

Puget Sound Dispatch.

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Puget Sound Dispatch.

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Official Directory.

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Attorney at Law.

Prosecuting Attorney Third Judicial District.

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Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

SEATTLE, W. T.

Office on Commercial street, west side.

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M. G. STRUVE, JOHN LEARY,

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SEATTLE, W. T.

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LARRABEE & HANFORD.

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Attorney-at-Law.

SNOHOMISH, W. T.

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Notice to Creditors.

In the District Court holding terms at Snohomish City, Washington Territory.

James P. Austin vs. His Creditors.

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

Take notice, that pursuant to an order of the Honorable Roger S. Greene, Judge of the said District Court, Notice is hereby given to you and to all other creditors of James P. Austin, of Snohomish County, Washington Territory, to be and appear before the said Judge, at the room where he transacts business, in the City of Seattle, Washington Territory, on the 24th day of April, A. D. 1880, at 2 1/2 o'clock, P. M., of that day, then and there to show cause, if any, why an assignment of the estate of said James P. Austin should not be made and he be discharged from his debts in pursuance of law. In the mean time all proceedings against said James P. Austin and his estate, by his creditors are stayed.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court, this 12th day of March, A. D. 1880.

H. A. GREGORY,

Clerk District Court of Snohomish Co.

18-4w

In Admiralty.

United States of America—Third Judicial District of Washington Territory, ss.

WHEREAS a Libel has been filed in the District Court of the Third Judicial District of Washington Territory, holding terms at Seattle, in King County, on the Twenty-fifth day of March, in the year of our Lord, One Thousand Eight Hundred and Eighty, by F. Parker, Edward Hughes, J. T. Young, Ah Moor, Henry Fohler, Wm. Wahlquist, James Hanson, F. Gallasson, Gust Seabury, Seth Savery, A. Nisen, Andrew Erickson and Robert Fall, late mariners on board the American Bark "Northwest," her tackle, apparel and furniture, of which said Bark, J. W. Farnham now is, or late was, Master, alleging in substance: That on or about the 9th day of December, A. D. 1879, at the port of San Francisco, in the State of California, each of said Libellants duly shipped upon and into the service of the said Bark, her Master and owners, to proceed upon a voyage to Port Madison, within said District, there to load cargo and return to said port of San Francisco; That for the reasons mentioned and set forth in said Libel filed, the said voyage was fully terminated at Port Madison aforesaid, and all of said seamen discharged from the said service; That said Libellants, and each of them, are entitled to be paid their wages due at the time of their said discharge, together with a reasonable compensation for their time, food, lodging and expenses in returning to their port of shipment from and after said discharge; That at the time of their said discharge, there was due, over and above all payments and legal deductions, to each of said Libellants, as follows:

F. Parker.....	\$120 00
Edward Hughes.....	156 03
J. T. Young.....	125 30
Ah Moor.....	50 80
Henry Fohler.....	86 30
Wm. Wahlquist.....	82 00
James Hanson.....	81 75
F. Gallasson.....	82 55
Gust Seabury.....	83 80
Seth Savery.....	85 80
A. Nisen.....	87 30
Andrew Erickson.....	88 80
Robert Fall.....	96 80

And praying process against said vessel, her tackle, apparel and furniture, and that the same may be condemned and sold to pay the said wages, damages, compensation and expenses with costs;

Now, therefore, in pursuance of the motion, under the seal of said Court, to me directed and delivered, I do hereby give

PUBLIC NOTICE

To all persons claiming the said vessel, her tackle, apparel and furniture, or in any manner interested therein, that they be and appear before the said Court to be held at the City of Seattle, in said District, on the

First Monday of May next,

The same being the Third day of said Month, at Ten O'clock, in the forenoon of the same day, then and there to interpose their claims and make their allegations in that behalf.

Dated the 26th day of March, A. D. 1880.

CHARLES HOPKINS,

U. S. Marshal.

By L. V. WYCKOFF,

Deputy U. S. Marshal.

STRUVE & LEARY for Libellants. 19-4w

A Foul Slander.

A more malicious slanderer, a more un-conscionable liar, a man more utterly oblivious to all the decencies and amenities of social life, or more utterly devoid of shame than Thomas W. Prosch, the ostensible editor of the *Intelligencer*, we have never known as holding any responsible position upon a public journal. No one with any self-respect can hold controversy with a creature so base; but when he uses his journal with intent to defame and blacken private character, it becomes as much a matter of duty to defend against and repel the assault, as it is to resist attempted robbery, assassination or arson. Every honorable member of society holds his personal character more dear than any other possession. The defamer by vocation above named, has on several occasions assailed us with the foulest slanders, for which there was not the slightest foundation in truth. With all the particularity belonging to fact, he published us as having committed a forgery, specifically stating circumstances and incidents in that connection which were pure inventions without a color of truth. For that malicious crime, he was indicted by the grand jury and only escaped conviction and punishment by a ruling of the Court, that the statutes being silent as to the measure of punishment, it was not in the province of the Court to impose any. The escaped convict again vents his unscrupulous malice in the following:

"Fifteen years ago to day was an exciting and perilous time in the life of an aged individual now a resident of Seattle, and not without cause was it so either. He was then a blatant traitor in the city of San Francisco, the loyal people of which, in their indignation at the killing of Lincoln, tried very hard to get hold of him for the purpose of hanging him. His flight on that occasion was little, if any, more glorious than the attempted escape from the Union soldiery of Jeff. Davis, in petticoats, a few days after."

Every body in this community knows that these remarks were intended for the editor of the DISPATCH, whose property was destroyed on the occasion alluded to by an insensate mob composed exclusively of the vilest wretches who could be raked out of the slums of the city, without any cause or provocation whatever. Our notice of the assassination of Lincoln, issued and circulated over the city before the mob outrage, published in the *Democratic Press*, April 15, 1865, was literally and identically as follows:

Assassination of the President.

No event of the present century has sent such a thrill of horror through the hearts of the people, as the announcement that the President of the United States and his chief Minister have simultaneously met their deaths by assassination. Such an event at any time, and under any circumstances, could not but create a profound sensation; but at the present moment, when all parties were rejoicing in the prospect of a restoration of peace and unity, that the man in whom, above all others, were centered the hopes of the Nation, should be suddenly stricken down by the hands of assassins, shrouds the affair and its consequences in the deepest gloom, regarded by all considerate men as a National calamity, bearing more depressingly upon none than those who have heretofore opposed the policy of Mr. Lincoln's administration. It is no time to speculate upon the causes or ultimate consequences of this act; we can only feel that the head of the Nation, by the suffrages of millions, is stricken out of being without an instant's warning by the assassin's hand. It matters not what were our personal sentiments or party relations to the illustrious dead, we remember but the high position of trust to which he was called by the deliberate choice of the people, and bow with saddened heart to the popular verdict to do fit homage to his memory.

This article was, on the following day, copied and endorsed by the *Bulletin*, *Call* and *Alla*. There was not a Republican of respectable standing in San Francisco who did not condemn the mobbing of our office as entirely unprovoked. The leading Republican lawyers, including J. B. Felton, Frank M. Pixley, Judge Stowe and others, offered their services gratuitously to prosecute the ring-leaders for damages, but a searching investigation failed to connect a single responsible man with the felon act: it proved to be the exclusive work of the lowest and most ignorant rabble, instigated, undoubtedly, by cowardly scoundrels of the character of those who revive its reminiscence for malicious misrepresentation. There being no law then in force to make the city liable for mob damages, the next State Legislature passed such an act, every Republican Senator and all but two or three members of the House voting for the bill. Under that act John B. Felton, then Chairman of the Republican State Central Committee, prosecuted a suit for us against the city, for which he charged no fee, a judgment was obtained and paid. All these facts were well known to every intelligent man connected with the public press upon this coast, and it we had been a "blatant traitor," or had afforded any excuse whatever for mob violence, the subsequent events mentioned would not have occurred.

In this connection, we may mention the fact that we have a file, including every number of the paper which we published in San Francisco. It is open to the inspection of any respectable man who chooses to examine it, and we challenge the production of a single sentence, uttered or endorsed by us, favoring secession, justifying treason, denying the right of the Federal Government to prosecute a war for the maintenance of the Union or suggesting any terms of peace but upon a Union basis. We were never molested, nor our business interfered with by the military or civil authorities, or assailed in any way but by lawless force; or our personal character ever assailed but by persons far below us in the scale of social recognition. Our patriotism and fidelity to the Union was uniformly recognized by persons high in authority who were personally cognizant of our political status. The following invitation would never have been extended to a "blatant traitor":

"NATIONAL LINCOLN MONUMENT ASSOCIATION.
SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Sept. 26, 1874.
BERIAH BROWN, Esqr.
Seattle, W. T.

The National Lincoln Monument Association begs leave to tender you a most cordial invitation to be present and participate in the ceremonies connected with the unveiling of the Statue upon the Monument erected in memory of ABRAHAM LINCOLN, which will take place at the city of Springfield, on Thursday, the 15th day of October, 1874.
JOHN M. PALMER,
Chairman C. m. m. t. Arrangement."

During our ten years' residence on Puget Sound, we have had abundant and repeated proofs of the confidence and high esteem of all who are themselves respectable, and ample assurance that no intelligent man here credits the oft-repeated slander that the mob by which we suffered in San Francisco fifteen years ago, was provoked by any disloyal act or utterance of ours, or by any expression of sympathy with the assassin of the President.

To a man nearly approaching the ordinary limit of human life, with little left to him but a record of nearly half a century of active public duties without a single dishonorable or disreputable act inscribed upon it, to be called upon to defend himself against a printed and broadly circulated charge of being guilty of the highest degree of felony recognized by the laws—the crime of treason—though based only upon an incident in which he was the victim and not the aggressor—is not a pleasant duty to discharge; but it is nevertheless a duty which he owes to himself, to his family and to society, all of whom are sufferers by the stigma; and the man who makes such charges, unsupported by any testimony to sustain them, is a social pariah, to be detested and shunned by all who have any regard for social order or personal decency.

Democratic Platform for Oregon.

The Democratic party of the State of Oregon in Convention assembled, profoundly sensible of the important consequences depending upon the immediate result of their deliberations, do declare and reassert the principles of popular liberties and rights laid down by Washington, Jefferson and other founders of the Republic. We believe the tendencies of the Republican party to centralization and consolidation are contrary to the principles of our institutions; we insist on unity, fraternity and concord, and that the issues formed by the war shall not be revived. We demand honest elections and an honest count of the vote. Never again by fraud or force shall the popular will be set aside by unscrupulous partisans. That we are unqualifiedly opposed to any one holding the office of President of the United States for three terms.

Resolved, 1. That we favor honesty, efficiency and economy in every department of the government, State and Federal.

2. That all property should bear its just proportion of taxation, and we favor the enactment of such laws as will accomplish this end.

3. That we favor the equal protection of the rights of labor and capital under just laws, thereby lessening the burdens and increasing the advantages of the working people.

4. That we claim as amongst the powers reserved to the States, the right to pass at any time by their Legislatures, laws designed to prevent common carriers from making unjust discriminations against persons and places.

5. That we favor the maintenance of the public schools, the hope and pride of a free State.

6. That the Democracy demand free and fair elections, and to that end denounce all interference with elections by the military power; that the experience of this and other countries has abundantly proved that the presence of troops at the polls is destructive of the freedom of elections and is incompatible with the existence of free institutions.

7. That the efforts of the Republican party to open and keep alive the war feeling between the North and the South are to be condemned by every lover of his country.

8. That we favor continued lawful agitation on the subject of Mongolian emigration to this country, until the Federal government is moved to modify our treaties with the Chinese empire so as to prohibit it, and thus save those of our fellow citizens who depend upon labor for support from unjust and degrading competition. We condemn and denounce in the severest terms the veto of R. B. Hayes of the bill limiting Chinese immigration to this country, and this experience shows that the people have no hope for relief from the scourge except from a Democratic President.

9. That we regard with alarm the recent decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States as having been made in the interest of the Republican party, and intended to blot out the last vestige of State rights, centralize and consolidate the Federal union, and change it to an empire.

10. That we hold to the Constitution with all its amendments, but we insist on an interpretation of the amendments in consonance with the spirit of the original instrument.

11. That we pledge our earnest endeavors to upholding a system of untrammelled suffrage absolutely free from Federal force and supervision.

12. That the Democracy oppose all favoritism and class legislation. No single interest or class of persons should be protected at the expense of others.

13. That we are opposed to any and all protective tariffs, and are in favor of a tariff for revenue only, and we pledge the Democratic party to abolish all restrictions upon commerce as soon as practicable.

Puget Sound Dispatch.

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

The Sailor's Wife.

BY NATHAN D. URNER.

"One kiss before I go," he cried,
"To stem the stormy sea!"
Then from his home to darkness hid,
But not a tear dropped free.
She watched the boat-light fade to naught,
She watched the ship-light go,
And then her cottage lone she sought
With saddened steps and slow.
And "It's woe," she sang to her fretting babe,
"It is woe for the sailor's wife,
With the parting fears, too sad for tears,
And the watching, waiting life!
But hushaby, hushaby, baby mine,
'Tis a mother's love behind,
And a strong hand guides the ship that rides
The seas in the wintry wind."
"Come, kiss and kiss," he cries in glee,
"To pay for partings all!"
As cottageward he nines from sea,
While fast her tear-drops fall.
The ship-light dances on the wave,
The boat-light at the chain,
While ruddily gleams the casement brave,
As homeward lie the twin.
And "It's oh," she sings to her crowing babe,
"It is oh for the sailor's wife,
With the welcome's home, and the tears that
come,
And the earg and joyous life!
So laughaby, laughaby, baby mine,
Here is father home from the sea;
And there's joy evermore on wave and shore
When together go I bring the three!"
Twixt wifely kiss and bearded lip,
That more than welcome crown,
Soft, chubby hands, up reaching, flip
To pull the whiskers down.
The kettle sings, the kitten purrs,
The house-dog barks and springs,
And the old clock on the chimney stirs
With a sound of rustling wings.

The Paradoxical Paradoxes.

"Only three short years since we furnished this parlor together," said Mrs. Paradox, "and now—"
"Yes, now!" echoed Mr. Paradox, resolutely thrusting his hands deep down into his pockets. "Things are altered now, Abby Jane!"
"Only three years," said Mrs. Paradox, sorrowfully.
"Three years of cat-and-dog quarreling," commented her husband, grimly.
"You said the pink damask window curtains were just the color of my cheeks!" faltered Mrs. Paradox.
"And even then, if you'll be good enough to recall the fact to your memory, Mrs. P.," remarked her husband, "we couldn't agree as to the pattern of the carpet, nor whether the walls should be kalsomined or papered!"
"We never have agreed," assented Mrs. Paradox, with pursed-up lips.
"And never shall!" said Mr. Paradox.
"Perhaps it's better, on the whole, that we are to separate," said the lady.
"Oh, altogether," acquiesced the gentleman, rattling the money indifferently in his pocket.
"We never were suited to one another," sighed Mrs. Paradox.
"Couldn't have been worse matched if we had tried for it," remarked the husband.
"It's a pity we hadn't found it out before we were married," said Mrs. Paradox.
"Better late than never," said Mr. Paradox.
"You said you loved me," said Mrs. Paradox.
"Well, I thought I did."
"I might have known that 'men were deceivers ever,'" quoted the wife.
"Oh, come now, Abby Jane, that isn't fair," said Mr. Paradox. "Our first quarrel was when you turned Rover out of the parlor—the old Newfoundland that had saved my life."
"No, it wasn't!" said Abby with spirit; "it was when you called my aunt Anastasia 'an old bore,' and said you wouldn't take her to the Wednesday evening prayer meeting!" My aunt Anastasia, with property, and a temper like an angel's!"
"That's all very well," said Mr. Paradox, "but you seem to have forgotten that you treated my friend Dickens as though he were a house-breaker, when I brought him unexpectedly to dinner."
"You refused to take me to the seaside when Dr. Dobkins said that the waters were essential to my health," flashed out the lady.
"You wouldn't consent to have my mother come and live with us," retorted Mr. Paradox, twitching his moustache.
"If your mother's temper was half as bad as yours—" began Mrs. Paradox, flushing up to the very roots of her hair.
"There you go again," said Mr. Paradox, beginning to pace savagely up and down the room. "Who on earth could be expected to put up with this sort of thing?"
"You'll not have to put up with it much longer," said Mrs. Paradox, drawing herself up.
"Thank goodness, no," said Mr. Paradox.
"The lawyers will arrange all that," enunciated the lady.
"The sooner the better," said her husband.
"Of course it will make a dreadful

scandal, me going home to mama, and all!" faltered Mrs. Paradox.
"Not at all," said Mr. Paradox; "separations are common things nowadays."
"And I dare say," cried out the wife, "that as soon as you get to the horrid place that you're going to, you'll be making love to some other woman."
"Not I," said Mr. Paradox, quite unmoved by his spouse's taunts. "I've had quite enough of that sort of thing, thank you."
"Here's the lawyer, coming to draw up the papers," said Mrs. Paradox, looking out from between the rose-colored damask curtains, "and I'm glad of it."
"So am I," said Mr. Paradox, with flinty-hearted callousness.
"You're a brute!" cried the wife.
"So you have often remarked before," said the husband, biting off the end of a cigar.
"That's no reason you should insult me by smoking in my presence."
"Do not be afraid, madam—you have already taken quite sufficient opportunity to inform me of your aversion to my habits."
And only the entrance of the lawyer sufficed to arrest impending hostilities. It was quite true.
Mr. and Mrs. Paradox, after a union of three years, had agreed that they couldn't agree, and were to sign a legal separation.
It was altogether the best thing—in fact, the only one, they mutually decided.
It had been scold, scold, carp, carp, fret, fret, ever since they had walked out of the church porch.
Domestic peace had long ago folded her wings and floated out of the window; love and tender sympathy had shrunk, startled, away.
And at the end of these three years friends had been called in council, a solemn session of relatives had been held, and Mr. and Mrs. Paradox were going to separate.
"You're sure you don't care for her, Louis?" Paradox's dearest friend and college chum had said to him.
"Oh, that's quite a thing of the past," said Paradox, with a shrug of the shoulders.
"You have ceased to love him, dear?" Mrs. Paradox's mother questioned her child.
"Oh, mamma, long ago!" declared poor little Abby, with streaming eyes.
So the papers were signed, and Mr. and Mrs. Paradox separated in good earnest.
Abby Jane went back to the maternal home, and Mr. Paradox took up his quarters in a hotel, until he could arrange for his final departure.
But the night before he was to sail the waiter came up to his room and announced, "A lady."
"It's my mother," thought Mr. Paradox, who was sitting staring into the red coals of the grate as if they were a riddle that he was trying to read.
But it was not his mother.
"It was his wife!"
"It's only me, Louis," said Abby, trembling all over. "I—I wanted to speak just a word or two to you before you went away—forever!"
"Are you not satisfied with the allowance?" said Mr. Paradox, gloomily.
"Oh, quite, it's more than generous," said Abby, hurriedly. "Only, Louis, I couldn't help telling you one or two things before we part. I was wrong about Rover. He was a noble dog. I should have let him stay, only—only I was a little out of temper that day. And I've asked your mother's pardon for refusing to let her live with us. I think, now, that she would have been a great help, and comfort to me. And I think, Louis, that I should feel better if you would say you forgave me for scolding so much about your cigars! And—"
"Stop!" said Mr. Paradox. "It isn't right, Abby, that all the apologies should be on your side. I've been wrong myself!"
"Oh, no, Louis, no!" cried out the little wife, bursting into tears.
"Yes, I was—about your aunt," declared Paradox.
"She was a dreadfully trying old creature," owned Abby, "and I knew it all the time."
"But I should have treated her civilly!" persisted Mr. Paradox. "And I shall always regret, Abby, that I did not give you that season at the seaside."
"Dear Louis, don't talk so! All I ask of you is to forget and forgive my horrid temper," besought Mrs. Paradox.
"If there is any forgiveness," said the husband, with softening eyes, "it is I that need it. I have acted like a fool."
"We have both been foolish," timidly suggested the wife.
"But because we have been idiots, it don't follow that we need be for the future," said Mr. Paradox, holding out both his hands. "Abby, shall I go, or shall I stay? Speak quickly; it is for you to decide."
"Stay," whispered Mrs. Paradox. He folded her close to his breast.
"Little wife," he said, "let us go down to old Parchment's office and tear up those papers of separation."
"I don't care how soon you do it," said Mrs. Paradox, laughing and crying in the same breath.
"And then?"
"And then," said Mrs. Paradox, twisting the second button of her husband's coat round and round, "we will begin life over again—on an altogether new platform."
And that was the end of the legal separation.
Of course there was a general gust of gossip about it; people said that "it

was very strange that the Paradoxes didn't know their own minds."
But Mr. and Mrs. Paradox were suited, and after all, that was the main thing.—FRANK LESLIE'S, JR., *Pictorial*.

Harvard's Chinese Professor.

There is a Chinese professor at Harvard, and he is a gentleman and a scholar. A lady who, in company with several others, called on him, describes, in the *Wide Awake*, how courteously she was received. She says:
We thought it more respectful to wait standing, and such was our attitude when without a moment's delay, the Mandarin came in having hastened at once, as did his wife on the former occasion, to welcome his guests, quite unlike our inhospitable and uncourteous custom of keeping a visitor waiting.
He advanced with gracious and cordial manner, and as the strangers of the party were presented to him by name, he fixed the identity of each one by the cards he held in his hand, and then begged us to "Take seats!"
He was in home dress, like any gentleman who might have come out of his study in his dressing-gown; but how unlike in the fabric and color and fashion thereof!
Prof. Ko Kun-Hua was like an Oriental picture, a personage out of Lalla Rookh, or something quite apart from our commonplace world, in a robe of pale blue flowered crape, lovely, delicate and lustrous, a silvery azure, falling in a soft, graceful way over a brocade silk skirt of the peculiar yellow green which is known in the fashion-plates as "faled-leaf" color; in this attire the refinement of his features and slightness of his form were more apparent than when in his visiting costume.
The interpreter, who is also a servant came immediately and took his position, standing several feet from his superior; and soon Mrs. Ko Kun-Hua entered, dressed as when I first saw her, followed by the two little girls.
And on my remarking that I had not seen the baby, the professor, understanding my words, smiled and said something to his wife, which seemed to be asking if the baby could be seen, to which she, half-laughing, and giving her head a slight toss, seemed to answer, "I don't care."
So the interpreter disappeared for a moment, and returned leading a tiny girl, two years old, a diminutive specimen of a Chinese woman, a wee thing with a round, grave face, and clad in indigo-blue clothes figured with white, like some of those India silks which were so much worn a few years ago.
The little thing stood quietly holding fast to his hand, and solemnly contemplated us—fantastically attired creatures that we were to her eyes.

A Model Theater.

A great national opera house is to be built on the Thames embankment in London, that it is expected will be a model theater. The cost will be \$750,000. The plan on which it is to be built is rather a strange one. Each shareholder on taking a share receives five per cent interest, and in addition is allowed to nominate the life of anybody he chooses. The annual income of the opera house is divided ratably among the shareholders, and, as each of the so appointed lives or nominees decease, those shareholders only whose nominees survive continue to divide ratably the annual income, until eventually the shareholder whose nominee survives all the others becomes entitled to all the property; but, until this occurs, every year brings him in from twenty or thirty to fifty per cent, as the case may be. Each shareholder has a right to name a life in respect to each of his shares, and in order to expedite matters so that the tontine may be determined upon within a respectable time, no life is to be nominated that is under sixty years; so, when the next ten, twelve or fifteen years have passed away, the lucky winner will be able to enjoy his property.—*Detroit Press*.

A foreign journal states that in a recent experiment thirty-seven cats belonging in the city of Liege, Belgium, were taken in bags a long distance into the country. The animals were released at two o'clock in the afternoon, and at 6:48 of the same day one of them reached its home. His feline companions arrived at Liege somewhat later, but within twenty-four hours every one had reached its home. It is now proposed to substitute cats for carrier pigeons, and to establish a regular system of cat communication between Liege and the neighboring villages.

The most agreeable of all companions is a simple, frank man, without any high pretensions to an oppressive greatness; one who loves life, and understands the use of it; obliging alike, at all hours, above all, of a golden temper, and steadfast as an anchor. For such an one we gladly exchange the greatest genius, the most brilliant wit, the profoundest thinker.

There are only two people who have a right to put you aside—your doctor and your sexton. No one else. It is ignominious to see men sitting down in indolence simply because they are growing old.

Marie Louise, second wife of the great Napoleon, prided herself on her ability to twist her ears into strange shapes by a peculiar movement of her jaws. Mr. Kearney, the eminent naturalist, could probably have classed her among the lop-eared pelicans.—*Elmira Free Press*.

Annexation of Canada.

Archbishop Lynch, of Toronto, in a public lecture, advises the Canadians to avoid annexation with the United States. The advice is good—for the United States. If the Canadians prefer to live in the kitchen in preference to walking into the American parlor, the present inmates of the latter part of the domicils can endure it. But it is barely possible the good and loyal bishop does not reflect the sentiments of the Canadians. So far as we know, the best of feeling exists between the people of the United States and Canada, and if the union of the two countries is ever effected, it will be likely to prove to be a congenial one. It is really a question that involves commercial rather than political considerations. As General Grant sagaciously remarked in his conversations with John Russell Young during his trip around the world, the acquisition of the possessions of the British on the North American continent would really be of no advantage to the United States. We are getting all the benefit now we could possibly have after they were annexed. This country does not need territorial enlargement. We have now all that we want and more than we have so far been able to utilize or govern discreetly. The annexation of Mexico upon the south or Canada upon the north would not give us any commercial advantages in particular, and would increase the burdens of government; especially in the case of Mexico. The benefits would mainly be on the other side. Take, for instance, Canada and the provinces of the dominion. Out of that territory two or three good sized states could be formed, each with its two senators, and one or more representatives in Congress. Each state would be free within its own sphere like any other state of the Union. The new states would become homogeneous with the rest. The national laws would prevail over all. The national currency would circulate; the custom houses would be abolished; the fisheries question would be settled, and all cause for irritation would be ended. We would buy their lumber and sell them our products, such as they now import from us. Our railroad, telegraph, express and postal systems would spread over their country, and thus their interests and ours would become mutual, and undoubtedly both sides would be benefited, but the Canadians to a far greater extent than the people of the United States.

It may or it may not be "manifest destiny," as many patriotic and zealous American citizens have been fond of imagining, that Canada will become absorbed into our system of federated states, but the idea is undoubtedly popular upon both sides of the line, and there are many reasons for believing it will be consummated. Commercial considerations will be the chief incentive to such a movement. Whatever pays best a commercial people are apt to do. If the Canadians can benefit themselves by annexation, and improve their material as well as their social condition, they will be quite likely to bring it about despite Bishop Lynch's appeal to their love of country. The country would be theirs after annexation as much as it is now. Annexation does not mean conquest or subjugation, but simply a change of form of government. Instead of a governor general sent over from the old country they would elect their own governors, as well as maintain their local state governments in even greater freedom than they now enjoy. Annexation, the more it is studied by the Canadians, will lose much of its repugnance to the lovers of country and will appeal to the better judgment of every good citizen of the Dominion.—*Hawkeye*.

Anecdote of Alexandre Dumas.

Some years ago a merchant of Lyons was returning from Paris to his natal city. In the same compartment with him sat a tall fellow, lively, talkative and full of *gasconade*; but on the whole, the best and most amusing traveling companion one could wish for.

On alighting at Lyons, the merchant, charmed by the taking manner and by the gayety of his neighbor, exclaimed:
"By Jove, sir, I am glad to have made your acquaintance! You are a good fellow, a charming fellow! Can't you talk though! Come let us make a trade, will you?"
"Well, what kind of a trade?"
"Come and dine with me; at the desert we will speak about it. I have an idea—will you come?"
"Very well—but I will pay my share, I insist upon it."
"As you please; what an amazing fellow he is! Ah, but I like you!"
Accordingly they took dinner together, during which the merchant offered the tall fellow a position as commercial traveler for his house; that was his idea.
"You have just the qualities required," said he; "you will make your way."
"But my dear sir—"
"Come, now, how do you live?"
"Pooh! on very little!"
"Well, how much do you make a year in your branch?"
"From twenty thousand to thirty thousand francs."
"Goodness sakes alive! but what do you do?" asked the other, disappointed.
"Oh, I scribble on sheets of paper with a pen!"
"Ah, bah—you are joking again, you rogue! But what is your name?"
"Alexandre Dumas!"
Tableau.—*Paris Theater*.

Funny Men.

The man who professes to be amusing is usually such a bore that we overlook his wit when he has any. Small jokers, like great talkers, are more plague than pleasure. They worry us when we want rest, and are so afraid of our missing their point that they extinguish any possible amusement by over stating, if not by explaining it. For company, the sprightly man is better than the witty man, and the sprightly woman better than either; but who ever heard of a funny woman? Yet, on the average, women greatly exceed men both in liveliness and in wit. A good joker should have a short memory, both lest he should remember and repeat the jokes of others, and lest he should be troubled by remembering them when he repeats his own. If he has constantly to think whether he said this or that in the same company before, he will lose all the freshness which is an important element in his success. It is no doubt a mistake consciously to repeat, but when it is done unconsciously it is of very little consequence, so long as the repetition is merely verbal. The best fun does not bear repetition or description, but vanishes when written down. All Sydney Smith's recorded jokes would not account for the great reputation he had as a wit; but it was well said of him, as of many another funny man of slighter pretensions, that after you have been in his company you remember not so much the witty things he said, as the amount of laughing you yourself have undergone. It is here that the distinction comes which must be drawn between good things and fun. A good thing is by no means always funny; when it is funny it is often ill-natured toward somebody present, and to have a laugh at it may disturb enjoyment in its favor. The alderman complained to Coleridge that in consequence of the poet's joking he had swallowed a magnificent piece of fat without tasting it. We confess the deepest sympathy with that alderman. Could we but learn his name, it would be enshrined in the tablets of our memory. He was not stupid; he could see a point—only too well, indeed, for his own comfort. He had come to eat, not to laugh, and he wished to be allowed to choose his own time for either pursuit.

To be funny without ill-nature is not a common gift. It is but too easy to see and remark the weaknesses of other people. Many funny men have no friends because every one is afraid of them. It is their misfortune to say biting things, to wound the susceptibilities of unoffending neighbors and to give nicknames which stick. To be able to suppress a joke is, in some cases, much better than to be able to make one. If a man is able to hold his tongue rather than wound, the chances are he can command his wit and be as funny as he pleases when occasion demands. Such a person is invaluable at a dull party or when others are melancholy or tired. He is able to relieve anxiety, to comfort sorrow, to brighten the wettest of days and be cheerful under the most cheerless circumstances. If he knew how to temper his wit, he may be a beneficent visitor everywhere. He must have sympathy for the sorrowful, and be able to enter into the views of people who differ widely from himself, not only in opinion and natural gifts, but in attainments and in experience. He will often find comedy and tragedy as closely allied as they are in Shakespeare, who well knew, as indeed every true artist must know, how inseparable they are.—*London Saturday Review*.

That Boy Corn-Raiser.

It seems that the one thousand four hundred and four pounds of corn raised by young Milliken in Maine, for which he took the first premium offered by Stillman B. Allen, Esq., of Boston, was one thousand four hundred and four pounds of ears, and not of grain. This was grown on one-eighth of an acre, making the actual yield about one hundred and sixty bushels to the acre. The average crop of all the contestants, eight in number, was at the rate of one hundred bushels and four quarts to the acre. Yet the premium offered by Frank W. Miller of Portsmouth, N. H., of one hundred dollars in gold to any farmer in that State who would raise one hundred bushels of shelled corn to the acre has never been called for. We have been trying, of course, for the past ten years to get such a crop, but have not yet achieved success. We intend to keep to work at it, for notwithstanding so many failures, we believe it can be done. We have several times gone over eighty bushels, and the large proportion of short and imperfect ears in such crops shows plainly that if a full growth is got more than one hundred bushels to the acre will result.—*Watchman*.

The best lawyers always tell the best stories, and with none the less zest when at their own expense. Not long ago Counselor C— was before Surrogate Calvin in a case where the question involved was as to the mental condition of the testatrix. The witness under examination, herself an aged lady, had testified to finding Mrs. Seaman failing, childish, and that when she told her something she looked as if she didn't understand. Counselor C—, cross-examining, tried to get her to describe this look, but she didn't succeed very well in doing so. At last, getting a little impatient, he asked: "Well, how did she look? did she look at you as I am looking at you now, for instance?" The witness very demurely replied: "Well, yes; kind of vacant like."

Andrew Jackson's Wife.

[A Letter, just printed for the first time, in the Cincinnati Commercial.]

FEBRUARY 8, 1813.

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

You will say that this is not the language of a patriot, but it's the language of a faithful wife, one I know you esteem & love sincerely, but Oh! how many pangs, how many heart-rending sighs has your absence cost me. My time passes heavily, & I am not in good health, but I hope to see you once more on this globe, & after this frail life ends, be with you in happier climes, where I shall experience no more painful separation, & then I shall be at rest. I feel a foretaste of the joys that are to the virtuous souls. Gracious God, help me to pray for your happiness. I was delighted to learn you were pleased with Mr. Blackman & the other two clergymen, & the society in general.

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

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

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

RACHEL JACKSON.

MR. A. JACKSON.

POSTOFFICE COURTESIES IN ENGLAND.—An American in England wrote a postal card, which he forgot to address, saying: "We dine with So-and-so," at such a place. The letter carrier went the next day to the place where he was to dine and obtained the address he had neglected to put on the "postal." In the United States the postal card would have gone into the waste basket or the Dead Letter Office.—Exchange.

The electric light has been extended from Charing Cross to Victoria station, a distance which, it is said, would have been ridiculed a twelvemonth ago, being over one and one-third of a mile from the source of power. The twenty-horse steam engine now maintains sixty lights, and bridges over a distance—end to end—of more than two and a half miles.

Moral beauty is the basis of all true beauty. This foundation is somewhat veiled and covered in nature. Art brings it out, and gives it more transparent forms. It is here that art, when it knows well its power and resources, engages in a struggle with nature, in which it may have the advantage.—Victor Cousin.

To set the mind above appetites is the end of abstinence, which one of the Fathers observes to be, not a virtue, but the ground-work of a virtue. By forbearing to do what may innocently be done, we may add hourly new vigor to resolution, and secure the power of resistance when pleasure or interest shall lend their charms to guilt.

Thomas Hood once said, "Charity I hate its very name. It is a mere shield thrown over hateful people. How are we to love those we like properly if we don't hate the others?"

Envelopes were first used in 1839.

What Saved Him.

During the "hard winter" of '77, when thirty thousand unemployed workmen haunted the streets of New York driven to beggary, or too often, to theft, a man rang at the door of a house in one of our largest cities and asked for something to eat. He told a glib story of his discharge from a woolen mill, and said that he had a wife starving not far away.

The mistress of the house made it a rule not to give alms that winter, except after personal examination of the case of each applicant.

She went into the kitchen, and ordered a substantial meal set before the man who ate ravenously.

He was a young, honest-looking fellow, but there were marks of dissipation on his face. Suddenly he dropped his knife and fork, and sat staring at the door.

"Who's that?" he cried; "Johnny! Johnny!"

The lady's little girl, a child of three, had followed her from the nursery, and stood in her white gown in the doorway, her fair curls tumbling over her face. The tramp recovered himself with a hoarse laugh.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "It's your child, of course. I—I haven't seen a child for a long time."

But his food seemed to choke him. In a few moments he started up again in agitation and said,—

"Madam, I am not a workman. I am Jim Floyd, and I was discharged yesterday from Moyamensing prison, where I have served out a sentence for burglary. I was a decent man once. I left my wife and my old mother up in Pottsville, and—my baby."

While he spoke his eyes were fixed on the child with a terrible hunger in them. "Little one," he said, holding out his hands with a piteous entreaty, "shake hands with me, won't you? I wouldn't hurt a hair of your head."

The mother's heart gave a throb. The man was foully dirty, just out of a prison; full, perhaps, of disease.

But the baby (surely God sent it) ran forward smiling, with both hands out. Jim knelt down beside it, the tears rolling down his cheeks. "It is so like Johnny!" he muttered. "It is so like Johnny!"

"You'll go back to Johnny and your wife and old mother?" said the lady.

He would not promise. "It's too late to make a decent man of me," he said, and presently putting on his old cap he went out.

Six months later the lady received an ill-spelled letter from Pottsville. "I am at work here," it said. "That night I had planned to join the boys again. But your little girl saved me. I came home instead. It wasn't too late."

Forgotten Congressmen.

How ephemeral is political fame! Among the thousands who figured in their day as senators and representatives of Congress, the names of but few are familiar to the present generation. Clay, Webster and Calhoun made an impress on the history of their country, which, perhaps, will never be forgotten. The class of statesmen standing next to them in ability are even now almost faded out of the public mind. John Forsyth, of Georgia, was one of the most accomplished off-hand debaters that ever appeared in the United States Senate; yet how few of the 48,000,000 of people now dwelling in this land of ours know that such a man ever lived. William C. Preston, of South Carolina, was an orator of great power and a senator who reflected honor on his state. After his death how soon was he forgotten. Webster's reply to Robert J. Hayne is likely to keep his (Hayne's) memory fresh in the mind of the reader. Otherwise he would have been lost to the recollection of posterity; yet he was one of the most brilliant men of his day.

William T. Barry, of Kentucky, was one of the most eloquent of men, and played a conspicuous part in the politics of his state. It is safe to say that a large majority of the present voters are not apprised of the fact. Felix Grundy, of Tennessee, was noted for eloquence at the bar and in the halls of Congress. It is only the political student or the survivors of the era in which he cut his most prominent figure who know anything about him. Maryland kept Gen. Sam Smith in Congress thirty-nine years, and we venture to say that thousands of the politicians of the present day never heard of him. The same may be said of Nathaniel Macon of North Carolina, who represented that state in Congress thirty-seven years. We might go on and specify a score of others, equally talented and influential in their day and generation, who are but seldom thought of beyond the precincts of their blood relations. If such should be the fate of these distinguished politicians, what is to become of the men who are now strutting on the political stage? A large majority of them will not be remembered five years after they have been consigned to private life. Such is political fame.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

We see by the report of the house committee on carriage, weights and measures, that we are going to have three new coins, the "stella," the twenty-fivegramme silver dollar, and the gold metric dollar. It may be all right, and we suppose it is, but if we had a whole pocket full of stellas, and twenty-five gramme silver dollars, and gold metric dollars, we wouldn't know how many of them nor which kind to put into the box to pay a street car fare.

Wit and Humor.

Philadelphia has a home for aged couples.

There is an old saying that "leap year is fruit year."

Boston holds a cat and New York a dog show in April.

A Philadelphia paper warns winter against a sunstroke.

A firm advertises "raw silk stockings." Who wants them cooked.

The Elmira Advertiser says that some of the dearest spots on earth are mortgaged.

A Utah paragraph speaks of a man who "narrowly escaped being cart-ridged."

Female convicts in the Kentucky penitentiary are required to dress in pantaloons.

Cannibals never eat old men. They are not gray-meniverous.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The Elmira Free Press says that when lovely woman stoops to folly she spoils her pullback.

As the nuptial day draws near the old gentleman's coal bill increases.—Gowanda Enterprise.

The glory of woman, says the New Haven Register, is in her hair, or her hair, as the case may be.

The Picayune says that knocking a friend down is a sure and quick way of dropping an acquaintance.

NEW SETTING OF AN OLD SAW (BY A NEWLY MARRIED MAN).—An Englishman's house is his wife's castle!—Punch.

The New York Commercial says that in the criminal multiplication table of the United States three trials make one acquittal.

The New York Mail says that a roller skating class has been organized in that city to glide over time during Lenten season.

A philosopher says: "You require in marriage precisely the same quality that you would in eating sausage—absolute confidence."

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This is what a grateful gentleman said who was cured of a bad kidney disease by the use of Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, after he had offered in vain \$1,000 to any doctor who would rid him of it. It is the cheapest article in the world to all afflicted with kidney and liver diseases.

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JOHN SULLIVAN, N. E. cor. Battery and Jackson Sts., San Francisco, offers to make to order the best French Calf Leather BOOTS, at from \$8 to \$9; California Leather Boots, \$6; Children and Adults' Shoes, \$5 to \$6; French Calf Oxford Shoes, \$4; California, \$3.50; Boys' and Children's Boots and Shoes made to order. Persons in the country ordering Boots and Shoes to the amount of Twelve Dollars or more will be allowed a reduction of four per cent, so as to make the express charges light. I sell Boots and Shoes of MY OWN MANUFACTURE ONLY. Boots and Shoes sent C. O. D. positively one price.

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Warner's Safe Pills are an immediate stimulant for a Torpid Liver, and cure Constipation, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Diarrhoea, Malaria, Fever and Ague, and are useful at times in nearly all Diseases to cause a free and regular action of the Bowels. The best antidote for all Malarial Poison. Price, 25c a box.

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Warner's Safe Remedies are sold by Druggists and Dealers in Medicine everywhere. H. H. WARNER & CO., Proprietors, Rochester, N. Y. Send for Pamphlet and Testimonials.

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THE DAILY EXAMINER

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THE EXAMINER, Established in 1853, is the leading Democratic organ on the Pacific Coast, and is the City and County official Organ.

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A quarto of 36 pages of reading matter, will be sent per mail or express at

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The most valuable information. THE DAILY receives the latest

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And the WEEKLY contains the latest received until going to press.

CONCORD CARRIAGES.

REMOVAL. The Concord Carriage Repository Has removed to No. 46 New Montgomery street, next to Palace Hotel, San Francisco. We have a stock of "Concord" Buggies and Wagons, the genuine "Concord Harness" and E. M. Miller & Co.'s (Quincy, Ill.) Buggies and Carriages, and are constantly kept on hand.

46 New Montgomery St., S. F.

Old Men for Counsel.

Ten years ago about these days we attended a Democratic State Convention at Albany, Oregon. At that time we had served the Democratic party for 35 years, through triumph and defeat, through good report and evil report, with all that we had and all that we could command; had borne the old flag through the perilous period of the war and fallen with it upon many a well fought field and never sought safety in surrender or compromise to the disunionists on one side or the centralizationists on the other. It was the old flag of the Union and Constitution, which had never led hostile forces against the reserved rights of States; never been dishonored by broken pledges or violated faith; never used to shield the evasion of a public obligation; the flag of the Democratic party which had been borne by Jefferson and Jackson, the object of our boyish enthusiasm and almost sacred reverence in mature manhood, in defence of which we had passed through many perils, been subjected to great personal sacrifice and been hunted by insensate mobs like a wild beast. When we deemed that our trials and perils were nearly over; that reason was about to resume its sway in the land, and the old Democratic flag once more wave over a free re-united people, with its lustre undimmed and its guarantees unimpaired, what was our horror to be confronted in a State council of representative Democrats, delegated to lay down the law to the party, by a dominant sentiment as hostile to Democratic traditions and character for unsullied public faith as the wildest dreams of the most revolutionary radical or fanatic socialist.— That sentiment was led by a then young lawyer by the name of McArthur, a man of brilliant parts, enthusiastic, eloquent, with a wealth of animal magnetism with which to win the sympathies and sway the judgments of the young and impetuous. In a strain of impassioned eloquence he arraigned the extravagance, the jobbery and the vast speculations of the party in power, and succeeded by the endorsement of a majority of the Convention, in smirching the old Democratic escutcheon with the foul stigma of "REPUTADIATION." Ten years have since elapsed, and the same man, now a distinguished Judge, appears in the same place, and makes a brave and manly recantation as follows:

"It is true that ten years ago, in this very court-house, I urged the adoption of the eighth resolution, and it is with sorrow that I say it, made a speech in favor of repudiation. For many years I have deeply regretted the words uttered upon that occasion, and I thank God that I have long ago abandoned all such pernicious doctrines. At that time I was an ardent admirer of Senator Pendleton, and was thoroughly imbued with his ideas of finance. I was captivated with his brilliancy and audacity, and was his devout follower. In the years that have rolled by I have studied the question of finance more deeply. The Debates upon the Constitution, the Federalist, and the most philosophical works upon that question and upon political economy have been my hand books. I would blush with shame if I thought that I belonged to that class of men who learn nothing by experience, observation and close study. I have, I hope, turned my back upon all financial heresies. I can conceive of no greater calamity that could befall the country than the adoption of repudiation in any form. It would be disastrous and destructive beyond all computation. I trust that my friends will believe me when I say that I am a hard money man, and hope that this Convention will have the courage to adopt a hard money platform.

The views now so vigorously presented by Judge McArthur are identically those held by us in common with nearly every experienced Democrat in that Convention ten years ago, which he and his zealous associates scouted, derided and rejected as old fogyish, timid and compromising. They called themselves "Bed Rock Democrats," and had no toleration for those who did not come up to their standard and endorse all the vagaries of "Briek Pomeroy," who was regarded by them as the prophet of a new political dispensation which was to supersede the effete systems of the old Jeffersonian Democracy, and upon that foundation they re-constructed the Democratic party of Oregon, which has since drifted hither and thither upon every wind of doctrine,

with neither chart, compass or ancient land marks, and only promises to return to its moorings through a radical change in the views of those who then took it adrift. We left that Convention with the feeling that we had no lot or part in a party which was Democratic in name and alien to Democratic principles; from that day to the present we have taken no part in political party caucus or convention of any character whatever; because, with principles for our guide we saw no place for us in either of the local political parties, and could only choose from the candidates presented those which we deemed best adapted to the public service for which they were respectively named.

We feel no less devotion to the principles and doctrines of the old Democratic party than we ever did, nor less conviction that those are the only true principles upon which this Government can be administered in accordance with the spirit and purposes of its founders—the support of the General Government in all its delegated powers; security to the several States in all their reserved sovereignty; equal rights to all; special privileges to none. That is the whole sum and substance of Democratic principles. The party needs no other platform; stripped of all side issues and unmeaning verbiage three-fourths of the voters of the Pacific States would endorse those principles as they did before the public sentiment was distracted and confounded by false issues growing out of the excitement of civil war and its antecedent causes.

In the course of his judicial experience the Judge has undoubtedly met with young lawyers who would not hesitate to avow their disagreement with the conclusions of Blackstone and persistently maintain such disagreement to the great disgust of the Court and older members of the bar and inevitable detriment of their client's cause. Such cases are abundant in the experience of every old politician. The ardent young politician, inspired by patriotic motives and laudable ambition to place himself among the leaders of his party; with limited experience and opportunities for observation, a superficial knowledge of fundamental political principles, and zeal in inverse proportion to his lack of discretion, bursts into the political arena with a sentiment which he has nurtured into an idea and mistakes for a principle, and demands for his bantling immediate recognition and adoption as the paramount dogma of the party, the rejection of which would be cowardly and time-serving. Every split in the party, a succession of which resulted in its final overthrow with the long train of calamities to the country which followed, originated in the untempered zeal of the young members of the party in rejecting the counsels of prudence which are only learned in the school of experience. No inspired maxim conveys a practical truth of more value in public affairs than that of Solomon: "Old men for counsel, young men for war." The most successful and prosperous governments on earth practice it.

Theory vs. Common Sense.

It is one of the most wonderful things in history what a world of common sense and practical good has been sacrificed to theory and popular catch phrases. "All men are created equal," in the sense in which it was first used, was a self-evident truth; that the factitious distinctions created by law, conventional usages and social customs between men of the same kindred and race were artificial. But to apply this doctrine to all the different types of human organism, from the highest to the lowest, is as absurd and unnatural as to apply the same universal principle of equality to the whole animal kingdom. There are distinct types of mankind which can no more be blended, amalgamated or meecogenated than can the different types of the brute creation of a like species—the tiger and lion, or the fox and wolf. The horse and ass are crossed in a single degree; the Hottentots have been crossed with the orangutang in the second degree; the Caucasian and African in the second and third degrees, producing hybrids in whom the power of propagation ceases by repetition. The experiments of thousands of years proving that the distinct races never have been and never can be blended. The law of equality is distinctive to each individual race. To say that all the races of men are born equal, and endowed by their Creator with the inalienable right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness in an equal degree, is to utter manifest nonsense. The Caucasian race, to

which the declaration of national equality was first exclusively applied, is the only race which ever achieved and maintained the right of self government. The highest degree of civilization ever attained, in any age of the world, by any other race, was under Caucasian protection and control. Yet, upon the single idea of universal equality, upon which was predicated the universal right to self-government, the people of this great Union were divided into parties, mainly defined by geographical lines, the country agitated for more than thirty years, culminating in the greatest and most destructive civil war of any age of the world, and the experiment is now being tested of a popular government based upon that idea, while inconsistently and illogically excluding from its benefits a majority of the distinct races.

A single phrase attributed to Mr. Seward, expressing the doctrine of the "higher law" of allegiance to the Supreme Ruler, bore a very important part in the conflict of ideas touching the equality of races; that expression being then held by many who now practically endorse the doctrine of universal equality, as treasonable to the Constitution. If the negroes were, or ought to be, included in the declaration that "all men are born equal, and endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," the inevitable corollary is, that the "higher law" doctrine of Mr. Seward was correct: that the Constitution which recognized an inherent condition of involuntary servitude was "a league with hell," as Mr. Garrison characterized it; that the authors of the great "Declaration of Independence" were what Mr. Schurz once called them: "A band of artful pettegoggers, who were merely playing upon the sympathies of noble fools;" and that the Government, formed by the Constitution, was, and ought to be, a failure. That was the theory upon which the elective franchise and full citizenship was immediately conferred upon four millions of hereditary bondmen of alien race and servile condition, with what ultimate result is yet to be determined. But let no man who believes in the higher law doctrine dare to limit the rights of the Chinamen or Indians to any thing else than universal equality.

Protecting the Customs.

The application of Collector Webster, strongly endorsed by Treasury Agent Morris, for an Inspector of Customs at the Skagit gold fields, near the British boundary, was promptly rejected by Secretary Sherman, with all the facts before him, with the remark, in substance, that the Department had determined not to increase the expenses of this collection district any further at present. We should be sorry to believe that the avowed preference for Blaine by the Federal officials influenced the Secretary's extraordinary decision, but we can imagine no other way of accounting for it. The business men of Victoria are contributing thousands of dollars to opening a thoroughfare and in directing trade and travel between that city and the mines in this Territory, for the purpose of competing with our citizens for the trade of the 5,000 or 10,000 miners who will be employed there within the next ninety days. The Department allows an Inspector to each of the ports of Neal Bay, Whatcom, San Juan, Seattle and Tacoma, in addition to the two or three on duty at Port Townsend; and yet the communication across the line between British Columbia and the mines on the American side, where no Inspector is allowed, will be ten to one as compared with the communication between the British possessions and any of the places above named.— With no revenue officer to guard the British passage into the American mines, a glorious field for smuggling will be opened to enterprise. It cannot reasonably be expected that the miners will organize themselves into vigilance committees to restrain the sale of cheap clothing, mining tools, wines, liquors, cigars, etc., upon which no duties are paid; and being in daily communication with all the settlements upon the Sound, the opportunities will be ample for supplying their friends with smuggled goods without much risk. This will be pretty hard on our merchants who have to pay from 25 to 75 per cent. duty upon the articles which the British trader can run in to the mines free of duty, with that much advantage in his favor, and a corresponding loss to the revenues of the country, through the great financier, John Sherman.

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

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

STEAM WHISTLES, GONGS, STEAM AND WATER GAUGES, GLOBE

Malleable Iron Fittings, Copper smithing, Plumbing,

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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. plates warranted not to crack by fire. Fire backs warranted to last five years

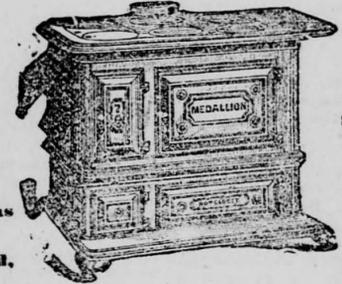
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Copper-Ware, Lead Pipe, Steam Pipe, Copper Pipe, Steam and Gas Fitting, Sheet Lead,

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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.

NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.— There are numerous indications pointing to the fact that the present N. P. R. Co. are for the first time in the history of that project, conducting the affairs of the company in the interest of the railroad, and not, as heretofore, in the interest of a ring for the purpose of private speculation in town site property and mineral lands. The appointment of Capt. Isaac W. Smith as chief engineer of this end of the line, with instructions to make surveys solely with reference to finding the best route across the Cascades and best terminus upon Puget Sound, without regard to any locations heretofore made, is the best assurance that we have yet had of honest intentions. Captain Smith's character is a guarantee to all who know him that he cannot be swerved from the line of strict integrity by any personal considerations, or be made the instrument of any ulterior designs. Whatever his conclusions may be, the public may rest assured they will be the result of the most careful and pains-taking application of the biggest professional skill, and not forced at the dictation of private speculation. Capt. Smith has commenced reconnaissance on the South to ascertain the general lay of the land and the most gradual approaches to the summit, as well as the lowest elevations to be overcome, and will prosecute his work from thence Northward, taking in all the routes heretofore suggested and exploring for others not yet tested.— Whichever route he finds the shortest and most practicable for an eastern connection, he will certainly recommend to the company, and that is all that the people of Seattle claim. If Capt. Smith does not report in favor of Seattle as the terminus upon Puget Sound his conclusions will differ from those of any disinterested engineer who has heretofore examined the country.

A SAD ACCIDENT.—On Thursday afternoon, Mr. Henry Rhenke, a well known ship carpenter of this city, attempted to board a coal train running at the rate of ten miles an hour, between Renton and Newcastle, and as is common in such cases, was thrown under the cars, one wheel passing over his right leg below the knee; his coat catching upon the car, he was dragged some distance. He was discovered by the fireman, the train stopped and he was rescued from his perilous position none too soon to save his life. He was brought to his home in this city, his leg amputated, and it was ascertained that one of his ribs and his collar bone were broken. He lingered till Saturday afternoon, when he died.

GOING AHEAD.—Since our last issue the rush to the mines has been on the increase and the reports increase in favor with every additional exploration. All doubts in regard to the richness and extent of the mines seem to have vanished from the minds of the most skeptical.— Steamers can now run to the mouth of Sauk river, where good prospects in both quartz and placer mining have been discovered, 38 miles below the Ruby—20 by canoe and 18 by land. The trip to the Ruby from this city is frequently made in six days; the shortest time yet occupied in making the trip from Victoria to the Ruby, by the Port Hope route, was 20 days, at a proportionate expense.

The real estate boom in this city seems to be increasing in intensity. There have been large transactions during the past week at a very material advance in prices. Many rumors are afloat in regard to railroad movements, but nothing definite has yet been settled. The prospect, however, is encouraging.

A FATAL FALL.—On Monday morning last two sailors at work in the rigging of the ship El Dorado, simultaneously fell to the deck, a distance of 35 feet. One of the men, John Aylward, was conveyed to Providence Hospital, where he died from the effects of the fall, on Wednesday morning. He is represented as a steady, industrious young man, about 25 years of age. The other injured man is recovering.

A board of trade has been organized at Olympia; Thomas Macleav, President; P. P. Carroll, Secretary and Treasurer; S. W. Percival and S. G. Ward, Vice-Presidents.

At an adjourned term of the District Court held on Monday last, Judge Greene designated the DISPATCH, the Post and the Intelligencer of Seattle, the Mail of La Conner, and the Democratic Press and Argus of Port Townsend as the newspapers in which Admiralty notices shall be published.

An order was also entered rescinding Rule 4, which provided that all motions of Admiralty shall be sworn to.

RAILWAY THROUGH IDAHO.—The New York Railway World, March 25th, says. Surveyors have started to make the final survey of this road, which is to be built as a branch of the Union Pacific, and will be practically the main line of the Utah and Northern, the whole distance traversed being 600 miles. Starting from Port Neuf station, Idaho, 148 miles above Ogden, it will run through the Snake and Salmon rivers and Wood river mining regions to Boise City, and on through Oregon to Portland at tide water. Probably not over 75 or 100 miles of the road will be built this season, which, however, will carry it into the Salmon river region.

A correspondent writes: "Last season I kept the striped bugs from my cucumbers by saturating ashes with kerosene and applying a handful in a hill."

All scars made by pruning off large branches of trees should be painted or tarred, or otherwise protected from the rain. Many fruit trees become hollow, or fall into premature decay, from the rain penetrating through old sawcuts made in pruning.

A Hartford gentleman, who has been in the habit of paying \$50 for a pew in church, was unable to attend the auction the other evening, and consequently requested a friend to see to it that he should have his old seat as heretofore. He subsequently met another friend and made the same request, forgetting that he had already appointed an agent. At the auction one bidder started the pew at \$50; the other offered \$51, and bid followed bid until \$88 was reached. The two agents had been bidding against each other, as the principal subsequently learned to his cost.

In Admiralty.

United States of America—Third Judicial District of Washington Territory, ss:

WHEREAS a Libel has been filed in the District Court for the Third Judicial District of Washington Territory, holding terms at Seattle, in King County, on the Seventeenth day of April, in the year of our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Eighty, by Z. Simarsen, late mariner on board the American Ship "Quimbo," her tackle, apparel and furniture, of which said ship, O. McGuire now is, or late was, Master, alleging in substance, that on or about the day of March, A. D. 1880, at the port of Port Madison, Washington Territory, said Libellant duly shipped upon and into the service of the said Ship, Master and owners to proceed upon a voyage to San Francisco, State of California, there to load cargo and return to said port of San Francisco; that for the reasons mentioned and set forth in said Libel filed the said voyage was fully terminated at Port Madison aforesaid, and said seaman discharged from the said service; that said Libellant is entitled to be paid his wages due at the time of his said discharge; that at the time of his said discharge, there was due over and above all payments and legal deductions, to said Libellant, the sum of \$49 50; and praying process against said vessel, her tackle, apparel and furniture, and that the same may be condemned and sold to pay the said wages with costs;

Now, therefore, in pursuance of the Motion, under the seal of said Court, to me directed and delivered, I do hereby give

PUBLIC NOTICE,

To all persons claiming the said vessel, her tackle, apparel and furniture, or in any manner interested therein, that they be and appear before the said Court to be held at the City of Seattle, in said District, on the

First Monday of June next,

The same being the Seventh Day of said Month, at Ten o'clock, in the forenoon of the same day, then and there to interpose their claims and make their allegations in that behalf.

Dated the 17th day of April, A. D. 1880. CHARLES HOPKINS, U. S. Marshal. By L. V. WYCKOFF, Deputy U. S. Marshal. STRUVE, EMERY & LEARY for Libellant. 22-4w

NEW ENGLAND HOTEL.

Cor. Commercial and Main Streets, SEATTLE, W. T.

THE NEW ENGLAND

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

European Plan

Can be had at moderate prices.

— IT IS —

The Best Hotel in the City.

L. C. HARMON, Proprietor.

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

DRUGS AND CHEMICALS, TOILET AND FANCY ARTICLES. SIGN—SEATTLE DRUG STORE.

Administrator's Notice.

TERRITORY OF WASHINGTON, County of King, ss.

In the Probate Court of said King County. In the matter of the Estate of Michael Wunder, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT ALL PERSONS having claims against the deceased, are hereby requested to present them with the necessary vouchers, within one year after the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned Administrator of said Estate, at his place of business, to-wit: The Grocery Store of L. Reing, in the City of Seattle, King County, Washington Territory.

Dated Seattle, Wash. Terr., April 5th, 1880. CHARLES G. STEINWEG, Administrator of the estate of Michael Wunder, deceased. HALL & OSBORNE, Attorneys for said Estate. 20-5w

Wanted 400 Men

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

BAVARIA BEER HALL AND Reading Room.

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

R. T. FLYNN. J. S. ANDERSON.

Flynn & Anderson. ADELPHI SALOON.

Opposite Yesler's Hall, Seattle

In Admiralty.

United States of America—Third Judicial District of Washington Territory, ss

WHEREAS a Libel has been filed in the District Court for the Third Judicial District of Washington Territory, holding terms at Seattle, in King County, on the Twenty-fifth day of March, in the year of our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Eighty, by Z. Simarsen, John Grant, Tom M. Hoy, Wm. Lewis, John Collebzi, John Horn, Martin Christopher, Henrick Henricks, John Lawson, William Anderson, T. Andrus, Clemens Konnebaum, Oscar Lendholm, and H. Carlson, late mariners on board the American Bark "Tidal Wave," her tackle, apparel and furniture, of which said Bark, O. McGuire now is, or late was, Master, alleging in substance, that on or about the day of January, A. D. 1880, at the port of San Francisco, in the State of California, each of said Libellants duly shipped upon and into the service of the said Bark, Master and owners to proceed upon a voyage to Port Madison, within said District, there to load cargo and return to said port of San Francisco; that for the reasons mentioned and set forth in said Libel filed the said voyage was fully terminated at Port Madison aforesaid, and all of said seamen discharged from the said service, that said Libellants, and each of them, are entitled to be paid their wages due at the time of their said discharge, together with a reasonable compensation for their time, food and lodging and expenses in returning to their port of shipment from and after said discharge; that at the time of their said discharge, there was due over and above all payments and legal deductions, to each of said Libellants, as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Name and Amount. Z. Simarsen \$134 00, John Grant 33 20, Tom M. Hoy 95 00, Wm. Lewis 43 83, John Collebzi 62 00, John Horn 56 45, Martin Christopher 61 70, Henrick Henricks 59 70, John Lawson 70 95, William Anderson 64 20, T. Andrus 64 20, Clemens Konnebaum 64 20, Oscar Lendholm 51 70, H. Carlson 59 70.

And praying process against said vessel, her tackle, apparel and furniture, and that the same may be condemned and sold to pay the said wages, damages, compensation and expenses with costs;

Now, therefore, in pursuance of the Motion, under the seal of said Court, to me directed and delivered, I do hereby give

PUBLIC NOTICE

To all persons claiming the said vessel, her tackle, apparel and furniture, or in any manner interested therein, that they be and appear before the said Court to be held at the City of Seattle, in said District, on the

First Monday of May next,

The same being the Third day of said Month, at Ten o'clock, in the forenoon of the same day, then and there to interpose their claims and make their allegations in that behalf.

Dated the 26th day of March, A. D. 1880. CHARLES HOPKINS, U. S. Marshal. By L. V. WYCKOFF, Deputy U. S. Marshal. STRUVE & LEARY for Libellants. 19-4w

S. BAXTER & CO. COLUMN.

S. Baxter & Co.,

IMPORTERS OF FOREIGN

WINES AND LIQUORS.

AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

Domestic Wines, Liquors, Cigars, and Tobacco.

EXPORTERS OF

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

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

IN BOND OR DUTY PAID

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

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

PATRONIZE DIRECT IMPORTATION

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HOME HOUSES.

We are the sole agents for the Pacific Coast of the

Celebrated Fair Oaks

Bourbon Whiskies,

UN-MEDICATED.

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

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

Fountain Beer Hall.

FRONT STREET, OPPOSITE SULLIVAN'S BLOCK. FRED. GASCH . . . Proprietor.

MEHLHORN'S CELEBRATED LAGER BEER

On Tap. —ALSO— WEINER, BUDWEYSER, MILWAUKEE AND ST. LOUIS BEER, IN QUANTS & PINTS Always on Hand.

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

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WILL LEAVE SEATTLE EVERY

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ing with the Railroad at Tacoma.

149tf

Walking Tours for Ladies.

A lady in the *London Queen* recommends walking tours to her sisters as the best possible recreation for vacation time. She claims that above all invigorating and health-giving conditions the peculiar ones attained by a walking tour are the most conducive to thorough enjoyment. Hitherto ladies who have no appropriate male relations willing to escort them through the imaginary perils of such an expedition have not been able to venture at all; and even those fortunate ones who are furnished in this respect find their powers of walking and their tastes and feelings so different from those of their more athletic companion that the great charm of like inclinations and sympathy is wanting; and thus discord is introduced. People who wish to make a really satisfactory walking tour must have about the same powers of endurance and thoroughly accord; therefore, I think that if ladies would only try the experiment they would find it quite feasible for them to carry out all the conditions of a thoroughly enjoyable walking tour. As I have several times performed this experiment myself I feel I can give my experience for the benefit of other ladies. It is so important that there should be complete agreement in all things on the tour that I think it desirable the party should only consist of two persons. Of course it is possible for more than this number to succeed, but the larger the number the greater the risk of disagreement. I now suppose that two enterprising and ordinary healthy candidates have made up their minds to follow my directions. I shall begin, firstly, by being very particular as to the make and fit of their boots, which must be of thick leather and have been previously worn till they have become old friends. You will require two pairs of boots and a change of thick woolen stockings. Of course the dress must be short, and it is well to have it, and also the petticoat, able to be looped up still shorter for wet and boggy walking. Your ulsters—not too heavy ones—will be enough as wraps, without burdening yourselves with jackets. The hats must be soft felt, so that they will bend and shade the face on sunny days, but also they must be close-fitting, so as to resist a good blow on the tops of mountains. Each lady must be provided with a good-sized waterproof satchel, in which to carry the requisites for the night, dry stockings and food for the mid-day meal, which meal must always be taken out of doors about half way through the day's journey. You can never be quite sure of arriving at an inn just at the time you want your rest and dinner. It is the making of forced marches under unfavorable circumstances which must be always provided against and avoided in an expedition for health and pleasure; therefore, I hold it of the greatest importance to make provision for always taking the mid-day meal gypsy fashion; and your satchel must be furnished with a small tin kettle—a flat one, with a handle to fold down sideways, is the best—also a small pot to drink out of, and matches. The other luggage, containing an extra dress, etc., must be forwarded by coach or rail to a town which you will arrange to reach in four or five days.

Be careful not to make your first days' walks too long; ten or fifteen miles would be quite enough, and this you would manage comfortably by starting at about ten in the morning, and so as to get a good half of your day's work done by one o'clock, when you choose a shady, retired spot near some water, and make your fire. The first course is soup; so put on the kettle and get out your pot of Liebig's extract of beef. After this is eaten put on the kettle to boil again, ready for your *café noir*. Meantime you are having potted chicken and bread, and perhaps afterward toasted cheese and many little delicacies which suggest themselves, and which you can purchase at the villages you pass. Then comes the lazily-sipped coffee and long rest, and the feeling of thorough content, till about three o'clock, when you start once more, quite refreshed, and ready to finish the day's march to the little inn, where a good tea, followed by a lazy stroll, makes you ready for a perfect night's rest and a new programme next day. It is not difficult to arrange a route by means of a good map, and, when once you find yourself in the district, information is easily obtained. As to expenses, they may be kept very low in a walking tour by going to the smaller inns or temperance hotels and by avoiding fashionable hotels and coach routes. Ladies would find the directions in that article very good where economy is an object. No one ought to venture on a walking tour who is afraid of rain; after a few days of gypsy life a good wetting does no one harm, provided you take care to have a fire in your bed-room on arriving at the inn and that you thoroughly dry all your things yourself; this insures their being done effectually, and also toasts yourself meanwhile into a healthy glow. It would be well, a few days before starting on the expedition, to wipe the feet with a solution of alum to harden the skin and prevent blisters; also, every morning before the walking, soap well the inside of the stockings. If, however, you should have the misfortune to become blistered, the best plan is to thread a needle and run it through the blister, leaving the thread through the blister; in the morning this may be drawn out, and the blister will give no more trouble. It is always useful to carry a little diachylon plaster, as, in case of great tenderness, this may be put over the blister; but

still leaving the thread to act as a drain. However, if the boots and stockings fit well and short distances are taken on the commencement of the tour, the troubles of blisters will not assail you, and you will be able to thoroughly enjoy the beauties of nature, and with that peculiar freedom and untrammelled delight only experienced by a walking tourist.

A Chance Acquaintance.

One of our most popular and enterprising business men was in New York several weeks ago, and got into the train to come home. The parlor car was crowded, but the porter said:

"Take your seat anywhere, sir, for a few minutes. Some of these passengers will get out soon, and then I will give you a seat."

My friend entered the car, and, without ceremony, seated himself beside a stranger who was reading a New York morning paper. My friend is a little sensitive about the story I am going to tell, and I will not give his name; but for the purpose of identification, I will call him Peters. He is a very sociable man, a stalwart republican and pretty well up in politics.

The stranger laid down his paper pretty soon, and engaged in conversation with Peters on the topics of the day. Business, speculation, and other matters were discussed, and, very naturally, the conversation ran into politics, of which subject the stranger did not seem anxious to talk. Peters asked him how far he was going, and the stranger replied he was on his way to Washington.

"Live there?" asked Peters.

"Only temporarily," was the stranger's reply, and he proceeded to explain that he was in office.

"What part of the country are you from?"

"Ohio."

"Lots of Ohio men around Washington since Hayes came in," remarked Peters, with a smile.

"Yes," replied the stranger, "we Ohio people think we can supply the brains and muscle for the whole country."

"Most folks, those Ohio men," said Peters again. "Got the president, general of the army, chief justice, secretary of the treasury, and about half the offices, and now they want to nominate another Ohio man for president. Do you think John Sherman stands any chance of being nominated?"

"I really don't like to express an opinion on that subject," replied the stranger, frankly. "Secretary Sherman is a friend of mine, and I would like very much to see him president, but I cannot estimate his strength."

"They say Hayes is giving him a big lift," suggested Peters.

No reply.

"I understand that civil-service order about office-holders fooling with political conventions has been temporarily withdrawn so that John Sherman can get the southern delegates to Chicago," said Peters.

"A great many things have been said by Secretary Sherman's opponents that are neither true nor reasonable," answered the stranger, somewhat sharply.

"I like to see Hayes stand by his friends," remarked Peters, "but if that civil-service order ever was intended to be enforced it ought to be enforced now, while the fight for the nomination is being made. But it was never meant to be enforced. Hayes issued it to satisfy some of the mambly-pamby gilded politicians who are always for reform when they are out of office. It never made any difference with the political machinery of this country, and it was never intended to be more than a pretension."

"The president was sincere in issuing that order," said the stranger, "and I happen to know that he desires its enforcement."

"I hope he isn't lying awake nights fretting about it," remarked Peters.

The stranger changed the topic of conversation, and pretty soon Peters asked if he wouldn't smoke. The proffered cigar was declined, and Peters went to the smoking-room alone. There he met an acquaintance who asked:

"What gentleman was that you were talking with?"

"Dunno," responded Peters. "I believe he is an Ohio congressman. I didn't ask his name, but he said he was in office."

"What were you talking about?"

"Politics, mostly. He seems to be an administration man. Says he wants John Sherman nominated, and seemed a little touchy when I said that Hayes' civil-service reform business was a humbug. He said he knew Hayes was sincere, and all that."

"Don't you know who he is?"

"No; I never saw him before."

"Never saw the president of the United States?"

"Holy Moses! is that Hayes?"

"Yes."

"You don't tell me. I thought I knew him, but it didn't occur to me that he was Hayes."

"What did you say to him?"

"Nothing but what I'll back up, and nothing but what is true; but maybe I would not have expressed my views so clearly if I had known who I was talking with. Look here, porter, can't you get me a seat in the other car?"—"Cur-tis" in the *Inter Ocean*.

The Duke of Argyll, while in America, was not pleased with the sight of the miniature sparrow houses fastened upon the trees in the streets of American cities. He suggests halves of coconut shells and even earthen bottles.

English and American Traits.

Dr. George M. Beard asserts that the American is only an Englishman superficially changed by climate and new conditions. Yankee ingenuity is simply an importation, and the almighty dollar is sired by the divine guinea. With general resemblances, there are differences of physique and characters, which are of special interest to students of the nervous system, like Dr. Beard. Thus, as regards female beauty in the two nations: "While the beauty of the English girl may endure longer than that of her American sister, yet American beauty has this sovereign advantage—that it best bears close observation. The English beauty appears best at a distance, and grows homely as we approach her; the typical American beauty appears more attractive near at hand; in her case, nearness brings enchantment. The American face bears the microscope mainly by reason of its delicacy, fineness and nobility of expression—qualities that are only appreciated on nearness of inspection. The ruddiness or freshness, the health-suggesting and health-sustaining face of the English girl seem incomparable when partially veiled, or when a few rods away; but, as she comes nearer, these excellent characteristics retreat behind the irregularities of the skin, the thickness of the lips, the size of the nose; and the observer is mildly stunned by the disappointment at not finding the nimble and automatic play of emotion in the eyes and features without which female beauty must always fall below the line of supreme authority." The American woman of the higher order can be told from a European, Swiss or German of the same rank by the grasp of the hand. That of the European woman is firmer and harder, as though on account of greater strength and firmness of muscle. In the touch of the hand of the American woman there are a nicety and tenderness that the English woman destroys by the force of the impact. Dr. Beard doubts if muscle-reading, popularly called "mind-reading," could be so successfully performed by English as by American women, among whom it had its origin. "The attractiveness of American women would appear to be the direct effect of climatic conditions, since beauty of the most precious sort requires fineness of organization, delicacy of features, nimbleness and sprightliness of expression. The same influence that makes the American female more handsome also causes her beauty to decay earlier than in Europe. The English woman is less beautiful, less delicate and attractive between fifteen and twenty five, yet she retains her beauty longer. Women, like plants, need abundant moisture, else they wither. The rains, the clouds and the storms that enrobe castles and cathedrals in ivy, and keep the meadows green throughout the year, bring freshness and color to the face; so the English matron of forty-five or fifty is, perhaps, sometimes handsomer, as well as healthier, than at fifteen and twenty.

In England all classes, high and low, consume large quantities of alcohol, while in America great numbers are ceasing to drink even coffee, owing to their nerves. Parliamentary leaders and professional men can do more speaking and sitting up late at night, as well as more eating and drinking than the politicians of America. The American says more words to the minute than the European, and can hear more words in the minute. "American oratory is, in part, the product of American climate." The susceptibility that makes the speaker here eloquent, subtle and persuasive, causes him to be timid, distrustful, delicate, and, sometimes, cowardly. Our dentists are the best in the world, because our teeth need the most care. The quick decay of American teeth is the result of climate, combined with civilization. Nervous temperaments suffer from a comparatively slight bodily hurt, when persons of slower organization have no sensation at all. "These psychological differences come mainly from differences of climate, and secondarily from institutions. In Great Britain and Central Europe there is no summer and no winter, as we in America are accustomed to understand those terms. Warm days they have, but not, as with us, a succession of days that are hot and oppressive during all the twenty-four hours. In the valleys of Switzerland and in Great Britain there are days that are there called very warm, but which we in America would regard as simply comfortable; and this coolness comes on as early as four or five o'clock in the afternoon; people do not suffer from the continuity of heat and deprivation of sleep. A well-known physician of London told me that he made no change in his clothing all the year round, dressing in August very much as in February. One who should attempt this in New York would desire to perish. The European climate allows more outdoor life than American—not only in Paris, where many pass the larger portion of their time in the open *cafés* and on the boulevards, but in Ireland, England, and throughout Germany, men, women and children pass far more time in the out-door air all the year than in the United States. The climate allows them to do this, and encourages it, while in America the winters are so cold and the summers so hot, and the twilight so short, that we are forced to stay under a roof. We do have a certain number of days in June and October when it is pleasant and inviting out of doors, when it is possible to sit in the open air, after the European mode, but these days are so

small a minority of the whole year that they do not foster or inspire a habit of out-door life; thus, we stay in doors even more than is necessary in our own climate."

Frank Leslie.

Mr. Leslie was the son of Joseph Carter, of Ipswich, England, and his baptismal name was Henry. In early youth, while serving as a clerk in London, he devoted his leisure hours to wood-engraving, and many specimens of his skill found their way into the illustrated papers over the signature of "Frank Leslie." His success soon emboldened him to devote himself exclusively to his art-work. At twenty years of age he married, and soon after became connected with the *Illustrated London News*, the engraving department of which eventually fell under his control. In 1848, then in his twenty-seventh year, he came to this country. He was authorized by the legislature of New York to assume legally the name by which he has since been known. Mr. Leslie soon made his way to the head of his profession in his adopted country, and, combining with his skill in art extraordinary business qualities, he originated in rapid succession the various illustrated periodicals which have borne his name. He received the medal of the American Institute for wood-engraving—this in 1848, the year of his arrival in this country. He was appointed a commissioner to the Paris Exhibition of 1867, in the Department of Fine Arts, and was presented with the prize gold medal by the Emperor Napoleon III. in person. Again, in 1876, he was selected as State Commissioner for the State of New York to the Centennial, and elected president of the commission. He was a member of the Manhattan Club, the Jockey Club, and was one of the earliest supporters of the *Lotos*. As a Mason he stood very high in the order, and belonged to the aristocratic Holland Lodge. He had a strong love for animals, and was one of Mr. Bergh's most efficient co-operators in the maintenance of the society for the suppression of cruelty to animals. Mr. Leslie was notably a man of ideas. That he had an inventive brain was evident to all by the number of valuable improvements he made in the prosecution of his business, and by the many publications he originated and carried to a successful issue. It was impossible, of course, for a man with so many different enterprises in hand to attend to the details of their different branches, but he maintained the general direction and supervision of the whole; for while the sheet known as *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, his pet project and one of the earliest, claimed his special attention, he furnished suggestions and ideas for all his publications. Leslie, to speak figuratively, was not a journeyman builder; he did not lay the bricks; he was an architect and could plan—and plan he did most skillfully. His executive ability was great and the confidence he had in his own judgment prevented him from seeking the advice of others or from listening to it at times without a slight degree of impatience. This belief, may pride, in his own opinions was natural; this vanity was pardonable in one whose life had been such a series of successes. To consider the man in private life, where, after all, one is best known and most fully understood, there is nothing for the deceased but words of praise. He was of a kind, gentle nature; generous to a fault; always dealing out hospitality with a liberal, yes, a lavish hand. He endeared himself to his kin, his friends loved him heartily, his employes would go to any extent to serve or please him; in fact all who came in contact with him esteemed him very highly. The public know that "the great publisher" is no more; with him, however, has passed away an affectionate husband, a fond, over-indulgent father, a true friend and good man. The funeral took place in the morning from the Church of the Divine Paternity, Fifth avenue and Forty-fifth street. The large edifice was filled, there being among the attendants many distinguished citizens. Dr. Chapin made an eloquent address and paid a glowing tribute to the deceased.—*Home Journal*.

In New York state they have got the woman suffrage question into this simple and entirely unobjectionable shape:

Section 1. No person shall be deemed ineligible to service school trustee by reason of sex.

Section 2. This act shall take effect immediately.

There's brevity for you. Now let it be enacted without discussion. If there is any part of the government in which women should have a voice it is certainly in the management of the public schools. Even the most strenuous opponents of women suffrage on general principles are disposed to accede that much. If women are good enough for teachers they are entirely competent to serve as trustees and county superintendents. It is a question of brain power and capacity, and not of sex.—*Hawkeye*.

"If the county would give me as much money as it paid fees for sending me here," remarked a vagrant in the county jail this morning, "I could buy an outfit and go prospecting. Instid o' usin' me to develop the resources o' the country, they stick me in here and board an' lodge me fur three months fur nothin'. Law's a queer layout."—*Virginia (Nev.) Chronicle*.

The higher up the mountain you climb, the higher you can see.

An American Abroad.

Railroading in England appears peculiar to an American. There is no paying of fares on the cars so far as we observed. The passenger coaches are only about half the length of ours, divided into three apartments; the doors are on the side. The apartments of the same car are sometimes marked first, second and third class. First class seats are great easy chairs, finely upholstered. Second class, plainly and strictly upholstered with leather. Third class seats about as comfortable as the benches of a frontier school-house. The English say that the aristocracy and Americans and fools travel first class. The business men of England almost invariably travel second class. The conductor is called the guard.

The locomotives are much smaller than ours with one large drive-wheel on each side. The smoke-stack is not funnel-shaped as here, but straight. The rate of speed is much higher than here. The engineer is not as well protected from the steam.

At the hotels the waiters are dressed in black broadcloth, swallow-tailed coats, with white neckties, once the style for the pulpit in this country, but now almost monopolized by stage singers.

In connection with restaurants is the inevitable bar with the villainous custom of employing young ladies to deal out the liquors. A custom which is tolerated in this country only in low concert saloons.

A brief visit to New Castle upon Tyne, discovered nothing worthy of special mention. A large portion of that growing city is unsightly and dingy, on account of its enormous coal trade and coal consumption. The center of the city is remodeled on a fine scale, with beautiful broad streets and some attractive public buildings.

A visit to Cambridge was one of more interest to us chiefly on account of its university with its seventeen colleges and halls. A college official escorted us and made our visit a very pleasant one. The grounds are beautiful. On the little quiet stream flowing through, the Cambridge boys develop the muscle of their boating clubs—a manly exercise if not allowed to absorb and divert attention from study. The record shows that the famous oarsmen of Cambridge and Oxford have fallen far below the average in standing in their class.

We were shown the students' rooms. To each student there is a large, airy study-bedroom, and a room for fuel and wine closet, which latter room has been patronized to the great detriment of some of the famous scholars who have gone forth from that ancient seat of learning.

Here at Cambridge we hear of Hobson, who made his money by hiring out horses to the students, giving rise to the old proverb of "Hobson's choice."

On approaching London from the north, our railroad is elevated so that from the coach we look down upon a wilderness of chimneys.—Letter to the *Burlington Hawkeye*.

A Grim Reality.

What romance is more startling than reality? The daily newspaper furnishes materials for many a thrilling novel by the simple statement of facts. A recent tragedy had for its actors an old man afraid of his life while in the company of his son and his son's wife, and drinking only milk and water because he could do his own milking, draw water himself from the well, and thus be sure that he was not to be poisoned. Here was the son, a sullen brute, of whose creation as a character many a writer of fiction would be proud. His standing grudge against his father seems to have been that while the father lived the son could not have his money. People who had seen the two together many times at work in the field, never saw the son speak to the father; for four years before the mother's death the son did not once speak to her. On one occasion, the poor old woman, longing for a word of kindness from her boy, actually offered to give him money if he would speak to her. This extraordinary animal refused. The last touch is put upon this grotesque and horrible picture by showing that the son followed his father for four days before the murder, carrying everywhere, on the farm, in the house, at the table, an axe, and preserving all the while the silence of a headman. This strange group continued to live quietly under the same roof until the father's fears were realized, and he was butchered—by whom it is easy to guess. And all this passed in our very midst, among the peaceful scenes of everyday life.

Two of those ornaments made of plaster of Paris flavored with sugar were bestowed upon an urchin, with the usual warning, "Don't eat them whatever you do; they will poison you." For some time they were regarded by him and his younger brother with mingled awe and admiration; but at no distant day their mother missed one. "Tom," said she to the owner, who was just setting forth for school, "what have 'ee done with that figure?" "Giv'd it to Dick," was the reply, "and if he's living when I come home I mean to eat the other one myself, I can tell 'ee!"

THE WANE OF THE HONEYMOON.—Dearest of Loves: "My angel, we ought to be thinking about getting back to town." Dearest of Pets: "As soon as ever you like, dearest, to be done with this weary mooning and spooning."—Fun.

How a Queen is Domticed.

The Queen of Spain's apartments at the castle of Pardo are thus described: The rooms are eight in number. The first we enter is hung in white satin, with hand embroidered blue flowers; the furniture, of Louis XV style is upholstered in rich blue satin; in a corner is a remarkably fine cabinet of rosewood, ornamented with old Sevres panels of great beauty. This room leads into a smaller boudoir, style of the first French empire, hung in yellow satin, with furniture of the same. In a recess of a window is a small equestrian statue of the king when he was only four years old. The small mite, looking very frightened, is holding the bridle in one hand and is saluting with the other. The third room is called the queen's music room. The hangings are red and gold, two grand pianos occupy two corners, and curves and nicknacks abound. The queen's study or workroom, comes next. It opens upon a large terrace, which, in summer, is arranged as a garden. It is white and gold, the furniture being old Dutch, with inlay of colored flowers. Then comes the bedroom, which is a very marvel of splendor and luxury. It required no less than eight hundred yards of stuff for the hangings which are of *ecru* Lyon's silk, *broche* with alternate lines of red and blue flowers. The furniture is Louis XVI; in a corner is a table in old Sevres; in the middle of the room is the bed, in black wood, with embossed brass ornaments; at the head two reclining nude female figures support a shield, upon which is emblazoned the queen's monogram in red upon a blue ground; a canopy in embossed brass, supports the curtains, which are thick silk, of the same design as the hangings. The bathroom, which is close by, also opens into a room specially reserved for the queen's attendants, and near the bedroom also is the dressing-room, the furniture of which is silver pine, the walls being hung with *ecru* silk, with blue flowers.

INDIANS AS WHEAT GROWERS.—It has generally been supposed that California, with its fertility and vast agricultural resources, would prevent Arizona from finding a market for her agricultural products. But ten carloads of wheat grown by the Maricopa Indians, lately passed over the Southern Pacific Railroad to San Francisco, where it was sold for \$2 22 the 100, the ruling price being at the time \$2 10 to \$2 15. The railroad carried the wheat at \$7 50 per ton. The facts show that California does not bar the products of Arizona from the sea; that Indians can raise good wheat; and illustrate the advantages of a railroad to a new country. The Arizona wheat, like that of Donora, is of fine quality. The Maricopas are not the only tribe practicing agriculture, as the Papagos, numbering some 10,000, and living along the gulf, westward from Tecolote, have entirely supported themselves by agriculture. The Mohaves are also an agricultural people, living on the Colorado river, the bottoms of which they cultivate with more success, through long experience, than the whites around them.

BROUGHAM'S FINE POINT.—One of Brougham's earliest appearances as an advocate was in behalf of a man accused of stealing a pair of boots. The evidence as to the theft was conclusive; but Brougham contended that his client must be acquitted, the articles stolen being half-boots, which he argued were not boots any more than a half-guinea was a guinea, or half a loaf a whole one. Lord Eskgrove, knowing his man, guessed that he was being played upon, so, without asking the prosecuting counsel to reply, he at once overruled the objection, saying: "I am of the opinion that 'boot' is a *nomen generale*, comprehending a half-boot and half a boot. The moon is always the moon, although sometimes she is a half-moon." —*Chambers' Journal.*

Every one has a welcome for the person who has the good sense to take things quietly. The person who can go without her dinner and not advertise the fact; who can lose her purse and keep her temper; who makes light of a heavy weight, and can wear a shoe that pinches without any one being the wiser; who does not magnify the splinter in her finger into a stick of timber, nor the mote in her neighbor's eye into a beam; who swallows bitter words without leaving the taste in other people's mouths; who can give up her own way without giving up the ghost; who can have a thorn in the flesh and yet not prick all her friends with it—such a one surely carries a passport into the good graces of mankind.

A sad looking man went into a Burlington drug store. "Can you give me," he asked, "something that will drive from my mind the thoughts of sorrow and bitter recollections?" And the druggist nodded and put him up a little dose of quinine, and wormwood, and rhubarb, and epsom salts and a dash of castor oil, and gave it to him, and for six months the man couldn't think of anything in the world except new schemes for getting the taste out of his mouth.

A small pamphlet narrating the life and career of Prince Napoleon, heir to the Bonaparte dynasty, is at present being circulated extensively among the French peasantry. The pamphlet contains a fine likeness of the prince dressed in civilian clothes, with ribbons and medals on his coat lapel. The resemblance to the great Napoleon is very striking.

Intelligence Items.

The first copper cent was coined in New Haven in 1687.
Air is about eight hundred and fifteen times lighter than water.
Peoria, Ill., has one hundred and nine secret and other societies.
An Arkansas woman is now living with her fourteenth husband.
A woman in Johnstown, Pa., wanted to send a tin washboiler by mail.
There are 500 vacant houses in Memphis, the result of the late epidemic.
"Medicated beer" is the latest addition to the literature of swallowing.
Ohio spent \$7,711,325 last year for the maintenance of her public schools.
The climate of Deadwood, at times, varies forty-eight degrees in half an hour.
The greatest height at which visible clouds ever exist does not exceed ten miles.

The imports at New York for January were larger than they have been since the panic.

The Leadville mines produced nearly \$12,000,000 worth of bullion during the past year.

The first attempt to manufacture pins in this country was made soon after the war of 1812.

The Atlanta Constitution is in favor of allowing the women to vote on the liquor question.

Gas was first used as an illuminating agent in 1702. Its first use in New York was in 1827.

There is a colored woman in Union, New York, who claims to have kissed George Washington.

Texas promises to close all drinking places from Saturday night to Monday morning by state law.

The Rochester police are still arresting beggars who lost "property, limbs, friends and all" by the Chicago fire.

The office of army chaplain has been abolished by the French Chamber of Deputies, the vote being 342 to 111.

The London Spectator believes that it will require an army of 45,000 men to maintain British supremacy in Afghanistan.

President Lincoln's walking-stick, taken from his box at the theater on the night of his assassination, has been recovered at Troy, N. Y.

Chicago is getting up a monument to Tom Paine. The New York Commercial thinks that champagne would be more in Chicago's line.

The public debt statement for last month is probably the most satisfactory of any month since the war, the reduction amounting to \$11,000,000.

There are 3,000,000 working women in our country dependent on their own resources for a livelihood and such home comforts and surroundings as they can create.

Mrs. J. J. Astor recently sent out from the office of the Children's Aid Society one hundred homeless children to homes in the West and South, at an expense of \$1,500.

There are five Sabbaths in February this year. This occurs once in twenty-eight years, three times in one century, and four times in the next. It will not occur again until 1908.

The Hood fund—which, it will be remembered, is expected to provide for the nurture and education of ten children—is officially stated to be \$10,968, of which sum \$10,500 has been invested in United States bonds.

The Norristown Herald says: "The heirs of the late Peter Geolet, a New York millionaire, have presented the physician of the deceased \$25,000 in recognition of his professional services. This is not an isolated case. A rich man's heirs always feel happy when he dies, and are willing to pay something handsome to the physician."

Formerly women were never invited to any notable banquet or breakfast. At the author's breakfast, given to Oliver Wendell Holmes on his seventieth birthday, woman in literature was recognized for the first time on such a grand occasion. Some twenty lady contributors to the Atlantic Monthly were present among the great Yankee literary lights.

Hawkeye Editorial Dots.

Mr. W. D. Howells, the author, parts his hair equatorially.

Do you remember what the governor of Maine said to the governor of Maine? "It is a long time between inaugurations."

"Handsome is that handsome does." Yes, but when a confidence man with one eye and a broken nose has done you handsomely, then what?

Western towns are beginning to trim down their estimates of population, in apprehensive anticipation of the United States census marshals. P. S.—Also eastern towns.

We protest against the folly of this senseless demand that the money of the land should be kept in circulation. That's just the trouble with it; it circulates too fast. What we are trying to do is to stop a little of it at the very number where the carrier leaves our letter.

Harper's Bazar tells us that "ruby gloves are a novelty brought into vogue by the gay out-door costumes." They are worn, of course, only by the ladies. If the men wore gloves of that color, there are some men who wouldn't be able to tell their nose from their fingers.

Ventilation.

An illustration of popular ignorance as to ventilation is furnished by the Sanitary Engineer, and is as follows:

A gentleman while attending church one evening found that his feet were icy cold, so that he had to raise them from off the floor. Calling the attention of the sexton to the fact, the latter said, with some perplexity,—

"Yes, we have a good many complaints of cold feet from others; but I don't understand the reason why we can't keep the church warm; we surely have fires enough."

So saying, he pointed to a register in the floor directly behind the gentleman, in the adjoining pew. Looking around, the latter could see that there was a hot fire in the furnace beneath, and yet no heat came up. When a handkerchief was laid over the register, it scarcely stirred. The visitor asked the sexton,—

"Have you any means of ventilation?"

"No, sir."

"Are there no windows open?"

"None whatever."

"How, then, can you expect the air to come in here if it can't get out somewhere?"

There was no response—the man was non-plussed. "Did you ever try to blow into a bottle?" continued the inquirer.

"No, sir."

"Do you think, if you did, that you could force any more air into a bottle by blowing than was in it before?"

"Well," continued the gentleman, "you would soon find, if you tried, that it would be impossible, and neither can you force air into this church through a register if you don't open a window or some other orifice."

"But," the sexton demurred, "opening a window would let in the cold air, wouldn't it?"

"You just try it," was the response.

"Raise some of the windows on the leeward side of the church, and see what will happen."

It was done, and instantly the handkerchief lying on the register rose half-way to the ceiling with the force of the ascending current. The sexton stood and stared in astonishment.

The Burial of the First Napoleon.

Abraham Millington, a British sergeant, attached to the St. Helena artillery, has left the subjoined interesting relation of the manner in which the body of the Emperor Napoleon I. was prepared for burial: "On Sunday, the 6th of May, 1821, I was sent for while attending divine service, to make a tin coffin for General Napoleon Bonaparte. On Monday, the 7th, I was ordered to attend at Longwood House for the purpose of soldering up the body of General Bonaparte in the tin coffin, which was performed in the following manner, in the presence of General Bertrand and Montholon, Madam Bertrand, the French chaplain, the French surgeon, Mr. A. Darling, Dr. Rushop, H. M. Twentieth regiment of foot, several of the French domestics, and Samuel Ley, private in the Twentieth regiment. The body of the late General Bonaparte, in full dress, was deposited in a tin coffin, which was lined with white silk and cotton. His cocked hat lay across his thighs and on the left breast of his coat was a gold star and a cross and several other medals of the same metal. Several pieces of coin of various sizes and different value were also put into the coffin. His heart was deposited in a silver urn or tureen filled with spirits to which I soldered a lid or cover of the same material, which was placed between the small parts of his legs. His stomach was deposited in a silver mug in which there was spirits, which was also put in the coffin. A silver plate, knife, fork and spoon and a silver cup were also deposited in the coffin. Subsequent to placing the body of the General in the coffin, the lid of the coffin being lined with white silk and stuffed with white cotton, was put in its place, and I soldered it on the coffin inclosing the late General Napoleon Bonaparte and all the above mentioned articles. This tin coffin, with its contents, was then inclosed in a mahogany coffin, and they were inclosed in a lead coffin, which made a all three coffins.

STRANGE FINDS.—The bank of England has had no end of valuables committed to its keeping. The vaults of its establishment hold moldering chests, deposited there for safety's sake, and apparently forgotten by their owners. In 1873 one fell to pieces from sheer rottenness, exposing to sight a quantity of massive plate and a bundle of yellow papers. The latter proved to be a collection of love letters of the period of the restoration, which the directors were enabled to restore to the lineal descendant of the original owner. In 1875 a tin box was fished out of the Seine containing more than five hundred letters addressed to divers persons in Paris. The box—set about miles above Paris—had been hermetically sealed, and was furnished with little metal sails, that it might catch the current of the river at every point; but it had failed to achieve a successful voyage, and laid at the bottom of the river for years with its freight of letters for the besieged Parisians, some of whom, however, had the pleasure of receiving them five years after date.

A young lady who did not admire the custom in vogue among her sisters of writing a letter, and then cross-writing it to illegibility, said she would prefer her epistles "without any over-skirt."

THE ROBERTSON REDUCTION WORKS

For working rebellious ores by the ROBERTSON PROCESS. We are now prepared to buy sulphurets, telluride and other rebellious

GOLD AND SILVER

Ores when they are rich enough to pay for shipment to San Francisco. We will also work ores by the ton for parties who desire it. Assays made on pound lots for \$2.00. Send one pound by mail, with the money, and we will return the result. Address

ROBERTSON REDUCTION WORKS,

Office, 320 Sansome Street, San Francisco, Cal.

CANNERS' AND SOAP MAKERS'

resses, Dies, &c., Jewelers' Rolls and Special Machine Work of all Kinds
F. A. ROBBINS, Manufacturer, 7 First St., San Francisco.

DR. SPEER,

(GRADUATE OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY)
SPECIAL DISEASES A SPECIALTY.
Call or address H. J. SPEER, M. D.,
11 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal.

If your wife is in the habit of using cosmetics of any kind, advise her to give up the pernicious practice, as the most harmless face powders obstruct the pores of the skin and sooner or later injure the complexion, while PHOSPHATE SOAP removes all impurities and assists nature in developing a natural, healthy and beautiful skin.

MONEY TO LOAN

\$500,000

To loan in one sum or in amounts to suit, on Country Property at current rates of interest, by

JOHN T. LITTLE,

302 Montgomery St., Room 1 and 2 San Francisco.

W. DAVIS,

MANUFACTURER OF

Horse COLLARS, Harness, Whips,

LASHES AND SADDLES

OF ALL KINDS.

Wholesale and Retail dealer in Leather, Saddlery, Hardware, Horse Blankets, Robes, Sponges, Horse Brushes, etc. Send for catalogue.

410 Market St., Near First Street, San Francisco.

It is an old proverb that an ounce of preventive is better than a pound of cure. Twenty-five cents invested in a cake of PHOSPHATE SOAP will save hundreds of dollars in doctors' bills. It acts as a constant disinfectant, preventing Salt Rheum and other skin diseases.

GILHAM'S

GREEN HOOF AND HEALING

OINTMENT

For Collar Galls, Harness Galls, Saddle Galls, Burns, Scalds, Bruises, Old and Recent Wounds, Brittle Hoofs, Fever in Feet, Founder, Sand Cracks, Quarter Cracks, Scratches or Grease. For Cuts, Burns and all Flesh Wounds on Human Flesh. This Ointment has no equal. **THE ONLY OINTMENT IN THE UNITED STATES THAT EVER RECEIVED A MEDAL.**

For sale and recommended by all Traders, Druggists and Harness Makers. Main & Winchester, 24 and 26 Battery St., S. F. Wholesale Agents.

N. CURRY & BRO.

113 Sansome St., San Francisco,
Sole Agents for the

SHARPS RIFLE CO., OF BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

FOR—

California, Oregon, Arizona, Nevada, Washington Territory and Idaho. Also Agents for W. W. Green's Celebrated Woodruff, Choke-bore, Breach-loading Double-barrels; and all kinds of Guns, Rifles and all Flesh Wounds on Human Flesh. This Ointment has no equal. **THE ONLY OINTMENT IN THE UNITED STATES THAT EVER RECEIVED A MEDAL.**

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ST. DAVIDS,

A FIRST-CLASS LODGING HOTEL!

Contains 120 Rooms. 715 Howard St., Near Third Street, San Francisco.

At Oakland ferry take Omnibus line of Horse Cars to Cor. Howard and Third Sts.

This house is especially designed as a comfortable home for gentlemen and ladies visiting the city from the interior. No dark rooms. Gas and running water in each room. The floors are covered with body Brussels carpet, and all of the furniture is made of solid black walnut. Each bed has a spring mattress, with an additional hair-top mattress, making them the most luxurious and healthy beds in the world. Ladies wishing to cook for themselves or families are allowed the free use of a large, public kitchen and dining-room, with dishes. Servants wash the dishes and keep up a constant fire from 6 A. M. to 7 P. M. Hot and cold baths, a large parlor and reading-room, all free to guests. Price of single rooms per night 50 cents; per week from \$2.50 onwards. **E. HUGHES, Proprietor.**

J. HUTCHISON'S NURSERIES,

OAKLAND, CAL.
ESTABLISHED IN 1852.

An immense stock of NEW and RARE PLANTS, Evergreen Trees and Ornamental Shrubs.

CYPRESS FOR HEDGES,
One to three years old. Roses, Fuchsias, Pinks, Magnolias, Camellias, Dahlias, Etc., etc., in endless variety, at

Bedrock Prices!
SEEDS and BULBS of all kinds. Send for Catalogue.

INTERNATIONAL HOTEL,

824 and 826 Kearny St., San Francisco.

\$1 25 and \$1 50 PER DAY.

H. C. PATRIDGE, PROPRIETOR

Two Concord Coaches, with the name of the Hotel on, will always be in waiting at the landing to convey passengers to the Hotel free. **BE SURE YOU GET INTO THE RIGHT COACH; IF YOU DO NOT, THEY WILL CHARGE YOU.**

Dr. Spinney & Co.

11 Kearny St., San Francisco. There are many men from thirty to sixty years of age suffering from general prostration and weakening of the system which they can not account for. Dr. Spinney will guarantee a perfect cure in all such cases and a complete restoration of the physical and nervous powers. **P. S.**—For special diseases of short standing a full course of medicines sufficient to cure, with necessary instructions, will be sent to any address on receipt of \$1.

PHOSPHATE SOAP



THE BEST soap for toilet use ever manufactured. BEST because it contains all the excellencies of the most expensive foreign or American soaps without their defects. BEST because it combines strength with delicacy in such a way that its strong detergent qualities do not injure the skin. BEST because it is the result of years of study and experiment in the soap manufacturing business, assisted by modern chemical discoveries. BEST because it contains ingredients beneficial to the skin, which unite chemically with the soap in such a manner as to increase its saponaceous qualities. Every chemist familiar with soap manufacture knows that some ingredients which are in themselves beneficial to the skin cannot be saponified; some are partially neutralized, while others injure the quality of the soap. There are soaps in the market which are to some extent beneficial to the skin, but they are inferior articles for toilet use. PHOSPHATE SOAP is the ONLY article offered to the public which combines all the best elements of toilet soap with medical ingredients beneficial to the skin.

No salve or ointment can heal a wound or sore of any kind. Every educated physician will tell you that nature alone can do this. PHOSPHATE SOAP, by its cleansing, soothing and purifying qualities, gives nature a chance to act freely.

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.

Ladies who wish to make the skin look beautiful and natural should use PHOSPHATE SOAP.

For all diseases of the skin use PHOSPHATE SOAP. There is nothing like it for removing impurities and giving the skin a healthy and natural vigor.

TESTIMONIALS:

SAN JOSE, September 21, 1870.

To the Standard Soap Co.—Gentlemen:

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

A. J. SPENCER, M. D.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 19, 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, 1873.

Standard Soap Co.—Gents:

I have tried your PHOSPHATE SOAP, and have no hesitation in saying that it is the best toilet soap I 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.

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, but we wish to sell it only at wholesale, and 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.

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

Mall and Telegraph.

SACRAMENTO, April 12.—In the Senate 25 bills, some important and others unimportant, were withdrawn from the file in order to facilitate legislation on the most important questions before the legislature.

The Assembly chamber came very near being the scene of another sensation this morning before the opening of the session. It seems that several days since a member of the House said in the presence of several persons that he would contribute one hundred dollars toward a fund to transport Mrs. R. F. Fitzgerald, wife of the proprietor of an ephemeral newspaper in this city, out of Santa Clara valley. Mrs. Fitzgerald delivered a lecture Saturday evening at the theater here and had been upon the floor selling tickets, and a member stated that he thought she should not be allowed in the chamber. These remarks came to the knowledge of Mrs. Fitzgerald, and this morning she appeared in the Assembly chamber with a black-snake whip concealed under her cloak. She sent a messenger to the gentleman who had made the remarks stated above to ask him if she had been correctly informed. The gentleman from Santa Clara replied that he had said so, whereupon Mrs. F. stepped up and informed him that unless he immediately signed a retraction, to be published to day, she would horsewhip him. The member looked into the gleaming eye of the irate female, glanced around to see that his means of retreat were somewhat circumscribed and then sat down and penned a satisfactory retraction, to the intense disgust of several who had gathered around to see the fun.

WASHINGTON, April 10.—The subcommittee on the Pacific railroad to whom was referred the bill extending the time accorded the Northern Pacific railroad in which to fulfill the conditions on which its land grants are based, after a prolonged discussion reached a vote on the proposition to grant an extension of ten years and decided adversely. A proposition was then made to extend the time six years, but pending discussion, and without reaching a vote, the committee adjourned. This last proposition is the one embodied in the Senate bill, and upon which the Senate railroad committee is expected to take action at a meeting to-morrow or Monday.

WASHINGTON, April 12.—A letter reached here to-day from a prominent Pacific coast politician now in New York, and who is on confidential terms with Gov. Seymour, which says that Seymour will most positively not be a candidate for President under any circumstances, and will use whatever influence he can command in behalf of Justice Field. The writer, who is also on intimate terms with Tilden, has expressed a belief that he will not push his own claims before the National Convention but will come to the support of Justice Field.

WASHINGTON, April 12.—The extraordinary number of emigrants arriving this spring is attracting attention, and it keeps up, the immigration this year will be much larger than ever before. Since the first of January 2,300 have arrived at Baltimore, as against 289 for the same period last year, and 35,825 have arrived at New York, against 11,140 for 1879. During March last the number of arrivals was 21,658 against 5,965 last year. It is said that these immigrants are an unusually good class of people, most of them having sufficient money for a good start in life.

SHALL THE PEOPLE OR POLITICAL DESPOTISMS ELECT THE PRESIDENT?—Does the country want another Presidential election like that of 1876? Does it want another period of months of turmoil and excitement, prostrating business, checking industry, decreasing employment, increasing poverty and idleness, demoralizing the people, and making the nation less capable of self-government? If all this is desirable there is an easy way to get it. The Republicans have only to nominate the ex-President, and the Democrats Mr. S. J. Tilden. Let the voters of each party resign their proper functions into the hands of the party machines, and they can make sure of as uneasy and as demoralizing a time as the worst band of tramps in the country could desire. The ex-President and Tilden would mean despair on one side and mean desperation on the other. It would mean, not the American people meeting at the polls good naturedly to

decide who should be their head clerk for the next four years; it would mean the desperate combat of two sets of political gamblers for the spoils of the Union, to the disgust, injury, and demoralization of the voters.—*N. Y. Herald.*

VICTORIA, April 13.—The exports of the province for the last quarter were \$416,533, of which \$191,852 was in coal and \$80,000 in gold.

The first sod of the Emory Savona railway will be turned on the 24th of May. Four thousand men will be required. There is a scarcity of labor in the province. A deputation of the anti-Chinese Association waited on the railway contractor yesterday with the view of ascertaining his ideas as to the class of labor he will employ in the prosecution of the important work assigned to him. Mr. Onderdonk assured the deputation that it was his intention to give white labor the preference in all cases, and having exhausted the white laboring classes of this province he will, if necessity compels him, fall back on the French Canadians of the eastern provinces. Should he be unable to obtain a sufficiency of white labor he will, with reluctance, engage Indians and Chinese.

WASHINGTON, April 13.—A report published in the Washington Star yesterday, that Senator Grover is suffering from paralysis and is dangerously ill at Wilmington, Delaware, is to day discredited by his intimate friends in this city. Letters received by one of them, and by Senator Grover's brother-in-law, during the past few days, written by the Senator himself, report his health as improving.

CHICAGO, April 12.—Suit is pending in the United States Court in this city concerning the oleomargarine patent which has brought out the astounding fact that oleomargarine which is never quoted in market and which is not kept by any merchant as such, has a sale in the country of 98,000,000 pounds per annum.

An Old Duffer.

"Do you see that old duffer with a slouched hat—that one just sneaking out of sight?" It was a driver of a Fifth avenue bus who asked me the question the other night as we were passing the Fifth Avenue hotel. "He is my boss," continued Jehu. "It is worth's much's he's I wouldn't stand around all night watching stars."

"How much is he worth?"
"Bout four million."
"Who is he?"
"He! Why, he's old Andrews, who runs the whole outfit. Thought everybody knew him. We know him. He runs seventy buses on this line and scoops in three or four hundred a day, clean money. He's been offered his high's \$200,000 cash for the line, but he wouldn't have it."

"What keeps him around here at night?"

"Just'er see that we don't knock down the fares of the passengers on top. We have to make a special return on the last trip for all top fares. The old chap hangs round to catch the boys."

At this moment we met a bus coming up. There was a mysterious interchange of signals between the two drivers. The upward bound had been warned by the downward bound that the boss was on duty.

"Sometimes he's there by the Fifth avenue, where you saw him; next trip he'll be down to Bleeker street, maybe he'll jump in and ride a few blocks. He's a sly one. He thinks more of a cent with a hole in it than I do of a good dinner. He hangs around every night till one o'clock, when the last bus goes up. He's got an awful grip on his gold, but some day somebody'll have his money to spend." The thought of it gave an extra snap to the whip.

"He does look pretty old, that's a fact."

"Don't you worry about his dying off hand. His father is alive now, up in Delaware county. No, sir; if I had his stamps, I wouldn't hang round nights to catch a five cent fare. When he finds a driver short a fare he docks him fifty cents."

"How do the receipts now compare with the ten cent days?"

"We do more than double the business. A stage averages \$3 more a day since they cut down to five cents. We used to take in \$6 or \$7, and now we count on from \$9 to \$11."

And now you know as much about the profits of the Fifth avenue bus line as I do.—*N. Y. Letter.*

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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—

IN EVERY STYLE AT THE

SADDLE ROCK RESTAURANT.

COMMERCIAL STREET,

—AT—

25 Cents Per Plate.

CHAS. KIEL, Proprietor

North Pacific

BREWERY.

AUGUST MEHLHORN, PROPRIETOR.

[SUCCESSOR TO M. SCHMIEG.]

The Best Beer always on Hand.

ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED.

Notice to Take Depositions.

Territory of Washington, }
County of King, } ss

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. Sw. 7

Albert M. Snyder

ATTORNEY FOR U. S. CLAIMANTS,
COMMISSIONER OF DEADS FOR OREGON AND CALIFORNIA.

NOTARY PUBLIC, COPYIST,
Collector, Etc.

PREEMPTION ENTRIES MADE AND
HOMESTEAD FINAL PROOF TAKEN FOR SETTLERS.

CONVEYANCING DONE, LOANS NEGOTIATED.

THREE MONTHS PAY.

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

Soldiers' Additional Homesteads.

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

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

Letters of inquiry must contain postage stamps for reply and address ALBERT M. SNYDER, Seattle, W. T.

Office—Mill Street, next Post Office.

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

WEEKLY

Puget Sound Dispatch.

BERIAH BROWN, Publisher.

VOLUME 8, NUMBER 1.

SEATTLE, WASH. TERR. Y.

This Journal is now in its Eighth Volume and, as heretofore, is devoted to the material prosperity of the Country in which it is located.

TERMS - - - \$3 00 PER YEAR

INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

THE JOB DEPARTMENT CONTAINS

A SPLENDID ASSORTMENT

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And we are prepared to do all Descriptions of

Commercial and Legal Printing.

—SUCH AS—

Posters, Dodgers, Circulars,

Programmes, Cards, Note Heads,

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BRIEFS,

AND EVERY DESCRIPT OF

LEGAL BLANKS

At a Slight Advance on SAN FRANCISCO PRICES.

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