bye," and the Omaha person answering with "I'm a Pilgrim and I'm a Stranger," which his voice probably was when it got to St. Louis. Two jars of a Calland battery were used at the Omaha end and five in St. Louis.

PAUSE BEFORE SPEAKING.—Young men, do not speak lightly of woman's virtue. There is nothing in which young men are so thoroughly mistaken as in the low estimate they form of the integrity of women. Not of their own mothers and sisters, but of others, who, they forget, are somebody else's mothers and sisters. As a rule, no person who surrenders to this debasing habit, is to be trusted with an enterprise requiring integrity of character. Plain words should be spoken on the subject, for the evil is a general one. If young men are sometimes thrown into the society of thoughtless and depraved women, they have no more right to measure all other women by what they see of these, than they have to estimate the character of honest and respectable citizens by the developments of crime in our police courts.

Let our young men remember that their chief happiness in life depends on utter faith in women. No worldly wisdom, no misanthropic philosophy, no generalization, can weaken truth. It stands like the record of itself—for it is nothing less than this—and should put an everlasting seal upon lips that are wont to speak lightly of women.

Mrs. Nancy Hanks Lincoln, mother of Abraham Lincoln, died in her husband's cabin in Carter township, Spencer county, Indiana, sixty-one years ago last October, and was buried in an orchard near the present site of Lincoln City. On Thanksgiving day the briars and tangled undergrowth were cut away from around the grave and a white marble shaft set up over the hitherto unmarked mound. The shaft bears the inscription: "Here lies the remains of Nancy Lincoln, mother of Abraham Lincoln, sixteenth President of the United States."

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Not only for daily use on the face and hands, but for bathing the entire body, there is nothing equal to PHOSPHATE SOAP. It is a thorough disinfectant and removes offensive odors of every kind.

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

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

TESTIMONIALS:
SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 27, 1878.

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

SAN JOSE, September 24, 1878.
To the Standard Soap Co.—Gentlemen:

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

SAN FRANCISCO, July 19, 1897.
Standard Soap Co.—Gentlemen:

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

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

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

We have used the PHOSPHATE SOAP in our practice, for cleaning indolent ulcers, and also skin diseases, pimples and eruptions of the face, so often seen in the young of both sexes, and can heartily recommend it to the public as the most remedial agent of the kind that we have used.—*S. F. Medical Literary Journal*.

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

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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.

Mail and Telegraph.

Alaska

WASHINGTON, March 5.—Senator Butler to-day reported a bill from the Committee on Territories for the organization of the Territory of Alaska and the establishment of a civil Government therefor. The bill provides for the appointment of a Governor, Chief Justice, Surveyor General and Secretary, by the President.—These officers, together with the Collector of Customs for the district of Alaska are to constitute for the first years the operations of a Government Legislative Council, and are empowered to provide Legislation required to put the Government into operation and to perfect the necessary details for working a Territorial Government. Their authority as a Legislative Council under the bill, is to continue until otherwise provided by Congress. The bill authorizes the Executive Council to divide the Territory into counties and to provide for the registration of voters, all male residents over 21 years of age, including Indians who speak the English language intelligently and adopt civilized habits. Citizens of the United States by nativity or naturalization or by terms of the treaty with Russia and who have resided in the Territory six months prior to any election, shall be qualified to vote. The bill also provides for the election of a Delegate to Congress on such day as the Government may appoint. The Judicial powers of the Territory under the bill are to be vested in a Supreme Court and five inferior Courts. Justices of the inferior Courts are to be appointed by the Legislative Council.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 8.—The Call this morning publishes the result of inquiries regarding the recent movements in military circles in this city, from which it appears that all the arms of the 2nd Regiment of the National guard have been removed from the various company armories and deposited in the old City Hall or Central Police Station, where a guard of a Lieutenant and ten men of a company of the 2nd Regiment is kept over them. Companies B and C of the 1st Regiment have been concentrated at the armory of the latter company, and the arms of company G of the 2nd Regiment have been placed in their charge. An officer's guard is now mounted nightly at the armory of the 3d Regiment, which is allowed to retain its arms. The armory of the 1st Regiment is closely guarded and no one allowed to enter. The arms of the three cavalry companies have been removed from their armory, to what locality it is unknown, but probably to the old City Hall. Camp regulations have been established, and grand rounds visit the various posts nightly. The arms only of the 2d Regiment have been removed from the armories, and guards are detailed every night to watch over their company property. The 3d Regiment has been concentrated at the Olympic club building, and those companies of the 1st not accommodated at the armory of company C are at the Regiment headquarters, corner of Howard and New Montgomery streets. Gen. McDowell, commanding the division of the Pacific, was telegraphed yesterday from Washington to bring all the available troops in his division to San Francisco, and companies amounting in all to 500 men are already en route, with more to follow, probably 1,500 altogether.

It is impossible to find out by whose orders these movements of the National guard are made, as the officers refuse to give any information, but it is conjectured that the movements are under the direction of Gen. McDowell, and are due to representations made to Washington authorities by Colonel Bee, vice Coesul of the Chinese, regarding the supposed danger in which the Chinese stand. It is understood that the present precautions will be maintained until such time as some settlement of the existing agitation is arrived at, and at least until the question of the Constitutionality of the law forbidding corporations to employ Chinese has been decided by the United States Courts and the question of the condemnation of Chinatown settled.

The 2d Regiment are disposed to view the removal of their arms with indignation, and many members assert that it is an insult to the Regiment, whose loyalty to the State and to the cause of law and order is unquestioned. The reason assigned by the officers for the act is that the arms of the Regiment, being scattered around at a number of company armories,

are liable to seizure in the event of an unexpected movement: by the disorderly classes, and that their removal to the old City Hall is merely precautionary and not intended as any reflection upon the character of the Regiment.

The workmen are considerably excited over these movements, and many of them assert that the authorities are trying to force a quarrel on them. Others say that the movement is designed to bluff the board of health in the matter of the condemnation of Chinatown, while still others hold that the whole thing is due to unfounded fears of the authorities.

Placards are being posted in prominent places about the city warning the employers of Chinese to desist from the practise, and vaguely hinting at terrible consequences in the event of refusal.—Pointed reference is also made to the condition of the unemployed. They are signed, "Council of Thirteen."

Company J, 1st regular cavalry, and part of Company G, of the 8th infantry, arrived this morning from Camp Halleck, Nevada, and proceeded to the Presidio.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 9.—The manifesto of the citizens protective union, published this morning, seems to be received with much satisfaction in business circles, and the general expression is that it is time something of the kind should be done. The following pledge is being circulated and is receiving numerous signatures:

City Protective Union: We, the undersigned, hereby pledge ourselves to assist in all lawful ways the authorities in the preservation of public peace and the maintenance of order and protection of lives and property of our fellow citizens, and for these purposes we associate ourselves together.

These rolls are not opened in public places, but are taken around by parties designated for that purpose, about one hundred and fifty of whom are engaged in the work, and signatures are sought among those only who are known to be in sympathy with the organization and its purposes. What view the working men take of the matter has not been ascertained, but Kearney was seen this morning packing a brand new Winchester rifle with its adjuncts, and in reply to a question said it was intended for a mantle ornament.

During the day about 150 men have been engaged in obtaining signatures to the roll of the Citizens' Protective Union with decided success. To a very considerable extent the project finds favor with the business classes, though many question the necessity or wisdom of such a movement. The Bulletin this evening treats the subject editorially under the heading of "Organizing Prosperity," taking ground that the organization means just what it says, viz: Preservation of public peace, protection of life and property, restoration of confidence in the security of life and property from all violence, and restoration of legitimate commerce, industries and business of the people by peaceful methods within the law, and approves the undertaking as tending to act as a safeguard against both mob violence and vicious Legislation. It may be said that there are many who do not accept the Bulletin's view of the real intent of the organization, but assume that something of a more radical nature is contemplated, hinting at ordering incendiary agitators out of the city or even more pronounced measures. It is difficult to learn anything more regarding the plans of the union than is set forth in its manifesto. If there are any secrets among the promoters they are well kept.

The Post this evening publishes the following brief reference to the subject:

We have a strong municipal and State Government, quite able and willing to suppress any unlawful assemblage whether its headquarters are at the sand lot or in secret chambers.

The workmen have not yet been heard from.

Kearney was interviewed to-night on the subject of the Vigilance Committee and kindred matters. He is defiant and evidently looks on the present excitement as furnishing him with fresh weapons. He says that the workmen are peaceable and law abiding, that the city is entirely safe in their hands, and that it is only Chinese employers and stock gamblers who threaten to make any trouble. He affects to treat the formation of a Vigilance Committee with contempt, and to believe that they will not dare to molest him; but it is noticeable that he has made a perfect arsenal of his residence. This morning he bought a Winchester repeating rifle, which he keeps in his

sleeping room, and both of his brothers, who live with him, are provided with revolvers and shot-guns. Kearney declares his intention of keeping up the agitation, and swears that if violence is used to stop him speedy and terrible vengeance will be taken. As a counter to the action of the Vigilantes, he proposes to hold all the employers of Chinese labor responsible for their action, and declares his intention of making a list of two hundred names of whoever he has reason to suspect of being concerned in it and reading it at the sand lots.—Every one of those men who do not clear themselves of the suspicion that they are prime movers will be denounced as assassins and marked for retribution.

Kearney made a brief speech at a large meeting at Irish-American hall this evening, in which he took substantially the above ground and attacked bitterly the men who are supposed to be prominent in the vigilante movement. The crowd applauded his threats vociferously.

The board of supervisors last night finally passed the order increasing the police force.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 10.—Mayor Killoch has issued a proclamation which is published in the morning papers as follows:

I deem it my duty to the city over whose welfare I have been called to preside, and to the public at large, which is being infamously deceived by incendiary misrepresentations as to our situation, to declare in the most emphatic and public manner that there is not and never has been the slightest reason to apprehend any disturbance, riot or lawlessness whatever from the working class of San Francisco. If trouble comes it will not come from them. Most inexcusable and outrageous means are being used by designing men to goad them into riotous demonstrations, but they will fail. They are as they have proved themselves to be under most trying provocations, the law abiding and peace preserving portion of our population. I vouch to the world for them that they will so continue, and I further declare, however people abroad may be imposed upon, that the people of this city see through all the transparent humbuggery of military interference, police increase and inflammatory circulars, and will wait their Constitutional day of judgment to peaceably but effectively consign their authors to that political infamy which they most richly deserve.

I. W. KALLOCH,
Mayor.

Albert M. Snyder

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THREE MONTHS PAY.

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

Soldiers' Additional Homesteads.

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

PENSIONS FOR OLD AND LATE WARS.

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

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Refers to Delegate T. H. Brents of W. T., Senators L. F. Grover, Jas. H. Slater and Representative John Whiteaker of Oregon.

WEEKLY

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