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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, Prop

In Admiralty.

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

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 Foblier, Wm. Wahlquist, James Hanson, F. Gaffasson, Gust Seaberg, 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 63
J. T. Young.....	125 39
Ah Moor.....	50 80
Henry Foblier.....	86 30
Wm. Wahlquist.....	82 00
James Hanson.....	81 75
F. Gaffasson.....	82 55
Gust Seaberg.....	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, EMERT & LEARY for Libellants. 19-4w

Vicarious Journalism.

In this country in which popular sovereignty predominates, personality is a necessary incident to journalism; the personal pronoun used by the editor means himself, not his paper. Hence, when the *Courier* alludes to our strictures upon the Rev. Daniel Bagley as having been aimed at "that reverend father of ours," it implies that the son is the editor and that we were guilty of the impropriety of assailing a reverend gentleman upon false premises. When Launcelet attempted to save the reputation of his dog, who had committed a nuisance in a lady's boudoir, by protesting: "Please ma'am, I did it!" his generous devotion was worthy of praise, but it failed to command credence. So when the young man, by innuendo, assumes the paternity of his father's ranting, he will please excuse us for discrediting the assumption, upon the evidence of our own senses. We spoke of the Rev. Daniel as the editor of the *Courier* on his own personal authority, and took the liberty of criticizing an editorial in that paper which bore to us positive internal evidence of being his own personal production. We never should have dreamed of assailing Bro. Bagley in the discharge of his ministerial functions as a Christian clergyman, nor dragged him into the public arena to answer for his personal opinions as a private citizen. And it was no part of our design to impeach his social standing or private character; our recollection of acts of kindly sympathy and generosity by both the father and the son, would banish from our mind any sentiment of personal hostility towards either of them. We but protested against the practice of subordinating the holy functions of the Christian ministry to the grovelling method of party politics—the working of the "machine," the fraud and trickery of the caucus system, the bargain and chicanery practiced in conventions, as manifested in the disgraceful scramble now distracting the country for the nomination to the highest office in the government and most august position in the world. But we specially denounced the sentiment uttered by a Christian minister in view of these patent facts, commending the "partisan,"—"one who is violently and passionately devoted to a party," as the only citizen worthy of public trust. The comparisons which we made, regarded by some as "odious," but illustrated the tendency of the sentiment, not the character of the author. We have a notable illustration of the spirit of party in the arraignment, trial and crucifixion of Jesus Christ, when the "partisans, the men of positive action as well as convictions," cried with one voice: "Release unto us Barabbas! as for this man, crucify him! crucify him!" and another, when the eloquence of St. Paul was drowned in the popular cry: "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" Yet who can point to a sentence in the New Testament indicating a form of political government, or an example in the lives of Christ and his Apostles of mixing up the Church in party politics? "My kingdom is not of this world," and "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are Gods," furnished the key note of all their political teachings; honor and obedience to the civil authorities being the sum and substance of political duties enjoined.

A Methodist General Conference nominates General Grant for President, as the Republican candidate. A profane journal asks: "Why not elect Grant a Bishop?" Yes, why not? It is within the province of the General Conference to elect a Bishop; it exceeds its authority when it assumes the functions of a political convention to nominate a party candidate for President. It has set several precedents for the election of party politicians as Bishops. Bishop Ames was defeated for United States Senator by Jesse D. Bright, of Indiana, and was sub-

sequently elected a Bishop. He served his party as zealously and much more efficiently as a Bishop than as a politician without holy orders. A politician elevated to the holy office of a Bishop, may possibly become a sincere and useful Christian minister; but the Bishop or minister who voluntarily puts off his sacred functions to seek the honors of this world through the filthy pool of party politics, becomes a recreant to his sacred calling, and with rare exceptions a very unscrupulous politician. That has been our observation.

RAILROAD CONTRACT.—The *Portland Standard* of the 1st inst. says: The North Pacific Railroad has recently made a new departure in the matter of contracts, and gave out the other day to the contracting firm of Coulter, McBean & Co., 16½ miles of heavy grading. The part of the road let out to this firm lies just this side of Spokane Falls, and is an exceeding heavy one. Great hills have to be pierced and deep cuts and fills made. The contract is one of the largest made for some time. According to the engineer's estimates it will cost \$335,000 to complete the roadway, although Mr. Coulter is of the opinion that this estimate is entirely too small. He places the probable cost at \$400,000. To finish the job about 100 men and 200 teams will be required. Mr. McBean will superintend the job, while Clarence Coulter will overlook affairs generally. The contract time extends to the 1st of December.

PORTLAND FIRE.—About 2 o'clock A. M. on the 1st inst., a fire broke out in the composing room of the *Standard* office at Portland, destroying all the printing material belonging to that establishment, and doing material damage to several other printing offices in the same building. Walling's press-room and paper-room was badly damaged. The *Farmer* saved only its subscription list in a damaged condition. The *Resources of Oregon* sustained slight damage by water and general disarrangement. The *Standard* was insured for \$1,500, which lacks about \$1,000 of covering its loss. The forms of the paper had gone to press and were saved. None of the papers suspend publication. The fire it is supposed was caused by the explosion of an oil lamp after the hands had left the composing room. It was extinguished with but slight damage to the building.

President's Veto.

The President sent to the House the following message, vetoing the Deficiency Appropriation bill:

After mature consideration of the bill entitled, etc., I return it to the House of Representatives with my objections to its passage. The bill appropriates about \$800,000 of which over \$600,000 is for the payment of fees of U. S. Marshals and general and special Deputy Marshals, earned during the current fiscal year, and their incidental expenses.

The appropriations made in the bill are needed to carry on the operations of the Government and to fulfill its obligations for the payment of money long since due its officers for services and expenses essential to the execution of their duties under the laws of the United States. The necessity for these appropriations is so urgent, and they have been so long delayed, that if the bill before me contained no permanent or legal legislation unconnected with these appropriations, it would receive my prompt approval. It contains, however, provisions which materially change and by implication repeal important parts of laws for the regulation of United States elections. These laws have for several years past been the subject of vehement political controversy, and have been denounced as unnecessary, oppressive and unconstitutional. On the other hand it has been maintained with equal zeal and earnestness that the election laws are indispensable to fair and lawful elections, and are clearly war-

ranted by the constitution. Under these circumstances to attempt in an appropriation bill a modification or repeal of these laws is to annex a condition to the passage of needed and proper appropriations which tends to deprive the Executive of that equal and independent exercise of discretion and judgment which the Constitution contemplates.

The objection to the bill, therefore, to which I respectfully ask your attention, is that it gives marked and deliberate sanction, attended by no circumstances of pressing necessity, to the questionable and as I am clearly of opinion, dangerous practice of tacking on appropriation bills general and permanent legislation. This practice opens wide the door to hasty, inconsiderate and sinister legislation. It invites attacks upon the independence and constitutional powers of the Executive by providing an easy and effective way of constraining executive discretion.

Although of late this practice has been resorted to by both political parties when clothed with power, it did not prevail until forty years after the adoption of the Constitution, and it is confidently believed that it is condemned by the enlightened judgment of the country. States which have adopted constitutions during the last quarter of a century have generally provided remedies for the evil. Many of them have enacted that no laws shall contain more than one subject, which shall be plainly expressed in its title. The Constitutions of more than half the States contain substantially this provision or some other of like intent and meaning. The public welfare will be promoted in many ways by the return to the early practice of the Government and to true legislation, which is that every measure should stand upon its merits. I am firmly convinced that appropriation bills ought not to contain any legislation not relevant to the application or expenditure of money thereby appropriated, and that by strict adherence to this principle an important and much needed reform will be accomplished.

Placing my objection to the bill on this feature of its frame, I forbear any comment upon important general and permanent legislation which it contains, as a matter of specific and independent consideration.

RUTHERFORD B. HAYES.

May 4, 1880.

WASHINGTON, May 7.—A meeting of Western members of Congress was held last evening at the residence of Senator Jones, of Nevada, to discuss a substitute for the mining bill prepared by the Land Commissioners. Senator Jones and Representative Daggett, of Nevada; Campbell, of Arizona; Berry, of California; Bedford, of Colorado, and Maginnis, of Montana, were present. The following bill was prepared, and will be offered in the House to-morrow if an opportunity is offered: It provides that section 2322 of chapter 6 of the revised statutes shall be amended by adding the following:—"And in all cases where the main dip of the lode does not exceed twenty-five degrees from the horizon the right to follow the mineral shall not extend beyond the side lines of the location drawn downward vertically, and on any mineral land where there is not an outcrop of the vein or lode on the surface of the ground the party seeking to make a discovery is authorized to locate a prospecting claim of the same size as claims now allowed by the laws, and he shall have the exclusive possession of such claim so long as he shall expend \$200 worth of work each year in exploring for mineral, and when a vein or lode shall be discovered, a patent may be obtained as is now provided by law. In case the locator shall fail to perform the annual labor therein required the said claim shall be open to relocation the same as though it never had been located; provided that the original locators, their heirs, assigns, or legal representatives have not resumed work upon the claim after the failure and before such location."

Turn Not in Scorn.

BY E. A. BARROWS.

'Tis not always words of anger
Which wound an aching heart,
Averted looks and scornful eyes
May send the deadliest dart.

Your victim may be innocent,
But cannot all explain,
Turn not in scorn from any one,
Lest innocents be slain.

Our Heavenly Father bids His sun
To shine on good and ill,
And pleasant looks and kindly smiles
Are emblems of His will.

Vice will never be encouraged
By kindly pitying look;
Scorn never led the sinner back
From paths which he mistook.

Better far to deal outspoken,
Go tell thy friend alone,
Tell him not in tones of anger,
Tell not with look of scorn.

It may be the cause is groundless,
Then trust till you are sure;
Will shedding the sunlight round you
Make your own heart less pure?

A Mysterious Disappearance.

Miss MacWinkle was of that age when unmarried ladies are afraid to go out into the street unprotected. She was between thirty-five and forty. Of a romantic nature and rather addicted to moonlight dreamings, her constant dread was that some improper-minded member of the male sex would endeavor to carry her off. She trembled if she found herself alone in a railway carriage with a man. She disliked men in general—they are so deceitful! Rather easy in her circumstances, she made up her mind that if she ever did allow herself to be wooed—and she laid great stress on the did—it should be for her own sake and not for her money; but in a general way she deprecated the idea that she could ever be prevailed upon to relinquish single blessedness for that wedded state which, she had heard, was fraught with so many disappointments.

Miss MacWinkle, being of good family, had a pretty extensive circle of acquaintances, and spent most of her autumn in visiting at country houses. Some weeks ago she received an invitation from a lady who was distantly related to her, and whose husband, Capt. Jaffe, of the Royal Navy, had recently purchased an estate in Suffolk with the proceeds of a legacy. On this estate was a hall which had been formerly inhabited by a squire of eccentric turn, who, because he lived alone and minded his own business, was generally suspected of having intercourse with the devil. The room in which this unfortunate man died, was, of course, supposed to be haunted, and Capt. Jaffe, being facetiously disposed, thought it would be a good joke to test Miss MacWinkle's courage by asking her whether she would object to sleep in it? Capt. Jaffe did not exactly like Miss MacWinkle, and had only invited her in order to please his wife; however, he put his proposal to this lady in the most courteous way possible at the dinner table on the evening of her arrival.

"Dear Miss MacWinkle," said he, when he saw that she had sipped her first glass of sherry, "I am sorry to say that the room in which we had intended to put you turns out to have a smoky chimney. We have been obliged to quarter you in a chamber that has the reputation of being haunted. I hope you don't mind?"

"Oh, dear, no," exclaimed Miss MacWinkle, rather shrilly, and she allowed her glass to be refilled. "But what sort of a ghost is it who haunts the room?"

"No ghost at all, so far as I know," laughed the captain. "It is a large, handsome room, as you must already have remarked. It has a fine south view, and the fireplace draws capitally."

"And there are no noises at night?" asked Miss MacWinkle. "I must tell you that I am a light sleeper, and easily disturbed."

"There are no noises at all," said the captain.

"And no draughts? Sometimes rooms are said to be haunted because the wind whistles through chinks and crannies."

"The room is as air-tight as a corked bottle. You have nothing to fear on that score."

"And there are no rats or mice, are there? I must confess to loathing rats, and mice still more, if possible."

"We have three cats and two terriers in the house, so rats and mice have no chance here," rejoined the captain.

Poor Miss MacWinkle gulped down half her glass of sherry and made no further objection. She was of shy disposition, and feared to look ridiculous before the other guests, of whom there were a dozen, including two girls of eighteen with mocking eyes; but inwardly she felt uncomfortable, and several of the ladies present sympathized with her.

"I think it would have been kinder to keep the existence of the ghost out of sight, Capt. Jaffe," said one of these ladies. "I am afraid I should not exhibit so much courage as Miss MacWinkle."

"But there is no ghost, I assure you," answered the captain. "It's only a foolish rumor got up by idle people."

"But it rests on something, I suppose?"

"On nothing more substantial than senseless talk; but if Miss MacWinkle feels in the least nervous, I daresay we can contrive to put her into another room, though it may not be such a good one."

Miss MacWinkle declined the offer and felt a little soothed by the encomiums that were bestowed on her pluck and good sense. A handsome young dragoon officer, who had been dividing his attention between the two girls of eighteen, turned to Miss MacWinkle and said that the qualities he admired most of all in women were plain reason and courage. Miss MacWinkle blushed. For a few more such compliments she would have consented to pass her night in a room where goblins danced in a ring, provided, at least, that these imps did not touch her. She became the heroine of the evening, and when the hour arrived for her retiring to bed, she took a collected and graceful farewell of the company.

"If I see a ghost I will drive him out of the room, and I rely on you to dispatch him for me," she said softly to the dragoon as she departed.

"Oh, yes; I believe my room is in the same passage as yours, and I'll keep a lookout," laughed the officer.

"Don't use firearms, though."

"No; I'll rout him out with a poker or an umbrella."

Everybody was amused, and presently the whole company had dispersed. Soon after midnight the house was hushed, and even the dragoon, who ought to have been keeping watch for the ghost, slumbered in peace the sleep of the just. Throughout the night not a sound was heard, and the pair of terriers, who had been left free to ramble about the house as sentinels, curled themselves up in the passage near Miss MacWinkle's door and were never heard to bark or growl once.

Breakfast used to be served at 9:30 in Capt. Jaffe's house, and all the guests staying under his roof generally came to it. Miss MacWinkle had said overnight that she would do so; therefore, when the company assembled, and the coffee, tea, hot rolls, bacon, eggs, buttered toast, round of beef, game pies, etc., all spread out in a tempting array, eyes were turned toward the door, expecting to see the heroine walk in. But Miss MacWinkle was late. After a quarter of an hour's delay, Capt. Jaffe said to the butler: "Has Miss MacWinkle's maid told her that breakfast is ready?"

"I'll go and ask her, sir," answered the servant, and he went out. Five minutes afterward he returned, looking rather flurried, and said: "The maid has knocked several times at Miss MacWinkle's door, and there is no answer."

"When did she first knock?" asked Capt. Jaffe.

"An hour ago, sir; then she came back half an hour later, thinking her mistress was asleep. She got no answer then; and now she's knocking again, and she's beginning to get alarmed."

Everybody else became alarmed all of a sudden. A general adjournment was made to the passage, and Miss MacWinkle's door was vigorously thumped, but without any responsive sound being evoked. The handle was tried, but the door was locked on the inside. "Poor thing, she has fainted from fright!" remarked one of the young ladies of eighteen.

"A fainting fit does not last an hour; we had better have the door forced open," said Mrs. Jaffe, anxiously.

"If we send to the village the locksmith won't be here for an hour," observed the captain. "I had better go and get my box of tools and do the business myself."

The captain hurried off, and while he was gone, his guests, who were now seriously frightened, indulged in every sort of conjecture. If it had not been for the presence of their hostess they would loudly have blamed the captain for having put the nerves of Miss MacWinkle to such a strain. As it was, some of them remarked that people ought not to be allowed to keep ghosts on their premises, and that haunted rooms were only good to hear of in novels.

Meanwhile Capt. Jaffe returned, and after some trouble forced the door open. Mrs. Jaffe with some ladies streamed in and instantly uttered cries of distress, which brought the men into the room. The place was empty and the window stood wide open, thus telling a tale of some fearful drama which must have been enacted during the night. It was evident that poor Miss MacWinkle must have received some horrible scare and have leaped clean through the casement. Luckily the window was on the ground floor, so that she could not have been much hurt by her fall; but where was she?

The ladies looked out, half expecting to see an inanimate form in a bed-gown lying across the flower-bed. Mrs. Jaffe had been prompt to remark that Miss MacWinkle must have undressed and gotten into bed, for the bed was in disorder, and the poor lady's clothes were thrown over some chairs. But, indeed, Miss MacWinkle's maid was able to corroborate the fact that her mistress had gone to bed, and an inspection of boxes and wardrobe enabled her to say that, wherever Miss MacWinkle might be, her attire must be of the scantiest, consisting only of a night-dress and a frilled cap. "Send off the grooms at once in every direction. Perhaps the

poor thing has become mad from fright. Oh, dear, what shall we do?" ejaculated Mrs. Jaffe.

"I'm very sorry I asked her to sleep here," stammered Captain Jaffe apologetically to his guests, "but I had no idea that she was timid."

"Who wouldn't be timid against a ghost?" exclaimed one of the ladies, moving toward the door with a shudder, as if she feared to see the sprite who had frightened Miss MacWinkle start up suddenly again. The other ladies concurred, and, after another quarter of an hour had been expended in conjectures, the party filed back toward the breakfast room. Appetites had not been destroyed, though they were partly blunted by what had happened, and Capt. Jaffe requested his wife to stay and do the honors of the board.

He himself went to help his grooms look after Miss MacWinkle. They hunted high, low, far and near; they summoned the police to assist them; they set the telegraph wires to work; but all to no purpose. Miss MacWinkle could not be found. Then a river which flowed near the house was dragged; but this, again, served nothing. It became too obvious that poor Miss MacWinkle must have met with a bad end.

Before two days had elapsed, the whole country was made acquainted with the sinister affair, and one more was added to the list of "mysterious disappearances." There were some frivolous wags who did not scruple to suggest that Miss MacWinkle had eloped with some adventurous swain who had obtained ingress to her chamber by means of a rope ladder; but this ungenerous rumor found small credence. The most common opinion was that Miss MacWinkle had jumped out of her window in a fright, run to the river and got drowned.

One peculiarity, however, struck the police who were investigating the case, viz., this: That if the unfortunate lady had jumped out of the window she must have fallen upon a freshly-turned flower-bed, and have left marks on the mold. Now there were no marks; and this puzzled the detectives not a little.

A certain member of the police force, named Timsot, had been specially intrusted with the conduct of the MacWinkle case; and when all his researches had proved ineffectual, he asked that he might come and spend a few days in Capt. Jaffe's house and sleep in the apartment which Miss MacWinkle had occupied. This request was acceded to, and the detective announced that he would lay himself out to discover whether there really was anything of a ghostly nature that haunted the room.

He was rather tired when he went to bed on the day of his arrival at Crabtree Hall, but wishing to be ready for action, he did not undress; he simply threw himself on the bed with his clothes on, a revolver in his breast-pocket and a lighted candle on the table beside him. As his eyes were about to close he wondered what the time was, and, half rising to look at his watch, he caught sight of a clock placed on a bracket in the wall just over the bed. There was a peculiarity about this clock, for it was surmounted with a wooden negro's head, whose tongue—a very red one—protruded from his mouth in a hideous grimace. Mr. Timsot's curiosity was always excited by little things as well as great, so he stood up on the bed to examine the clock, and, doing so, he pulled the negro's head to see if it were movable.

Instantly a giddiness seized Mr. Timsot. The bed gave way under his feet, darkness encompassed him; and with a horrible plunge he went head over ears into black, icy water, which closed above him with a whirling noise. Luckily Mr. Timsot was a good swimmer, and he did not lose consciousness; he struck out with both arms, saw a light, struggled on, and presently found himself swimming in the river. "Ah," said he, as he reached the shore, and regained his foothold; "it seems an armet of the river runs under Crabtree Hall, and Miss MacWinkle took the same path, I expect, as I did."

This proved to be the case. A few days later it was ascertained that the crew of a lighter, steaming down the river, had picked up the apparently lifeless form of a lady who was floating down stream in the dark. They had picked her up, restored her to consciousness and put her to bed. But as she was found to be in high fever they were unable to ascertain who she was until she became cured, some ten days later. By this time, however, the lighter had got across the Channel and was in foreign waters. It was from Holland that Miss MacWinkle eventually returned, clothed as in her right mind, to explain the accident that had befallen her and to vow eternal enmity against the Jaffes.

It proved, however, that Capt. Jaffe knew nothing of the queer spring bed which revolved at the touch of a negro's head and emptied its occupant into the water. This work of art had been designed by the former owner of Crabtree Hall, who presumably had been animated by the amiable intention of playing a practical joke on his heir.

Hop Wob, a Chinese laundryman of Brooklyn, has given given \$250 to the Irish Famine Fund. Kearney has been so busy in terrorizing the Chinese and the capitalists that he has forgotten to send his donation to his suffering countrymen.—N. Y. Illustrated Weekly.

The Czar of Russia and His Personal Perils.

The feeling which comes uppermost in the mind of any one who sees the Czar for the first time is one of sincere pity. He is a large, ox-eyed man, evidently of good intentions, but with a look of sadness and perplexity in him. His voice is harsh as the grinding of a coffee mill out of order, for an affection of the throat, under which he has long suffered, renders speech painful to him. He would have made a very amiable private gentleman, and could have got far more ease and amusement out of life if he had handed all the botheration of government over to his brother Constantine, who has a taste for that sort of nonsense. He himself could hardly have wanted to reign. It was the Schouvaloffs, the Lamberts, the Bariatskys, the Adlerbergs, the Dolgouroukys, and some others who desired he should be a firm ruler of men. They were forever goading and coaxing him by turns, as beef is driven to market for those who wish to roast it. They must often have had a difficult task, for his ponderous Majesty (good, easy man) is slothful and heavy-witted by nature. He must have been frequently unable to understand even what was wanted of him. He is subject to melancholy periods of hypochondriasis, during which existence seems but a dreary blank to him. He is haunted by fears of sudden death and by the dread of assassination. At these times he moons about on apparently solitary walks with a large dog, but there is always a policeman handy to keep the sacrilegious from approaching him. When well he devotes much of his time to tailoring, changing his costume with much stolid perseverance, and he likes to be attended by a humpbacked Privy Councillor, who acts as foil to his fine figure and sets it off, for he is a well built man, tall and straight, though rather too German in the rotundity of certain of his curves.

His father Nicholas, who was in many respects a notable sovereign, had him very carefully brought up, and foreseeing that he would want support, perhaps devotion, in after life, to counteract his apathy, surrounded him with some select young men who could be relied upon. This little band of cronies have hung together ever since. They have lived with and on the Emperor without interruption from the time of his accession until now. He provides for their wants; they dip their fingers into his purse whenever they are so minded.

He is a loosely-hung Emperor, more like the good fellow of a free and easy than the despotic master of millions, when in the midst of these his familiars. He has been known to sit in his shirt sleeves, astraddle on a chair, hob-a-nobbing with them.

The late Count Strogonoff, who was a *preux chevalier* and a very high pacing person generally, once broke in upon the party thus employed. The Emperor looked at him with those unutterably mournful eyes of his and held out a champagne glass to be refilled from a bottle which stood by. The old soldier drew himself up and answered sternly, "Let those who love you less than I do perform that service." The Czar showed no sign of displeasure, but within a few months Strogonoff was deprived of his offices, though he was nearly connected with the imperial family, his son having married the Grand Duchess Marie.

When his Majesty is in the humor he plays a good deal at cards with his own chums, and it is rather a good thing for these gentlemen, for whenever any one of them is in want the Czar will lose to him the sum of which he stands in need as a delicate way of giving it, and this method of bestowing substantial favor is perfectly well understood between them.

The Czar is a good shot and has done some grand things on bears. He sometimes wears a pelisse which once covered a fine bear he brought low with his own hands, and it has been so exquisitely dressed that it is valued at about £2,000, which is even more than is ever paid either for the sable or black fox. He can ride, too, though not in the English fashion, and he would be puzzled by a sharp burst across country. Lately his physicians have recommended him to walk.

His personal deportment is excellent. He stands and marches well. He shows to advantage in uniform, though for several years he has willingly clothed himself in mufti. His manners are those of a gentleman, and there is something extremely sympathetic about him. He produces the impression that one would like to know him better, if only he were not an Emperor. It is this unfortunate circumstance which takes the amiability out of him, sets him upon his dignity, and gives a certain fuffiness to his aspect. His father really could be dignified, but he can't. There is a chubbiness and nervousness in his proceedings upon great occasions which reminds one more of a drum major or fugleman or Landwehr than an autocrat.

Formerly the Emperor, as might have been expected from one of his lethargic temperament, was averse to moving about; latterly he has been troubled by a perpetual restlessness. He lives very plainly, and his table is sparsely served. A beefsteak for breakfast, a roast gelinotte and salad for his dinner, form the staple of his fare. His appetite is not robust, and he sleeps badly.

The first fault of his reign was the common blunder of heirs apparent when they come into power. He has been much courted by the discontented and he made far too much haste to un-

do all the work of his father. He was emotional, pitiful, generous, all in a headlong, precipitate way. When he resolved suddenly to abolish serfdom, several of his Generals and nobles threw themselves bodily at his feet and besought him to manage so great a change very gingerly. It was of no use; he gave everything he had to give, knocked down the great farmers general of taxes like so many ninepins, upset monopolies for the discreet sale of vodka, closed the free port of the Black Sea according to the latest principles of political economy, dashed off the shackles from the press, and laughed at comic newspapers. There was a caricature published in St. Petersburg shortly after his accession which represented him as a droschky driver in the state that droschky drivers usually are after dinner. His hat was pulled over his eyes and his horses were galloping wildly on the road to "Reform." Behind him was the Grand Duke Constantine, saying: "Gently, brother. I am the fare." Still the Emperor laughed; he laughed too when a piece was played in the Court Theater exposing the corruption of his officials, and a very fine piece it was. Then somebody shot at him and shattered his nerves forever. He fell into a sort of panic, trying hastily to undo all he had done. He had new gyses put on writers; he ordered some awful cruelties in Poland. He tried to win back his sulky nobles. It was all in vain, and now he is thoroughly flustered and frightened right out of his senses. His only chance of peace and happiness would be abdication and a year's yachting without newspapers. At present he is worried into the fever every morning by a summary of all the unpleasant things which have been printed about him for the last twenty-four hours throughout Europe. It is prepared by a special *precis* writer appointed for the purpose, and His Majesty takes care that he shall spare him no pang of this self-inflicted torture, for he will not trust a professional diplomatist to do it lest he should gloss over the truth and endeavor to make things pleasant for promotion's sake. A Baron Herder, a connection of Stieglitz, the banker, not long ago performed this delicate service, and perhaps does so still. The King of Yvetot was a happy monarch; the Emperor of Russia is not. Surely, times must be strangely altered.—London Truth.

The Pad Agent.

He was a well-dressed, pleasant-faced man, and he carried a small black box in his hand. He entered the insurance office on Congress street with a familiar air, walked up to the sole occupant, who was writing a letter, and began: "Excuse me, sir, but I represent four different kinds of pads, viz: Lung—"

"I am busy," interrupted the letter-writer.

"Viz: Lung, liver, stomach and kidney, and in a few days we—"

"Didn't I say that I was busy," demanded the citizen as he put down his pen.

"You did, sir; and in a few days we shall bring out the heart pad, the throat pad and the ear pad. Excuse me if I sit down. Please let me feel of your pulse."

"I want none of your pads, sir! I am busy, sir, and I want my office to myself!"

"Nevertheless, you do want a pad, and I can prove it. A healthy pulse should not beat over eighty-five per minute. I'll bet yours goes to a hundred. Anyone can see that you are ailing. I can sell you a beautiful stomach pad at reduced rates. How much do you—"

"Didn't I say I didn't want any of your pads, sir?"

"Correct, you did. Do your lungs trouble you?"

"No, sir!"

"Heart all right?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Hearing good?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Throat bother you?"

"No, sir! I tell you I don't want any of your pads! I want to be let right alone! I've got a head-ache this morn—"

"Eureka! Keep still!—not a word! You furnish the capital, and I'll put in my time and we'll bring out a head-ache pad! Capital idea—rich thought! Go ahead and write your letter, and I'll be—"

The citizen ran for his cane in the corner, but the pads had walked out to hunt for ailing humanity.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

HOW TO OBTAIN SLEEP.—The following is recommended as a cure for sleeplessness: Wet half a towel, apply it to the back of the neck, pressing it upward toward the base of the brain, and fasten the dry half of the towel over so as to prevent too rapid exhalation. The effect is prompt and charming, cooling the brain and inducing calmer, sweeter sleep than any narcotic. Warm water may be used though more persons prefer cold. To those who suffer from over-excitement of the brain, whether the result of brain-work or pressing anxiety, this simple remedy has proved an especial boon.

It is reported of Lord Palmerston that on one occasion, being very anxious to get some important state papers quickly and correctly drawn up, and having been asked by his secretary to whom the work should be intrusted, the sagacious old chief made answer, "Give it to the busiest man in the office; he will do it best and quickest."

Nebraska Impressions.

"The proof of the pudding is in eating it." It has been charged so often that Nebraska soil was not productive, that by many it is accepted as a fact. No later than last week I met skeptics of this class on the train, but I met more such west of Plattsmouth. A recent visit to that State, extending through more or less of eleven counties, enables me to speak from personal observation, which I will admit was hasty, but it was made by one who "grew up" on a farm.

While we, here, are too far removed from the "hub" to have that notion, so general farther east, that when you once get in Nebraska you must sleep in the grass with your scalp in your hand and one eye on the lookout for prairie fires and herds of buffalo, yet even here in Iowa I think the idea is quite prevalent that when you get beyond Lincoln, the vast plain of the "Great American Desert" is broken only by an occasional farm house, sod house, dug-out, jack-rabbit, buffalo and Indian. At least I had very much such an idea, and I confess I was not prepared to see the almost unbroken line of cultivated fields extending to Hastings, where we turned south to go over the new road up the Republican valley. The poorest land I saw on the road was between Lincoln and Crete where it is quite broken, and there seems to be too much gravel in the soil. But, aside from this, I saw no land between Lincoln and Hastings which was not tillable and productive, and nearly all of it is being tilled. The soil has a light sandy appearance which has caused a general impression that it is very sandy, but this is not correct. It is simply the peculiar color. Accustomed as we are to the very black soil of Iowa and Illinois, we are apt, at once, to condemn Nebraska soil on its color, but eighty bushels of corn to the acre is a pretty good answer to all suggestions of this kind, and so is twenty bushels of wheat.

One-third of a crop of corn can be raised on the sod the first year, and after that the ground is in shape for almost any crop. Such land is to be had at from three to ten dollars per acre, and yet corn there is worth eighteen to twenty-five cents per bushel, and hogs and cattle nearly, or quite, as high as here. This is Nebraska as I saw it, and I have no land there for sale.

Of course it requires a good stock of courage and determination—and a man ought to have at least a few hundred dollars in money, for one to go to a new country, settle upon a piece of "wild" land and begin to make a farm. It required as much of our fathers when they settled in Iowa forty years ago.

Nebraska is not a vast level plain, but a succession of gently undulating hills, very few of which are so abrupt as to interfere with convenient cultivation, but which present a very pleasing variety to the landscape, instead of the tiresome "dead level" I expected to see. And I was also very agreeably surprised at the number of very good farm houses you will pass, many being two-story, well-painted and very cheerful and comfortable in appearance. It is only occasionally that you will see a sod house, or the remains of one. I speak of this side of Hastings. After you start up the Republican river you will see many of them, and you will be surprised to see how comfortable some of them are made. With regular windows, doors and shingle roofs, they make warm and comfortable dwelling-places. Yet as far up as the railroad now runs—Orleans, in Harlan county—you will find nice two-story farm houses well painted, and giving you the impression that the country has been settled for ten years, at least, instead of two or three.

Immigration was pouring in, but the most of the people were pushing on west where they can find government land, and I am not able to say how much farther they will have to go, but probably to Red Willow county at least, to the county seat of which—Indianola—the B. & M. railroad is now under contract. There is no government land to be had in Harlan county, and I think none in Furnas. How much further it is till they reach that barren waste said to exist in western Nebraska I can not say, but the people out there say as soon as the settlers come in and begin to stir the ground it begins to produce, and where it wouldn't grow buffalo grass it thus raises good corn, but I don't vouch for this.

I doubt if the land up the Republican valley is any better than that of Nebraska generally, but it is better watered and timbered, and I suppose the climate is a little more mild. You can buy wood in Harlan county for about three dollars per cord. Yet there is not a great deal of it, and what there is grows right along the water line so close as to impress you that in the years gone by there was no rainfall, and trees could only live near the water courses. I have not the data at hand, but I believe it is true that the rainfall in Nebraska has increased wonderfully since the cultivation of the soil began.

Nebraska has a great future before her, and it is "rolling rapidly." It will be but a few years until she will take a front rank as a grain-growing stock-raising State.

If this letter was not so long, I would like to speak of some of the beautiful towns I saw in Nebraska; of Lincoln, the capital, with its 12,000 people, its fine United States postoffice and court house, its Commercial hotel which has no peer west of Chicago, and where we saw Dr. and Mrs. Rouse at home. Six hundred houses were built in Lincoln last year.

Beatrice is handsomely located on the "Big Blue," and is a thriving town in the midst of a fine scope of country, and having a first-class water-power. The country hereabouts is the finest in the State, and is well settled up. There are many Russians near here, mostly well-to-do farmers, and their very large barns are conspicuous for miles. Of course, I do not wish to be understood as putting Nebraska ahead of Iowa. We all know what Iowa is and what her soil will do, and a man who is well-to-do in Iowa should be satisfied. But any young man who can command a little money (the more the better) and who has his "sand-box" well filled, who has the courage to put his hand to the plow and not look back, can, and will, succeed in Nebraska.—E. S. H., in the *Hawkeye*.

Skill in Education.

It looks as if the time had come for us to thoroughly overhaul our notions of education, and devote ourselves to the training of skillful workmen as well as astute doctors and lawyers and ministers and politicians. The benefactor of the future is not so much the man who makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before, as he who can make one blade of grass as good as two put together. If we keep on developing our material resources, there will come a time when their production will be unprofitable, and our only salvation will be to increase them a thousand-fold in value by the application of skill. A bale of cotton is a big, bulky affair; but worked up into little spools of thread it is increased in value a thousand fold. France might have exported by the ship-load thousands of tons of clay and silex, and not have received back as much as she gets from one delicate little Sevres vase. America has already proved, by her manufactures, that the products of skill far outweigh in value the product of mere force; and, moreover, that her skill, when thoroughly trained, is to be matched against the world. When Russia wants a telescope that shall excel in power any yet made, she passes the fine work of Munich and the shops of Fraunhofer to come to Cambridge, where Alvan Clark's skillful hands will turn out lenses that beat the world.—*Springfield Republican*.

Lord Brougham's Odd Nose.

When I was a young man, my avocations led me frequently to Lincoln's Inn. I would drop occasionally in at the Chancery Court, and have a look at Lord Brougham as he sat leaning backward, with his eyes closed, listening to the endless droning and drumming of the lawyers mouthing, or rather mumbling, their interminable pleas. At first sight his lordship appeared to be asleep, but a close inspection would show you that the muscles at the tip of his nose were in a state of rapid and continual agitation. There was no motion of the nostrils, not the least, but an unceasing vibration of the small muscles terminating the organ, reminding me strongly of a captive rabbit nosing at the wires of his hutch. Having once remarked it, I naturally looked for it at each opportunity, and never missed seeing it save when his lordship was visibly occupied with the business before him, either questioning counsel or witnesses or addressing the court. Of course he was not asleep as he lay back with closed eyes; indeed, it was well known that at such times he was wide awake, and thoroughly mastered the business in hand. Though his lordship's accomplishment, if it was one, is by no means common, it is not so rare as might be supposed, and I believe that many persons possess and exercise it without, so far as one can judge from observation alone, being conscious of it.—*Leisure Hour*.

AN INDIAN JOKE.—You would hardly expect to find wit among the Indians, and yet they are just as human as the rest of us, and in spite of their stoicism indulge in a joke now and then which has a flavor of its own. During a banquet which was given by the pale faces to several red men, one of the Indians took a spoonful of mustard, supposing it to be some delicacy. The tears came to his eyes. He could die without flinching, but a spoonful of mustard was something which even his heroic soul could not endure, so he wept profusely, even as white men do sometimes. The chief, who sat opposite, asked him why he cried. He naturally replied that he was thinking of his old father, who died a horrible death. A few minutes after, the chief himself fell upon the mustard pot, and swallowed more than was necessary. The tears came into his eyes, too. A thousand tomahawks were nothing, but the pungent quality of the mustard made him weep like a child.

"And why do you cry?" asked the first victim, with savage delight in his tones.

"Well," was the quick reply, "I am crying because you were not killed when your father was."

Longevity is partial to the hills of the old Granite State. Mrs. Ursula Humphreys, of Northfield, N. H., is a centurion who reads without spectacles, and last autumn, to show her energy, drove a mowing machine round a meadow at a county fair. Her descendants of three generations number forty-six, and twenty-nine of them are alive.

"The Liar," "The Fool," and "The Politician" are three plays running in New York.

Frank Wilkeson's Dog.

Frank Wilkeson came into town today with his rancid with his dog Rupert. I met him on the sidewalk, and stopped to look at the setter and talk with his owner. I said to him: "Frank, Rupert has seemingly every point of a first-rate dog; but conflicting accounts of him come to us from the Gypsum. It is said that he won't hunt at all, and is worse than useless in the field."

Frank looked lovingly down on the handsome dog, and smiled a smile that evidently covered amusing experiences. Then, squaring himself for a plea for character, he replied to me: "Rupert is to-day the best dog in Kansas. He can get over more ground, find more birds, and stand more beating with clubs (looks for about three sound thrashings a day, and is unhappy if he misses them) than any dog I ever saw. And no one but myself can hunt with him. I can make him do anything. I know he knows what I want him to do. He knows I know it. So I make it a point to whip him until he executes my will. No one else is allowed to do this. He knows this, too: and what a time he has when he hunts with a party, and I am not along! His reputation? Very bad. He is a thief; is headstrong; is mean; and the most exasperating dog in the world. A man borrowed him from me the other day, I smiled when he went off happy. When he came back gameless, he said, 'Rupert may be a prince, but he is a prince of devils. I had as soon have a tornado hunt birds for me as that dog. He won't hunt.'

"Hold on! Come to the creek with me," I said. So I took my gun and pocketful of shells. Sharply I spoke to the dog. "To heel!" and he followed mildly. At the creek he flushed a bird. I pulled up a sunflower stalk and wore it out on him. Then he put in the big licks. He beat over twenty acres of ground at the full run, and set every bird (thirteen) in the grass, and I shot them all. He dropped to shot; brought in every bird; never flushed a bird; worked to my motions. Everything was done perfectly. My friend was profane. Open-eyed, he looked on me, and many times he said: "Well, I'm blowed!" and when the dog, with bird in mouth, set a live quail and stood stanch while a rabbit ran six inches in front of his nose, my friend got even stronger in his expressions. I wound up the show, and turning to him said: "This dog is the prince of dogs. He will hunt—for me. When he goes out with you he goes for pleasure. When he goes with me he goes on business. Now I am through shooting. You take him."

"I put my gun in a hollow tree. Rupert saw I had finished, and off he went. Every bird he came to he flushed and chased. He ran rabbits. He set meadow larks. He fought a cat; and as my friend expressed it, 'had a dence of a time.' What a laugh I had; and when Rupert came to me with his handsome black face fairly beaming with delight, I hugged him, and said he had done well. No, sir! The dog after my own heart is mine, and I don't want any other in the world."—*Spirit of the Times*.

New Way to Keep Scraps.

Of the keeping of scrap books there is no end. Nearly everybody keeps or has kept a scrap-book. Strange as it may appear there are some merits about scrap-book keeping. It is not utterly silly like keeping a diary or an album of the autographs of Congressmen and other worthies. A scrap-book contains what some one else has written and what some other party has thought good enough to print and so the chances are much in favor of the scrap-books of a given number of men, being not quite so dull as the diaries of these same men. If, therefore, scrap-books must be kept, and they undoubtedly will be until the end of time and newspapers, it is desirable to keep them in the best possible way. As a general thing scrap-books are a mass of information and amusement where everything is so arranged that the owner can never find what he wants, when he wants it. A literary gentleman in this city suggests that the best way to keep a good scrap-book is not to keep it. His plan is to have no scrap-book, but on cutting out a newspaper article on any particular subject, he folds it up and places it in any book he may happen to have on that particular subject. For instance, a scrap about the Crime might be put into Kinglake's History of the Crimean War; an article on hogs in the History of Chicago or in a volume of Bacon's essays, and thus a man could make a scrap-book of his whole library.—*Detroit Press*.

A POSTOFFICE INCIDENT.—About sixty years ago an incident happened in the New York postoffice which shows that our grandfathers knew something of dull times. One evening an old merchant sent a lad to the postoffice with money to pay the postage on a letter. The office was closed, and the lad put the letter and money into the letter-box. The next morning the lad went to the office to receive the merchant's letters, and mentioned to the clerk what he had done the previous night.

"That was all right," said the clerk. "We knew the money was to pay that letter's postage, for there was no other letter in the box."

Fancy a boy trying that little expedient in the New York postoffice of 1880!

Straw hats tell which way the wind blows.

Quick Cure for Poison Oak.

A few months ago an eminent physician who had tested the remarkable curative qualities of *Phosphate Soap* for various skin diseases expressed his belief that it would be an excellent remedy for Poison Oak. It was accordingly tested for this purpose. A boy had been so badly poisoned as to be confined to his bed for a week, and had his hands all covered with sores when he began to use *Phosphate Soap*. Within twenty-four hours he was greatly relieved and in a few days he was entirely cured of Poison Oak by the use of *Phosphate Soap*.

Professor: "Which is the more delicate of the senses?" Sophomore: "The touch." Professor: "Prove it." Sophomore: "When you sit on a tack. You can't hear it; you can't see it; you can't taste it; you can't smell it; but it's there."

Profitable Patients.

The most wonderful and marvelous success, in cases where persons are sick or wasting away from a condition of miserableness, that no one knows what ails them, (profitable patients for doctors,) is obtained by the use of *Hop Bitters*. They begin to cure from the first dose and keep it up until perfect health and strength is restored. Whoever is afflicted in this way need not suffer, when they can get *Hop Bitters*.

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Is increased 3 to 5 cents a pound by using Gilt-Edge Butter Maker in churning—increases production 6 to 10 per cent. Reduces time of churning one-half. Keeps butter from becoming "strong" or rancid. Gives a rich golden color the year round. Sold by druggists, grocers and general storekeepers. Send stamp for "Hints to Butter-Makers." Address, Butter Improvement Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

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Malaria Destroyed.

G. A. J. Gadbois, of Brockville, Canada, certifies that he was prostrated by a malarial disease contracted in Texas, and was quickly and completely cured by the use of Warner's Safe Pills and Safe Bitters. He adds: "I shall never travel in that climate without your Safe Pills and Bitters as a part of my outfit."

Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich., Will send their celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts to the afflicted upon 30 days' trial. Speedy cures guaranteed. They mean what they say. Write to them without delay.

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The Presidential Outlook.

Our colonial condition, which excludes us from an active participation in the political contests of the country at large, has the compensating advantage of viewing the field from a dispassionate and disinterested standpoint—an advantage not enjoyed by those who have committed themselves to the fortunes of a clan and take their views from the excited hopes of their comrades, by which they encourage and strengthen each other.—A confirmed partisan never learns any thing; a political leader never hears a disagreeable truth from his followers, and gives it no credence when he hears it from others. We remember that we once ventured to suggest to President Pierce, in a friendly and confidential way, that his Kansas-Nebraska policy was offensive to the popular sentiment of the North-West, and that he could not get a vote from that section in convention for re-nomination. He was so highly offended that he forgot for the moment that he was a gentleman and became almost vituperative. He accused us of abolition sympathies, and met our statement with positive denial and open defiance. He said that his re-nomination depended solely upon his own consent, and that if he was a candidate he would be elected by a larger majority than he was before. He believed all that he said, for he had been told so by every man who sought favors at his hands. The Cincinnati Convention, which followed soon after, disabused his mind of the false impressions received from his flatterers. We subsequently had the same experience with President Buchanan, in attempting to represent to him the popular aversion to his policy of using Federal power to force a pro-slavery Constitution upon the unconsenting people of Kansas. He had better information, and positively knew that his Administration had the support and approval of every Democrat who was not seeking to promote the interests of a rival candidate. It was subsequently demonstrated that the only supporters of his policy in the Northwest were Federal office-holders and their immediate friends, and upon them he depended for all the information he had in regard to public sentiment in the matter. We see it stated by a late interviewer of President Hayes, that he, too, has the idea that his Administration is so generally approved that he could get the nomination of the Chicago Convention if he desires it. We have no doubt he believes this, and that ninety-nine in every hundred of those who visit the President from interested motives would cheerfully add their testimony to confirm this belief; yet who on the outside believes it, beyond conceding the fact that his Administration has been exceptionally free from scandal. Even Tyler, Fillmore and Andrew Johnson were deluded by their several toadies into the belief that reelection was almost assured. Having occasion to visit President Polk on State affairs, the first time we were ever in Washington, we were accompanied by a Senator. We presented our business and were promptly promised immediate attention to, and compliance with our request. There were other parties present at the time discussing the Presidential nomination then pending. We heard one of the gentlemen telling the President, the others all confirming it, that he was their first choice for the nomination, and that if his name had been presented in time, he would certainly be nominated. On leaving the presence, we expressed our surprise that honorable gentlemen would attempt to gull the President with such absurd lies. Our friend laughingly answered: "Diplomacy, my boy! Diplomacy! Polk believes them; he has nearly a year yet to dispense patronage, and they have anxies to grind. All politicians lie to the President and we never expect him to keep his promises if he has any motive for breaking them. The promise he has just made to you will be utterly disregarded if Buchanan objects." And so it was. Three days afterwards we received a telegraph, at New York, from the same Senator, informing us that Mr. Buchanan had set aside the President's unconditional promise. The foregoing incidents are cited to show that men in positions of power, with patronage to dispense—either in hand or in prospect

—have small opportunities of knowing how they or their acts are regarded by the disinterested portion of their fellow-citizens, and that falsehood and deception are among the approved tactics of Professional politicians. Candidates who have established bureaus and operate upon the people through paid retainers, labor under the disadvantage of never hearing any thing not favorable to their hopes. Every man who enters the sanctum of Tilden, Blaine, Grant, Hendricks, or Sherman—the candidates with organized followings—does so with "Great news from Little Tillicum!" each for his own special candidate, and the enthusiasm grows and spreads by attrition. We, of the disfranchised colonies, are not fooled and do not fool ourselves by any such associations or manufactured public sentiment. We are a cosmopolitan people, drawn together from every section of the Union and almost every phase of social, religious or political sentiment, with no motive to maintain political party organization—not even the hope of political reward for party services, as the Federal offices are awarded to such as do party service in the "States." In our social intercourse Republicans and Democrats are scarcely distinguishable but by former party associations; none wear the collar of any party or party leader, nor are blinded by interest or prejudice to the merits or demerits of the candidates of either party. Both see in the canvass for the candidacy the most disgraceful scramble for office which has ever been witnessed in this country, and neither of the active contestants would be the choice of this people. Blaine would have an enthusiastic following of the ultra partisan Republicans, but not a vote from any other class. Grant is generally regarded as a ring candidate, including the political jobbers, spoils hunters, subsidy grabbers and monopolists of the land, and among the masses he would fare badly as a candidate.—Sherman has no following outside of his treasury dependents and bankers. Hendricks is a political hack, battered and worn by over-use, and never distinguished for unselfish devotion to any cause or principle, or for any public effort except in his own behalf. In his account with the Democratic party, the balance is considerably against him, and yet he presumes to dictate as to what he will or will not accept. Tilden has very few friends and his political methods and the character of the tools with which he works, betray so much of the broker and sharper as to destroy public confidence in his personal integrity or patriotism.—It is no uncommon thing to hear gentleman of the highest intelligence and the most pronounced Republican sentiments say: "I prefer Field to Grant;" and Democrats of like character say: "I prefer Washburne to Tilden;" and we have not heard a Democrat or Republican object to either of the two gentlemen last named, or to Horatio Seymour. Taking the disinterested popular sentiment of this Territory as a fair reflex of the sentiments of the independent voters of the whole Union, it is evident that Grant would be distanced in a race with Field, and that Tilden could not carry a single Northern State in a race with Washburne, and that neither of the most prominent candidates can be elected against a popular candidate of either party. It is the independent vote of the country which will determine the result, not the strength of party. Politicians may propose, but the people will dispose.

A Sop to the Territory.

The following items are in the river and harbor appropriation bill reported to the House on the 4th inst.: Constructing a canal around the cascades of Columbia river, \$100,000; upper Columbia and Snake rivers, \$15,000; upper Willamette river, \$12,000; lower Willamette and Columbia rivers from Portland, Oregon, to the sea, \$45,000; Skagit river, W. T., \$2,500; Cowlitz river, W. T. \$2,000; Chehalis river, W. T., \$7,400; Yaquina Bay, Oregon, \$40,000; Coquille river, Oregon, \$10,000. These appropriations show very clearly the distinction which is made by Congress, in dispensing the fostering care of the Government, between States and Territories—between citizens who have a voice in the Government and those who are subject to taxation without representation. Of the \$324,000 of appropriations above mentioned, \$321,500 are for rivers and harbors wholly within or directly tributary to Oregon, and the balance of \$2,500— $\frac{1}{4}$ of 1 per cent. upon the whole

—for the improvement of the Skagit river, which a Government engineer officially reported could not be made navigable for less than \$20,000. It has been made navigable for 70 miles, exclusively at private cost, without the aid of a dollar from the Government, and there are now five steamers regularly employed in navigating its waters, and more soon to be added to that trade. After all this has been done solely by private enterprise, the pitiful appropriation of \$2,500, which would hardly pay the expenses of an engineer to come and look at it, is adding insult to injury, like casting a sixpence to a poor relation whose patrimony you are withholding.

Relevant to this is a speech lately delivered in Congress by George Ainslie, Delegate from Idaho, from which the following is an extract: "In its course towards the Territories Congress has but aped the policy pursued by Great Britain in the government of her colonies. Acting on the assumption that it possesses absolute and unlimited powers under section 3 article 4 of the Constitution, which provides that 'The Congress shall have power to dispose of and make all needful rules and regulations respecting the Territory and other property belonging to the United States,' the people resident in the Territories have been treated as property and not as citizens of the United States possessing rights which even Congress is rightfully bound to respect. We are regarded as aliens, trespassers on the public domain, living as it were on government reservations, not treated as well even as the Indian wards of the nation for the latter are not taxed, and are fed and clothed at the government expense.

"Congress has utterly ignored the free system of self government in the Territories, and has established over us arbitrary despotic and absolute rule, unknown to the Constitution and foreign to the spirit of American institutions. We are denied any voice or vote in the government in which we live; bearing all the responsibilities and burdens of citizenship, but denied the privileges and immunities of such. We are regarded as incapable of self government; political lazzaroni; warts on the body politic, who, by immigrating from our old homes, in crossing State lines into United States territory, left our brains and intelligence behind us, and forfeited all our rights and privileges as American citizens. Swarms of carpet-baggers selected from the grand army of old political hacks and professional office seeking bums, alien to the country and people by instinct as well as by nature, are foisted upon us as officers, such as Governors, Judges, Marshals, etc., and they come among us to 'harass our people and eat out their substance.' Taxes are imposed upon us without our consent. The right is claimed, and sometimes exercised by Congress, of annulling at pleasure laws enacted by our Territorial Legislatures. The number of members of our Territorial Legislatures are reduced by a rider on an appropriation bill, and full power is claimed by this body to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever.—Yet we are expected to endure in uncomplaining silence all the wrongs and indignities heaped upon us. We must contribute our hard-earned wages to the national coffers without receiving anything in return. We are compelled to pay tribute, but have no voice in the levy."

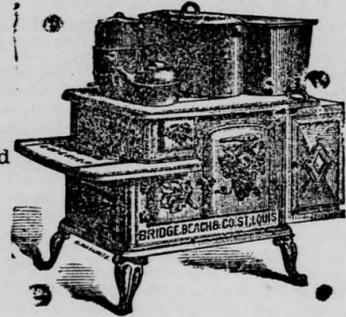
Trans-Continental Excursion.

Rev. Dr. Dillon, who so successfully worked up the excursion between Puget Sound and Oregon last summer, to the great delight of nearly five hundred participants, is now at the East working up an excursion on a much grander scale.—He writes to Mr. E. M. White, Secretary of the Oregon State Agricultural Society, that he had secured very low rates on the Union and Central Pacific Railroad lines, and the roads connecting therewith, for the grand excursion to the North Pacific Coast and the Oregon State Fair to commence July 1st. The excursion will start from Chicago on Wednesday, June 16th. Whether they will come by the mouth of the Columbia river or Puget Sound has not been definitely settled; when it is due notice will be given. We confidently predict that it will be the largest excursion party that has ever crossed the continent, and will redound greatly to the advantage of this section, provided our Oregon neighbors do not take measures to keep them away from the Sound. Dr. Dillon will do all he can to bring them to the Sound.

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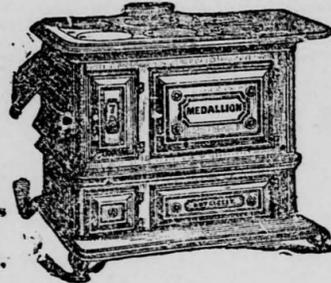
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SEASONED LUMBER OF ALL KINDS CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Local News.

An Important Project.

Messrs. E. M. Smithers, D. T. Denny, H. B. Bigley, F. H. Whitworth and J. J. McGilvra have filed articles of incorporation for "King County Canal and Manufacturing Company," with a capital stock of \$50,000 divided into 100 shares of \$50 each, the object and purposes of which are to construct a canal from Salmon Bay, on Puget Sound, to Lake Washington, through Lake Union, for the purpose of reclaiming lands, preventing overflows, purifying the lakes by currents of mountain streams, and utilizing the waters for navigation and manufacturing purposes.

With perhaps the exception of a railroad across the Cascades, this project promises the largest public benefits for the smallest expenditure of any which has ever been broached in this country. A canal between the two lakes, about three-fourths of a mile in length, it has been estimated by competent engineers, will cost not to exceed \$8,000; its accruing benefits can be safely estimated at hundreds of thousands. It would reduce the surface of Lake Washington about six feet, thereby reclaiming thousands of acres of the most valuable agricultural lands, and protecting from occasional destructive overflow the vast extent of improved farms upon the bottoms of the White, Black and Duwamish rivers, which would enhance the value of those farms to ten times the amount of the cost of the canal, and increase the taxable property of King county in proportion. It would open to steamboat navigation, from a landing within the city limits, a fine farming country with 20 or 30 miles of water front upon Lake Washington, now comparatively worthless from the difficulty of access to market. It will turn the pure mountain waters of Cedar and Black rivers into the lakes, purifying the whole and creating inexhaustible reservoirs of pure water for the future use of the city; a necessity which could not be supplied from any other source for twenty times the cost of this improvement. All these advantages—which no intelligent person acquainted with the facts will accuse us of exaggerating—will accrue to the public from the construction of the canal, before the stock-holders can derive any exclusive benefits from their investment. Their profit will be in the exclusive right to a water power between Lake Union and the Bay, of illimitable resources and incalculable value, from which the public will likewise derive great benefits. From the character and ability of the men who have undertaken this enterprise we are confident of its speedy completion, but it nevertheless behooves every one who has the means, to contribute against the possibility of failure or delay.

DELAY.—This issue of the DISPATCH has been delayed a day on account of the sickness of our office force. Our foreman, compositor, roller-boy, job printer, assistant business manager and associate editor, has been laid up for an entire week, leaving the publisher alone to discharge those multifarious duties, which he would have accomplished on time but for outside engagements. He printed and published a fair sized weekly newspaper without any assistance 45 years ago, and has profited little by long practice if he cannot do it now.

AN OLD TIMER.—We were favored during the past week by a visit from our old friends, Capt. Frank H. West and family, including Mrs. Stone, the mother of Mrs. West. This is the first visit of Capt. West to Puget Sound in 22 years. In 1858, he came to San Juan Island in command of the *Shubrick*, having on board the U. S. Commissioner appointed to negotiate terms with the British authorities for the termination of the treaty for the joint occupation of that Island, and cruised about the Sound the most of that summer on military duty, British aggression and Indian hostility both being threatened. Col. Casey was then in command at Fort Steilacoom and Capt. George Pickett arrived with his company at San Juan while Capt. West was there. Gen. Scott came there the following fall, when an armistice was agreed upon to refer the matter of boundary to arbitration, which subsequently resulted in awarding the San Juan group of islands

to the United States, by the then King of Prussia, now Emperor of Germany, the referee. Capt. West was then a boy, but 24 years of age, is now in the prime and vigor of manhood. Scott, Casey, Pickett, and others with whom he was then associated, have since made a record upon the pages of history and passed away. Wonderful changes have taken place here as elsewhere, and but few of the old landmarks are left.

Capt. West has been mostly in civil service for the past ten years; was in charge of Government improvements in Oregon for several years and is now resident engineer of the Willamette locks at Oregon City.

A SMART CONGRESSMAN.—Delegate Brents has exhibited his assinine qualities by introducing a bill in Congress to annul the act of the last Territorial Legislature, which prescribes the mode of assessing property and levying and collecting taxes. Does the fellow not know that by annulling the act all acts done under it are invalidated and that until after the meeting of the next Territorial Legislature the Territory will be left without any authority to assess, levy or collect taxes? The annulling of this act will not revive the old act. Without regarding the consequences to the public, he but seeks a little cheap popularity by annulling an act which is supposed to be unpopular; the remedy being infinitely worse than the worst consequences attributed to the act, which are in the meantime being obviated by the sensible action of assessors in not imposing penalties but calling upon property holders as heretofore.

Skagit Mines.

The excitement in regard to the mines has settled down into the general conviction that they are as rich and as extensive as they have ever been represented. That there is room enough for all who choose to go, and no necessity for a rush. The trail to the Ruby is in the course of construction and is expected to be passable for mule trains by the first of June. The unprecedented amount of snow lodged in the gulches, make it impracticable to mine to advantage before that time. Nevertheless, there is a continual stream of miners passing in, at the rate of about one hundred a week, and many returning for supplies or to report to their friends. We have discovered no signs of weakening on the part of any; all seem hopeful to a degree never before witnessed in any new mining camp. There is now no reasonable doubt, from the indications which have been discovered that the country abounds in rich quartz ledges as well as placer diggings. By the first of July the country about the head of the Skagit and its tributaries will be swarming.

SEATTLE DRUG STORE.—Mr Maddock has removed his drug store into his building at the corner of Front and Madison streets, where he has fitted up a saleroom which in dimensions and style is not surpassed by any in the city. Who Mr. M. built that house, four years ago there was not a store of any kind within four blocks of it. Now he regards it a equal for the purpose of his trade, to hold stand on Occidental Square, which was then the centre of trade. Thus we progress.

Administrator's Notice.

TERRITORY OF WASHINGTON, } ss
County of King, }
In the Probate Court of said King County.
In the Matter of the Estate of John I. Ryan, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT ALL persons having claims against the said deceased, are hereby required 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 Law Office of Hall & Osborne, on James street, opposite the Occidental Hotel, in the city of Seattle, King county, Washington Territory.
Dated Seattle, W. T., May 6th 1880.
EBEN S. OSBORNE,
Administrator of the Estate of John I. Ryan, deceased.

Notice to Creditors.

Estate of John P. Allen, Deceased.
NOTICE is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the Estate of John P. Allen, deceased, to the creditors of, and persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary voucher within one year after the first publication of this notice, to the Administrator, at his office on Commercial street, in the City of Seattle, King county, Washington Territory.
DUNCAN T. WHEELER,
Administrator of the Estate of John P. Allen, Deceased.
Dated Seattle, April 29, 1880. 24-4w

In Admiralty.

In the District Court of the Third Judicial District of Washington Territory, holding terms at Seattle.—No. 2435.

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 25th day of April, in the year of our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Eighty, by James Kirch, late Mariner and Engineer on board the steamer "Chehalis," whereof James Brannan now is or late was Master, against the said steamer or vessel "Chehalis," her tackle, apparel and furniture, alleging in substance that on the twelfth day of June last past he shipped on board the said vessel, and continued in said service, and in and upon the waters of Puget Sound, Admiralty Inlet and the Straits of San Juan de Fuca and their tributaries for the period of Eight months and Twenty-eight days; that there is now due to Libellant for his wages over and above all payments and Hospital dues the sum of Forty-four dollars and sixty-six cents, and praying process against the said vessel, her tackle, apparel and furniture, and that the same may be demanded and sold to pay the said wages with costs; Now, therefore, in pursuance of the Motion and Attachment under the seal of the said Court and to me directed and delivered, I do hereby give

PUBLIC NOTICE.

To all persons claiming 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

Monday the 7th day of June, A. D. 1880, 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 this 21st day of April, A. D. 1880.

CHARLES HOPKINS,
U. S. Marshal.

By L. V. WYCKOFF,
Deputy U. S. Marshal.

STRUVE, EMERY & LEARY, Proctors for Libellant. 23-2w

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. Simarson, late mariner on board the American Ship "Equimbo," her tackle, apparel and furniture, of which said Ship, D. 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 in the service of the said ship, Master and owners to proceed upon a voyage to 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

Administrator's Notice.

TERRITORY OF WASHINGTON, } ss
County of King, }
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 required 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. Keing, in the City of Seattle, King county, Washington Territory.
Dated Seattle, Wash. Ter., April 5th, 1880.
CHARLES G. STEINWEG,
Administrator of the estate of Michael Wunder, deceased.
HALL & OSBORNE, Attorneys for said Estate. 20-5w

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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

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Can be had at moderate prices.

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EXPORTERS OF

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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,
- Finest Old Port and Sherry Wines.

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n149tf

The Honest Farmer.

Happy I count the farmer's life,
Its various round of wholesome toil;
An honest man with loving wife,
And offspring native to the soil.

Thrice happy, surely, in his breast
Plain wisdom and the trust in God;
His path more straight from east to west,
Than politician ever trod.

His gain's no loss to other men;
His stalwart blows inflict no wound;
Not busy with his tongue or pen,
He questions truthful sky and ground.

Partner with seasons and the sun,
Nature's co-worker; all his skill
Obedience, ev'n as waters run,
Winds blow, herb, beast, their laws fulfill.

A vigorous youthhood, clean and bold;
A manly manhood; cheerful age;
His comely children proudly hold
Their parentage best heritage.

Unhealthy work, false mirth, chicane,
Guilt—needless woe, and useless strife—
Oh, cities vain, insane,
How happy is the farmer's life!

The Widow Ray.

Mrs. Ray sat beside her glowing grate gazing into the embers, and plying her knitting-needles industriously. The rude winds of a December night whistled around the corners of her cottage, rattled the window-blinds, and sought in vain for some crevice through which to penetrate to the warmth and cheeriness within. The mind of the widow busied itself with the past. How short seemed the time since she was a light-hearted, frolicking child, and father and mother lavished upon her that caressing care which springs only from parental tenderness. How sweetly did childhood glide into maidenhood, and how like a bright dream was the memory of her first acquaintance with Dr. Ray, the minister's son. Then she thought of the bright summer morning that had witnessed their nuptials, of the fresh June roses, and of the delicate white blossoms that had been culled from her own flower garden to form a bridal wreath; and she remembered how her heart had bounded with joy and pride when the bridegroom had whispered that the bride was fairer than the snowy chaplet.

Thus how sweetly the years had glided by, bearing their rich freightage of joy. Her only child, a noble boy, had grown to man's estate, and become a commissioned officer in the navy, and her heart had cherished him with a mother's fond love and pride.

Then came the memory of darker days; her husband had been injured by a fall from his horse, and became an invalid; and soon after came the heart-rending news that the good ship *Henry*, of which their son was commander, had gone down in a gale, and that all on board had perished. Dr. Ray sank rapidly under this great sorrow, and two months later was laid, with masonic honors, in the village cemetery; and Mrs. Ray found herself, at the age of forty-five, widowed and childless. But little property was left her—only her pretty cottage, with its pleasant grounds—and even that was mortgaged for one-third its actual value. But just when she had expected to be deprived of this last relic of happier days, the mortgage had been sent to her by mail, accompanied by a certificate from the mortgagee that the debt had been fully canceled. But to whom she was indebted for this kindness Mrs. Ray could never ascertain. During the two years that had supervened between that time and the present, she had, at frequent intervals, received supplies of money in the same mysterious way, quite sufficient to meet all her wants. Who was her secret friend? True, she had many friends, who seemed always seeking to make her present happy, and to win her from the contemplation of the gloomy past; but she could think of none rich enough in worldly goods to supply her thus bountifully, and so her conjectures were fruitless. But to-night Mrs. Ray was alone; and she reviewed the various events of her life, and thought of her lost husband and child. The busy fingers ceased their labor, the knitting lay forgotten in her lap, and a tear-drop found its way down her cheek and fell upon the folded hands. What mattered it to her that this was Christmas eve? She had none to make her Christmas merry.

A loud rap at the door startled her. She glanced at the clock on the mantel—half-past nine! Who could seek her dwelling on so black a night, and at so late an hour? She hesitated a moment, then went to the door and asked who sought admittance. There was no reply. She heard a receding step on the icy pavement; she opened the door and found a basket containing a large turkey, already prepared for cooking, and a note tied to the basket-handle which read thus,—

"A merry Christmas to Mrs. Ray; a contribution to a Christmas dinner—to which the donor intends to invite himself and a few masonic friends."

"Well, this is a strange proceeding," said the widow to herself. "Himself and a few masonic friends; who can it be? I wish the turkey could talk and unravel this little mystery;" but the turkey was a mason, too, as far as secrecy was concerned, so Mrs. Ray contented herself with a resolution to do the hostess in good style, and to demonstrate to her as yet unknown guests that she was no second-rate cook.

The next morning Mrs. Colonel Cook "dropped in just to wish Mrs. Ray a merry Christmas," and, learning of the

mysterious advent of the turkey, declared that her Bridget should come right over and help prepare the dinner.

"And you will come with the colonel and dine with us," said the widow.

"Certainly, if you desire it, and I will come early and help prepare the dessert."

It was singular how like magic a splendid Christmas dinner assumed form and shape. Mrs. Cook sent Bridget home for a supply of fruits and sweet-meats, but Mrs. Ray did not overhear the words whispered in Bridget's ear, "Tell Mr. Cook we are ready."

"I think," said the widow, looking out of the window, "that it is time the unknown made his appearance with his masonic friends. Ah, here they come; one, two, three, four, five, six, with their wives, Mr. Baker, Colonel Cook, and—a stranger."

"Oh," said Mrs. Cook, "that's Captain Howard, an old friend of my husband, who is visiting at our house. Bridget, put the turkey on the table."

Mrs. Ray met her guests at the door, rallied the gentlemen on obliging a poor widow to give a Christmas dinner; and asked the ladies if they had been parties to the plot.

Mrs. Baker replied that it was the gentlemen's idea entirely, and was not at all to be wondered at; since it was a well-established fact that most masons were fond of good dinners.

"And are you a mason, also?" said Mrs. Ray, turning to the gentleman who had been introduced to her as Captain Howard.

"I am," was the reply.

"Come, come," said Mrs. Cook, "the dinner will be cold."

Hats and overcoats, furs and bonnets were laid aside, and the party were soon in the dining-room.

"I will do the carving," said Mr. Cook.

"No," said the widow, "you shall not unless you are the person who brought the turkey. The donor of the fowl shall carve it."

"Well, then," said the colonel, "I must resign the position to Captain Howard."

Mrs. Ray looked amazedly at the stranger. "Who—where—I do not understand it."

"Then you do not recognize me," said the captain.

Mrs. Ray fastened her gaze upon him. "Great heavens!" she cried, "can this be true? Is it—yes, it is my son Howard risen from the dead?"

His arms were about her; she was weeping joyful tears upon his bosom. The other ladies laughed and cried by turns, and even the gentlemen found a pocket-hankerchief convenient.

"There it is," said Mrs. Cook at length; "I told you the dinner was getting cold, and you must all take the time for a cry."

Howard Ray led his mother to the table, and taking a seat beside her, proceeded to do the honors of host, while Mrs. Cook poured out the coffee; and no happier party could have been found upon that day. Nowhere was there a merrier Christmas than in the humble cottage of Widow Ray. The handsome young captain told them the story of the wreck of the good ship *Henry*, and of his miraculous escape; of his subsequent capture by a British man-of-war, and the impossibility of reaching his home sooner. That he had arrived only the evening before, and, meeting Colonel Cook as he stepped out of the stage-coach, he had with reluctance consented to remain *incoq.* until to-day, that all might enjoy the reunion together; that during the previous evening he had learned that the masonic lodge had relieved the old home of the mortgage resting upon it, and had maintained his mother in his absence. "And now, dear mother," he said in conclusion, and drawing her closer to his side, "let us unite in grateful acknowledgement of this true care of the widow in her misfortunes."

So the problem was solved. It was not one kind friend, but many, who had ministered to her wants.

Reader, this is no fancy sketch; it is founded wholly on fact, and is but one of the many instances of unostentatious benevolence which might be truthfully related.

A WHISTLING BUOY.—A new buoy has been invented by M. Perrin, of Havre, which includes the novel feature of announcing its position by means of whistling, and hence is known as the automatic whistling buoy. In shape the body is similar to the ordinary conical buoy, except that about three feet from the extreme top it is made flat. On this are fastened two small tubes, through which the air goes into the interior, and between these a tremendous whistle is fixed. Around the whole is a hand-rail, and two steps are placed so that the summit may be reached from a boat for painting, repairing, and other purposes. Besides, there is a manhole. From the bottom of the cope a large iron tube, about thirty feet long and between six feet and seven feet in circumference, is attached. When in use, more especially in a heavy sea, the wind, on going down the small tubes in the top, is immediately forced out through the whistle by the perpetual bobbing up and down of the buoy. The noise, it is expected, will be so great that it will be heard for miles off from the place where it is moored, thus giving ample notice of the dangers that surround it.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Ambition often puts men upon doing the meanest offices; so climbing is performed in the same posture with creeping.—*DEAN SWIFT.*

Napoleon at the Play.

The Metternich and Remusat memoirs have revived interest in Napoleon. Here is a description of the conqueror of Erfurt, in 1807, when the Comedie Francaise was sent on from France to play before an audience of kings and princes:

"Facing the stage had been placed two arm-chairs for the two emperors (Napoleon and Alexander), on either side of which were ordinary chairs for the kings and princes. A roll of drums was heard without. 'It is the emperor,' ran through the audience. 'You—fools,' cried a French officer angrily to his drummers, 'what are you doing? That is only a king.' A German sovereign entered; three others followed him at a little distance. It was thus, without noise or ostentation, that the kings of Saxony, Bavaria and Wurtemberg appeared.

"Finally a louder roll of drums was heard. All eyes were directed with uneasy curiosity toward the entrance. At last he appeared, that most incomprehensible man of that most inconceivable time. Clad as usual in the most simple of costumes, he made a very slight bow to the sovereigns present who had been waiting so long, and took his arm-chair on the right of the Emperor of Russia, his stout and not very shapely figure contrasting with the splendid stature of Alexander.

"The four kings took their seats and the play began—the 'Gélipus' of Voltaire. Vainly, Talma and Rancourt displayed all their art, exerted all their talent; none of us had eyes or attention for the stage. The goddesses at the door of our box, it should be said, spared no effort to complete our defective education, and in the intermissions between the acts gave us lessons in the etiquette to be observed in the presence of the master of the world. 'Put down your opera-glass; the emperor doesn't want to be stared at, cried one, and another added, 'Sit straight; don't crane your necks; the emperor won't have it.' The impertinence was supreme, but we followed the example of the kings and princes before us and put up with it.

"Immediately afterward Napoleon, who had seen the play a hundred times in all probability, settled himself cozily in his arm-chair and went to sleep. To us it was singular to see sleeping thus soundly the man whose plans involved the happiness or suffering of half the world. We could not grow weary of gazing with wonder blended with awe upon that profile like a fine antique medallion, seen against the background of Alexander's dark uniform."

How a Hard Worker Can Play.

Mr. C. B. Patten, in his closing "Talk" to young men at the Christian Union Rooms, Boston, gave utterance to some sensible views on the privilege and duty of recreation and diversion to men in business which are well worth reading and remembering. If his suggestions were heeded, there would be little danger of the insanity and early breaking down we so often hear of, in consequence of overworking the brain:

It has never seemed to me right or necessary that the business man should be completely absorbed by his business. No well ordered life is simply a struggle for existence or fortune. "You should have an avocation as well as a vocation." Although I have spoken of your opportunities for mental improvement, no sedentary man of business can hope to have a book in his hand in all his evening leisure hours.

If he tries to do this, he may soon find himself dozing or sleeping over the pages of even such great masters as Gibbon, Macaulay, Carlyle or Froude. Fortunate are the business men who have innocent hobbies upon which they can mount and ride for rest and recreation when the weary work of the day is done and the higher duties of life which devolve upon them discharged.

I know of a prominent lawyer who has made wood carving his hobby. He terms it his "knitting-work," and when he goes to Washington for long and weary attendance upon courts and committees, he takes his carving tools with him, and instead of idling away his leisure hours in the quiet of his own room, he carries beautiful presents for his fortunate friends; and I can bring you from my own profession pleasant illustrations of this point.

I know of one bank officer who has made painting his favorite leisure-hour pursuit, and he has painted so well that hanging committees award him places of honor.

I know others who are skillful botanists, microscopists, wood-workers, gardeners, musicians, collectors of rare books and coins. Better the collecting of cracked china, postage stamps, or the hen fever, than complete stagnation.

BIRTH OF A CAMEL IN WISCONSIN.—There has been a birth on Burr Robbins' farm which is worthy of mere than a passing note, it being a camel, which first saw light this morning. The new comer weighs about eighty pounds, and is all legs and neck, like any other young camel, but he seems healthy and reasonably strong. This is the second camel which has been born on Mr. Robbins' farm, the first being two years ago next May. That one is now a strong healthy camel, and last season it made good time on the road, without a skip or a break. It was the first camel born in this country outside of Texas and Arizona.—*Janesville (Wis.) Gazette.*

Gents.

One day, several years ago, when I was rather a young man, the editor of one of the great New York dailies, for which I was doing occasional articles, called me into his sanctum. He held a manuscript of mine in his hand, and on his countenance was an expression which I hastily and inaccurately translated, "declined with thanks."

"I notice the word 'gent' here," he said, thoughtfully rapping the paper with his forefinger; "have you spelled it correctly?"

"Haven't I spelled it g-e-n-t?" I asked in astonishment.

"I believe so, but won't you have the goodness to look it up in the dictionary?"

I turned confidently to Webster's unabridged, and presently became rather red in the face at not being able to find the word in that bewildering store.

"Perhaps there is no such word in the English language," slyly suggested the editor; "in which case we had better strike it out of the article."

This little lesson made so deep an impression on me, and instilled into my heart such a hatred of the word *gent*, that I believe if I were naked and starving I would refuse to be clothed gratis at a "gents' furnishing store," or accept a complimentary dinner in a "gents' saloon." Mr. Richard Grant White wittily remarks that "gents" and "pants" belong together, for the former always wear the latter. If "gents" is to be tolerated by careful writers, then let us accept "pants" for trousers, "transpire" for happen or occur, and, in brief, adopt all the variegated and wonderful vocabulary of the average newspaper.

The word "gent," however, does describe a class. When you see a greasy young fellow who seems a cross between a rustic and a negro minstrel off duty—a person with a cap set far back on his closely-cropped head, light trousers that grow suddenly full at the ankle, and shoes with turned-up pointed tips, (where does he get those shoes!)—when you see this vulgar little object, you see "a gent." You will encounter him on street corners, in shabby neighborhoods, gazing admiringly at the lithograph of some famous clog dancer or cheap blonde in a drinking-shop window; you will meet him there, but heaven preserve you from ever meeting him in decent literature!—*Atlantic Monthly.*

Universal Roger Giles.

There is something rather comical than sublime in the idea of a man knowing everything and being able to teach it. An intimation of what might be given in the following real advertisement copied by *Chambers' Journal* from an Essex paper, England:

Roger Giles, Imperceptible Penetrator, Surgin, Paroch Clarke, &c., &c., Rumford, Essex, informs Ladis and Gentlemen that he cuts their teeth and draws corns without waiten a moment. Blisters on the lowest terms, and fysics at a penny a peace. Sells god-fathers cordial and strap-ile, and undertakes to keep any Ladis males by the year, and so on.

Young Ladis and Gentlemen tort the heart of riding, and the gramer language in the neatest manner, also great Kare takein to himprove there morals and spelling, sarm-singing and whisseling. Teaches the jewsarp and instructs young Ladis on the gartar, and plays the ho-boy. Shotish, poker and all other ruls tort at home and abroad. Perfumery in all its branches. Sells all sorts of stashionary, barth bricks and all other sorts of sweet-meats, including bees' wax, postage stamps and lucifers; likewise tarturs, roobub, sossages, and other garden stuffs, also fruits such as hard-bake, inguns, toothpicks, ile and tin ware, and other eatables. Sarve, treacle, winegar, and all other hardware.

Further in particular he has laid in a stock of tripe, china, epsom salts, lollipopps, and other pickels, such as oysters, apples, and table beer, also silks, satins, and hearthstones, and all kinds of kimistry, including wax dolls, razors, dutch cloks, and grid-iroas, and new laid eggs every day by me Roger Giles. P. S.—I lectures on joggrefy.

There is reported to be "a panic in tea" in London. All tea-drinkers have suspected of late there was something in the tea that ought not to be there and they would feel immensely relieved if they could be assured there was nothing else in it but a panic. Unfortunately, there are palpable evidences that there are other things besides panics in tea. The chemists say so; expert tea-drinkers say so; in fact, everybody says so except the men who sell it. And some of them don't deny it. All sorts of chemicals, and substitutes and impurities are supposed to be concealed in the various teas now offered for sale. Even a teetotaler is open to suspicion. It is difficult to see what this wicked world is coming to.—*Hawkeye.*

Poofr Shelley, when he wanted to bring out his "Adonais," found that no publisher would take it, and he was at last obliged to publish it at his own expense in the old Italian city of Pisa. Time's whirligig has brought about a great change in literary opinion, and the other day a stray copy of this first edition of the "Adonais" was sold for \$50.

A London correspondent writes that American nationality is accepted in England as a presumption in favor of a lady singer's success.

Valley Forge.

Valley Forge is a manufacturing place, and there is a constant hum of machinery from the paper, flour, and woolen mills. The neat little houses of the factory hands are gay with flowers and vines, while the handsome residence of the mill-owner towers castle-like above them. Past all these dwellings, at the end of the street, stands the old-fashioned stone edifice hallowed by Washington's presence.

It is a plain, somewhat contracted-looking house, this Valley Forge shrine, after the usual type of ancient Pennsylvania homesteads, with a queer roof over the door, without either posts or pillars, shaped like the sounding-boards in old-time churches. The small-paned windows are long, and end in low, deep window-seats that could be sat in with ease; but they are not cushioned, or made the most of in any way. The entrance door opens in halves, and two broad flat stones lead to it.

Nothing has been changed in the old house since Washington left it, with the exception of paper and paint; but it strikes the visitor as decidedly bare-looking, and by no means attractive as a place of residence. The admission fee of ten cents is appropriated by the Centennial Committee for the furnishing fund, their intention being to furnish the back room on the ground-floor, known as Washington's private office, with articles gathered here and there of the date of Washington's residence, and as nearly as possible a fac-simile of those in use at the period, the original furniture having slipped away down the back stairs of time without leaving a trace behind.

As yet, however, nothing has been accomplished, and very little of interest is to be seen in the way of relics. The back room is the chief point of interest; and one of the deep window-seats is a box, the lid of which is labeled "Washington's private papers, 1777," this receptacle having probably been made to avoid surprises.

We are also shown a Revolutionary cannon ball, the old anvil used in shoeing the horses of Washington and his troops, and an ancient fire-place with "backs and jams." The iron back of another fireplace is unexpectedly displayed outside of an entrance door which opens into a narrow passage. This back, of German manufacture, is quite a work of art, and evidently intended as a representation of the miracle in Cana of Galilee, the queer figures and water jars being supplemented by a German inscription, in which the word "Wasser" and "Wein" are quite distinct, also the reference to John, ii. 11.

The most noticeable article of furniture in the room is an "old clock on the stair," which seems its legitimate place. It was not used, however, by Washington, having been imported from England by the grandfather of the present venerable occupant in 1784.

The old Potts mansion has been purchased by the Centennial and Memorial Association, and in the deed of trust the ground belonging to it is carefully estimated at two acres and eight perches. The long, low, stone barn that stretches across a large portion of one side is rough and plain—the same in appearance as when Washington stabled his horses there. Art has done little for the immediate surroundings, except to introduce the impertinent whiz of the factory opposite.

A portion of the old intrenchments, which are some little distance off, still remains, and in the woods near by were the miserable barracks where the Continental army nearly froze and starved during the hard winter of 1777.—*ELLA RODMAN CHURCH, in Harper's Magazine.*

Wise Words.

A pound of care will not pay a pound of debt.

A misfitting coat is a lie out of the whole cloth.

Justice will not condemn even the devil wrongfully.

The key to every man is his thought. Casual thoughts are sometimes of great value.

People seldom improve when they have no other model but themselves to copy after.

Men resemble the gods in nothing so much as in doing good to their fellow creatures.—*Cicero.*

The more we do, the more we can do; the more busy we are the more leisure we have.—*Hazlitt.*

Envy is a passion so full of confidence and shame, that nobody ever had the confidence to own it.—*Rochester.*

There is no time in a man's life when he is so great as when he cheerfully bows to the necessity of his position, and makes the best of it.

Every good picture is the best of sermons and lectures. The sense informs the soul. Whatever you have, have beauty.—*Sydney Smith.*

We should no more lament that we have grown old than the husbandman that, when the bloom and fragrance of spring have passed away, should lament that summer or autumn has come.

More bashfulness without merit is awkwardness; and merit without modesty, insolence. But modest merit has a double claim to acceptance, and generally meets with as many patrons as beholders.—*Addison.*

A Threatened Divorce.

The gem puzzle or the boss puzzle, or the boss nuisance, whichever it is, has played a serious part in the history of my family and of my friends. In an unfortunate moment, some days ago (malediction be on it) I invested ten cents in the "fifteen" puzzle. I thought I had obtained my money's worth, but alas, I had purchased ten nights' wakefulness and fifteen times more family feud than I had reckoned on. I thought as I carried the wretched little instrument of torture home in my pocket how happy I was to have it, and instead of that, I have not known what it is to be happy since its shadow darkened my doors. On the first night I worked hard over it until 1 A. M., although the hardest work I had was to keep my wife and oldest daughter from seizing it. I went to bed with a headache, disappointed and mad, but determined. I awoke in the morning with a headache and found my daughter of fifteen at "fifteen." She was late at school that day, and I was two hours behind time. It was the 10th of the month, but I dated all my letters the 15th, and one of them after the old style, "13-15-14."

That evening I was forced to use paternal and martial authority to keep the peace—and the pieces, I may add. It never occurred to us to buy another puzzle. I worked all the evening hard, and got pretty mad, not because I couldn't do it, but because that busybody of a wife persisted in telling me how to move the blocks—as if she knew any better than I did!

The next evening my mother-in-law came to tea with us. She said she had done the "fifteen" puzzle several times. "Not with 11-10," I said, "nor with 15-14?" "Oh, yes," she replied. "Well, there must have been some of the other numbers out of sequence, too," I said. "No," she still insisted, "nothing but 15-14." "And you are sure you didn't lift one out?" continued I skeptically. "Of course I didn't," she retorted with asperity; "do you think I cheat and tell falsehoods?" Whereupon I gulped down my sneaking suspicions on that subject, and replied very blandly (because she has money, and my wife, Fanny, has only one sister), "Certainly not, mother, dear! but then I thought perhaps it was accidental." "Well, Mr. C.," she said, excitedly, and rising from the table, "you must take me for an idiot to think that I could lift a block by accident." "Can you do the puzzle again?" I asked, moved by a satanic instinct to prove to her that she was wrong, and utterly unmindful of her limitless bank account. "I don't know," she replied curtly, as she swept out of the room with that dignity which is born alone of the consciousness of possessing cords of United States registered 4s or other truck of a similar nature. Fanny came down very cross and said, "Edward, I think you were extremely rude." "Possibly," said I, "but she can't do 15-14, if I was." Nothing more was said, and Fanny went off to bed early. I did not.

Truthfulness runs in my wife's family, and consequently I was tortured with the belief that my mother-in-law had done "15-14," and if she had done it, it was possible I would do it; so I worked until half-past twelve. When I went up stairs Fanny was awake, but an awkward silence reigned supreme. That was the first night for sixteen years that I had failed to kiss her good-night, except when we were not together. The next evening my daughter declared she could do "11-10" or "15-14," so after tea we went at it *vis a vis*, or in other words, determined to vie without arms. She fooled around over those blocks for an hour, until I got so nervous and so provoked with the stupid way she moved them I would have slapped her had she only been younger. A circle of five or seven is the only legitimate way to move, and instead of that she traveled all over the board. Finally she changed the position of the vacant square and declared she had done it. I sent her to bed.

The next day was Sunday, and really for me a day of rest. Throughout the litany, when the congregation murmured, "Good Lord, deliver us," I silently added, "From the puzzle of fifteen." But our climax came on the following evening, when my wife asserted, and insisted that she herself, with her mother, had done "15-14." I said she hadn't; that it couldn't be done without some trick, and that I didn't believe it. We had been cool and hadn't kissed since the row. She replied that I was insulting, and I answered that if her mother said she could do "15-14," fair and square, she said what was not true, and that she knew it wasn't true when she said so. Fanny, thereat, said that she never could have believed that I could so far forget myself. I replied to the effect that her mother had told a lie, and that perhaps it was not the first one.

The next morning Fanny went to her mother's, and sent a note saying that until I know how to treat her and her mother with respect she would not return, and she never will if I have to acknowledge first that her mother can do "15-14," because she can't and there's the end of it. *N. Y. Mail.*

It is one thing to try to behave like a gentleman and quite another to be a gentleman and not need to try.

An Idaho fellow can invite a girl to take a 350-mile sleigh-ride.

A Vacillating Bear.

My negro gardener came to me one evening in great alarm, and stated that his twin sons, Mango and Chango, had taken out his gun that morning, and had been missing ever since. I at once loaded my rifle, loosed my Cuban bloodhound, and followed the man to his hut. There I put the dog upon the boys' scent, following on horseback myself.

It turned out that the young scamps had gone on the trail of a large bear, though they were only thirteen years old, and their father had often warned them not to meddle with wild beasts. They began their adventure by hunting the bear, but ended, as often happens, in being hunted by the bear; for Bruin had turned upon them, and chased them so hard that they were fain to drop the gun and take to a tree.

It was a sycamore of peculiar shape, sending forth from its stem many small, but only two large branches. These two were some thirty feet from the ground, and stretched almost horizontally in opposite directions. They were as like each other as the twin brothers themselves. Chango took refuge on one of these, Mango on the other.

The bear hugged the tree till he had climbed as far as the fork. There he hesitated an instant, and then began to creep along the branch which supported Chango. The bear advanced slowly and gingerly, sinking his claws into the bark at every step, and not depending too much upon his balancing powers. Chango's position was now far from pleasant. It was useless to play the trick—well known to bear-hunters—of enticing the animal out to a point where the branch would yield beneath its great weight, for there was no higher branch within Chango's reach, by catching which he could save himself from a deadly fall—thirty feet sheer.

Three more steps, and the bear would be upon him, or he would be upon the ground. Brave as the boy was, his teeth chattered.

At this moment, Mango, nerved to heroism by his brother's peril, moved rapidly from the opposite limb of the tree. Stepping behind the bear, he grasped with one hand a small higher bough, which extended to where he stood, but not to where his brother lay; with the other hand, he seized the animal firmly by its stumpy tail. The bear turned to punish his rash assailant; but, angry as he was, he turned cautiously. It was no easy task to right-about-face on a branch which already had begun to tremble and sway beneath his weight.

Chango was saved, for the bear evidently had transferred his animosity to Mango, whom he pursued, step by step, toward the extremity of the other limb. But Chango was not the boy to leave his brother and rescuer in the lurch. Waiting until the enraged brute was well embarked upon Mango's branch, he pulled its tail, as he had seen his brother do before. Again Bruin turned awkwardly, and resumed the interrupted chase of Chango.

The twins continued their tactics with success. Whenever the bear was well advanced on one limb, and dangerously close to one twin, the other twin would sally from the other limb and pull his tail. The silly animal always would yield to his latest impulse of wrath, and suffer himself to be diverted from the enemy who was almost in his clutches.

After two hours of disappointment, he learned his mistake. He was now, for the tenth time, on Chango's branch, and very near Chango. In vain Mango dragged at his hinder extremity; he kept grimly on till Mango, forced to choose between letting go the brute's tail or the higher branch which enabled him to keep his feet, let go the former.

Chango could now retreat no farther, and he was hardly a yard beyond the bear's reach. The branch was swaying more than ever, and the bear seemed quite aware that he might tax its strength too far. After a pause, he advanced one of his fore feet a quarter of a yard. To increase the bear's difficulty in seizing him, the terrified boy let himself down and swung with his hands from the bough.

He was hanging in suspense between two frightful deaths. His heart was sinking, his fingers were relaxing.

Then the deep baying of a hound struck his ear, and his hands again closed firmly on the branch. In a moment, a blood-hound and a horseman sprang through the underwood.

Chango held on like grim death—held on till he heard the sharp report of a rifle ringing through the air; held on till the falling carcass of the bear passed before his eyes; held on till I had climbed the tree, crawled along the branch, and, grasping his wearied wrist, had assisted him to get back to the fork of the tree, and rest a bit.

If that bear only had understood in time that a boy in the hand is worth two in the bush, he might have lengthened his days and gone down with honor to the grave!—*F. BLAKE CROFTON, in St. Nicholas.*

How little the all-important art of making our meaning pellucid is studied now! Hardly any popular writer, except myself, thinks of it. Many seem to aim at being obscure. Indeed, they may be right enough in one sense; for many readers give credit for profundity to whatever is obscure, and call all that is perspicuous shallow. But Coraggio! and think of A. D. 2850. Where will your Emerson be then? But Herodotus will still be read with delight. We must do our best to be read, too.—*Macaulay.*

Intelligence Items.

Dr. Richardson, of London, insists that the onset is deadening the mental capability of women.

The Chinese government has decided to establish a complete system of telegraphing over the Empire.

There are 719 princes and princesses in Europe, each having a more or less remote claim upon a crown.

Queen Victoria has ordered a stone cross to mark the spot where the Prince Imperial was killed in Zululand.

The Christian Intelligencer thinks that nickelism in the church contribution-box is the next thing to Nihilism.

Wong Shing, the Chinese Vice-Consul at San Francisco, is a regular attendant at the First Presbyterian Church.

Among the wonderful properties of the electric light it has been discovered is the power of greatly stimulating the growth of plants.

The freight business between New York and San Francisco by way of the Panama railroad is but 19 per cent of the business of that railroad.

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever.

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Oriental Cream or Magical Beautifier

Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Red Patches and every blemish on the face. It has stood the test of thirty years, and is so harmless we can use it to be sure the preparation is perfect. Accept no counterfeit of this name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sage said to a lady of the haut ton (a patient):—"As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Goubaud's' as the best. Avoid all of the skin preparations."

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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 heavy 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 30 cents; per week from \$2.00 upwards.

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SOLD BY DEALERS GENERALLY, or sent post free on receipt of 25 cents to **Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co., 109 Fulton Street, N. Y.**

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is a certain cure for Nervous Debility, and all the evil effects of youthful follies and excesses. **DR. MINTIE** will agree to forfeit Five Hundred Dollars if this kind of the Vital Restorative (under his special advice) does not cure. Price, \$3 a bottle; four times the quantity, \$10. Sent to any address. Confidentially, by **A. E. MINTIE, M. D., 11 Kearny St., San Francisco.** Send for pamphlet.

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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, Bumps 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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Some 14,000 out of 26,000 acres of the grant remain for sale at comparatively low rates, in quantities to suit purchasers, on easy terms. Prices range from \$5 to \$30 per acre. The tract is between two and three miles wide, with the Northern Division of the C. P. R. R. passing centrally through its entire length. Send postage stamp for map and further information, to EDWARD FRISBIE, the proprietor of Reading Ranch, Anderson, Shasta County, Cal.

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SHEEP WASH
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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.

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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.

TESTIMONIALS:

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 27, 1879.

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

SAN FRANCISCO, July 19, 1879.

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, 1879.

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. We wish to sell it only at wholesale, but in case you cannot find it we will send a nice box of three cakes by mail, postage paid, on receipt of 85 cents in stamps.

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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Mail and Telegraph.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 4.—At a meeting of the Board of Supervisors last evening, the Judiciary Committee, who had been instructed to take into consideration the addresses and utterances of Mayor Killoch, and to report what, if any, incendiary language he has used publicly, and to report proper action to be taken by the Board in the premises, filed a long report reviewing the history of the labor agitation and the part borne in it by Killoch, finding that he has encouraged a lawless and discontented element, advised them to parade the streets and endeavored to keep in such disposition and temperament as to commit an outbreak whenever it should suit his purposes; that he has impeached the honesty of the whole community, accused the various branches of the city government of corruption and dereliction of duty, and under pretence of counselling a mob against violence, insidiously advised them to be in readiness for bloodshed and overthrow of the authorities. They expressed the opinion that Killoch is unprincipled and unscrupulous and devoid of integrity and fidelity to public interests, and that the time has arrived for the Board to express their condemnation of his acts and recommend that prompt action be taken to vindicate the fair fame of the municipality by a judicial inquiry into Killoch's case.

A motion to adopt the report was put by Mayor Killoch, who announced on viva voce vote that it was carried. The roll was called, resulting in an unanimous vote for adoption.

A resolution was then adopted which authorized the finance committee to cause judicial proceedings to be instituted against the Mayor for his removal from office and empowering them to employ counsel and prosecute the matter to a speedy termination. Throughout the reading of the report and the resolution, Killoch appeared cool and unmoved, appearing to consider only the dignity of his position as presiding officer of the Board.

ASTORIA, May 5.—By the arrival today of the small steamers which tend the fishing boats and which have been weather bound for two days at the mouth of the river, we have received certain confirmation of the painful reports in circulation relative to disasters to the fishing fleet during the squally weather of Monday and Tuesday. Our worst fears have been more than realized, the loss of life and property being much in excess of any similar experience in the history of salmon fishing on the Columbia river.—The fishing boats from the various canneries, on Monday afternoon as usual issued from the various slips and spread their sails to the breeze, which soon wafted them to the Washington Territory side, towards Chinook Point, their favorite spot for casting the net. Toward evening a strong south west gale commenced, accompanied by sudden squalls. The short intervals between the squalls gave the fishermen no time to haul in their nets. Those who succeeded sought immediate shelter by making for the shore.

It was about 6:30 P. M. when a fierce squall capsized, in quick succession, six boats, drifting with their nets out, off Cape Disappointment; four belonging to W. Jackson's Woody Island cannery, the other two to the Aberdeen company. Of the occupants two were carried off by current and seen no more, the rest succeeded in clinging to their boats. Capt. Al. Harris of the little steamer *Rip Van Winkle*, (a tender for the Watson cannery boats), which was lying at the cape, witnessed the occurrence, and as soon as he could raise steam went to the rescue. He succeeded in saving four of the boats and the men clinging to them, but unfortunately the other two boats and men holding on to them had drifted into the breakers, whether the little steamer dare not follow them.

The steamer continued during the whole night, and in the morning the lighthouse keeper sighted three boats going out over the bar bottom up.

On Tuesday the storm continued, but toward evening it calmed down, and a treacherous lull enticed many of the fishermen who had escaped the dangers of the preceding night, to venture again upon the deep and cast their nets. Before they were aware the storm recommenced and another night of horror for the poor fishermen begun.

The barkentine *Webfoot*, lying at anchor off Sand Island, was observed flying

a signal of distress. Of the three little steamers lying at the cape, the *Rip Van Winkle* alone succeeded in the teeth of the wind in crossing the north channel, making for the *Webfoot*, which reported that two fishing boats, bottom up and men clinging to them had drifted past, and she was unable to render any assistance. Capt. Harris, in spite of a heavy sea and at great risk of his own life and the safety of his little steamer, turned her head to sea, and when near No. 4 buoy, picked up both men and boats and brought them safely into Baker's bay.

At the cape the crews of 60 fishing boats held a meeting and passed resolutions commendatory of the brave conduct of Capt. Harris, also resolving to collect from the fishermen an amount sufficient to procure a handsome medal commemorative of his humane services.

I would that your correspondent could end this tale of death and suffering here, but the accompanying statements kindly furnished at his request, one from Mr. C. Christiansen who fishes for Mr. G. W. Hume, and the other from Mr. John McNeil, well known along shore in your city as Chaplain Stubbs' second mate and who in furtherance of his work as an assistant missionary to the Portland Seamen's Bethel has identified himself with the Columbia river fishermen by making himself one of them, will show that the loss of life was not confined to the immediate proximity of the bar. Besides these two statements, information has been received that in the bay above Tongue point, a man known as Big Mike, with three boats' crews was lying at anchor last night and an immense lot of driftwood floated down upon them with such violence as to capsize two boats, whereby six men were drowned. It is impossible to make a correct summary of the total loss of either life or property. It is roughly estimated, however, that not less than 25 lives have been lost and probably 10 or 15 boats and nets. It has also been impossible to procure the names of all who were lost; some of them, however, are old fishermen and highly respected, and their untimely end has cast a sad gloom over the entire community.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 5.—William P. Dangerfield, presiding Justice of the Superior Court, dropped dead on the bench at noon today. He was hearing a case when he suddenly threw up his hands, gasped once or twice and expired instantly. He has been in ill health for some months past. Death is attributed to heart disease. Deceased was a native of Virginia, aged 56, and was Judge of the 12th District Court previous to the reorganization of the judiciary under the new constitution. The body was laid out in the court room pending the arrival of the Coroner.

The death of Judge Daingerfield has called forth general expressions of regret. A meeting of the Judges of the Superior Court was held this afternoon to draft and adopt resolutions of respect to the memory of their deceased President, and to decide upon offering their services to the family as to the funeral. Members of the Bar Association will meet to-morrow to take steps to properly honor the memory of the late Judge.

WASHINGTON, May 6.—Senator Farley today offered a resolution which was immediately adopted by the Senate calling for copies of majority and minority reports of the Board of United States engineers, who were empowered last year to determine a site for the construction of a harbor of refuge on the Pacific coast somewhere between San Francisco and the Straits of Fuca. The action of the Board has been communicated to the Chief Engineer, but he does not feel at liberty to make the documents public in advance of their submission to the Secretary of War, for whom they are now being copied, and by whom, in compliance with Farley's resolutions, copies will be sent to Congress as soon as completed. Your correspondent has, however, ascertained to-day that a majority of the Board have selected Port Orford, Oregon, as the point where the harbor of refuge shall be constructed. The minority recommend Trinidad, California, as the best location; but as the law of last year conferred the power of absolute selection upon a majority of the Board and appropriated \$150,500 for commencing the work, the present majority determination is final unless Congress shall explicitly decide otherwise. The appropriation is, however, to be expended under direction of the Secretary of War, hence the necessity of submitting the report to him for his order to commence operations.

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. Simarssen, John Grant, Tom M. Hoy, Wm. Lewis, John Colletzki, John Horn, Martin Christopher, Henrick Henricks, John Lawson, William Anderson, T. Andrus, Clemens Ronnebaum, Oscar Lendholm and H. Carlson, late mariners on board the American Bark "Tidal Wave," her tackle, apparel and furniture, of which said Bar O. McGulter 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 in said District Court, 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:

Z. Simarssen.....	\$134 00.
John Grant.....	95 20.
Tom M. Hoy.....	95 00.
Wm. Lewis.....	43 86.
John Colletzki.....	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 Ronnebaum.....	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, EMERY & LEARY for Libellants. 19-4w

Albert M. Snyder
ATTORNEY FOR U. S. CLAIMANTS,
COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS FOR OREGON AND CALIFORNIA.

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THREE MONTHS PAY.

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

Soldiers' Additional Homesteads.

Every soldier, sailor or marine who served for not less than 90 days in the Army or Navy of the United States "during the recent rebellion," and who was honorably discharged, if he has entered less than 160 acres of land under the provisions of the 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 piece, \$4.38 per acre.

PENSIONS FOR OLD AND LATE WARS.

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

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

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

Office—Mill Street, next Post Office.
Refers to Delegate T. H. Brents of W. T., Senators L. F. Grover, Jas. H. Slater and Representative John Whiteaker of Oregon.

WEEKLY

Puget Sound Dispatch.

BERIAH BROWN, Publisher.

VOLUME 8, NUMBER 1.

SEATTLE, WASH. TERR'Y.

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