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The Best Beer always on Hand.
ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED.

Bow down your head, ye haughty clam,
And oysters, say your prayer,
The month has come the "R" is in,
You're on the bill of fare—
IN EVERY STYLE AT THE
SADDLE ROCK RESTAURANT.
COMMERCIAL STREET,
—AT—
25 Cents Per Plate.
CHAS. KIEL, Proprietor.

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 20th 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 just 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 condemned 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.
C. D. EMERY, Proctors for Libellant. 22-2w

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 "Quinnob," her tackle, apparel and furniture, of which said ship, O. McGuire now is, or late was, Master, alleging in substance, that on or about the day of March, A. D. 1880, at the port of Port Madison, Washington Territory, said Libellant duly shipped upon and 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.
C. D. EMERY, Pro Libellant. 22-4w

From the Upper Skagit.

SAUK CITY, May 28, 1880.
EDITOR DISPATCH:—We laid at Mount Vernon last night, with the Josephine alongside and fastened to us. At 4 A. M. today the Josephine's whistle awoke me, and I heard her getting under weigh. That same whistle awoke our watchman, whose duty it was to have had the fires roaring in the furnace an hour before.

So we were 45 minutes, wasting time minute by minute—and each one seemed an hour or less—getting on power enough to start up stream. But by and by we passed the Josephine, and to gratify your curiosity, eager no doubt by this time, we reached this city ahead and tied up, and irrigated all around at the Metropolitan, with Beede as master of ceremonies. before the Josephine's whistle startled the sleeping siwash who encamp by dozens, with their "sisters and cousins and aunts," in the suburbs. It has been a day of unalloyed pleasure to me (save a brief five minutes when the Josephine ran alongside, and touching our guards in the way the British roustabout uses when knocking a chip off his antagonist's shoulder, challenged the swift Chehalis to a trial of speed—a challenge accepted, fought and won by our gallant pioneer boat). I say pleasure to me; and not only pleasure, but surprise that this river has been so long overlooked. And it is not too superlative to say that this is a noble river, with miles of richest Nile bottom lands on either side, only awaiting the axe of the settler to be transformed into homes of plenty and contentment. When you stop for a moment and see that the Skagit receives only insignificant affluents from its mouth up to this city, you can understand why it is as lordly here as at its mouth. In fact I can only liken it to the Ohio above Portsmouth, and unhesitatingly say it is more than double the capacity of the Willamette, which has received so much of the bounty of the general Government. A few thousands spent in pulling snags and buoying out the channel of approach via Stanwood would lessen the strain on our growing commerce, and materially in opening this country to the settler—the pioneer who by his daring and enterprise adds more every year to the dignity and wealth of the nation than do the denizens of cities. I do not include the people of Sauk City. But the current is swift, and at times we can make but two or three miles an hour. This means that boats must be constructed for the river traffic alone. One class must run the route from Seattle to some point near the mouth of the river, then the river boat must pursue the journey to this point, which is the head of navigation for steamers. For this opinion I expect a deed in fee-simple absolute to a block of water front, and another block in the rear, looking down upon the crowded wharves, for villa purposes, &c.

I write a little headache, but it is not to be wondered at when one takes things into consideration.
By the way, one of the Gellerson boys at Mount Vernon showed me a dozen little nuggets running all the way from a dollar to five dollars, which he creviced out of the rocks 500 feet above the river bed—way up the hillside, mind. Well, you ask, what of that? Just this: It is so, then the gold-field is rich and extensive. The little chips were water-worn like other placer gold, and therefore the eroding influence must have been deep and extended. But as I have only come up here to "go a-fishing," as Dan Webster said, why it don't matter much to me. But to you people it matters a good deal.

This I have picked up, and you can rely on it: The trail will be finished to Goodell's a week from today. But as that is only the head of canoe navigation, I shall be able to tell you about what is yet to be done before Jennings's or somebody else's pack train brings me my hair mattress up to Ruby.

To-night I sleep in the luxurious couch provided me by good Captain Brittain, somewhere near the narrative of the Chehalis. In the morning I shall hope to take a farewell breakfast on lamb chops and sweet breads, cooked to a turn by Brookes the incomparable—taught, trained and disciplined as he has been for many years in the army. C. H. L.

NEVADA'S FIRST NUGGET.

How Her First Piece of Gold was Dug out With a Butcher-Knife.

An interesting correspondence has lately passed between Eliot Lord, of the United States Geologic Survey, and John Orr, the first discoverer of gold in the State of Nevada. Under the supervision of the Director of the Geologic Survey, a history of the Comstock discovery and mining developments on the East slope of Nevada, is being prepared. Mr. Orr, at present residing at Duncan's Mills, Sonoma county, has in his possession the first gold nugget known to have been found in Nevada, and the inquiries of Mr. Lord have been in relation to the circumstances of its discovery, and the possibility of securing it from Mr. Orr, by donation or purchase, for the collection of minerals in the National Museum, at Washington. In conversation with Mr. Orr, a day or two ago, he stated the facts relating to the discovery. He started with a large train to come across the plains in 1849. Unusually severe weather was encountered, the roads were bad and they were compelled to spend the winter at Salt Lake. He left for California on the first wagon train from Salt Lake in the spring of 1850, but the Desert was not crossed until the last of May, because of high waters, and the fact that their road had to be cut through the snow until the Humboldt was reached. Orr had a partner named Nick Kelly, after whom Kelly's Ravine is named, and in the company was also one William Prouse, now living in Nurb City, about 40 miles southeast of Salt Lake. Prouse had worked in mines in California, before gold was discovered in Coloma, and was a good prospector. One early day of May, 1850, the train stopped on the edge of what is now known as Gold Canon, near the Carson river, to let the animals feed on some bunch grass found growing amongst the sage brush. Prouse at noontime took a milk-pail, and going down to the gulch, began washing dirt, in a few minutes getting color to the value of a few cents. Orr then named the place Gold Canon, still retained. Orr was keeping a rule chart of the country traveled over, taking bearings only north and south, and estimating the distances traveled every day. Gold Canon was marked on the chart, which was lost by Mr. Orr in 1855, while returning East to be married. The train soon after resumed travel, going to the head of the Carson valley. There was met a party of seven, who had left the train at the Sink of the Humboldt, intending to go in advance to California and select good locations for the remainder of the party. They had been unable to cross the country, and had been lost in the snow in the mountains four or five days, unable to find the divide to Hangtown. A stay in Carson for three weeks followed, when Orr, Kelly and several others returned to Gold Canon and resumed prospecting. Kelly and Orr went up the canon until a little fork was reached, when work was begun. The party had few tools, and Orr had nothing but a butcher-knife.

While Kelly was working, Orr noticed a very narrow place at the fork, where the water barely covered a slab of slate rock. Itly he examined it, and noticing a small crevice near the edge, drove the butcher-knife into it, breaking out a piece. The water running over it washed away the underlying dirt, and in a few seconds Orr discovered a golden nugget which the rock had covered. It was

quickly removed and afterward found to weigh \$8 25. This was on the 1st of June, 1850, thirty years ago. Prospecting was continued, and though gold dust was found in several places throughout the canon, Orr's was the only nugget found. The party lacked tools and provisions, and being bent on reaching California, abandoned the canon and arrived at Leek Springs, July 4th, 1850. Orr offered the nugget to Kelly, who refused to accept it, and as it was the first piece of gold that he ever dug, Orr, for a few years kept it as a souvenir on that account. Of late years enquiry as to the first discovery of gold in Nevada, and the settlement of the discovery upon Mr. Orr and his nugget, has induced him to state that the nugget is not for sale, nor will it be donated to any museum. He has four grown sons, and will keep it for them, to be passed down as a heirloom. Mr. Lord writes that the survey in their contemplated work will acknowledge the first discovery as stated above.

EDITING A PAPER.—Editing a paper is pleasant business—if you like it. If it contains too much political matter people won't have it. If the type is large it don't contain much reading matter.

If we publish telegraphic reports folks say they are nothing but lies. If we omit them they say we have no enterprise, or suppress them for political effect.

If we have a few jokes, folks say we are nothing but rattleheads. If we omit jokes, folks say we are an old fossil.

If we publish original matter, they damn us for not giving selections. If we give selections people say we are too lazy for not writing more and giving them what they have not read in some other paper.

If we give a complimentary notice, we are censured for being partial. If we do not, all hands say we are a great hog.

If we insert an article which pleases the ladies, the men are jealous, and vice versa.

If we attend church they say it is only for an effect. If we remain in our office attending to our business, folks say we are too proud to mingle with our fellows.

If we go out, they say we don't attend to our business. If we don't pay up promptly, they say we are not to be trusted. If we pay up promptly, they say we stole the money.

BEET SUGAR.—The number of sugar mills in Germany is 329, against 148 in 1850, and the production of 1878 was 550,000,000 pounds more than that of twenty-eight years before. It takes about twelve pounds of beets to make one pound of sugar. The total production of all Europe in 1878 was 3,000,000,000 pounds. The portion of the United States best adapted to the cultivation of the sugar beet is that portion bordering the Canadian line from New England to Washington Territory. Many advantages favor the production of beet root sugar in our country, and no other industry would perhaps yield so large a return to the people as this one. The crop of 1879 shows a deficiency of over two hundred thousand tons in Europe alone. In consequence of this shortness of the crop, the imports of cane sugar have greatly increased, England requiring one hundred and fifty thousand tons more than in 1878. The consumption of all descriptions of sugar in the United States is more enormous than our people are generally aware; amounting to 831,896 tons last year, seven-eighths of which were imported from foreign shores. Let the production increase fast as it may, it will be many years before the demand can be fully supplied.—*North Pacific Coast.*

Adieu.

It is useless to repine,
It is useless for to grieve
O'er a friend that is no friend,
Only friendly to deceive.

I can bear to see thee go,
I shall banish from my heart
And in after years shall know
How that best it was to part.

I shall learn a lesson here,
And shall profit by it well;
To a friend that doth prove true
I shall never say farewell.

It is best sometimes, they say,
That we do not always meet
Only those we love so well,
Whose embraces are so sweet.

Now to thee I bid adieu,
It will be forevermore;
Fare thee well until we go
To that far-off shining shore.

Waverley.

The Man With a Black Beard.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

We were all assembled in the little school-room, girls on one side, boys on the other, and Miss Linda in the middle, beside a mahogany desk, piled with spelling-books, and graced with a polished ruler, which never, within the memory of the oldest scholar, had been used for any more unpleasant purpose than to rule copies with, for Miss Linda's sway was a gentle one, as any one who looked at her fair face might well have imagined. Even our habit of calling her Miss Linda was proof of this; any other teacher would have been addressed by her surname, but we never even thought of ours as Miss Harrington. To this day I cannot guess her age; she was certainly young, but her features had a certain peculiarity of their own, which made it impossible to say how young she was. In her mirthful moments she looked like a merry child, in her sadder ones she was quite a woman; but in any mood she was as beautiful as perfect features, ivory skin, a wealth of golden hair, and great, long-fringed black eyes could make her. She was in her merry mood this morning, and there were dimples in her rosy cheeks, and those black eyes out-rivalled the brightest diamonds that ever glistened amid the tresses of a princess. The stupid scholar of the school (there is always a stupid scholar in the school, and he is inevitably a boy) was stumbling through his spelling-lessons, and falling flat over the insurmountable word "physician." He had spelt it "fizzillion," "fussion," and was at present mute with despair, and, oblivious to the promptings of a sympathizing little girl behind the teacher's chair, was preparing to cover his eyes with his coat-sleeve and bemoan himself, when the whole school was startled by the sudden flinging open of the door, and the entrance of little Lilly Darwin, the smallest of the small children under Miss Linda's care, in a state of violent agitation.

"Oh, the man, the man!" sobbed Lilly. "The great tall man with the black beard! He's frightened me out of my senses."

"What man, Lilly?" said Miss Linda, compassionately. "How did he frighten you, my dear?"

"He came close behind me and said, 'Never, never!'" answered the child; "and he put his hands to his forehead, and then went away out of sight down by the river. Oh! I'm so frightened, so frightened, Miss Linda, you can't think."

"It was only some poor crazy man, my dear," said Miss Linda. "You are safe now, at all events; wipe away your tears, and tell me all about it."

"I was coming along the green lane towards school, Miss Linda, hurrying very fast for fear I would be late, when I met our new minister, who stopped and shook hands with me, and asked how you were; and said he would look in at the school and hear us sing this afternoon; and while I was answering him this tall man with the black beard passed us twice, and then stopped beside the water. And when the minister turned away he looked after him, and then walked very quickly towards school, and then back again, and then clasped his hands and said 'Never, never, never!' out loud, and frightened me so that I cried, and ran here as fast as I could."

This horrible narration affected all the smaller children as a ghost story would have done; and Miss Linda, after looking around at these frightened faces, laughed merrily, and, expressing her decided conviction that the gentleman with the black beard had escaped from the lunatic asylum, called the school to order, and proceeded in the usual routine of duties, as though nothing particular had occurred.

Early in the afternoon "our minister" did call. He had a habit of visiting the school, and it appeared to me that the teacher was much more interesting than her scholars. At all events, it was certain that he looked at her much often than he did at us, and was very particular about shaking hands when he took his leave. He was a young and very handsome man, and rumor said that he was exceedingly in love with our Miss Linda. He lingered in the little school-house a long while on that bright summer afternoon; but he went at last, and then the children were dismissed,

and the little building closed for the night. My way was the same as Miss Linda's, and I trotted along beside her, holding tightly to her simple muslin dress, and chatting all the way. We came before long to the pretty cottage where our school-mistress boarded. The woman of the house—a talkative New Englander—sat with her knitting upon the porch. She greeted Miss Linda with a smile, and began to empty her budget of small-talk and news forthwith.

"Did your ears burn to-day?" she said. "They ought to, for you've been talked about enough. There was a stranger here—a foreign-looking man with a long black beard; and he asked me about the place and the people in it, and appeared to be much interested about the school, and asked the name of the teacher and what sort of a person she was. I told him as near as I could; and, says I, I shouldn't wonder if she left off being school-mistress and went to live at the parsonage before long, for our minister is paying very particular attention to her, says I, and I shouldn't wonder if she liked him, too. She's good enough for a minister's lady, anyhow, says I."

"Oh, Mrs. Jones! how could you say such things to a stranger, or to any one?" exclaimed Miss Linda, looking really distressed. "What must the gentleman have thought?"

"Oh! you know I must talk when I once get started," said Mrs. Jones, "and I don't suppose he thought anything about it. He started pretty soon after that, and I thought he was going to visit the school, for he went straight towards it."

The remembrance of the man who had frightened little Lilly rushed across my mind, and I turned my steps homeward, after bidding good-bye to Miss Linda, who kissed me with a very, very grave face. "Who could that man with the black beard be?" I thought, as I tripped along. "Why did he frighten Lilly, and why did he ask her questions about our school and Miss Linda?" The old fairy-tales I had conned upon winter evenings arose before my mind, and I thought of the ogres and giants, who all had black beards and a propensity to devour little girls and carry young ladies away by their long tresses. "What hair Miss Linda had for that purpose! How a giant would rejoice in those great golden waves!" I thought; and just then raising my eyes, they encountered, to my horror, the very person of whom I had been dreaming—the tall man with the long black beard, himself. I uttered a scream of terror, and the tall man put his hand on my shoulder.

"Don't be frightened little one," he said. "I'm very fond of little girls."

"Does he mean he likes to eat them?" I thought; and I looked up into his face, expecting to meet a sardonic ogre grin, but instead I encountered such a sweet smile, that I gained confidence in a moment, and stood quietly beside him.

"Sit down here," said the stranger, "I want to talk to you. Look, here is something nice," and he drew a handful of confectionery from his pocket. "Eat it while I talk to you."

I held my little pinafore to receive the gift and sat down, and the man with the black beard sat down beside me.

"How old are you?" he said.

"Just six years," I answered.

"And where do you go to school?" he asked.

"On the hill, at Miss Linda's," I answered.

"Have you a nice teacher? Do you love her?" inquired the stranger.

"Very much," I answered; "very much, indeed."

And, to my great amazement, the gentleman with the dark beard covered his face with his hands, and ejaculated:

"God bless her! who could help it. Do you think she is happy?" he went on. "Does she smile and laugh, or does she ever feel sad?—tell me, little one?"

"I think Miss Linda is very happy," I answered. "I never saw her cry."

The tall gentleman arose and paced to and fro, and I heard him mutter:

"Happy! Is she happy? My selfishness shall never break in upon her quiet; I will never arouse the sleeping past to grieve the happy present."

The heart under my little pinafore beat wildly with alarm, and my confectionery was forgotten. In a few moments he turned towards me.

"Good-bye, little one!" he said. "Run home, now, and never tell your teacher that I have been talking about her; and you would never do that, I know."

I gave a ready promise and ran joyfully away; and as the weeks passed by, and I saw no more of the gentleman with the black beard, I soon almost forgot that such a being existed. And still "our minister" visited the school, and looked at the teacher, and still the gossiping tongues of the village foretold that Miss Linda would be the minister's lady yet.

One day—a bright, cool autumn afternoon, it was—Miss Linda and I were alone in the school-house. I was practicing the scales on the piano in the inner room—for it was the day on which I always took my music-lesson—and Miss Linda was writing at her desk in the outer room. There was no sound save the monotonous "One, two, three," which I uttered, until a quick step fell upon the grass without, and, raising my eyes, I saw the young minister pass the window and enter the school-room. He had scarcely done so, when another shadow fell upon my music-book, and I saw the tall gentleman with a black beard glide after him and stand motionless in the shadow of the school-house

porch. I played on still, but very softly, and my eyes were turned toward the other room. The young minister and Miss Linda stood in the center of the apartment, and he was speaking passionately, but softly. Then he strove to clasp her hand in his, but she drew it away and stood further from him, nearer to the door-way. Then I heard his voice—husky, it was, and tremulous.

"Linda, dear Linda!" he said, "you can never tell how much I love you. You do wrong to doubt me. My existence is worthless without your affection. Do not deny me all hope; let me think, at least, that in time my deep love may win your own; that, when you see how constant and devoted my heart is to you, you will think well of me for that constancy at least. Many a better and greater may woo you, Linda, but none can love more truly."

I could see great tears in her eyes as she answered him.

"Do not misunderstand me, Mr. Alwyn. I do think well of you. As a sister. I may even say that I love you; but other love than that of a sister Linda Harrington can never give to living man. I—I have loved once, and he to whom I was betrothed sleeps beneath the waves, or is a wanderer upon the face of the earth. Living or dead, he is lost to me forever; but a woman gives her love but once, and mine is his still, Mr. Alwyn. Leave me, I beseech you! Time can never change my feelings, and I am glad it cannot."

He took her hand and pressed it to his lips, and in another moment he was gone. Miss Linda sunk upon the seat from which she had arisen; the tears were trickling down her cheeks, and her bosom rose and fell convulsively. Over her dress, over the floor, fell a shadow, creeping slowly along up the white-washed wall of the school-house, and while I watched it the tall man with the black beard stood on the threshold—stood there, with both arms stretched towards her, until she turned, and, looking on him, cried, "William! oh, my William!" and fell upon his bosom.

At first I had imagined that the black-bearded gentleman was about to devour Miss Linda, or carry her away to his enchanted castle; but when she called him William; the truth dawned upon my mind, and I listened quietly, when, some moments afterwards he knelt beside her and spoke thus:

"I have been near you many weeks, darling—I have watched you to and from the school; and, though I never dreamed you could still love me, I have loved you every moment since we parted. When I left you I hoped to return to you soon, happy and prosperous, but baffled and disappointed, I could not bear to bring my poverty and grief for you to share, and I battled with the world, weary and broken-hearted, until I began to doubt all truth and goodness, and believed that no woman could welcome back a till-worn, beggared man, as she would one who was glad and prosperous."

I saw her arm steal about his neck, and her lip touch his cheek, and he went on again.

"Better days dawned upon me, and I came back again, loving you still, to woo and win you, if you could forgive my long and shameful silence. The first news I heard, darling, was that you were betrothed to another, and though it almost broke my heart, I vowed that if this were true, I would not mar your new-found happiness by bringing back the memory of the past. Had you loved him, Linda, you never should have known that Will Brae dwelt among living men, although he would have prayed for your happiness while he had a heart to pray with, and blessed you until his lips were dumb forever."

There was another pause, and I could hear her sob.

"To-day, Linda, I followed my rival, as I thought him, to this door; I heard the words he spoke, and I also heard your answer. I learned, my angel, that you had forgiven me, that you were still true to the wanderer whose only merit was that he loved you fondly, and no words can tell you the ecstasy of that moment, the balm that knowledge poured upon my wounded heart. Will you be my wife still, Linda? Will you share the little that I have of wealth, and let me have a right to the great treasure of your woman's heart?"

She did not speak, but her head sunk lower still, and her white arms twined themselves tenderly about the bronzed neck of the man with the black beard.

A week later the village paper reported the marriage of Miss Linda Harrington and Mr. William Brae, and our school was without a mistress.

—N. Y. Sunday Times.

Breeding Swine.

A brood sow is usually at her best, as a producer, in the number and quality of pigs as well as in the secretion of milk, when she is from two to three years old. The number of pigs dropped at a litter will usually increase with each successive litter up to the third or fourth, provided the sow is put to breeding so as to drop her first litter when she is about a year old, as is the custom with most breeders of swine. After the sow reaches four years of age, her powers of gestation usually grow weaker, and she is much less liable to save the pigs that may be dropped. Like all other general rules, there are exceptions to this, but under ordinary circumstances we would not recommend the keeping of brood sows by farmers who are raising hogs for the general market after they reach four years of age.

Fight it Out.

A story is told of a daughter of a prominent person now in the lecture-field, which is peculiarly interesting and suggestive of unconscious wisdom. A gentleman was invited to the lecturer's house to tea. Immediately on being seated at the table, the little girl astonished the family circle and the guest by the abrupt question:

"Where is your wife?"

Now the gentleman, having been recently separated from the partner of his life, was taken so completely by surprise that he stammered forth the truth:

"I don't know."

"Don't know!" replied the *enfant terrible*. "Why don't you know?"

Finding that the child persisted in her interrogatories, despite the mild reprover of her parents, he concluded to make a clean breast of the matter, and have it over at once. So he said with a calmness which was the result of inward expletives:

"Well, we don't live together; we can't agree, we'd better not."

He stifled a groan as the child began again, and darted an exasperated look at her parents. But the little torment would not be quieted until she exclaimed:

"Can't agree! Then why don't you fight it out, as papa and ma do?"

"Vengeance is mine," laughingly retorted the visitor, after "pa" and "ma" exchanged looks of holy horror, followed by the inevitable roar.

A FAMOUS TOWN.—About five weeks ago a fire broke out in the little town of Urfa, better known to the European public by its Biblical name of Ur, and highly venerated throughout the Orient as the birthplace of Abraham. The house in which that celebrated patriarch was born is still standing in Urfa; it is called "Bet Chalil Allah"—the house of God's friend—and hundreds of pious pilgrims visit it annually. When the conflagration took place on the 24th of January, many of the inhabitants of Urfa took refuge in Abraham's dwelling, and carried thither all their valuables, persuaded that the flames would respect the structure in which so holy a personage first saw the light of day. Strange to say, their faith in the inviolability of this ancient sanctuary was justified by events; for while the fire raged all night long in Urfa, destroying a large number of houses in the vicinity of "Bet Chalil Allah," that edifice as well as one or two buildings immediately adjacent to it, remained absolutely unharmed. This triumphant vindication of its protecting virtue has, so it would appear, greatly enhanced its reputation for sanctity; and doubtless the pecuniary results of the present year's pilgrimages will enable the Urites to surmount their losses by fire in a highly satisfactory manner.—London Telegraph.

LOUISIANA MOSS.—The Louisiana moss business, which has undergone a period of depression, is said to be reviving. The moss is gathered mostly by negroes, and after a tree is stripped it is allowed to rest for seven years, during which time the moss renews itself. Cypress moss is preferred, as it is the longest and most tenacious of all the varieties. After the moss is gathered, it is placed in a sunny spot and left to the action of the wind and weather for a month. At the end of that time the grayish bark peels off, leaving the hair almost clean. It is then sold to the plantation storekeeper or country groceryman, who pays from one to two cents a pound for it, according to quality. The next move is to send the material to New Orleans to manufacture. After the moss reaches the factory it is subjected to the action of the washer, which is a large cylindrical arrangement with a wheel inside, which pulls the moss hither and thither and lashes it through a vat of boiling water and soap, until the stuff is cleaned. Then it is hung out upon the rocks to dry. This done, it is put into the duster, a fan mill which entirely removes all the dust that may have survived the washing process. As a result, the moss comes into the factory yellow in color, and goes out inky black. The article is then made up into bales and marked according to quality. The highest grade can hardly be distinguished from the finest horse-hair.

A writer in the Boston Transcript thus relates a tale of woe: "The young lady came and tried to sell me a manuscript story. 'My teacher likes it,' she said, when I repeated our usual formula of no space, no money, no time and no anything to her. 'Teacher and editor?' I inquired mildly. 'No indeed, was the answer, 'she's a person of refinement and education.'"

The Shaster, or Hindoo Bible, forbids a woman to see dancing, hear music, wear jewels, blacken her eyebrows, eat dainty food, sit at a window, or view herself at a mirror, during the absence of her husband; and it allows him to divorce her if she has no sons, injures his property, scolds him, quarrels with another woman, or presumes to eat before he has finished his meal.

The old-fashioned settees on ocean steamers are fast giving place to the revolving chair similar in style to those used in the Pullman drawing-room cars.

Are you aware that the man who commits suicide by shooting himself with a pistol discharges his own debt of nature?

The Poet Longfellow.

Mr. Longfellow, almost immediately after his graduation, was appointed Professor of Modern Languages and Literature in Bowdoin College, and entered upon his duties at Brunswick in 1830. Here he lived and taught and wrote for five years. Here was the home to which he brought from his native city the wife of his early manhood, the "Being Beauteous" of the poem entitled "The Footsteps of Angels," of whom he writes:

"With a slow and noiseless footstep
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine."

She was a lovely lady of peculiarly quiet movements in life, and by the power of that thought which brings presence, the bereaved heart could feel and the longing eyes could see the soundless entrance of the sweet phantom form.

In the old home and in the unchanged room whence he had watched—

"The lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,"

Longfellow lingered, after his class-day anniversary, with the memories of fifty years for his companions?

Healing comes with time to wounds that are all but mortal. God has, with tender mercy, implanted that in our nature which enables us to renew all pure affections and all legitimate ties. The love of Mr. Longfellow's maturer years sprang up in a heart enriched by the experience of his first great sorrow. The lady who became his second wife, and the mother of his children, was Miss Appleton, of Boston, the Mary Ashburton of "Hyperion," "possessing," says a friend who knew her well, "all the grace and dignity ascribed to her." She is said to have been the original of the well-known and favorite picture of "Evangeline." She was remarkable for qualities not often united in the same person. With a stately presence and almost regal manner toward strangers whom she met on terms of perfect equality, she was singularly considerate of those who were dependent upon her.

Alas for the chances and changes of this mortal state! Again was the poet's home made desolate by death, although in the later bereavement caressing children linked the happy past with the mournful present. The manner in which he bore this sore affliction is told with tender truthfulness in the following stanza from a poem addressed to him on a birthday by his friend, James Russell Lowell:

"Some suck up poison from a sorrow's core
As night but nightshade's grew upon earth's
ground;
Love turned all his heart's ease, and the more
Fate tried his bastions she but found a door
Leading to sweeter manhood and more
sound."

—Boston Commonwealth.

A Stray Billet-Doux.

The Pittsburgh (Pa.) Dispatch says: Three ministers sat in the pulpit of East Liberty Church on Sunday evening. A rising young artist who has a comfortable studio—if studios are ever comfortable—or a street running from Water to Liberty, who is one of the workers in said church, walked bravely to the pulpit before service and gave one of the ministers a notice to read before benediction. The services were about being closed, when the young artist again went forward and reminded the minister that he must not forget the notice of the temperance meeting down town. The minister begged pardon for his remissness, took the slip of paper from his vest pocket, read it, looked dazed, rubbed his eyes, then smiled. He passed the note to a brother minister. He smiled. Then, passed it to the other minister, and he smiled. Then all smiled. Then No. 1 remarked that he would like to speak to the young artist. The latter advanced to the pulpit, received the notice, looked at it, colored very red, and looked as though he would like to jump through the window. He had given the pastor a notice of a temperance meeting which read something like this:

DEAR JOHN:—I am sorry I can't let you come to see me as frequently as usual, but papa and mamma think I should not receive even my very dear friends during the Lenten season. It's awfully disagreeable, if not positively cruel; but then you know we Episcopalians can't go back on Lent. I shall see you oftener than usual, I hope, when the holy season is gone where the woodbine twineth.

Yours, with friendship,

A HAT ON IN OREGON.—An usher in the North Baptist Church, on Christopher street, caused a sensation one Sunday evening. As the pastor, Rev. J. J. Brouner, entered the pulpit, he was shocked by a sudden outburst of mirth in the choir gallery. Two young persons, wearing ulsters and Derby hats, had been shown to seats. The usher was surprised when only one of them removed his hat. He waited some time for the offending head-covering to be removed, and then reached over the back of a pew and removed it himself. Immediately he discovered, as did many other persons, that the wearer was a young lady and therefore entitled to wear a hat in church. Above the noise of the organ's voluntary rose the involuntary mirth of many of the congregation.

Guard: "Now, miss, jump in; train going on." Child: "But I can't go before I have kissed mamma." Guard: "Jump in, miss, I'll see to that."

Affinity in hearts is the nearest kindred.

Lord Lorne as a Toboggonist.

Portraits, after Winterhalter, of the Queen and Prince Albert adorn the walls of the dining-room at either end. The buffets are of black walnut with game subjects in relief; two specimens of Van Goyen overhang sideboards standing in recesses. Stuffed wild duck shot by the Marquis hang on the center panels of the sideboards—very fine birds, too. With the cheese came a biscuit-box of silver, shaped like a drum, presented, by permission of the Queen, to the Princess Louise by the soldiers of the 91st Argyleshire Highlanders on the occasion of her marriage.

"I want to let you see how we spin out the winter here," observed His Excellency, when luncheon was over, and, wrapping himself in a blue blanket-hooded coat, lined and bound with scarlet, he strode along the corridor into the hall, where the sentry presented arms, the sergeants saluted, and from thence out into the grounds. "We have a capital curling rink here, and my club, the Vice-regal, is able to hold its own against all comers," said he, as we descended a set of wooden steps leading to the curling rink. The rink is situated in a long shed, lighted at either sides by windows, when daylight fades by gas-jets. The floor is of ice, forty-two yards long, as smooth as ice may be, and as level as a billiard-table. The ice is marked at both ends by circles of "sets." The "stones" to be spun along the ice range from fifty-six to sixty-two pounds in weight. The walls and roof of the rink at Rideau Hall are painted white, relieved by toboggins, their scarlet cushions breaking the white. The ante-rooms at both ends are fitted up for spectators, who can witness the play in warmth and comfort through plate-glass windows. The ante-room through which we passed is fitted up in scarlet, with racks for skates, rubbers and boots. Against the walls is a handsomely-framed printed notice, headed "Vice-regal Curling Club of Canada," with the list of members and officers. Her Royal Highness, the Princess Louise, being patroness.

The next object of interest which the Marquis was good enough to draw my attention to was the "toboggin." A toboggin is constructed of a piece of thin, tough wood, about eight feet long and twenty inches wide, turned up at one end, which is then kept in position by fastenings of a deer's hide; it is further strengthened by a couple of very light rods, as thick as your finger, running down each side, and by two or three rods crossing them. The bottom is then perfectly smooth, and well adapted to glide lightly over the snow. Upon the toboggin a cushion is placed, and upon the cushion the tobogginist (male) either lies flat upon his chest or assumes a sitting posture, with stiffened knee-joints, the feet being firmly pressed against the roll of the prow. A toboggin will hold three persons, but the party usually consists of two, the lady being placed in front, whilst her toboggin steers with his hand or heels. Standing at a height of seventy feet from the ground at Rideau Hall is a wooden structure, inclosed on three sides only, of about four feet square, supported on a framework of timber. This inclosure is approached by wooden steps, one side of the stairway having a flat board, thoroughly iced, along which the toboggin is trailed by the tobogginist, as he or she ascends to the slippery starting point.

"On New Year's night," observed the Marquis; "when we reached the summit, we had some capital sport here; it was a vivid scene. I had the headlight of a locomotive just here," pointing to its empty frame, "and all along down there were Chinese lanterns." The "down there" meant a strip of snow four feet broad in a wooden groove about a quarter of a mile long, at an angle of forty-five.

His Excellency was gracious enough to offer me a toboggin ride. I glanced down the almost perpendicular slope, and prudence whispered "don't," but rashness on the other hand, bade me "go on." Seating myself on the toboggin, fixing my hat firmly over my eyes, and clutching the rope with the energy of despair, I awaited the signal that was to send me flying down the incline like an arrow from a bow. The Marquis, having carefully seen to my pose, seated himself behind me, his knees pressed close to my shoulder-blades, while Dr. Baldwin, surgeon to the Viceroy, held the toboggin in position. "Now!" That was a sensation! 700 yards in twenty seconds—I cannot describe it. I have an indistinct recollection of darting through the air, of losing breath and vision, of feeling, glorious in its intoxication, of skimming along the pure white snow at an indescribably swift pace; then came a slowing, then a spill, and as I dashed the snow from my face His Excellency was laughing at me, and my first toboggin ride was over.—*Whitehall Review.*

THE STATE THE STATE WAS IN.—A few years ago the State's Attorney in a northern county in Vermont, although a man of great legal ability, was very fond of the bottle. On one occasion an important criminal case was called on by the clerk, but the attorney, with owl-like gravity, kept his chair. "Mr. Attorney, is the State ready to proceed?" said the judge. "Yes—hic—no—your Honor," stammered the lawyer; "the State, is not in a state to try this case to-day; the State your Honor, is—drunk!"

Twenty-eight different men wanted to run for Mayor of Albany. Those Eastern people have awful poor taste.

Joe Parsons' Adventure.

Joe Parsons was a Baltimore boy, and a little rough, but withal a good-hearted fellow and a brave soldier. He got badly wounded at Antietam, and thus laconically described the occurrence and what followed to some people who visited the hospital:

"What is your name?"
"Joe Parsons."
"What is the matter?"
"Blind as a bat, sir; both eyes shot out."

"At what battle?"
"Antietam."
"How did it happen?"
"I was hit and knocked down, and had to lie all night on the battle-field. The fight was renewed next day, and I was under fire. I could stand the pain but could not see. I wanted to see or get out of the fire. I waited and listened, and presently heard a man groan near me."

"Hello!" says I.
"Hello yourself," says he.
"Who be you?" says I.
"Who be you?" says he.
"A Yankee," says I.
"Well, I'm a Reb," says he.
"What's the matter?" says I.
"My leg's smashed," says he.
"Can you walk?" says I.
"No," says he.
"Can you see?" says I.
"Yes," says he.

"Well," says I, "you're a rebel, but I'll do you a little favor."
"What's that," says he.
"My eyes are shot out," says I, "and if you'll show me the way I'll carry you out," says I.
"All right," says he.
"Crawl over here," says I; and he did.

"Now, old Butternut," says I, "get on my back;" and he did.
"Go ahead," says he.
"Pint the way," says I, "for I can't see a blessed thing."
"Straight ahead," says he.

The balls were a flyin' all around, and I trotted off and was soon out of range.

"Bully for you," says he, "but you've shook my leg almost off."
"Take a drink," says he, holding up his canteen, and I took a nip.
"Now let us go on again," says he, "kind o' slowly," and I took him up, and he did the navigation and I did the walkin'. After I had carried him nearly a mile, and was almost dead, he said: "Here we are; let me down." Just then a voice said: "Hello, Billy; where did you get that Yank?"

"Where are we?" says I.
"In the rebel camp, of course," says he; and I—n my buttons if that rebel hadn't ridden me a mile straight into the rebel camp. Next day McClellan's army advanced and took us both in, and then we shook hands and made it up; but it was a mean trick of him, don't you think so?—*Philadelphia Times.*

Electricity as a Motive Power.

The Berlin *Folks Zeitung* announces the probable introduction of electricity as a motive power in the German capital. Only one difficulty is said to stand between the promoters and success—that of completely insulating the axles of the carriages, which must be entirely free from communication with any metallic body. The new machines will, it is said, be much cheaper than horse or steam power. The firm which has acquired the ownership of the invention is in treaty with the municipality of Berlin to take over the omnibus traffic of the city, and it is said that that body is almost convinced by the demonstration offered to it. It is further proposed to construct a network of mid-air railways on the same system. In this case the rails would run above the footways, being supported on one side by the lamp-posts and on the other by iron pillars close to the walls of the houses. By a contrivance consisting of hooks projecting from the bottom of the wagons, and so disposed as to catch the rails should a lateral jolt occur, the danger of over-setting is provided against. The working of the new machines is said to be almost noiseless. In the case of the mid-air railways it is proposed to run at a time only one carriage, which will be in itself engine and wagon, with separate compartment for ladies and gentlemen. If the "one difficulty" does not prove an insuperable obstacle the Prussians will be able to say that for once their boasted intellectual superiority has produced something more valuable than improvements in the art of slaughtering their fellow creatures.

LABOR LOST.—A good man, conspicuous for his helpful interest in the young, occupied the pulpit of the Unitarian Church in Northampton, on a recent Sunday. His heart was gladdened by the sight of an array of bright-looking boys on some front seats. The speaker talked at those boys with genuine enthusiasm, his ardor arising at the seeming quick response which his earnest words met in the brightened eyes and attentive attitude of the chosen objects of his personal application of most wholesome truth. The preacher was a little puzzled for the moment to note the unseemly levity of some of the congregation, but his burning zeal was not quenched, and he drove the truth clean home with sledge-hammer blows. Going out of the sanctuary, the visiting brother, still glowing with the pleasant warmth of successful effort, asked the pastor who those bright-looking boys were on certain seats. "Those," said the minister, gently, "are the pupils of our deaf and dumb institute."

A NOVEL DINNER.—The recent fete given in Paris by Marquis Tseng, the Chinese Ambassador, is thus described by the *Continental Gazette*:

A dinner of 16 covers, served scrupulously *a la Chinoise*, was followed by a brilliant reception. On each step of the broad staircase stood a Chinaman, posted after the manner of the Cent-Gardes at the Tuileries under the Empire. The Marquis of Tseng, who wore the pale orange-colored caesock and sky-blue underskirt of the Imperial family at Peking, received his guests, heartily shaking each by the hand, in the European style. Mandarins stood by in readiness, who offered their arms to the ladies and conducted them to the Ambassador. The Marchioness, in national costume, red dress with an enormous amber necklace and large dangling earrings that reminded one of the French cross of the Legion of Honor, rose at each presentation, bowed slightly, and resumed her seat in silence. Her son, a charming boy of six years old, went and came among the crowd of ladies, as if enchanted with the part allotted him. Soon after midnight the orchestra played the "Voyage en Chine," and the doors of the dining room were thrown open, discovering within several buffets admirably arranged. Dancing was kept up until late in the morning.

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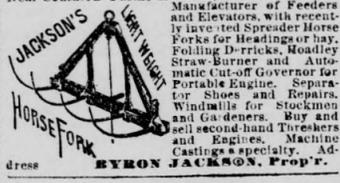
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The ladies of my household, four in number, unite with me in pronouncing your PHOSPHATE SOAP the best ever tried for toilet use. It is noticeable that while it readily removes impurities from the skin, it also leaves undisturbed the natural oil so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

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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.

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

N. CURRY & BRO.
113 Sansome St., San Francisco.
Sole Agents for the



SHARPS RIFLE CO., OF BRIDGEPORT, CONN.
—FOR—

California, Oregon, Arizona, Nevada, Washington Territory and Idaho. Also Agents for W. W. Green's Celebrated Wedgecast, Chokebore, Breech-loading Double Gun; and all kinds of Guns, Rifles and Pistols made by the Leading Manufacturers of England and America. Ammunition of all kinds in quantities to suit.

GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY,
VITAL RESTORATIVE

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 for a case of this kind the Vital Restorative (under his special advice and treatment) will not cure. Price, \$3 a bottle; four times the quantity, \$10. Sent to any address Confidentially, by **M. E. MINTIE, M. D.,** 11 Kearny St., San Francisco. Send for pamphlet.

The Gospel of Hate.

It has been truthfully said that "no man is nearer to God or nearer to the Devil than a clergyman." The reason for this is obvious. The man who accepts the sacred trust of mediator between man and his Maker, assumes to exercise the highest functions to which a human being can attain, and when he is faithless to that trust, his fall is like that of Lucifer, to a lower depth than that to which an ordinary sinner can descend. And although he may, like his prototype, assume the garb of an angel of light under which to deceive the elect, or "steal the livery of Heaven to serve the Devil in," the odor of the bottomless pit is upon his breath and in his utterances. It is not permitted to man to judge his fellow man, but with such we are distinctly charged to hold no intercourse, and admonished that "by their fruits shall ye know them." Now let any sensible person read the following extract from an oration delivered in this city on the 29th ult., by Rev. J. F. Ellis, and candidly determine whether such sentiments are the fruits of love or of hate, whether they emanate from Heaven or from hell:

"But who dare decorate the graves of the Gray? What alchemy has time to neutralize the poison of treason? Treason fifteen years ago is treason now, and treason a century from now and forever! Therefore, wither right arm that to day drops flowers on disloyal graves! Turn livid with leprosy the hand that decorates the graves of the Gray!"

Ignorance, the inseparable companion of bigotry and intolerance, is as grossly displayed in these terms of invective as in the dialect of the Billingsgate fish-mongers. To designate any portion of God's earth, the common resting place of the evil and the good, by such terms as "loyal" or "disloyal," is a figure of speech without sense or meaning—but to serve the purpose of malignant vituperation; and to "turn livid with leprosy" is as stupid a perversion of language as the notable phrase: "Mountains covered with verdure of perpetual snow." But these expressions only show the small calibre and narrow prejudices of the man. The more serious part of the matter is, that he is a representative of a class who falsify history, pervert facts and ignore the Divine teachings and political truths which form the basis of popular government, to justify themselves in inculcating and practising the Gospel of hate, which follows its objects beyond the grave and consigns them to everlasting perdition, exclaiming with the pious Waworm: "You are all going to hell, and that's a consolation to me!"

In common with all patriots, lovers of peace and fraternal union, we would gladly bury in oblivion the memory of the causes and consequences of the late civil war, which deluged the land in fraternal blood and involved the country in a burden of debt which it will take generations to discharge. There can be no object, no purpose in mutual crimination and recrimination, in exchanging denunciations and words of bitter hatred, but to gratify a malignant spirit, a spirit of bigotry and intolerance alike hostile to the spirit of Christian religion and the principles of free government, and is based upon no fact which can justify accusations of personal criminality. When we talk of "rebels" and "traitors," it is but right to remember that there is not, and never has been, a free popular Government established upon the face of the earth but by treason and rebellion. Every political blessing we enjoy is an achievement of rebellion, preceded by treason. What alchemy, we may ask, makes that treason to-day which was not treason a century ago. But there is no authority in law for characterizing those engaged in the late civil war as either rebels or traitors; no legal power in the Government to punish any man engaged in it for treason.

Vattel's "Laws of Nations," recognized as standard authority in all civilized governments long before our civil war and since, says:

"When a Nation becomes divided into two parties absolutely independent, and no longer acknowledging a common superior, the State is dissolved, and the war between the two parties stands on the ground, in every respect, as a public war between two different Nations."

Whether a Republic be split into two factions, each maintaining that it alone constitutes the body of the State—or a Kingdom be divided between two competitors for the crown—the Nation is severed into two parties, who will mutually term each other rebels. Thus there exists in the State two separate bodies, who pretend to absolute independence, and between these there is no judge. They decide their quarrel by arms as two different Nations would do. The obligation to observe the common law of war towards each other, is therefore absolute—indispensably binding on both parties, and the same which the law of nature imposes on Nations in their actions between State and State."

No publicist of any reputation ever attempted to controvert the doctrine here laid down. Vattel further says:

"The Sovereign, indeed, never fails to bestow the appellation of rebels on all such of his subjects as openly resist him; but when the latter have acquired sufficient strength to give him effectual opposition, and oblige him to carry on the war against them according to the established rules, he must necessarily submit to the term, civil war."

These terms, it will be observed apply to successful insurrectionary movements in a single State or consolidated Governments. They are much stronger and broader when applied to civil war between confederated or united States, each claiming and exercising sovereign rights under a common central government of limited powers. A State cannot be indicted for treason, nor an individual acting under State authority. During the administration of Mr. Lincoln the term of "rebel," or "traitor," was never used in speaking of the enemy in any foreign correspondence. These terms have simply been kept in use for party purposes, to impose upon the credulity and incite the prejudices of the ignorant. Vattel again says:

"Though one of the parties may be to blame in breaking the unity of the State, and resisting the lawful authority, they are not the less divided in fact. Besides, who shall judge them? Who shall pronounce on which side the right or wrong lies? On earth they have no common superior. They stand therefore in precisely the same predicament as two Nations who engage in a contest, and being unable to come to an agreement, have recourse to arms."

In the matter of our civil war all questions at issue were settled by the wager of battle, and it is not only unprofitable but exceedingly detrimental to the public peace to discuss dead issues; but so long as one party claims that the other was alone to blame, the accused is necessarily put upon the defence; and when it comes to that, the very men who were the most active in provoking the strife, are those who are now the most persistent in perpetuating it, and none more uncompromising than the party politicians in the Christian ministry. Nullification and secession were not Southern origin, but were tolerated and cherished ideas in New England and other portions of the North twenty years before John C. Calhoun and his followers asserted the right of State nullification or secession. When this country was at war with England the Hartford Convention was called under a resolution of the Legislature of Massachusetts, for the express purpose of forming a New England Confederacy, and propositions were entertained through a British Commissioner for a union of the New England States with Canada under British protection. There was not a member of the Hartford Convention living at the time of the formation of the present Republican party who did not become a member of it. There was not a leader of the present Republican party at its formation who was not an avowed secessionist under certain conditions; many of them unconditionally, and "Union savers" was a term of reproach applied in derision to the Democratic party. Did our space permit, we could give abundant proof of the statements, declarations and utterances and party indorsements of almost the entire Republican party of that day. The very first Republicans in Congress signalized their advent by the introduction of petitions for the dissolution of the Union, emanating principally from New England, and all from recognized members of the Republican party. As early as January 18, 1847, Mr. Lincoln, in a speech in Congress, published in the Congressional Globe, said:

"Any people, any where, being inclined and having the power, have the right to rise up and shake off the existing government, and form a new one that suits them better. Nor is this right confined to cases in which the people of our existing government may choose to exercise it. Any portion of such people that can, may revolutionize, and may make their

own of so much territory as they inhabit. More than this, a majority of any portion of such people may revolutionize, putting down a minority, intermingled with or near about them, who may oppose their movements."

Nullification and the right of secession were the foundation principles of the Republican party organization. Twelve Republican State Legislatures passed acts practically nullifying the so called Fugitive Slave Law, and the party in Conventions in these several States pledged themselves to resist its enforcement after its Constitutionality had been affirmed unanimously by the Supreme Court of the United States. The Federal authority was resisted in Boston by force of arms, in the person of Devens the present Attorney General of the United States, one of his deputies killed outright, and the rebellion was signalized by trailing the American flag through the dust of the city without interference by the State authorities. Like instances was perpetrated in Ohio, Wisconsin and several other States, aided and abetted by the State governments. The Republican Legislature of Wisconsin passed joint resolutions, by a strict party vote, from which we extract the following:

"Resolved, That the Government framed by the Constitution of the United States, was not made the exclusive final judge of the extent of the powers delegated to itself, but that, as in all other cases of compact among parties, having no common judge, each party has an equal right to judge for itself as well of infractions, as of the mode and measure of redress."

"Resolved, That the principle and construction contended for by the party which now rules in the councils of the Nation—that the General Government is the exclusive judge of the extent of the powers delegated to it, stop nothing short of despotism, since the discretion of those who administer the Government, and not the Constitution, would be the measure of their power—that the several States which formed that instrument, being sovereign and independent, have the unquestionable right to judge of its infraction, and that a positive defiance of these sovereignties, of all unauthorized acts, done, or attempted to be done, under color of that instrument, is the rightful remedy."

"Approved March 19, 1859. ALEX. W. RANDALL, GOVERNOR."

This action was approved and lauded by the Republican party in every Northern State.

It will be remembered that every effort at compromise by which the Union could be preserved without war was resisted by the Republican party in Congress. After the election and pending the secession of the Southern States Mr. Greeley repeatedly declared that if these States chose to secede they had an undoubted right to do so. Mr. Chase said: "The Union is not worth fighting for." Mr. Banks said: "Let the Union slide." Mr. Chandler telegraphed to Gov. Blair to send delegates to the Peace Congress opposed to any compromise, saying:—"Without blood letting the Union is not worth preserving." On the 5th of January, 1862, Mr. Valandingham offered the following resolution in Congress:

"Resolved, That the Union as it was must be restored and maintained, one and indivisible, forever, under the Constitution as it is, the 5th Article, providing for amendments, included."

On motion of Mr. Lovejoy that resolution was tabled by a strict party vote—78 Republicans to 50 Democrats.

The foregoing facts but represent the position of parties at that time; every proposition for Union came from Democrats; all opposition to Union was by Republicans. What alchemy has time to change a dis-Union party into a Union party and vice versa? When we talk of rebellion being a crime and the secession of States being treason, do not spare our Revolutionary fathers, or shield the first advocates and defenders of the right of secession, and let no minister of Christ presume on sending men to hell for differing with him in political views.

A PROUD FORGER.—Winslow, the forger, figuring conspicuously in Buenos Ayres, under the name of Daniel Warren Love, has been expelled from the American church there, deprived of his Sunday-school class, and eat by resident Americans. They have found out his real name and his crimes in Boston; yet he is the same man as before. He had married the young daughter of his landlady, Mrs. Clark, and presumably, the woman deserves sympathy. There are yet other countries where there is no Extradition treaty with the United States.

There is talk of holding a miners meeting on the Skagit to discuss the proposition to cut down the size of claims.

Summons.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Third Judicial District of the Territory of Washington, holding Terms at the City of Seattle, in and for the Counties of King and Kitsap.

D. T. WHEELER, Plaintiff, VS. GEORGE WHITE, Defendant.

Complaint filed in the County of King, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.—No 2439.

The United States of America send Greeting, to George White Defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff, in the District Court of the Third Judicial District of the Territory of Washington, holding Terms at the City of Seattle, in the County of King for the Counties of King and Kitsap, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within Twenty days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within said County of King, or if served out of that County but in this District, within Thirty days, otherwise within Forty days, or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of the complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court for the foreclosure of a certain Mortgage described in the said complaint, and executed by the said George White, on the 2d day of June, A. D. 1877, to secure the payment of a certain promissory note, dated June 2d, 1877, for the sum of Six Hundred Dollars, gold coin, made by said George White, and payable on the 2d day of June, A. D. 1878, to Charles V. Tompkins, or order, with interest thereon at the rate of two per cent. per month, from date until paid; that the premises conveyed by said Mortgage may be sold and the proceeds applied to the payment of said promissory note, with interest thereon, at the rate aforesaid and costs of suit, and in case said proceeds are not sufficient to pay the same, then to obtain an execution against said George White, for the balance remaining due, and for other and further relief; And you are hereby notified, that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint as above required, the said Plaintiff will take default against you, and apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Witness the Hon. R. S. GREENE, Judge of said Court, and the seal thereof, this 26th day of May, A. D. 1880.

JAMES SEAVEY, Clerk, VS. JAMES P. LUDLOW, Deputy.

STRUVE & LEARY, Attorneys for Plaintiff. 29-5

Summons.

TERRITORY OF WASHINGTON, } ss. THIRD JUDICIAL DISTRICT. } IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF SNOHOMISH COUNTY:

James Crawford and William A. Harrington, partners doing business under the firm name of Crawford & Harrington, Plaintiffs, VS. James Young and S. J. Burns, Defendants.

Complaint filed in the County of Snohomish, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The United States of America send Greeting to James Young and S. J. Burns, Defendants:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiffs, in the District Court of Snohomish County, holding terms at Snohomish City, in and for said County of Snohomish, Washington Territory, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within Sixty days, or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of the complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court for the foreclosure of a certain mortgage described in the said complaint, and executed by the said James Young, on the 3d day of February, A. D. 1880, to secure the payment of a certain promissory note, dated February 2d, 1880, made by said James Young for the sum of Seven Hundred and Thirty-five Dollars and 66 cents, payable in gold coin of the United States, on or before January 1st, A. D. 1881, to the order of Crawford & Harrington with interest, payable quarterly, at the rate of one and one-half per cent. per month from date thereof until paid, for value received; that the premises conveyed by said mortgage may be sold according to law and the proceeds applied to the payment of said promissory note, with interest thereon at the rate aforesaid, Attorney's fees provided for in said Mortgage, and cost of suit, and in case said proceeds are not sufficient to pay the same, then to obtain an execution against said James Young for the balance remaining due and for other and further relief, as will more fully appear by reference to the complaint on file herein. And you are hereby notified, that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint as above required, the said Plaintiff will take default against you, and apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Witness the Hon. ROGER S. GREENE, Judge of said Court, and the seal thereof this 25th day of May, A. D. 1880.

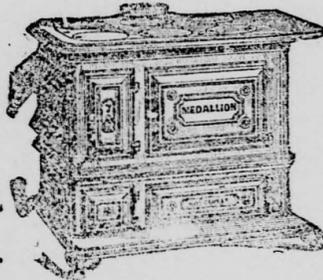
H. A. GREGORY, Clerk.

STRUVE & LEARY, Atty'ys. for Plaintiffs. 29-5

Hugh McAleer & Co.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

STOVES, RANGES, TINWARE,



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

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

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—AND—

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

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

STETSON & POST.

SEATTLE PLANING MILLS.

MANUFACTURERS OF ALL KINDS OF

ROUGH AND DRESSED LUMBER,

Rustic, Flooring, Casings, Gutters, Packing Boxes.

Sashes, Doors, Blinds, Shutters and doors

Finish of Every Description.

SEASONED LUMBER OF ALL KINDS CONSTANTLY ON HAND

Local News.

Programme of Examinations and Commencement Exercises At The University

All examinations begin at 9 A. M. and take place on the following named days: Friday, June 4th—Mental Philosophy. Monday June 7th—Tacitus. Wednesday, June 9th—Botany and "A" Book-keeping.

Thursday, June 10th—English Composition, and "A" English Grammar. Friday, June 11th—Homer, "A" Geography, "B" Geography, "B" Book-keeping.

Monday, June 14th—English Literature and "D" Book-keeping. Tuesday, June 15th—Virgil, Caesar, "A" Latin Reader and "B" Latin Reader.

Wednesday, June 16th—Mensuration, "A" Algebra, "B" Algebra, "A" Arithmetic, "B" Arithmetic and "C" Arithmetic. Thursday, June 17th—Natural Philosophy, German, Reading and Spelling.

Friday, June 18th—Commencement exercises, at 1 P. M., consisting of, 1st, Essays by the pupils graduating from the normal and commercial courses and presentation of diplomas.

2d, Address by Rev. S. A. Baker, D. D. on the occasion of the graduation of the first class of teachers in the Territory. 3d, Address by Judge Thomas Burke, upon presenting a Webster's Unabridged Dictionary to the pupil who reaches the highest average standing in the examination passed during the closing college year.

The public is invited to be present at any time. A. J. ANDERSON, President.

MASONIC GRAND LODGE.—The Grand Lodge of Washington Territory closed its twenty third annual session on Friday evening, 4th inst. It was the largest representation ever known to participate in its deliberations.

The following is a list of the officers elected: Louis Sohns, M. W. G. W.; Ralph Gnichard, D. G. M.; J. W. George, G. S. Warden; Geo. W. Goodwin, G. J. Warden; A. S. Nicholson, G. Chaplain; Geo. W. Dvelly, G. Lecturer; Harry Winder, G. Orator; H. M. Kiess, G. Marshal; Benj. Harnrd, G. Treasurer; T. M. Reed, G. Secretary; W. R. Phelps, G. S. Deacon; C. McDermoth, G. J. Deacon; Hill Harmon, G. Standard Bearer; William Whitfield, Grand Sword Bearer; J. S. Henderson, G. Bible Bearer; A. S. Wooster, G. S. Sentinel; J. McAllister, G. J. Sentinel; Wm. Billings, G. Tyler.

It was decided that the Grand Lodge of Washington Territory sever all friendly communications with the Grand Orient of France, the G. O. of France allowing Atheists in its ranks.

TRANS CONTINENTAL EXCURSION.—Dr. Dillon's excursion, of which we have before spoken, will leave Chicago on the 16th inst. for "Oregon and Puget Sound," the published notice says. The number of excursionists have not yet been determined, but at last accounts the prospects were that Brother Dillon's most sanguine expectations would be realized, and he is one of the sanguine kind. We hope our citizens will take some concerted measures to make the excursionists glad they came to Seattle, and speak well of us when they get back to the white settlements.

FOURTH OF JULY.—The City authorities at the Council meeting on Friday evening last, appropriated two hundred and fifty dollars towards defraying the expenses of a celebration, on the 4th day of July next, of the anniversary of the Declaration of the Independence of the American Colonies from British Sovereignty. We are not informed who have charge of the festivities, or whether we shall have a good old fashioned American celebration, or the usual list of athletic sports so popular with our friends over the border.

UNIVERSITY.—The annual examination of the Territorial University commenced on Friday last, and will be continued during the present week. Our absence from the city during part of the week precluded our being present, but we understand that the students show marked improvement in their studies. The Institution is now upon a firm basis and is a credit to the whole Territory.

PICNICS.—The Methodist Episcopal picnic, was, on account of the storm, adjourned until next Thursday when the steamer will leave for Port Madison, rain or shine.

The proposed excursion of the King County Bar and their friends, to Bean Point which was to have taken place on Saturday morning last, was, on account of a slight shower deferred until the afternoon, when quite a large number of young people took passage on the favorite steamer Fanny Lake. On their trip they visited Blakely and had an enjoyable time. The members of the bar were conspicuous by their absence.

Crops are growing finely. The Josephine now makes regular trips to Sauk City and way landings.

Wages have been advanced \$10 per month in several logging camps. A large number of miners bound for the Skagit arrived on the Dakota.

The weather is very warm on Ruby and the snow is melting rapidly. Wild strawberries are in bloom on the summit of Sourdough.

The spring freshet has washed away all the wingdams on Ruby creek, and mining is suspended on account of high water.

Cpt. Smith, of the Josephine, is confident he can reach the Portage with his boat and will start for there at an early hour this morning.

At the New England hotel can be seen a quantity of Skagit gold. \$74 of it came from Ruby and the balance from Granite creek.

The S. F. Bulletin says it is estimated that as many as 7,000 men will start from California for the Skagit mines during the months of June and July.

J. B. Huntington, of Yakima, has started for Montana with about 3000 head of cattle. He was at the head of Long Island at last accounts.

The Josephine, leaving here Monday last, took several horses and pack saddles to Sauk City. The trail from there to the Portage will soon be finished and a pack train started immediately.

A returned miner says there are between three and four hundred men at the Portage and Goodells awaiting the completion of the trail and arrival of pack animals.

Mr. C. P. Farrer is in from the mines. He expresses great confidence in the diggings and will go back in a few days, taking with him four months provisions for himself and partners.

Capt. Stretch of the Nellie said he'd find the head of navigation on the Skagit and he did find it, and don't you forget it. As long as the present stage of high water continues he will run to the Portage once a week, leaving here Wednesday mornings.

TO THE VOTERS OF KING COUNTY. BELIEVING THAT PARTY POLITICS ought not to influence the Administration of Local affairs, and owing fealty to no party, untrammelled by personal or caucus dictation, having no other claims than my own fitness and equal right with others to aspire to office; I hereby offer myself as a Candidate for the office of Sheriff of King County, and respectfully solicit your votes at the coming election. Seattle, June 7th, 1880. J. T. JORDAN.

University of Washington. Four complete courses of study: Classical, Scientific, Normal and Commercial. TEN INSTRUCTORS. Boarding Department. FALL TERM—Begins September 6, 1880. For admission or Catalogue apply to the President, A. J. ANDERSON, A. M. Seattle, W. T.

Notice to Creditors

Estate of Stephen Meany, Deceased. NOTICE is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the Estate of Stephen Meany, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within one year after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at the office of Mackintosh & Reaves, in the City of Seattle, King county, W. T. ANDREW ERSKINE, Administrator of the Estate of Stephen Meany, deceased. Dated May 26, 1880. 28-4w

Administrator's Notice

TERRITORY OF WASHINGTON, County of King, ss In the Probate Court of said King County. In the Matter of the Estate of John H. 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 H. Ryan, deceased. 25-5w

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 all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, 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

Administrator's Notice

TERRITORY OF WASHINGTON, County of King, ss In the Probate Court of said King County. In the matter of the Estate of Michael Wunder, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT ALL persons having claims against the deceased, are hereby 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. Reing, 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

NEW ENGLAND HOTEL.

Cor. Commercial and Main Streets, SEATTLE, W. T. THE NEW ENGLAND

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

European Plan Can be had at moderate prices. — IT IS — The Best Hotel in the City. L. C. HARMON, Proprietor.

R. T. FLYNN. J. S. ANDERSON. FLYNN & ANDERSON. ADELPHI SALOON. Opposite Yesler's Hall, Seattle.

HO FOR THE Skagit Gold Mines! THE NEW STEAMER

JOSEPHINE J. W. SMITH, MASTER. Will leave Seattle for the head of navigation on the Skagit every Monday and Friday. Easiest and Cheapest Route.

S. BAXTER & CO. COLUMN.

S. Baxter & Co.,

IMPORTERS OF FOREIGN WINES AND LIQUORS.

AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN Domestic Wines, Liquors, Cigars, and Tobacco.

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

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

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

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

PATRONIZE DIRECT IMPORTATION —BY— HOME HOUSES.

We are the sole agents for the Pacific Coast of the Celebrated Fair Oaks Bourbon Whiskies, UN-MEDICATED.

Imported by them direct from Eastern Distilleries thus avoiding the doctoring process of San Francisco cellars; are guaranteed pure, and offered to the trade in lots to suit, at lower prices than goods of a similar quality can be bought for elsewhere. For further particulars apply to S. BAXTER & CO., Seattle, W. T.

L. P. SMITH & SON,

SULLIVAN'S BLOCK, FRONT ST., SEATTLE, W. T. Watch-Makers —AND— JEWELLERS. DEALERS IN WATCHES, JEWELLERY SILVERWARE & CLOCKS. Notarial and other seals made to order.

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

MEHLHORN'S CELEBRATED LAGER BEER On Tap. —ALSO— WEINER, BUDWEYSER, MILWAUKEE AND ST. LOUIS BEER, IN QUARTS & PINTS Always on Hand.

SWISS CHEESE, SARDINES IN OIL, SARDINES IN MUSTARD, ETC. And the Finest Cigars from 5 to 12 1-2 cts

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How the Clouds Fled.

The farmer stood in his farm-house door,
The day was dark and cold;
Across the sky, in masses grand,
The dense clouds swiftly rolled:
And the trees shook off upon the wind
Their autumn dress of gold,
A sorry day to work out doors
To earn one's daily bread:
And every smile that shows content
From the farmer's face was fled:
And he lingered on the door-step then,
For his feet, they weighed like lead.
The wife glanced up and caught the look
That spoke of discontent,
And quickly from her seat she rose
And to his side she went;
And on his lips impressed a kiss
As o'er his face she bent.
Oh, wondrous change! For all the clouds
From his face had fled away,
And whistling gaily to himself,
To work he took his way;
And I thanked God, for the joy, the kiss
Of a wife can give away.

—Waverley.

The Singing Mouse.

This is a veritable, and real, and pathetic, and indisputable story of a mouse; and as I shall be obliged to bring in human beings, I beg your pardon, but they are necessary to the story.

Now I have been in the bad habit of lying awake nights between three and six in the morning. It is a dreary time. No one up; no one awake (there ought not to be any one awake); no sounds, except a distant fog-whistle, or a milkman's cart, or worst of all, a drunken man's foolish song as he goes home, staggering; no light; no heat no anything; and very dismal thoughts, I assure you, come at that hour.

Well, one night as I lay trying to think what crime I had committed that I should feel so remorseful, what did I hear but a little song like an Italian harp, very soft, very low, very pleasant in my chimney.

"Come, cheer up! be patient. Don't grieve, don't be discouraged," were the words of this little song, expressed in little "toot, toot! peep, peep! tweet, tweet! toot, toot!" little notes. They were singularly sweet, and amused and excited me very much.

When I got up to look and see what made the song, it stopped, and I went back to bed again and immediately fell asleep. In the morning—so ungrateful are we for angelic visitations—I forgot all about the mysterious concert, and went about my usual avocations.

The next morning, however, I woke again at three, had a half-hour of misery and remorse, when there came again, "toot, toot, pitty, nitty, twee, wee, too, too, peep, tweet, sweet, toot, toot, toot!" I was too wise to get up this time, but lay and listened. Finally the little voice seemed to say—

"If you are patient, all will come right. I am poor and lonely and sad, too; but I sing myself happy. Don't be so hopeless. There are other lots worse than yours; go to sleep! sweet, tweet, pitty, toot, toot, toot."

So I went to sleep, and the next evening somebody told me to take a plate of crackers and cheese up to my room, and when I began to be wakeful to eat them, and I should go to sleep after that little refreshment.

I woke at three the next morning and heard my little "tweet, weet, too, toot, toot" very near to me. There was a dim gaslight in my room, and by its rays I saw a little mouse sitting near my crackers and cheese, absolutely serenading them.

Yes, it was a singing mouse, and she had left her hiding-place in the chimney, attracted by the delicious smell of that cheese.

Presently she stopped singing, and sitting up very straight, she took a morsel of cheese in her paws.

How I wanted to get up and sup with the pretty little courser of Queen Titania (for it ought to be true that mice do draw fairies' carriages—somebody told me so)! But I have met many mice—I have kept house a long time—and I know they never like to have strangers at their meals. So I lay still and watched the little creature.

She ate a great deal of cheese—which isn't quite the thing for a musical lady to do—and then she nibbled at the cracker, and then I, who wanted to hear her sing, made a noise with the coverlid.

She was off in a twinkling. Then I kept very still, and she sang me a beautiful little song of gratitude. She was very poetical over that cheese; it had touched her heart.

The next morning Maria came to me and seemed full of trouble. Maria has lived with us a great many years, and we all are a little afraid of her. She makes the beds, and sweeps, and carries out notes and letters, and runs errands, and darns stockings. She was a nurse once, to one of the children, who now is a grown-up man, and if we ever say we will send Maria home, this big man says we shall not. So, to tell you the truth, Maria does pretty much as she pleases.

"Well, there, mum," says Maria, "is all your new handkerchiefs with the moneygrab all gnawed out by them there drabstain mice, and I'm a-goin' to buy mouse-traps and set 'em all over the house!"

"Yes, Maria," I say; "set them up stairs, down stairs, anywhere but in my room."

I thought Maria fixed me with a cold, gray, pitiless eye, and I felt embarrassed,

so I thought I should carry the war into the enemy's country.

"You should take better care of the handkerchiefs, Maria," said I, "and not let them lie around."

"Lie around!" said Maria, severely, looking at several on my table and bureau. Now there is one point wherein I have the advantage of Maria. I can read and write, and she cannot. These privileges seem to her to be rather talismanic and peculiar, and when I give her a piece of paper with written characters on it, she always turns it up and down, and looks at it wrong side up, as if, like the Chinese, she read from left to right.

I wrote an order for a mouse-trap of a peculiar construction, and gave Maria twenty-five cents, and we parted.

The next night and the next I had a serenade, and treated little Christine Nilsson Mouse to cheese and crackers. My handkerchiefs became very bad. I must admit. The monograms, which Maria calls moneygrabs, did seem to be gnawed very mysteriously.

"Maria," said I, "do you you set that trap in the garret?"

"Yes'm, and in the cellar, and all over the house, and it's my opinion, mum, that them there mice is right here in your own room, mum. Yes, it is, mum!"

Ah! if Maria only suspected. If she only knew that I was in collusion with "them there mice." Where would be that pearl of consistency which maids look for in a mistress? I was lost forever if Maria knew that I was guilty, secretly, of entertaining a mouse every night. For the little funny show of seeing her sing at the cheese, then eat it, to hear her scamper away and then sing in the chimney, had become the solace of my wakeful hours; and I preferred if she were the destroyer of my best pocket handkerchiefs to give up everything, even "moneygrabs," rather than my singing mouse.

Now what do you suppose Maria did? She absolutely set a trap and put it in my chimney. She found some cracker-crumbs which Christine had taken home with her, behind the grate; and she set her horrid trap for my singing mouse.

I heard one night not the toot, toot, but a dreadful "clash clang-glang-bang," and then a wild dance of wires. I knew what had happened. I had a dreadful moment of irresolution. Then I came to myself and jumped out of bed, remembering that I had written on that piece of paper which Maria could not read.

"Send me a trap with a door to it, and not one of the corkscrew kind!" That was on the paper, and the grocer had obeyed that mysterious order.

To reach my chimney, to take up that trap, to open the door, and to see Christine Nilsson jump out, was the work of—well, let us say, no time. Now you won't tell anybody of this?

I let my singing mouse go free, and I heard her dear little song for a long time. My handkerchiefs and several other articles were nibbled, for cheese and crackers were not enough for Christine.

Now that Maria is a very remarkable woman. When she found that trap with the door open and no mouse in it, she began to suspect; but she never said a word. She is as cunning and as silent as an Indian, and as cruel.

I kept my peace, too. If I found a trap set, I unset it before I went to bed; yes, and looked Maria full in the face the next morning without a blush.

We were both playing a part, and I played mine poorly. So, one day when I had gone out, what does she do but shut the cat in my room!

I hate cats. I think they are so secretive, so opinionated, and so false. Perfect Tarquins, every one of them, yes, Neros, Caligulas—you are in the Latin grammar, aren't you? Now a cat will be perfectly lovely to your face and lie on the rug and purr, and the moment your back is turned she will go and conspire with Maria, or anybody else, and eat a Christine Nilsson, if you have one, your singing mouse, your *lusus naturae* (Latin dictionary).

That is what our cat did, and I have never forgiven him, no, nor Maria either. —*Youth's Companion*.

POULTRY ITEMS.—Pumpkins boiled and mixed with corn-meal makes good chicken-food. Where a large number of fowls are kept, a two-story fowl-house is best.

Wheat screenings and damaged wheat make a good food for fowls. Fowls should have some kind of green food daily.

Pulverised charcoal mixed with meal and boiled potatoes and fed daily to chickens is highly beneficial.

Nests should have sulphur dusted over them. Sifted coal ashes and sand make a good dusting bath for fowls. Poultry-houses now should be warm. The drinking-water should not remain frozen over. Kerosene should be poured over the perches.

To increase the yield of rich milk—give cows every day water slightly warm and slightly salted, in which bran has been stirred at the rate of one quart to two gallons of water.

Cows when they expend vitality in labor eat more; when they expend it in keeping warm, they need more food, and when they either lap on fat, or produce milk, or grow, need food in proportion.

Tincture of iron is a practical remedy for foot-rot in sheep. Keep the sheep on a dry floor, pare away the loose horn without injury to the vital parts, and then make daily application of tincture of iron.

Intelligence Items.

The electric light has been successfully used on the transatlantic steamships.

Shipments of American hay to England have resulted in remunerative returns.

The first machine for carding, roving and spinning cotton made in the United States, was manufactured in 1786.

A planter in North Carolina has made a tobacco hoghead by hewing it out of the trunk of a large tree. No hoops are required to hold it together.

There is being shipped from a quarry near Hot Springs, Ark., a stone of the finest quality for hones and whetstones. A large shipment has been made direct to Sorgues, near Marseilles, France.

At a school in Emanuel county, Ga., there are a gentleman and son in the same class. This gentleman is a well-to-do farmer, who was a merchant a few years ago, but he felt the need of an education, and says he is now determined to learn to read at least.

A New York thief was recently identified by the singular description of having red and black hair. The police found a red-haired man who had had his hair dyed, but had lately stopped the practice, and was letting the red supplant the black. So they arrested him, and he was the man.

The famous "Last Supper" of Leonardo da Vinci, now in the Convent of Le Grazie, at Milan, has been copied in mosaic for the first time, and it may be seen in a window in the Piazza di Spagna. It has been made after a copy owned by the priests of the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore. This picture has occupied four laborers during two years.

Alaska shows, in addition to good gold lodes and veins, some being already profitably worked, large quantities of coal, copper, bismuth, very pure, graphite, cinnabar, fire clay and amber. Marble also of fine quality has been discovered. Many precious stones are known to be in the country—amethyst, zeolites, tourmalines, garnets, spirals, agates and corneolians are found.

A writer in the *Lancet*, arguing from the theory that steam will disperse fog in a room, believes that by sending out an army of steam-engines on foggy mornings about the London streets they might produce a cloudless sky. It is suggested that a company for this purpose be formed under the name of the "Fog-dispersing and Blue-sky Assurance Company." Londoners would rejoice in the successful operations of such a company.

Plants and Plant Food.

Some plants are surface feeders, i. e., their roots are short, usually small, and numerous, and only penetrate the upper portions of the soil, as in the case of the onion, turnip, and the cereals, though the latter are perhaps medium, rather than shallow feeders. It is easy to see that such crops must derive their nourishment from that portion of the soil which their roots penetrate, and are therefore surface-exhausting. On the other hand, clover, lucerne, and the long roots, as carrots, parsnips, etc., are deep feeders, and exhaustive to the lower portions of the soil. These facts have a direct bearing on the succession of crops, and the application of fertilizers. If a fertilizer is applied to the land, it tends downward, and its descent depends upon the solubility of the substance and the porosity of the soil. To have, therefore, the least loss and the quickest returns, a surface-feeding crop is the one to which to apply the fertilizer, and this crop should be followed by a deeper feeder the next season, which will bring the sinking food to the surface again. It is in this capacity that the clover-crop is so valuable in a rotation. It is a great point to keep the plant-food within the reach of the roots of the plant, and it can best be done by applying it to a surface-feeding crop, and follow it up (down rather) by a deep feeder, the roots of which penetrate far down.—*American Agriculturist*.

CHURCH SERVICE AT SEA.—One of the most comical spectacles, says Dickens, I have ever seen in my life, was church with a heavy sea on, in the Cunard steamer coming out. The officiating minister, an extremely modest young man, was brought in between two big stewards, exactly as if he were coming up to the scratch in a prize fight. The ship was rolling and pitching so that the two stewards had to stop and watch their opportunity of making a dart at the reading-desk with their reverend charge, during which pause he held on, now to one steward and now to the other, with the feeblest expression of countenance, and no legs whatever. At length they made a dart at the wrong moment, and one steward was immediately beheld alone in the extreme perspective, while the other and the reverend gentleman held on by the mast in the middle of the saloon—which the latter embraced with both arms as if it were his wife. All this time the congregation were breaking up into sects and sliding away. And when at last the reverend gentleman had been tumbled into his place, the desk (a loose one put upon the dining-room table) deserted the church bodily and went over to the pursuer. The scene was so extraordinarily ridiculous, and was made so much so by the exemplary gravity of all concerned in it, that I was obliged to leave before the service began.

Detroit Currency.

Castile soap is now made anywhere but in Castile.

Peacocks shouldn't be proud. They have to wear the same old clothes all the time.

The Chicago School Board still insists that married women are not fitted for school teachers.

Northern Michigan had over 100 days of sleighing last winter. Even the deer got to be runners.

The prison vans in Boston look so much like hotel omnibuses that strangers want to be taken in.

Gas costs \$3 50 per thousand feet in Texas, and dead-heads should take a supply along when they visit that State.

A Detroit doctor has been run away with four times since January 1st, and yet he refuses to trade his horse for a bicycle.

James Robinson, the circus bare-back rider, has bought him a farm of 1,000 acres in Illinois, and he will ride the plow-handles in the future.

Beaconsfield never knew anything about checkers, and now he will have lots of time to take hold and perfect himself in the mysterious art.

Elizabeth, N. J., believed that all office-holders were innocent until found guilty, and that's how she came to be robbed, sold out and bankrupted.

Fifteen Wisconsin editors have been united in the holy bonds of matrimony since January 1st, and twelve of their newspapers have been suspended in consequence.

Olive Logan once demanded permission to enter a Masonic Lodge as a representative of the women of America, but she is no longer the giddy thing she was.

The way dentists get patients into their offices is to hang out a gigantic imitation tooth with roots six inches long. This settles the business with a timid woman at once.

Thirty-five thousand dollars in greenbacks was found in letters sent to the Dead Letter office last year. It would pay some man to turn himself into a Dead Letter shop.

A New Jersey tax-collector who had a heart for widows returned fourteen of them as having paid when they hadn't, and thereby got himself all tangled up and laid out.

A lot of gypsies encamped near Princeton, Ind., to tell fortunes, and in two days they set seven pairs of lovers to quarreling, separated two families, and caused two old maids to commit suicide.

One difference between the Queen's drawing-room receptions and the American ballet-stage is in the amount of clothing worn by the performers. The amount is supposed to favor the ballet.

Henry Leussing, a young Chicago gymnast, lifted recently 1,351 pounds from the floor without harness or straps of any kind, the next largest "hand lift" on record having been 1,320 pounds.

A Decidedly Cool Monk.

A monk, on his way to Luzarche the other day, fell in with a stranger riding in the same direction, with whom he entered into conversation, and was charmed with the agreeable sallies of his companion. The latter learning from the monk that he was in charge of a sum of money belonging to this convent, and was proceeding thither, observed that he himself was traveling toward that part of the country, and that by taking a short cut through the forest they would materially abridge their journey. When they were in the thick of the wood, the stranger dismounted from his horse, seized the monk's bridle, and with many threats insisted on his delivering up the money he had with him. "I do not carry it about me," replied the other; "allow me to get off my horse and I will call the lay brother who follows me with the baggage and hand you over the one thousand livres." The stranger consented, and the monk, rejoicing his attendant, took from him a purse containing the sum specified, and also a pistol, which he hid in his sleeve; then throwing the purse on the ground, he waited until the robber was in the act of stopping to pick it up, and shot him through the head. Hastening to the nearest village, he related what he had done, to the authorities, and obtained permission for a troop of grenadiers to accompany him to the spot, where they found the robber lying stone dead, with the purse by his side. Searching his person, they discovered in a secret pocket a whistle, which one of the party put to his mouth and blew with all his force. A few minutes after ten well-armed individuals arrived from different parts of the wood, and a combat ensued which resulted in the death of two of the gang and in the capture of two of the remainder.

It is stated that new applications for pensions are pouring into the Interior Department at the rate of 7,000 per month. Where they come from is a mystery. Some 250,000 pensioners are now on the rolls, and over 200,000 claims are pending, and these numbers indicate that nearly one-half the men enlisted in the Union army were either killed, wounded or disabled by disease while in the service. It is certainly an extraordinary fact that, after a lapse of fifteen years, some 233 persons should daily discover that they are entitled to relief from the Government.

Genoa by Moonlight.

From a private letter written by a well-known citizen of Detroit to a friend we are permitted to extract the following rhapsodical description of Genoa by moonlight:

The moon was full and shone upon the sea—a bay under sheltering hills, upon whose slopes rose, terrace upon terrace, a city old, so old, but ah! how beautiful in the moonlight. Into it I walked, through a street so narrow I could span it with two steps, between houses so lofty that the narrow strip of sky was almost lost, dwindling to a ribbon of blue with here and there a star looking brighter than with us at home. Houses whose lofty stories mounted 100 feet before they combed over into the graceful cornices. A street that led up, up, like a stair, with pavement slippery with damp, the polish of many feet and age, till, in a while I turned suddenly into a wider street, brilliant with gas-light and bordered with marble palaces whose carved fronts stretched along the way, on either side, for miles. Great facades with lofty portals of sculptured marbles opening into vestibules of columns, church-like in size and height—these opening into grand courts still richer in colonnades and magnificent with royal stairways all white, all marble, all cold, all still, as if the life that had ebbed and flowed in those courts had gone, as if the pride that had reared these piles had vanished, as if the riches that had spent itself in these palaces had been buried, as if these dwellings were inhabited now only by the ghosts of their former owners which might walk by night, but at day-break would stiffen into the statues standing here and there so cold and white. It seemed as if these great houses—emblems of the age, strength, riches, pride and arrogance of the cities' dukes, princes, doges—were then sentient of a sadness (impressed to me) as they looked out upon that bay—out upon that sea, waiting for it to bring back again the glories it had long ago brought from the Orient, but which they mournfully felt might never come again.

The scene changes and I am in a grand temple, whose arched nave is bounded by lofty columns of colored marble, whose arch is dazzling with mosaics and gold, whose dome rises like a sky, in which hang frescoed saints, whose pavement is many-hued frescoed stones, and then I see a face—a sweet, sad face (quiet, wistful, liquid eyes, hair like night), and I am fascinated by it. I build fancy upon fancy out of that face; it haunts me. I chance to look aside, and when I seek that face again 'tis gone! My live Madonna of the city by the sea.

And I dwell in a princely house two days. My chamber has mosaic floors, and its arched ceiling is rich with frescoes by old masters. I go up and down grand old marble stairways, I read in the room which was the salon of some princely family, whose portraits yet look down from its walls; I dine in a lofty hall in which may have dined kings and ambassadors.

And this is Genoa—and the land is Italy.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Jupiter.

Jupiter's diameter is about 11 times that of our earth, and his mean density is about a quarter of that of the earth, or about a third more than water. Now, a bulky body may be composed of heavy materials, and still, as a whole, be light, like an iron ship or a lump of pumice-stone, that will float in water. The pumice lump is light on account of its vesicular formation, so that the mass consists of heavy felspathic material and the air it contains. Extract the air, and the pumice loses its floating power, though still far from heavy in proportion to its bulk. Most of the earth's crust is formed of solids much heavier than water. Granites are more than two and a half times heavier than water, slaty rocks about the same, and so are ordinary lime-stones, the variations from all being about 2.5 to 2.9. The ironstone group contains denser minerals; red hematite has a specific gravity of 4.5; magnetic ironstone, 4.5 to 5.2, etc., and many other ores are heavy. At some remote period, when only part of the now solid earth had been condensed from gaseous and vapory matter, our planet might have had a mean density like that of Jupiter, as its rocky materials contain between 40 and 50 per cent of oxygen; and while condensations and chemical combinations were going on rapidly our globe must have been the scene of "thunders, lightning, and prodigious storms."

And it is probable that certain stars which have suddenly blazed forth with passing splendor have exhibited to us the spectacle of conflagrations extending over millions and billions of square miles. Color-changes in Jupiter—such as those noticed by Mr. Browning and the writer in 1869, '70—may have been caused by soda flames, though not fierce enough or extensive enough to add materially to his ordinary luminosity, which is estimated as always exceeding, though not in a very high degree, what it would be by mere reflection of light received from the sun.—*Belgravia*.

There are some men who are busy in idleness and make the leisure of peace not only more troublesome, but even more wicked than the business of war.

The first temperance society in this country was organized in Saratoga county, N. Y., in March, 1808.

Mail and Telegraph.

WEST POINT, May 29.—The court of inquiry in the case of Cadet Whittaker met in secret session to-day, agreed upon a final report, which was signed by all the members. Their conclusions are:

First, The court is unable to believe that such slight wounds as Whittaker received could be inflicted by persons in the manner and under the circumstances described by him.

Second, The court does not see why, with his surroundings, condition and frame of mind as was shown by his evidence, that he should have submitted to the assault without summoning assistance during the assault, or immediately thereafter.

Third, The court believes that a person tied as he was and left as he claims to have been, could readily have released himself.

Fourth, The testimony of the post surgeon and others before the court compelled the belief that Whittaker was neither asleep nor insensible when he was examined on the morning of April 6th, but was feigning.

Fifth, The Court was unable to discover any motive that any person other than cadet Whittaker could have for making such an assault, and there is no evidence to warrant the belief that any other person did it.

Sixth, The court believes that the hair clipping, and the flesh cutting and binding could all have been accomplished by Whittaker.

Seventh, The theory that the note of warning is an imitation of cadet Whittaker's handwriting, is untenable. The severe tests to which experts in handwriting were subjected, was of such a positive testimony as to place beyond doubt that Whittaker himself, wrote the note of warning; therefore, he was not ignorant of the person engaged in the affair. The latter conclusion is strengthened by the fact that one-half of the sheet of paper on which the note was written, was found in cadet Whittaker's possession. There is a strong array of circumstantial evidence in the testimony of the experts in the handwriting. The conflicting statements of Whittaker lack veracity, as evinced by him in certain cases during the investigation, and shown by the evidence.

The court is of the opinion that the imputation upon the character of Whittaker referred to convening the court, and contained in the official reports by commandant of cadets and post surgeon, is fully sustained.

When the report was sent Gen. Schofield and read by him, he caused a letter to be addressed to Col. Lazelle, commandant of cadets, directing the arrest of Whittaker, and placing him in confinement in his room. The order was promptly carried out, and Whittaker will remain under arrest until the case is disposed of. The guard will keep him under strict surveillance.

An officer of high rank upon being asked what disposition would be made of him, if the findings were approved by the war department, replied that if he was a non-commissioned officer, he would be tried by court martial, but it is probable that if the president approves he will be dismissed from the academy, and turned over to the civil authorities. Whittaker still protests his innocence. The findings of the court will be forwarded to the war department to-night.

The Chicago Convention.

At the time of going to press the National Republican Convention has not succeeded in effecting a nomination. The Convention met on Wednesday last, the 2d inst., and was called to order by J. Donald Cameron, Chairman of the National Committee, who, under instructions from his Committee, placed Hon. G. F. Hoar of Massachusetts in nomination for temporary President of the Convention. Mr. Hoar made a short address upon taking the Chair, and on motion, appointed the usual Committees upon organization, credentials and resolutions. The organization of all these Committees shows an anti Grant majority.

The preliminary skirmishes on the first day were led by Conkling of New York on behalf of Grant and by Hale and Frye of Maine on behalf of Blaine.

On the evening of the first day, well informed politicians claimed that the choice of the delegates was about as follows: Grant, 297; Blaine, 276; Sherman, 138; balance divided between Edmunds, Washburne and Windom.

On calling the Convention to order on Thursday morning it was found that none of the Committees were ready to report, although it was announced that the Committee on organization had agreed to report in favor of making the temporary organization permanent. Mr. Hoar, the Chairman, supports Edmunds of Vermont, and is said to be strongly antagonistic to Grant. In the Committee on resolutions very strong articles were introduced by the Pacific coast delegation against Chinese immigration, but these resolutions were strongly opposed by the Eastern delegates, and the platitudes of four years ago were agreed upon—they mean something or nothing as the reader sees proper to interpret them.

On Friday, Conkling introduced the usual resolution that the delegates pledge themselves to support the nominees of the Convention. Three of the Blaine men voted "no," and a motion was made to exclude them from the Convention, but after an acrimonious debate the resolution was withdrawn.

The Committee on credentials reported in favor of admitting the anti Grant contestants from Illinois, and in favor of District as against State representation. The "unit rule," under which a majority of a delegation may control its entire vote was overturned. This was a signal check to Grant's contemplated grand march to victory, as it leaves the delegates in New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois and other States, free to support the candidates of their choice.

Upon the Convention being called on Saturday, Mr. Conkling felt the matter of sufficient importance to deny the current rumor that he had received a letter from Mr. Grant authorizing him to withdraw the name of that gentleman from the list of candidates.

During the evening session Candidates were placed in nomination by their respective trainers. Mr. Conkling nominated Mr. Grant; Mr. Joy nominated Mr. Blaine; Mr. Garfield nominated Mr. Sherman; Mr. Billings nominated Mr. Edmunds; Mr. Cassiday nominated Mr. Washburne.

At midnight the Convention adjourned until to-day at 10 a. m.

Well informed politicians point to Mr. Garfield of Ohio as the "dark horse."

Albert M. Snyder

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

NOTARY PUBLIC, LIC. COPYIST,
Collector, Etc.

PREEMPTION ENTRIES MADE AND
HOMESTEAD FINAL PROOF TAKEN FOR SETTLERS.

CONVEYANCING DONE, LOANS NEGOTIATED.

THREE MONTHS PAY.

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

Soldiers' Additional Homesteads.

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