

# Puget Sound Dispatch.

VOL. VIII

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON TERRITORY, MONDAY, JULY 12, 1880.

NO. 34.

## Puget Sound Dispatch.

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**BERIAH BROWN.**

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### Official Directory.

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R. S. GREEN.....Judge of District Court  
THOMAS BURKE.....Probate Judge  
LEWIS V. WYCKOFF.....Sheriff  
M. S. BOOTH.....Auditor  
G. D. HILL.....Treasurer  
H. F. WHITWORTH.....Surveyor  
J. C. BRYANT.....Assessor  
F. W. SPARLING.....Coroner

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E. S. OSBORNE.....Clerk  
T. M. HALL.....City Attorney  
J. M. BLANCHARD.....Treasurer  
F. SEIDELL.....Harbor Master and Assessor  
E. A. THORNDIKE.....Chief of Police

CITY COUNCILMEN.

Thos. Clancy, Geo. W. Stetson, A. S. Miller, H. B. Bagley, A. H. King, W. C. Hawthorne and John Nation.

### PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

**C. D. EMERY,**

*Counselor at Law,*

SEATTLE, W. T.

Office in DISPATCH Building. 21-3m\*

**W. H. WHITE,**

*Attorney-at-Law.*

SEATTLE, W. T.

Office on the corner of Front and Madison Streets, up-stairs.

**Dr. E. L. SMITH.**

OFFICE—Colman's Building, cor. Mill and Commercial Streets.

Office hours, 2 to 5 P. M.

Residence corner Mill and Commercial Sts.

**O. JACOBS,**

*Attorney and Counselor at Law.*

Office in building formerly occupied by Larabee and Hanford, near Occidental Hotel. Business promptly attended to.

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**LARRABEE & HANFORD.**

*Attorneys-at-Law.*

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H. G. STRUVE. JOHN LEARY.

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*Attorneys-at-Law.*

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JAS. McNAUGHT. Jos. F. McNAUGHT

**McNAUGHT BROS.**

*Attorneys-at-Law.*

SEATTLE, W. T.

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**BERIAH BROWN, Jr.**

*Attorney-at-Law,*

SNOHOMISH, W. T.

**S. C. HYDE,**

*Attorney and Counselor at Law.*

SEATTLE, W. T.

Office on Commercial street, west side.

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

**FLYNN & ANDERSON.**

**ADELPHI**

**SALOON.**

Opposite Yesler's Hall, Seattle;

## Independent Candidate FOR TREASURER.

I hereby announce myself to the citizens of King County an Independent Candidate for Treasurer, and ask the support of their suffrages in the coming election.  
I promise to do the best I can to secure my election, and if elected I promise faithfully to discharge the duties of the office.

G. F. FRYE.  
Seattle, June 12, 1880. 30-2m

## DENTISTRY.

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

## M. R. MADDOCKS, Seattle Drug Store,

SEATTLE, W. T.

DRUGS AND CHEMICALS,  
TOILET AND FANCY ARTICLES.

SIGN—SEATTLE DRUG STORE.

## North Pacific

## BREWERY.

AUGUST MEHLHORN, PROPRIETOR.

[SUCCESSOR TO M. SCHMIEG.]

The Best Beer always on Hand.

ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED.

Bow down your head, ye haughty clam,  
And oysters, say your prayer,  
The mouth 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.

## 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.

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 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 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 such 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 8th day of June, A. D. 1880.

JAMES SEAVEY, Clerk,  
By JAMES P. LUDLOW Depy.

STRUVE & LEARY, Attorneys for Plaintiff. 29-6

## Democratic Territorial Convention.

After consultation personally and by correspondence with the members of the Territorial Committee, it has been determined to call a Convention of the Democracy of Washington Territory, to meet at KALAMA, on Wednesday, September 15, 1880, at 1 o'clock, P. M., for the purpose of nominating a candidate for Delegate in Congress, and candidates for Prosecuting Attorney in the several Judicial Districts. The following will be the representation of the several counties:

Chehalis.....2	Pierce.....5
Columbia.....8	Spokane.....4
Clallam.....1	Stevens.....2
Clarke.....4	Snohomish.....2
Cowlitz.....3	Skamania.....1
Island.....2	San Juan.....2
Jefferson.....3	Thurston.....6
King.....8	Walla Walla.....8
Kitsap.....2	Wahkiakam.....1
Klickitat.....3	Whatcom.....4
Lewis.....3	Whitman.....4
Mason.....2	Yakima.....3
Pacific.....1	

L. B. NASH, Chairman.

## A Mixed Company.

At the reception of General Garfield in Washington, after his nomination, Secretaries Schurz, Ramsey, Sherman and Thompson, Postmaster General Key and Attorney General Devens occupied seats at the same table with Gens. Garfield and Sherman.

"How good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." A few years ago, soon after Shurz came to this country, he took special delight in inveighing against our religious and civil institutions; in his public lectures speaking of the Almighty as "the imaginary gentleman above the clouds," and the signers of the Declaration of Independence as "a batch of artful pettifoggers." Next comes the fossil Whigs, Ramsey and Sherman, who shared their hatred of the Democracy with the "cursed foreigners" and "infernal abolitionists" who contributed to the defeat of their idol, Henry Clay. Next comes the old Know Nothing leader, the venerable and vulnerable Dick Thompson, with his party mottoes: "Americans must rule America!" "Down with Papacy!" "Put no foreigner on guard!" Then comes Key, the "Rebel Brigadier." Then Devens, "the slave-catcher," the Democratic U. S. Marshal of Massachusetts, from whose hands an arrested fugitive slave was rescued by the citizens of Boston, his present party associates, his deputy killed in the public streets in open day, after which the American flag was tied to a horse's tail and trailed through the dust of the streets, and the Constitution of the United States publicly burned by the sainted Garrison. The central figures of this remarkable coterie are Garfield, the Campbellite preacher, about equally addicted to piety, politics and poker, and the old abolition-hater, Tecumseh Sherman, who was constrained to leave San Francisco in 1856, by the "Vigilantes," who have controlled the Republican party of California since its organization in that State.

This notable gathering might have been completed without going outside of the Republican party, by the addition of a preacher who invokes the curse of God upon all who had any connection with slavery in life, as well as upon any who offer any token of affectionate remembrance of such after death, and an ambitious attorney who continues to declaim the long-ago exploded lie that the Chief Justice of the United States had declared: "A negro has no rights which a white man is bound to respect." Then we would have the constituent elements of the party in one mess: the blatant infidel and the canting minister, the howling abolitionist and the slave-catcher, the "rebel" General and sectional Unionist, malignity in divinity, ignorance in law, and mendacity in history.

Col. John W. Forney, of Pennsylvania, is out for Gen. Hancock.

## Garfield's Neighbors.

The Buffalo Courier recalls the fact that the Independent Republicans of Garfield's Congressional District held a mass meeting at Warren, September 6th, 1876, and adopted the following stinging resolution:

Resolved, That it is useless and hypocritical for any political party to declare for reform in its platform, papers and public addresses, while it insists on returning to high official place and power men who have been notoriously connected with the very schemes and fraud which render reform necessary and urgent; that there is no other man to-day officially connected with the Administration of the National Government against whom are justly preferred more and graver charges of corruption than are publicly made and abundantly sustained against James A. Garfield, the present Representative of this Congressional District, and the nominee of the Republican Convention for re-election.

That since he first entered Congress to this day there is scarcely an instance in which rings and monopolies have been arrayed against the interests of the people that he has been found active in speech or vote upon the side of the latter, but in almost every case he has been the ready champion of the rings and monopolies.

That we especially charge him with venality and cowardice in permitting Benjamin F. Butler to attach to the Appropriation Bill of 1873 that ever-to-be remembered infamy, the salary steal, and in speaking and voting for that measure upon its final passage.

That we further arraign and denounce him for his corrupt connection with the Credit Mobiler, for his false denials thereof before his constituents, for his perjured denial thereof before a Committee of Congress, for fraud upon his constituents in circulating among them a pamphlet purporting to set forth the finding of said Committee and the evidence against him, when in fact material portions thereof were omitted and garbled.

That we further arraign and charge him with corrupt bribery in selling his official influence as Chairman of the Committee on Appropriations for \$5,000 to the DeGolyer ring, to aid said ring in imposing upon the people of the District of Columbia a pavement which is almost worthless at a price three times its cost, and to procure which it corruptly paid \$97,000 for "influence;" selling his influence in a matter that involved no question of law upon the shallow pretext that he was acting as a lawyer; selling his influence in a manner so palpable and clear as to be found and declared by an impartial and competent Court upon an issue solemnly tried.

That we arraign him for gross dereliction of duty as a member of Congress in failing to bring to light and expose the corruption and abuse in the sale of post-trademarks, for which the late Secretary Belknap was impeached when the same was brought to his knowledge by Gen. Hazen, in 1872, and can only account for it upon the supposition that his manhood was debauched by the corruption funds then by him just received and in his own purse.

That neither great ability and experience nor eloquent partisan discussion of the dead issues of the late civil war will excuse or justify past dishonesty and corruption or answer as a guarantee of integrity and purity for the future.

That, believing the statements in the foregoing resolutions set forth, we cannot without stultifying our manhood and debasing our self-respect, support at the polls the nominee of the Republican Convention of this District for re-election, nor can we without surrendering our rights as electors and citizens, sit silently by and see a man so unworthy again sent to represent us in the National Legislature.

That strong in the conviction of right

we call upon the electors of this District, irrespective of former or present party attachments, who desire honest government, to unite with us in an earnest, faithful effort to defeat the re-election of Gen. Garfield, and elect in his stead an honest and reliable man.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 6.—Following are the details of the explosion at Monterey yesterday which caused the death of several militia men; Company G left here Friday by rail and went into camp near the Del Monte Hotel that evening. Saturday was spent in camp festivities and it was decided to celebrate the National Anniversary on Sunday in due form. Between 10 and 11 o'clock the members of the company, guests of the Hotel and friends of the company began to assemble. The camp consisted of two rows of tents, that of the Commanding officer being in the right center, in front of which a field piece was placed in position and ammunition for the cannon deposited in a magazine tent near by.—At noon a salute was to be fired, and B. F. Hastings, of Company C, who had been engaged specially to take charge of the gun, accompanied by W. O. Burke and Spencer C. Buckbee, both of Company G, entered the magazine tent to prepare cartridges. Hastings took a hatchet to open a 25 can of powder. At the first blow an explosion followed.—Burke was killed almost instantly and Hastings mangled and burned past recognition. As he was being carried away for medical aid, he cried, "My God, this is all my carelessness." He may possibly recover. Buckbee was only slightly hurt. The explosion created great momentary consternation. The tent and articles in the vicinity were blown in all directions. The disaster put an end to the festivities and the company will return to-morrow.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 6.—B. F. Hastings, injured by an explosion at Santa Cruz, Sunday, and whose death was erroneously reported, was brought to the city to-day. His injuries are of such a nature that death is likely to ensue and it would be mercy to him, as both eyes are burst, one leg so crushed that amputation will be necessary, and he has other painful and serious injuries.

CHARLESTON, July 6.—Col. E. C. B. Cash, of Chesterfield, killed William M. Shannon, of Camden, in a duel yesterday. A special says that the duel took place at Dubose's bridge on the border of Camden county. Shannon was the challenging party and fired first, the ball striking the ground near Cash's feet. Cash then fired and the ball passed through Shannon's heart. Death was instantaneous. Col. Shannon denied to the last having reflected on Mrs. Cash in legal proceedings, which caused the trouble. Shannon was a lawyer of high character, and leaves a large and dependent family.—The meeting took place at 2 o'clock yesterday. This fatal duel was the outcome of a controversy between Col. E. C. B. Cash, Capt. W. L. Depass and Col. Wm. M. Shannon. Depass and Cash made arrangements to fight but did not meet in consequence of the arrest of the former. Shannon was challenged by Mr. Clanchy, one of the parties to the controversy, but the challenge was refused. Cash then published Shannon as a coward, and out of this it is supposed the matter arose. The difficulty above mentioned led to the formation of the Camden anti-dueling association. Col. Shannon was about 60 years of age and universally beloved and respected.

CHICAGO, July 6.—At Troy Mills, Iowa, on Saturday, while the fourth of July celebration was in progress, Marshal Day struck a man for insulting a woman.—This was the signal for a free fight, which lasted over two hours. More than 300 men took a part in the melee, and four of the combatants were fatally injured.—Twenty-five others received painful wounds. Physicians from all the surrounding towns are in attendance.

## Engel Sound Dispatch.

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

### The Doctor.

Who often called when we were young,  
And asked to see our little tongue,  
While on his lips our mother hung?  
The Doctor.

Who came when some one bled our nose,  
Or stood upon our tender toes,  
And gave us many a bitter dose?  
The Doctor.

Who hemmed and hawed and shook his head,  
When once our little fingers bled,  
As if he feared we'd soon be dead?  
The Doctor.

Who gave us salts and senna, too,  
And sent us bottles green and blue,  
With drugs of every shade and hue?  
The Doctor.

Who often calls upon us still,  
And makes us swallow many a pill,  
And once a year his little bill?  
The Doctor.

Who lives pro bono publico,  
And better than ourselves doth know  
What kind of pills can cure our woe?  
The Doctor.

### A Whale Hunt.

As we drew near the school it was decided to attack the nearest fellow, a good-sized island, he seemed to me. I should as soon have thought, if left to my own judgment, of heaving a lance into Fort Warren, with the expectation of hurting it, but I didn't feel as if I was called upon to point out the absurdity of the maneuvers to those men, who might feel hurt at being exposed. They seemed to know what they were about, while I—well, I was not quite sure of the sanity of the whole crowd. However, we kept drawing nearer, and Joe, the man with the gun, began to handle his howitzer. Just then Eph, the harpoon fiend exclaimed:

"Hold on, boys! there's a right whale over to leeward."

"Where? Where? Where?" cried all hands. Eph pointed to a black speck on the horizon, perhaps two miles away. The reader will recollect that the misty morning limited our range of horizon. How did Eph know it was a right whale? thought I to myself, and I set him down for a fraud. But he wasn't. The others corroborated him, and voted unanimously to attack the stranger. Sail was made on our boat, and with a flowing sheet we swept down towards the game. It was dead to leeward, and serenely indifferent to our approach.

"Stand by, to lower away," said our captain.

The huge boom swung inboard as the steering oar brought us to, within three boat lengths of the huge creature. The boat had way enough on to carry us right alongside the whale. I, for one, can say I held my breath as we drifted down. We all strained our eyes, nervously watching Joe, as he balanced his heavy gun, inspected the priming and slowly brought it to bear on the enemy. You know, perhaps, how long the seconds are between the aim and the fire. I thought that half an hour had passed before our battery opened. Possibly the time was thirty seconds. Short as it was, it sufficed to cause a serious mistake. As our gunner stood up, manly, rigid and grand against the morning sky, handling his heavy weapon as though it had been a pistol, a sudden gust of wind shook the flapping sail and swung the heavy boom against his arm. Simultaneously we saw another form appear beside the whale. It was that of a young one, a calf, as it is called. As we had been sitting it was sheltered from us by the body of the mother. All this was discovered by us in a flash. The next moment we heard the explosion, but ere its echoes had died away I saw Joe turn a blanched face to us, and heard him exclaim in a voice which an awful fear had robbed of half its power: "For God's sake, boys, back water! I've hit the calf."

Although utterly ignorant of any reason for such fear on that account, I could divine from the looks and actions of my comrades that something serious had happened. The man who had been holding the sheet of the mainsail tried to manage it, but, situated as we were, lying to, it was not easy to do so. After a few frantic efforts he jumped up, and catching the huge mast in his arms threw the whole affair, mast, sail and all overboard. The others meanwhile had seized their oars and backed the boat several lengths away. Eph, rudely pushing me aside, seized the steering oar and guided us as we fairly leaped through the water. Not a word had been spoken since the gunner uttered his terrified exclamation, but every lip was firmly set and every eye was strained in the direction of the whale. I looked there, too, and saw only a mass of foam where the animal was churning the waves with her flukes and circling around her wounded young. In a few minutes we had put a quarter of a mile between us and her, but not a rower relaxed his labor or for an instant turned his eyes from the scene of our adventure. At length Joe muttered in an undertone: "She don't seem to see us. Praps the calf warn't hurt." As he spoke a tiny jet of blood was thrown high into the air. "No, I've killed it. It's spouting blood."

Ignorant as I was, the sight of that bloody fountain caused an unaccountable

chill to creep over me. I turned my eyes away and met those of the harpooner. He had dropped his oar and, with glossy eyes, was pointing his quivering fingers straight backward. Not a drop of blood was in his bronzed face. The others seeing him had also dropped their oars and gazed, with horror on their faces, in the same direction. Instinctively I guessed the truth and shut my eyes. But the nameless horror was felt all the same and I had to turn about and face it. No need then to tell me what it meant. Scarce fifty yards away and nearing us with the speed of a railroad train, was the mighty whale. Never had I seen or dreamed of anything so terrible. But there was little time to look or act or think. In half the time that it will take to read these words the leviathan had shot past us, the wash from his sides making the boat rock as in a surf. Had he then, blinded with rage, missed his mark? Ere I could look the question at the men around, I saw a huge fluke darken the air beside the boat. In the same instant a wild cry arose, as it descended on the gunwale. I saw the harpooner—he was married only a fortnight ago—crushed, driven down, with the half of the boat into the seething waters. The terrible blow threw the stern high into the air. I have a recollection of being tossed aloft as though fired from a catapult and falling, falling straight down into the mass of wreck and foam. Almost unconsciously I clutched at an oar. I was stunned almost and, for the moment, blinded. Indeed, I was half unconscious and all but drowned, but the instinct of life gave me strength. My head was on a level with the water. As I rose on the swell I made out a few scattered pieces of board. Not a human being was in sight. The whale, too, had disappeared. But even as I looked, the water a few yards away was disturbed, and in a second the huge monster arose. His head was toward me. In the awful jaws I saw the crunched fragments of a boat. To my fancy those horrible jaws dripped with blood. Of course it was only fancy, but there was no fancy in what I saw next. The monster described a long circle, lashing the waves with his flukes. Suddenly he paused, right before me, perhaps ten yards away. As he did so, he threw up a torrent of blood. The horrible jaws opened wide and I saw the cavernous throat yawn before me. Years passed in that supreme moment. I could not cry out, I could not move. Hardly could I think. I may have prayed, but I doubt it. The awful, consuming terror numbed all thought. My only idea, if such it can be called, was a vague wonder as to whether it was the Pilgrim House pie, or the yarn which Captain Porgie had been telling me, of how when he once killed a right whale's calf, up in Behring Sea, its mother had pursued him four miles by the log and compelled him and his crew to roost for three days and nights in the branches of a high tree while she kept sentry below—or whether it was a simple case of ordinary nightmare. And to this moment I can't tell which. But Frank merely said, as he kicked me in the ribs, "If that's the kind of a conscience you carry round with you in a general way, I wonder your wife don't get a divorce."—JEFF, in *Detroit Free Press*.

### Heavy Mutton Sheep Wanted.

The marked and very satisfactory growth which has been made by the export trade in American sheep this year, says the *American Stockman*, warrants the belief that England will be in the future one of the best customers the American stockmen will have for the surplus of his flocks. It should be borne in mind, however, that only the best of mutton sheep are deemed worthy of a trip across the water and that to get the full benefit of the new demand the farmer must be prepared to sell an article well worth a good price. It is true that taking from the top of the market in this country even a limited number of sheep will tend to lessen the pressure on all other grades and so raise the price, but there is no need for resting content with this small part of the benefit when a little more care and painstaking will secure a much larger part of the grain. We believe it will be with sheep as it has been with our cattle—the more England sees of them the more she will want to see.

Of late the sheep market of Chicago has been unusually bare of stock of good quality, so much so that shipments to the East and to Europe have ceased, although there are here buyers who would be pleased to meet an opportunity to purchase any reasonable number of really choice, heavy and well fattened mutton sheep. That there are such sheep in the country from which Chicago receives her supplies of stock we know, and there is something singular in the fact that so few are coming in.

"Prisoner at the bar," said the judge to the man on trial for murder, "is there anything you wish to say before sentence is passed upon you?" "Judge," replied the prisoner, solemnly, "there has been altogether too much said already. I knew all along somebody would get hurt if these people didn't keep their mouths shut. It might as well be me, perhaps as anybody else. Drive on, judge, and give as little sentiment as you can get along on. I can stand hanging, but I hate gush."—*Boston Transcript*.

It is supposed that when the glass-blowers strike they will break things.

### The Hypnotic State.

According to a correspondent of the *Nation*, Professor Heidenhain has been doing some remarkable things at Breslau in the way of hypnotism. This scientist has been invited by the city fathers to repeat and explain in a rational way the marvelous results which Herr Hausen, the Danish magnetizer, has been producing in a series of public exhibitions. Many well known citizens have been hypnotized by the Dane, the *modus operandi* being for each one to look fixedly at a bright glass button held by himself, about eight inches from and above his eyes. The subject hypnotized became insensible to pins thrust into his hands, imitated sounds and motions made before him, and performed many strange and absurd antics. On awakening, he was unconscious, as well as incredulous, of what he had done. Professor Heidenhain declared his ability to repeat all of Hausen's performances, and his doings have created a sensation among the Germans. The hypnotic state could be brought on by slight, constant and uniform or repeated irritation affecting the eye, ear or skin, "passes" with the hand—the warmth of which is often effective at a distance—a tuning-fork, a watch or a distant fixation point, with thoughts occupied only by the object felt seen or heard. In one case each of five Polish soldiers was told to hold a loud ticking watch at his ear and listen intently. In five minutes two of them had fallen into a profound cataleptic sleep and became insensible to pain. On awakening, they declared they had not been asleep. A constant touch on the back of the neck made some subjects perfect imitative machines, reproducing exactly every word, look and motion of the person on whom the attention was fixed. As soon as the finger was taken from the neck the repetition stopped instantly. But stranger still, Professor Heidenhain and his colleagues succeeded with some subjects in hypnotizing one-half of the brain and body, while the other remained normal. One side of the face would smile, while the other remained unchanged in a cataleptic state. One arm and leg could be moved at will, but not the others. One eye would see distinctly and the other imperfectly or not at all. Professor Heidenhain's experiments were made only with men, and he succeeded with about one subject in twelve. The first time was found to be most difficult to hypnotize a subject. After the first time some grew more sensitive to the influence, while others finally lost the power of being affected. Some acquired the faculty of hypnotizing themselves. Professor Heidenhain maintains that the production of hypnotism is not injurious to the subject. The professor's brother was hypnotized on an average of three times a day, for two months and claims to be none the worse for it.

### Wise Words.

"Prayer is the channel to convey the blessings God designs to give." Love, faith, patience—the three essentials of a happy life.

There is no possible condition in which men have a right to hate.

The flame of sorrow burns up some hearts, while others it purifies.

Pleasure comes through toil and not by self-indulgence or indolence.

Talk of fame and romance—all the glory and adventure in the world are not worth one hour of domestic bliss.

The man who violently hates or ardently loves cannot avoid being in some degree a slave to the person detested or adored.

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

Happy is he who has learned this one thing—to do the plain duty of the moment quickly and cheerfully, whatever it may be.

Love cannot fully admit the feeling that the beloved object might die; all passions feel their object to be as eternal as themselves.

By holding a very little misery quite close to our eyes we entirely lose sight of a great deal of comfort beyond which might be taken.

Our bodies are the vehicle of bitter pains, and there are agonies of the soul in the presence of which the intensest physical torture is unheeded.

It requires and manifests a higher style of piety, and a more intense consecration into God's service, to do well the small thing than to do well the great.

As we advance in truth and Christian experience we find that earth is too poor to make us rich, too low to make us happy; so we are ready to die because we have had all there is in this life.

If we could read the secret history of our enemies, we should find in each man's life sorrow and suffering enough to disarm all hostility. And if we could see the motives of friends, how Christ-like would they be.

I am weary of life. Whatever path I take, I find it strewn with flints and thorns. Would that the time were come when I might depart in search of a world far different from this, wherein I feel so unhappy.—*Petrarch*.

They say that there was a time when Senator Sharon had only one shirt to his back, but that was in the days when they didn't destroy shirts by washing them.

### Wit and Humor.

Queen Victoria's owns up to 61. The best cure for poverty is frequently a sine-cure.

A lying tongue is bad enough, but false teeth are worse.

The key to the death of Socrates was found in the hemlock.

Does a fish become musical when a knife runs up and down his scales?

"Although I do adore a bang," said a lady, "I detest to hear any one bang a door."

It is wrong for young men to chaff their seniors, for what is bad-in-age is worse in youth.

A man may be lantern-jawed, yet it would not be right to say that he is of necessity also light-headed.

"I could live on music!" exclaimed a young lady. "Yes, Kate; on note meal, I suppose," remarked her brother.

"A man's deeds will live after him," said a clergyman to a lawyer. "Yes, and so will his mortgages," was the reply.

A lazy boy complaining that his bed was too short, his father sternly said: "That is because you are always too long in it."

A medical student says he has never been able to discover the bone of contention, and desires to know if it is not the jaw-bone.

Many professional people are now complaining of the badness of the times, but none look so much down in the mouth as the dentists.

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

A good wife is a crown unto her husband. That is sweetly true; yet there are some husbands about who would like to take it out in a little "change."

"The difference," said the cook, "between a child of royal birth and a young lamb is that the first is tended in splendor and the other is splendid 'n tender."

A BASE BALL CONUNDRUM.—What was the first instance of a man going out on a fowl? Sinbad's riding out of the oriental valley on the roc—the biggest fowl on record.

A tremendous explosion recently occurred in a hall in Cincinnati in which over two thousand people were assembled, but no one was hurt. It was an explosion of laughter.

A correspondent thinks "it would't take much of a meteorologist to give the mean temperature for the last month or so, because it's been so mean he couldn't help hitting it."

A gentleman seeing a man spitting tobacco-juice on the floor of the waiting-room at a railway station, nodded towards him, and quietly remarked: "He can't expectorate as a gentleman."

An old lady, hearing that a man who was working on the model of a machine for which he intended to get a patent "had filed his caveat," exclaimed: "Well, I do declare! What kind of a tool is a caveat, I should like to know!"

It is said that a Georgian who recently went all the way from Cassville to Atlanta looked unusually solemn on his return, and on being asked what was the matter, gravely said: "If the world's as big 't'other way as it is that, it's a whopper."

"Now," said the examining physician to the unhappy pilot, "you must pick out all the reds you see." The pilot commenced by grasping the learned professor's nose, which was worsted.

"That will do," said the professor; "your certificate is ready."

"Is this my train?" asked a traveler at the Kansas Pacific depot, of a lounge.

"I don't know, but I guess not," was the doubtful reply. "I see it's got the name of the railroad company on the side, and I expect it belongs to them. Have you lost a train anywhere?"

IGH HART.—The slang of art talk has reached the young men in the furniture warehouses. A friend of a writer in one of the monthly magazines was recommended a sideboard the other day as not being a Chippendale, but "having a Chippendale feeling in it."

A lawyer, entering the office of his family physician, said, in a hoarse whisper: "Doctor, I've got such a cold this morning that I can't speak the truth." "I'm glad it isn't anything that will interfere with your business," responded the doctor, in a tone of sympathy.

An old judge of the New York Supreme Court, meeting a friend in a neighboring village, exclaimed, "Why! what are you doing here?" "I'm at work, trying to make an honest living," was the reply. "Then you'll succeed," said the judge, "for you'll have no competition."

"Don't waste your time clipping off the branches," said a woodman to his son, "but lay your axe at the root of the tree." And the young man went out and laid his axe at the root of the tree, like a good and dutiful boy—and then went a-fishing. Truly there is nothing like filial obedience.

"I wish I knew how to get along well," sighed an unfortunate man.

"How to get along well!" exclaimed a facetious neighbor. "Why, just get one of these artesian chaps to come and bore you one." "Suppose you undertake it," replied the disconsolate man; "you might do it with some of your jokes."

### The Broken Treaty of Washington.

Under the Treaty of Washington, our Government agreed, in consideration of the concession to our people of the right to fish in Canadian waters for the term of twelve years, to remit the customs duties on provincial fish and fish-oil, and to pay to Great Britain a gross sum as indemnity for the privilege thus granted. The award of money, to the astonishment of every one, was the enormous sum of \$5,500,000—an amount absurdly disproportionate to the value of the advantages secured. The money was, however, paid. But it appears, as the affair now stands, that not only have we "paid too dear for the whistle," but we are not to have the whistle after paying for it.

The treaty was made with the Imperial Government; but after its ratification the Dominion authorities assumed the right to impose local restrictions upon the privileges granted, some of which were so framed as virtually to exclude our citizens from the enjoyment of the most important advantages conferred by the treaty. The affair in Fortune Bay, in January, 1878, when a number of American fishermen were set upon by a mob, robbed of their catch of fish and other property, and driven away, on the ground that they were violating the laws of Newfoundland, illustrates the extent to which this assumption has been carried by our Dominion neighbors. When remonstrated with respecting this breach of treaty stipulations, the Imperial Government coolly sustained the position of the provincial governments, and declined to afford the redress sought. In this curious condition of affairs three courses were open to our Government, namely, to submit to the deprivation of its rights by the Provincial authorities; or to protect our fishermen by armed force, at the almost certain cost of a disastrous war; or, finally, to take such action as should lead to the proper observance of the treaty by Great Britain, or its formal abrogation.

The last method of dealing with the question commends itself as the one best calculated to maintain "peace with honor" between the two nations. The Government of the United States cannot tamely submit to the nullification of its treaty rights by a petty provincial power, nor can a war between this country and England be contemplated without the utmost horror. By pursuing the third course suggested we shall at once preserve our national self-respect, and avoid a shameful and ruinous conflict between the two foremost nations of Christendom.

This is substantially the course recommended in the recent communications of the President and Secretary of the State to Congress. The Secretary proposes the re-imposition of the duties upon fish and fish-oil, as they existed before the Treaty of Washington came into operation, "so to continue until the two Governments shall be in accord as to the interpretation and execution of the fishery articles of the treaty." He advises also "the examination and auditing of the claims of our fishermen for injuries suffered by the infraction or denial of their treaty privileges, with the view of some ultimate provision by convention with Great Britain or by this Government for their indemnity." The matter of revising or abrogating the treaty must be, as the Secretary intimates, remitted to diplomatic correspondence; but a bill has already been introduced in Congress for giving effect to the recommendation respecting the customs duties.

It is a fortunate circumstance that as this troublesome question comes up for renewed consideration, the same liberal-minded statesmen who negotiated the treaty on the part of England are again in power. The *London Times*, in speaking approvingly of Secretary Everts' suggestion of some joint action for the regulation of the fisheries, pointedly declares that the Ministry will not shrink from the task of amending the treaty where they see that amendment is needed. There ought to be no difficulty in arriving at a peaceful and mutually satisfactory settlement of the points at issue; and notwithstanding the truculent attitude of our peppery neighbors across the borders who are working themselves into a white heat at the bare suggestion of yielding to the demands of our Government, we cannot doubt that such a settlement will ere long be reached, and thus a new illustration be afforded of the ability of two Christian nations to adjust their differences in a peaceful, Christian way.—*N. Y. Examiner and Chronicle*.

The water in which the Prince of Wales washed his hands while on a visit to this country in 1860 is said to have been bottled and sold by some of the Canadian hotel-keepers to loyal worshippers of royalty. In California, one of the popular souvenirs of Grant's visit is the photograph of a half-burned cigar. In the words of the philosopher, "There's a mighty sight of human nature about all of us."—*Detroit Free Press*.

A dispute arose the other day between some neighbors as to what married man in the neighborhood would be the gladdest to see his wife under any circumstances. One of the disputants maintained that a disreputable old fiddler (whom nobody else knew) was the man, and the rest agreed with him when they learned that the fiddler was blind.

Give neither counsel nor salt until asked for.

### Queen Victoria's Bridal Dress.

George W. Smalley writes as follows in his London letter: I gave you an account by telegraph of the wedding robe of the Princess Frederica, which has been on show in the warehouses of Madame Larchine, in the Rue des Capucines. The tissue in the train was furnished by a silk weaver of Lyons and designed after a pattern of Queen Victoria's own bridal dress, which was woven by a Spitalfield's loom. The designer was M. Greppo, now a deputy for Paris, who, at the period of the queen's marriage, was a political refugee in London. He was as a Lyons workman implicated in the terrible riots which broke out in that city in the early part of Louis Philippe's reign and had to fly to England. Then there was a strong prejudice against ladies of high rank wearing finery that was not of British manufacture. In the notices of drawing-rooms it needed to be stated regularly in the journals that the ribbons, laces, silks and other finery donned by her majesty on court days were manufactured in her dominions. Reynolds, the author of the "Mysteries of London," as M. Greppo has reminded me, made the queen very unpopular in the "East End" by putting in one of his novels disparaging remarks in her mouth about frippery produced by English looms. Her majesty did not dare to send to Lyons for her bridal garments. The difficulty was turned by the Duchess of Sutherland, who found out Greppo, asked him to design something in the Lyons taste, in silver tissue, and set him up with a loom, which he worked under the name of Gower. It was everywhere stated, therefore, on the authority of the lord chamberlain, that the bridal robe of her majesty, as well as Honiton lace flounces and veil, were of true British manufacture. Cobden has enabled Frederica of Hanover, who will be married at Windsor as an English princess, to go straight to Lyons for her bridal dress, which her majesty will kindly pay for, she taking upon herself, in the absence of the Queen of Hanover, to act as a second mother to the bride.

**A BALKY HORSE.**—I think I could cure any horse of having a will of his own, and without cruelty, as I propose to cure my own. I prepare myself with a good strap, and set out for a ride. For a while the horse goes well indeed; then he begins to consider that he has gone far enough in that direction and stops. I step down; he expects me to use the whip. He is mistaken. As a criminal I treat him on the silent system. I push him back a little out of the way. I show him the strap, putting it up to his nose. I go to the off side and buckle it to his off fore leg, close up to the breast, throwing the other end over his shoulder; I then raise his near fore foot and fix it with the hoof nearly touching the belly. This done, I say, "Now old chap, you stand there." I take a paper from my pocket, sit down where he can see me and begin to read. This is something he did not bargain for, and the novelty of standing on three legs somewhat diverts his mind from the cause that stopped him. I think that this is the chief point to be gained and the most human. He now shows signs of a wish to go, but that does not suit at the time. When the strap is taken off I show it to him, caress him a little, and we move on without irritation. The strap will become a part of the harness for a month or two, till at last the sight of it will act as a talisman.

**SHREWD IN BUSINESS.**—The Russian is an excellent business man. He is so incredulous of other men's honesty that he mostly keeps his own hidden like a precious coin, only to be exchanged for a full equivalent. He haggles a good deal over his bargains, not with screams, like a Greek, nor with disdainful shrugs, like a Turk, but with fawning and persuasive banter. There is no such thing as buying a pile of skins at sight and trust at fairs; every skin must be overhauled, and if the slightest flaw be apparent it must be exchanged for a better one. This system applied to other goods besides skins makes business a little slow, and explains the fact that not much money changes hands, though there is much fussing in the booths.

Colonel Higginson, taking up the cudgels for women of the score of economy, says: "I have known men at Newport who had made or inherited large fortunes, but who absolutely kept no account of personal expenses whatever; but their wives kept house, superintended their children and a dozen servants, inspected and paid every bill, and were without expected to have dinner company every day, always to be ready for unexpected guests, and always to be serene, unruffled, and exquisitely dressed. Their husbands had nothing to do with ordering any part of the establishment except the wine-cellar and the stables; and could lounge away a whole day at the club, if they wished, declaiming against the extravagance of women."

Not a day passes over the earth but men and women of no note do great deeds, speak great words and suffer noble sorrows. Of these obscure heroes, philosophers and martyrs, the greater part will never be known till that hour when many that were great shall be small, and the small great; but of others the world's knowledge may be said to sleep, their lives and characters lay hidden from nations in the annals that record them.—CHARLES READE.

### A Mathematical Mystery.

Every man who has entrusted to a woman the work of measuring a shirt has had painful experience of her inability to comprehend the importance of accurate measurement. Mr. Smith, for example, permits Mrs. Smith to make a new shirt, to be modeled precisely after an old one, which measures, say, fifteen inches around the neck. When the new garment is completed, Mr. Smith finds that it chokes him, and he calls his wife's attention to the fact. She declares that it measures precisely the same as the model, and appealing to a tape-measure in proof of the assertion, finds that the new shirt measures only thirteen inches around the neck. In these circumstances a male shirt-maker would confess that he had made a mistake. Not so Mrs. Smith. She exclaims, with every appearance of triumph, "There; what did I tell you! One is almost exactly the same size as the other. There isn't two inches difference between them." Nothing could more forcibly illustrate woman's total incapacity to grasp the importance of accurate measurements. A being who believes that a thirteen-inch band will fit a fifteen-inch neck with as much accuracy as if the band were two inches longer, is born without any sense of the value of linear measure. As a rule, women decline to recognize the authority of yard-stick, measuring-tapes, and other standards, and place a pathetic faith in their personal fingers and thumbs. They have constructed for their own use certain tables which pretend that the upper joint of the thumb is exactly an inch in length, and that the width of three fingers is an inch and a half. These are the only measures which they will use when seeking to ascertain the length of a piece of piping-cord or the width of a skirt-breadth. It is needless to say that they are thus led into constant error. The female fingers and thumbs are not constant quantities, so far as their length and breadth are concerned, and to make them standards of measurement is as absurd as it would be to assume that the human foot is always twelve inches in length, whether it be the New York or the Chicago foot. What is very odd is the fact that in the department of cookery women make an elaborate pretense of their regard for careful measurement. They have rules for finding the exact quantity of each article that enters into the composition of any particular dish. For instance, their cooking liturgies prescribe that in making cake one must take a cup of flour, six cups of butter, two dozen eggs, three cups of salt, a teaspoonful of indigo, a tablespoonful of starch, and three cups of molasses. But do they ever follow this rule? It is notorious that they pay no attention to it. When a woman undertakes to make cake she takes what she calls "enough" flour, and to this she adds "a little" indigo, starch, and salt, and stirs into it about as much butter and molasses "as is needed." Of course, the result is always unforseen. It may turn out that the compound thus made is cake, and it may prove to be rice pudding. The woman herself has not the least idea what it will be. With the printed rule for cake manufacture lying before her, one would suppose that it would be impossible for her to produce anything but cake, but in actual practice she utterly scorns the rule, and makes her mysterious compound by the light of nature, and humbly trusts that it will not come out of the oven as sausage or boiled ham.—New York Times.

Richard Kinkre, arraigned on the charge of drunkenness in police court to-day, hoped to escape punishment by playing what is called the deaf dodge. He said: "I'm hard of hearing, your honor." Judge Donahue comprehended the situation, and remarked, in an ordinary tone of voice, "Will you take a drink, Dick?" An intelligent look lighted up the ruby countenance of the prisoner, his lips parted, and he was about to reply in the affirmative, when he suddenly recollected that he was an actor, and, winking to the reporters, said, "I can't hear you, Judge." Richard was thereupon cast for the part of a recluse, and transferred to the Ferry-street play-hoys.—Troy Times.

**THE WHITE HOUSE.**—Comparatively few persons know how the White House at Washington got its name. It was given to it because of its color. The building is constructed of freestone, and after the British burned the interior in 1814, the walls were so blackened that when it was rebuilt it was found necessary to paint them. Ever since, at intervals of a few years, the whole structure receives a fresh coat of white paint. The cumbersome title of Executive Mansion was very naturally dropped for the short and literally descriptive name of White House, and now only figures in official documents and correspondence.

Alexander Dumas is by birth a Roman Catholic, while his wife, a Russian lady, belongs to the Greek Church. Dumas has not allowed his children to be baptized in either community, determining that each of them upon coming of age should enjoy free choice between the two confessions. Mlle. Colette, the eldest daughter, is about to marry a Hebrew, and has not joined either church, dispensing with any religious ceremony, and intending to have merely a civil marriage before the mayor.

The most carefully prepared statistics show that there are not less than three hundred thousand drunkards in the United States.

### Story of Robin Adair.

The hero of "Robin Adair" was well known in the London fashionable circles of the last century by the sobriquet of the "Fortunate Irishman," but his parentage and exact date of his birth is unknown. He was brought up as a surgeon, but "his detection in an early amour drove him precipitately from Dublin," to push his fortunes in England. Scarcely had he crossed the channel when the chain of lucky events that ultimately led him to fame and fortune commenced. Near Holyhead, perceiving a carriage overturned he ran to render assistance. The sole occupant of the vehicle was a "lady of fashion, well known in polite circles," who received Mr. Adair's attentions with thanks, and, being slightly hurt and hearing that he was a surgeon, requested him to travel with her in her carriage to London. On their arrival in the metropolis, she presented him with a fee of one hundred guineas, and gave him a general invitation to her house.

In after life Adair used to say it was not so much the amount of the fee, but the time it was given, that was of service to him, as he was then almost destitute. But the invitation to her house was a still greater service, for there he met the person who decided his fate in life. This was Lady Caroline Keppel, daughter of the second Earl of Albemarle and Lady Anne Lennox, daughter of the first Duke of Richmond. Forgetting her high lineage, Lady Caroline, at first sight of the Irish surgeon, fell desperately in love with him; and her emotions were so sudden and violent as to attract the general attention of the company. Adair, seeing his advantage, lost no time in pursuing it; while the Albermarle and Richmond families were dismayed at the prospects of such a terrible mesalliance. Every means was tried to induce the lady to alter her mind, but without effect.

Adair's biographer says that "amusements," a long journey, an advantageous offer, and other common modes of shaking off what was considered by the family an improper match, were first tried, but in vain. The health of Lady Caroline was evidently impaired, and the family at last confessed, with a good sense that reflects honor on their understanding as well as their hearts, that it was impossible to prevent, but never to dissolve, an attachment; and that marriage was the honorable and, indeed, the only alternative that could secure her happiness and life. When Lady Caroline was taken by her friends from London to Bath, that she might be separated from her lover, she wrote, it is said, the song of "Robin Adair," and set it to a plaintive Irish tune that she had heard him sing.

Such is the story of this popular song.

### What Causes Gray Hair.

The turning gray of the hair is due to the destruction of the top of the papillae, or life and color-giving bulb at the root of the hair. The sudden blanching of a head of hair is frequently caused by great nervous shocks, and many historical and traditional cases are handed down, in which sudden fear or overwhelming news has chilled even the roots of the hair and turned it white in a few hours. The case of Marie Antoinette is one of the most tender and touching on record, for in a single night her rich, dark hair was changed to a silvery-gray. Some hair, however, manages to withstand the blanchishments of age, as notably the case of Mrs. Sally Davis, of Kentucky, now over seventy years of age, whose hair is a soft, silky brown, falling in luxuriant profusion to her waist, and with no suspicion of silver among the glistening threads. Gray hair has been known to become dark without the chemist's aid. Nazarella, a man 105 years old, was in 1774, at Vienna, presented by nature with a new set of teeth and a restoration of the black hair of his youth. John Weeks died aged 114, and was blessed with a regeneration of the color of his hair a short time before his death, and Sir John Sinclair, a Scotchman, dying at 110, rejoiced in a youthful head of hair during the latter years of his life. Dr. Richards reports the case of a man who had three changes of his hair, from black to white, during his life, the first taking place when he was about thirty-five years of age.

"Variegated hair," which is alternately banded black-and-white, is noted among the hirsute curiosities of nature, and green and blue hair have been described by some authorities; but these colors owe their production to the influence of surroundings in which their subjects live, the green hair belonging to those who work in copper mines, and blue to those whose occupation is cobalt mining. Workers in indigo also have blue hair. In Tripoli and Turkey the ladies paint the hair of their children a vermilion color.—Frank Leslie's.

"There seems now to be nothing sacred in this country but a rich man's money," said a demagogic orator in our hearing last summer. He was a demagogue, no doubt, but when a demagogue can come before the people with a declaration which the experience of many of his hearers too sadly confirms, then demagogues become a danger indeed. Our best protection against them is the prompt righting of the wrongs which give their orations power with those who hear them.—Dr. Hoskins in Watchman.

Jay Gould, twenty years ago, ran a tannery in the Pennsylvania woods.

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**Mr. Haine's Oration.**

Mr. J. C. Haine, a young lawyer from Chicago, recently settled in this city for the practice of his profession, had, during his short stay among us, won upon the good graces of the people by a fair address, unexceptionable deportment, more than average literary taste and culture, which he was not at all disposed to hide under a bushel, and a degree of modest assurance sufficient to preserve him from any embarrassment arising from having his merits over-estimated. To give the young gentleman a chance—which he manifestly coveted—to air his literary acquirements to the admiration and wonderment of a people less favored than himself in classic lore, the committee charged with that duty, kindly assigned to him the time-honored trust of apostrophizing the glorious stars and stripes and letting loose the noble bird of Jove to disport itself over the land of the free for the occasion. The effort of our orator, as a specimen of literary whipped syllabub—sweetened wind—was of the conventional style, and would not have been discreditably as the composition exercise of a sophomore of one of our first class colleges; but when he attempted to flavor his agreeable platitudes with historical facts and deductions, and maxims of political science, he exhibited an ignorance of his own country in marked contrast with his classic quotations and illustrations; showing that his political education had been confined to party clap-trap used by demagogues to incite sectional prejudice and gull fools; embracing dead issues, and questions of party difference, which it is a gross breach of good taste, good manners, and decent respect for the opinions of others, to lug into public discussion on a national festival occasion, manifesting a partisan spirit no less intense than that which invokes the curse of God upon the living friends of dead enemies; for which adolescence is no excuse; no well bred school boy would be guilty of such an offence on an occasion consecrated to patriotism and brotherly unity.

Is slavery not dead? Then where the occasion of repeating such a libel upon our Government as follows, in allusion to slavery:

"It flourished and grew until its power controlled the national legislature, dictated the policy of the President, and crawling upon the bench of the highest tribunal of the land, solemnly declared that in pursuance of the Declaration of Independence, and under the Constitution of the United States, the negro had no rights which a white man was bound to respect."

If this were literally true, there can be no possible object in stating it now but to perpetuate prejudices after the cause has been removed. But there is not one word of truth in it. There is not a documentary fact to sustain the statement that the power of slavery controlled Congress or dictated the policy of the President. There is not upon public record a single act of concession to the slave power by either Congress or the President; but many acts of aggression. Slavery was a legalized institution in eleven of the thirteen original States, and from first to last it was never extended over a rood of territory after the adoption of the Constitution. Virginia ceded the Northwest Territory, now embracing Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin and Michigan, upon the expressed condition that slavery or involuntary servitude be forever prohibited in that Territory. That ordinance was drawn by Thomas Jefferson, concurred in by Virginia and adopted by a Congress representing a majority of slave-holding States. Every free State Constitution, after the adoption of the Constitution, from Maine to California, was formed under the auspices of the Democratic party and admitted to the Union by a Democratic Congress. The free State clause in the Constitution of California was reported by Dr. Gwin, a Mississippian, as Chairman of the Committee, and adopted without opposition by a Convention composed largely of Southern slave holders. The first State Constitution formed by the Republican party under its present organization was what was called the "Topeka Constitution," or Kansas. That Constitution not only

prohibited slavery, but prohibited the settlement of any negro in the State.—The Republican theory then was that slavery should be abolished for the benefit of the poor laboring whites, not for the negro. Those who claimed equal rights for the negro were then as few as the advocates of Chinese equality are now upon the Pacific coast. The charge that the Republican party sought the political enfranchisement of the negro was indignantly denied by every Republican leader until after the close of the war, when it was adopted as a party necessity—as the only means by which the party could maintain its ascendancy in the country.

The statement that the Supreme Court ever fulminated or endorsed the doctrine that the "negro had no rights which a white man is bound to respect," is unqualifiedly false. It is an old party catch phrase, gathered from the statement of an historical fact by Justice Taney, which served its day and purpose, and it is only through ignorance or bigotry that it is resurrected and injected into an oration which in common decency should be free from party rancor.

Again our orator says of the people of the South: "With the first ray of returning prosperity they sought to weld again the shackles which had melted at the touch of Lincoln's pen. They took advantage of the absolution of their political sins to declaim treason in the National Capitol, and climbing the steps of Executive chamber, would have laid their hands upon the curule chair itself."

This will do for sophomore declamation, but it has no documentary evidence upon which to establish its facts. The emancipation of the slaves was concurred in by the controlling sentiment of the South with an unanimity astonishing to all, and there has been no party worthy of public consideration which has shown any disposition to "weld the shackles" of the slaves since. If the Eastern humanitarian should—as they would if they could—conter the right of suffrage upon the Chinamen on this coast, and it should happen that in certain localities the Chinamen were in the majority, and political carpet-baggers should come among them to dominate the white citizens by their votes, the probabilities are there would be a muss, as there undoubtedly has been in some Southern communities where Northern carpet-baggers, supported by Federal bayonets, have voted the plantation negroes and dominated and despoiled the whites. The only treason declaimed in the National Capitol has been in asserting the right of self-government against central despotism; a right inestimable to the people and formidable to tyrants only.

But the anniversary of our American independence is not a proper occasion for indulging in party and sectional crimination and invectives. It rebellion is a crime, we must remember that our boasted free government is of criminal origin. If our system of African servitude was a sin against God and man, the founders of our Government are as responsible for that sin as their successors who sought to maintain the institutions which they established. Under the new order of things, it is the duty of every patriot to put out of sight as quickly as possible the recollection of differences, now dead, which were buried upon the field of fraternal carnage. We sincerely regret that a gentleman of the amiable qualities and social graces of Mr. Haine should attempt to magnify himself by indulging in personal philippic and party vituperation upon a festive occasion common to all citizens, and we should not have made it a matter of public notice, if he had not sought the medium of public print to promulgate perverted history and false doctrines. We hope never again to witness the desecration of our National Sabbath to the propagation of sentiments of party prejudice and fraternal hate.

HANCOCK'S LETTER.—At the earnest request of many readers, we re-print the admirable letter of General Hancock, with a large extra edition, to supply the general demand. It is a document which cannot be too much studied or too well learned by the people. As a state paper it will rank with Washington's Farewell Address, and as a manual of Democratic principles it has no superior. It reflects a brighter and more lasting fame upon its author than his unexcelled military achievements.

The first Hancock Club formed after the nomination, is presided over by Gen. Gridley, who was Chairman of the Convention which elected Ccnkling.

**Chicago Market,**

FRONT ST. SEATTLE.

**Fresh and Salt Meats**

ALWAYS ON HAND.

Farm Produce Bought and Sold.

ONSUM & OLSTAD.

**GENUINE GERMAN MILK BREAD**

FRESH DAILY,

—A T—

**PIPERS' BAKERY.**

Cheap! Cheap! Cheap!

**NEW HARNESS SHOP.**

All kinds of HARNESS, SADDLES, BRIDLES, WHIPS, ETC

A large stock of **Miners' Pack Straps** ON HAND.

Repairing neatly and cheaply done. Everything marked down to PORTLAND PRICES. **J. FUSSELL, Manager.** Foot of Washington Street, in rear of Horton's Bank SEATTLE, W. T.

**JOHN KENNEY.** **Boot and Shoemaker,**

Prices low and good fit guaranteed.

Repairing neatly done.

Commercial St., Seattle W. T.

**N. T. CODY & CO.,**

**CITY DRUG STORE**

(Successors to Geo. W. Harris & Co.) Wholesale & Retail Dealers in

**DRUGS AND MEDICINES.**

ORDERS FROM THE INTERIOR ATTENDED TO WITH PROMPTNESS AND DISPATCH.

We carry a full line of TOILET AND OTHER ARTICLES usually kept in a First Class Drug Store. Corner Mill and Commercial streets. SEATTLE, W. T.

**OCCIDENTAL HOTEL,**

SEATTLE, W. T.

Board and Lodging at moderate rates.

This is the largest Hotel north of San Francisco, and is First-Class in all respects.

Free Coach to and from the house. **John Collins & Co., Proprietors.**

**Express and Cab.**

I will have my comfortable new CAB

In attendance on the arrival of steamers and will carry persons to and from any portion of the city on the most reasonable terms. Calls at any time—day or night—will be promptly answered. I am also prepared to do a general

**Express and Delivery Business.**

Coal or other articles delivered on the shortest notice. Orders left with Jack Levy will receive prompt attention. **JOHN HILDEBRAND.**

**THE BOSS BEER SALOON.**

The above resort is located on Commercial St, opp. Opera House. Headquarters for **Miners Bound for the Skagit.** The Best Brands of Beer and Cigars ALWAYS ON HAND. A finely furnished Club Room in the rear for patrons. Give us a call, we solicit your patronage. **EVERSHAM & DILLON.**

**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.

**GROCERIES!**

THE LARGEST AND BEST SELECTED STOCK ON PUGET SOUND ON HAND, AND FOR SALE CHEAP FOR CASH.

— FULL LINE OF —

**FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC WINES AND LIQUORS**

**SKAGIT MINERS**

**HEADQUARTERS**

—A T—

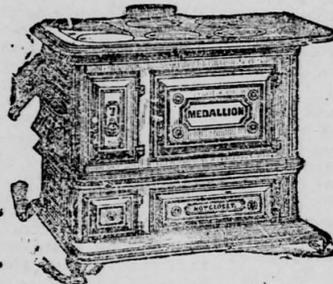
**D. A. JENNINGS,**

Two doors below the New England Hotel, Commercial Street, SEATTLE, W. T.

**Hugh Mc Aleer & Co.,**

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

**STOVES, RANGES, TINWARE,**



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

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

**MEDALION RANGE**

—AND—

**BUCK STOVE.**

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

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

**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.

EASONED LUMBER OF ALL KINDS CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

**CHICAGO Custom Boot & Shoe Store**



Every description of Custom Made Boots and Shoes for gentlemen. Miners' Boots, French or American Stock. Good Leather and Good Fit Guaranteed. Thirty years experience. Repairing neatly executed.

**N. F. BLOMQUIST,** Front St., Seattle, W. T.

Local News.

Obituary.

CHARLES JOHN HANNETH, Esqr., died in San Francisco on the evening of the 7th inst., age 66 years. The deceased was a native of England, but has resided in California for many years, where he was counted among the solid men, and highly respected for his business capacity, sterling integrity, and generous social qualities.

Fourth of July.

The festivities of the glorious Fourth were witnessed and participated in by the largest mass of people ever gathered together in this city on any occasion. The performances commenced at an early hour by a small procession of "Horribles," preceded by the brass band.

Standing long jump, E. Briscoe first prize, \$3 50; S. Snyder second, \$2. Running high jump, Jas. Fairburn first prize, \$3 50; E. Briscoe second, \$2. Three jumps, with weights, E. Briscoe first prize, \$3 50; Jenkins second, \$2.

In the one hundred yard foot race, there were six entries, Thos. Clancy, jr., won it, taking first money, \$15, and E. Briscoe second.

In the quarter of a mile foot race Thos. Clancy, jr., also took the first money. In the boy's foot race, prizes as follows were taken: Maidment first, \$3; Frank, second, \$2; Thorndike, third, \$1; Goldsmith, fourth, \$1.

At 1 1/2 o'clock the usual exercises: prayer, reading of Declaration and oration, were had in the pavilion erected for the occasion on Occidental Square and densely packed by an intelligent and attentive audience.

After this came the horse races. Four horses started in the 500 yard race and was won by J. P. Smith's horse, prize, \$20. The 300 yard race, five starters, was won by the Clancy horse, prize, \$15.

Owing to the absence of wind the yacht race did not come off till Tuesday. Three yachts entered in the first class race, viz: Eureka, of Olympia; Nip and Tuck, of Samish, and City of Seattle, of Seattle; the latter leading off, followed by the Nip and Tuck, and Eureka third. For several miles the relative position of the boats was not changed, except the distance grew wider and wider until they rounded five mile rock buoy, when the Eureka commenced recovering her lost ground, and crawled up to within a few lengths of the Nip and Tuck, when her mast snapped short off. She signalled the Success and was towed into port in a disabled condition. The distance between the Seattle and Nip and Tuck continued to widen till the close of the contest, the Seattle winning the race and grand prize of \$75. She made the 30 miles in 2 hours and 23 minutes, having started at 11:16 a. m. and arrived home at 1:39 1/2 p. m. The Nip and Tuck came in 9 minutes later, and got \$27 50—second money.

Census.

The following are the footings of the census returns for King county, on file at the Auditor's office. The first district comprises that portion of Seattle within the corporate limits of the city, and does not include the suburban settlements, which would swell the population to nearly or quite 5,000:

Table with 2 columns: District, Population. First District: 3661, Second District: 1356, Third District: 900, Fourth District: 270, Fifth District: 809.

Total population King county... 6996. At D. A. Jennings' the public will find the largest stock of family groceries in the city. Fresh goods are received by every steamer.

THE ELECTION.—The candidates nominated by ballot in mass meetings for city offices, to be voted for to day, are as follows:

For Mayor—L. P. Smith. Marshal—John H. McGraw. Councilmen—1st Ward—U. M. Rasin, George W. Stetson; 2d Ward—Charles McDonald, Wm. J. Jennings, John Collins; 3d Ward—L. Diller, John Nation.

The population of Thurston county as appears from the count just made by the census enumerator, is 3,289, 1,252 of which are residents of Olympia. Sixteen deaths have occurred within the town limits during the census year ending June 30th.

The Bureau.

Messrs. Plummer & Young have just received a Large and Fresh stock of Confectionery which arrived on the Idaho from San Francisco. This last invoice comprises many new varieties heretofore unknown in this City, and are very delicious. By same steamer was also received a new stock of all the favorite brands of Cigars, both Foreign and Domestic; also Cigarettes, Tobacco, Pipes, etc.

Col. L. B. Nash, who has been practicing law at Spokane Falls since last fall, came for his family recently and departed with them on Thursday evening. The Colonel speaks with enthusiasm of Spokane and surrounding country, its rapid growth and prosperity.

Capt. Burns received a telegram from Port Townsend saying that the ship Eldorado was ashore at Three Tree point below Port Angeles. She had three feet of water in the hold and was filling. The belief was that she would be a total loss. The Eldorado left here last week with a cargo of coal for San Francisco.—She was one of the most valuable of the Seattle coal company's vessels.

DIED.—In this city, July 4th, Mrs. Mary A. Murphy, a native of the county of Cork, Ireland, aged 87 years.

Wanted, 400 Men

IN THE TOWING BUSINESS To haul schooners over the Bar, at the Bavaria Beer Hall and Landing for All kinds of Lunches to order. Bottled Beer a Specialty. New Billiard and pool tables. Two drinks and a game of Billiards, 25 cents. Corner First and Mill Streets, Seattle.

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

NOTARY PUBLIC, COPYIST, Collector, Etc. PREEMPTION ENTRIES MADE AND HOMESTEAD FINAL PROOF TAKEN FOR SETTLERS.

CONVEYANCING DONE, LOANS NEGOTIATED. THREE MONTHS PAY.

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

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

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

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

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

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

S. BAXTER & CO. COLUMN.

S. Baxter & Co.,

IMPORTERS OF

FOREIGN

WINES AND LIQUORS.

AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

Domestic Wines,

Liquors, Cigars,

and Tobacco.

EXPORTERS OF

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

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

IN BOND OR DUTY PAID

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

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

PATRONIZE

DIRECT IMPORTATION

—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.

S. & W. W. R. R.

SEATTLE TO RENTON

—AND—

NEWCASTLE.

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

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

DEPOT, KING STREET, FOOT OF COMMERCIAL

J. M. COLMAN, Genl. Supt.

PONY SALOON.

—KEPT BY—

Ben. Murphy

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

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

CIGARS AND TOBACCO, WINES AND LIQUORS.

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.

SLORAH & CO.

"BOSS" BEER!

STILL TAKES THE LEAD!

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's.

For Tacoma, Steilacoom & Olympia

THE STANCH AND SEAWORTHY STEAMER

ZEPHYR--

W. R. BALLARD, Master.

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

WILL LEAVE SEATTLE EVERY

Wednesday and Friday mornings at

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

nt149

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 cert in promissory note, dated February 3d, 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 Plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in their 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, Att'ys. for Plaintiffs, 29-5

In Admiralty.

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

James Crawford and William A. Harrington, Partners under the firm name of Crawford & Harrington, Libellants, } No- } 2460

VS.

Steamer Comet, her tackle, apparel and furniture and George W. Cushman and George N. Cole her owners, Respondents.

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 22d day of June, A. D. 1880, by James Crawford and William A. Harrington, partners doing business under the firm name and style of Crawford & Harrington, against the steamer Comet, whereof George W. Cushman is master, her boilers, engines, tackle, apparel and furniture, alleging in substance that between the dates of 31st of October, A. D. 1879, and 28th day of May, A. D. 1880, they, the said Libellants, furnished supplies, at Seattle, in said King county, at the request of said master, for the use of said steamer Comet, to the amount of One Hundred and Seventy-three 28-100 Dollars, over and above all payments and credits. That there is now due said Libellants on account of said supplies so furnished, the sum of One Hundred and Seventy-three 28-100 Dollars; And praying process against the said vessel, her engines, boilers, tackle, apparel and furniture, and that the same may be condemned and sold to pay the said sum with cost.

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 person claiming the said vessel, her engines, boilers, 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 August next,

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

Dated the 25th day of June, A. D. 1880.

CHARLES HOPKINS,

U. S. Marshal.

By L. V. WYCKOFF,

Deputy U. S. Marshal.

STRUVE & LEARY Proctors for Libellants. 32-2

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.

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

## Lost, a Boy.

He went from the old home hearthstone  
Only two years ago,  
A laughing, rolicking fellow  
It would do you good to know.  
Since then we have not seen him,  
And we say, with a nameless pain,  
The boy that we knew and loved so  
We shall never see again.

One bearing the name we gave him  
Comes home to us to-day,  
But this is not the dear fellow  
We kiss'd and sent away.  
Tall as the man he calls father,  
With a man's look in his face,  
Is he who takes by the hearthstone  
The lost boy's olden place.

We miss the laugh that made music  
Wherever the lost boy went,  
This man has a smile most winsome,  
His eyes have a grave intent;  
We know he is thinking and planning  
His way in the world of men,  
And we cannot help but love him,  
But we long for our boy again.

We are proud of this manly fellow  
Whom comes to take his place,  
With hints of the vanished boyhood  
In his earnest, thoughtful face.  
And yet comes back the longing  
For the boy we must henceforth miss,  
Whom we sent away from the hearthstone  
Forever, with a kiss.

—Youth's Companion.

## The Hermit.

A TALE OF MINING LIFE IN THE SIERRA MADRE.

Away up on the main range—the Sierra Madre—of the Rocky mountains, twelve thousand feet above the sea, rests a little mining camp of some twenty or twenty-five rough log cabins. Right on the edge of timber line! Tall spruce pines below; bare, jagged rocks above. North, south, east and west huge peaks tower in their massive grandeur and rear their stony heads to the rising and setting sun, and seem like grim old sentinels keeping watch over the little basin in which are the cabins, collectively known as Mineral City. The mountain sides are seamed and ribbed with the rich silver veins of San Juan, and scores of cuts, shafts and tunnels echo daily to the clang of drill and sledge as the hardy miners delve after the metallic treasures of these great store-houses.

Near the blacksmith shop, where the not unmelodious rings of drills and picks being sharpened is heard all the day and far into the night, a little cabin stands unobtrusively upon its rocky foundation. There is an air of neatness about its hipped roof of nicely split "shakes" and its carefully hewn door that speaks well for the patience, taste and skill of its builder. In fact, the cabin is pointed out as a fine specimen of frontier architecture.

The solitary owner and occupant of this little building was known throughout the camp as "the Hermit." Not, he it understood, because of his imitating those poor old beings of ancient story who dwelt in caves and fled at the approach of any one, but simply because he was a taciturn, quiet, old fellow, who worked his mine alone, and, when joining the rest of the men about the fire in the saloon, always sought a corner and rarely, if ever, took part in the conversation.

He was vastly different from the rest of his fellow-laborers. He never drank; he never swore; but in his quiet, unobtrusive way would sit and gaze intently at the fire, unmindful of the stories, the hearty laughter, the social drinking and the absorbing games of cards going on around him. Tall he was, with a decided stoop in his shoulders; a long beard, plentifully streaked with gray, and a pair of weary, restless, nervous, yearning eyes, that somehow appealed to the rough but good-hearted miners.

Mail came twice a week in Mineral City, and the saloon was the postoffice. Regularly upon the carrier's arrival the hermit would join the crowd and listen with an eager, expectant air as the superscriptions of the various letters were read by the saloon-keeper, and then, when the last missive had been reached and either claimed or set aside, he would lower his head and slowly slip away to his seat at the corner of the fireplace, with never a word. Every mail that went out carried a letter from the hermit, always directed to the same party, and every month he registered one to the same address, which the boys shrewdly guessed contained such money as the poor fellow was able to scrape together from the scanty yield of his mine—the Alice.

The boys had often debated upon writing a letter to the hermit, for his continual expectation and his regularly bitter disappointment touched them, but they argued that it would not be what he wanted and so the idea was abandoned. Several of them asked the postmaster to lay aside their letters without reading aloud their addresses, that the contrast might not be so painful to the hermit, and none of them gave vent to any joyful exclamations when the mail brought them favors, as was their wont. The old whisky keg, at the corner of the fireplace, was always reserved for the hermit, and come when he might he never found it occupied, or when sitting there he ever crowded. And so these rough frontiersmen showed in various ways their sympathy for their lonely and silent companion, of whom they knew nothing save what his pinched, careworn and yearning eyes told.

One day the mail came in and the hermit was not there. This was so un-

usual that it led to considerable speculation among the boys. Then Roney, whose lead lay near the Alice, remembered that the hermit had not been to work that day or the day before, and when night came on and the keg in the corner remained unoccupied the boys concluded that investigation was necessary.

"Pards, I reckon the hermit may be a leetle off and might kinder need help," said Georgia, "an' it sorter strikes me we might call in an' see."

As this met the approval of all the men, Georgia and Roney started up to the Hermit's little cabin. A dim light crept around the edges of the old flour sack that acted as a curtain for the little square pane of glass constituting a window, and, after consultation, the two messengers concluded to take a peep before making their presence known.

Georgia put his face to the glass and peered intently within. The Hermit sat on the earthen floor enveloped in a torn and miserable blanket. His hat was off, and his long gray hair was tangled and unkempt. His eyes, which Georgia could plainly see as he sat nearly facing the window, combined with their usual pleading expression a sort of feverish glitter, and the whole attitude of the man was one of despair. In his hands he held what appeared to be a photograph and an old letter, and he never moved his eyes from them.

The rest of the room that came within Georgia's field of vision betokened cleanliness, but at the same time extreme poverty for even that rough country. Georgia withdrew his head and his companion took a look, after which they both retreated some little distance into the timber and paused.

"Well?" said Roney.

"Deuced queer," said Georgia.

"Kiuder sick-looking, eh?"

Georgia nodded his head thoughtfully.

"Let's see the boys about it," said Roney, and then they retraced their steps to the saloon.

The boys listened with interest to the report and pulled their beards and scratched their heads in attempts to obtain a solution as to what ailed the Hermit. Many and various were the explanations given, and then they decided that Georgia and Roney had better go back and knock at the door and inquire, at any rate, if anything was wrong; so thereupon the two once more started up the trail. They knocked—first softly and then louder—but elicited no response or ceased any show of life within, save the extinguishment immediately of the light.

"No use," whispered Roney, and without further word they left the little cabin and its solitary occupant and joined their comrades.

The next day passed and the next, and the Hermit gave no signs of existence. That evening the mail came in, and among the letters was one, in a woman's hand, for John Harmer, Mineral City, San Juan county, Colorado. There was not such a personage in the county, so far as the boys knew, but Georgia, after a moment's hesitation, put his shoulder to the door and with as little noise as possible burst the wooden button off that served as a lock. The next instant and Georgia was in the room. The Hermit lay extended upon the floor, his face flushed and hot with fever, and his long, thin fingers nervously grasping and relaxing again the torn blanket on which he tossed.

"What's the matter, old pard?" said Georgia, as he raised the old man's head.

The fevered eyes slowly turned toward the face, the emaciated fingers opened and the poor, lonely old fellow said huskily:

"Don't tell her!"

"Who—tell who?"

"Alice—poor little thing—she don't know."

"Thinking of his folks in the States," muttered Georgia, and then tenderly and carefully he lifted the sick man in his arms and strode away to his own cabin.

The news of the Hermit's sickness spread through the camp, and blankets and food came from all quarters for his use. The store was ransacked for the best that it could afford. A terrible slaughtering of mountain grouse took place that rich broths might be made for the invalid. One man traveled sixteen miles to Silverton to secure a can of peaches, and the men almost fought in their anxiety to act as nurses and watchers. Georgia thanked the boys, but kept them away, admitting only one or two to aid him in the care of the old man. But despite all this attention the old fellow sank and sank, and it soon became evident that the mountain fever had one more victim.

One night Georgia sat smoking his pipe and musing. The owner of the letter had been found, for in his ravings the old man often mentioned the name Harmer, but the boys feared lest he should die before reading it, and this perplexed Georgia sadly. What was he to do with it and might it not contain matters of importance? Had the old man any friends or relatives living, and where were they to be found? All these things and many more came flitting through his brain, and he did not hear his patient slowly raise himself in the bed and stare about him. The old man looked the room over and then his eyes rested on the burly form by the fire.

"Georgia," he said.

In an instant Georgia sprang to his feet and hastened to the bedside.

"Why, pardner, darn it—yer getting better, ain't you?"

The old man smiled wearily.

"Tell me all about it," he said.

Georgia briefly recounted the story of his illness, touching but lightly on what he had done, and laying great stress on the interest of the men.

"But now, old man, you'll soon be up and among 'em," he concluded, with a cheerful laugh.

"No," said the old fellow, with the same weary smile, "but—but I thank you."

"Oh, nonsense—that's all right—you're only a leetle shook up, you know—it's natural, after being as fur down as you've been. You'll soon be all right—cheer up, and don't let your sand run out; besides, I've got a letter for you."

"Letter—for me?" and the old man's face lighted up with an eagerness that sent a tremor through Georgia's honest heart, lest the missive, after all, should not be for him. He got it, however, and gave it into the trembling hands.

"Yes, yes," said the old fellow, "it's her writing, I know—like her mother's—oh, how long it has been coming—but now—" and his poor, weak, shaking hands vainly strove to open it.

"Let me," said Georgia, kindly.

The old man let him take the letter, and then said suddenly, in a low, even tone: "Hold on, Georgia."

Georgia paused.

"Georgia," said the old fellow, looking him steadily in the eye, "you've been kind to me—very kind—and I've got nothing to show for it—nothing but confidence. I'm going to tell you something, Georgia, and then—you can read that letter and you'll understand all the good news it contains."

He paused a moment and closed his eyes. Then he continued:

"Georgia, I was a likely sort of young chap years ago—not such a good-for-nothing galoot as I am now, and I married, Georgia—married the best girl in old Pennsylvania. I was mighty happy—too happy, partner—that's what made it go so hard when he died. We had one child—a little girl—and we called her Alice—my wife's name. She was a wee little thing when her mother died and so very, very pretty. It was hard lines on me, Georgia, and somehow I got to drinking. I know it did me no good, and I know it wasn't right, but a man doesn't reason much when he's desperate like, and so I drank and drank. I sold out everything and put my girl—my little Alice—with my wife's brother. He had a family of his own, and what could a lonely, broken-hearted man like me do for a dear little girl? Georgia, if they'd come to me and talked good and gentle they could have made a man of me, but they didn't. They wouldn't let me come into their house, and they said that I'd killed my wife by drinking. Georgia, it was a lie, I never drank a drop till she died, and I wouldn't have done it then if I'd had any one to sympathize with me. But I hadn't; I was alone in the world—alone with my great grief, and—the old man's voice broke, and his poor, thin hands went nervously over the blanket, while two tears stole from his hot eyes and trickling down the pale, pinched cheeks, lost themselves in the gray hairs of his beard.

"Well, Georgia," he said presently, "they got an order from the court giving the guardianship of my child—my Alice—to her uncle, because they said I was unfit to take care of her. Georgia, if but one kind word had been said—only one—I wouldn't have been the fool I was. Well, I left and came West. I stopped drinking. I have never touched a drop since Alice was taken from me. You believe me, Georgia."

"Yes," said Georgia.

"After awhile I wrote to her uncle, and I told him of my new life and asked him if I couldn't at least write to my little girl. That was in '67, and she was ten years old. He took no notice of my letter—"

"He's a—" broke in Georgia, but suddenly checked himself before concluding.

"Then I thought perhaps he hadn't got it, so I got my money together and went East. But he had, Georgia, he had. It was no use though. He wouldn't believe in me and wouldn't let me see my little girl. He said she should never know but he was her father, at least until she was of age. I tried the courts, but I spent all my money without changing the decree. Then I gave it up and came back West again. I gained one thing though. The judge said that when Alice was twenty-one she should be offered the choice of coming to me, her father, or remaining with her guardian. I had to rest satisfied, and I worked and worked to get money for my little girl. I scrimped some Georgia, but there's nearly \$12,000 in bank for her now," and the old man's voice and manner were full of pride.

"She was twenty-one last June, and I've been waiting for her letter. I knew it would come. Oh, Georgia if she only knew how I have worked for her; how I have waited, alone, but still working and waiting; but she has written now, and to-morrow, or next day, I must start East. We will be very, very happy together, and—but read her letter—you know all now," and the lids closed again over the fevered eyes, and the poor old man softly murmured, "little Alice, little Alice."

Georgia tore open the envelope and unfolded the letter, and the old man feebly drew nearer in joyful, happy eagerness:

"My uncle," read Georgia unsteadily, "has informed me of your relationship to me. I have only to say that I

regret that the man whose habits killed my mother should also bear the title of my father. I sincerely hope that the Almighty will pardon where we cannot.

Georgia turned towards the old man.

"My God," he said, "the Hermit is dead."

## Civil Weddings in Paris.

Did you ever witness a wedding at a *mairie* in Paris! If not, go some Saturday, for that is the day which, though never chosen by fashionable people, seems to be set apart specially for the class who labor, exist by the fruits of their labor, and have no time to lose. They have Sundays to *faire la noce*, and on Monday they put themselves once more at work. About eleven a. m., generally, the *fiancés*, their relatives, and their witnesses all meet together. Some of the company have brought with them their children, dressed in new clothes for the grand occasion, frizzed, pomaded, and "got up regardless" in honor of the festive event. The *garçons de noce* are blooming in appearance, the intended husband and wife are critically inspected by all the company. They try, therefore, to put on an air of modest indifference and naturally enough do not make much of a success of it. *M. le maire*, or his *adjoint* has arrived. He puts on the tri-colored scarf across his breast diagonally, which glorious scarf, in the eyes of the people, confers on him alone the power of pronouncing the magic words whose effect no human power can ever break. He takes in his hands a little book, bound in red morocco, gives a glance at the mirror in order to assure himself that his cravat is correctly tied, and goes forward to the *pretore*, where a low platform supporting a mahogany stand represents the tribunal of indissoluble unions. A servant playing the *role of huissier* announces *M. le maire*. He enters. All rise up. He seats himself. Everybody does the same. Whatever be the season, however cold it may be, the doors always stand wide open, for the act of marriage is essentially public. A *greffier* (or recorder) is seated before a pulpit-like desk with a register before him, which big book resembles a huge ledger in a counting-room. A name is called. Then advance to the little platform the *fiancés*, the relatives, the witnesses; they arrange themselves in front of the *mairie* in some red velvet arm chairs, which remind one of the orchestra stalls in our theaters. The *greffier* reads the commencement of the marriage act. Then the *mairie*, calling the candidates for matrimony by name, asks of them each individually if they consent to take the other as spouse. Their response must be made clearly and loudly in such a manner as to be distinctly heard by all present. If there are present the progenitors of the couple, the *mairie* asks them if they give their consent to the marriage of their children. Then, if granted, he opens the little red book, reads articles 212, 213, 214 of the Code Civil, relative to the rights and duties of the spouses, terminating with article 226, which says: "The wife may make a will without the authorization of her husband." The ones who most often accept this permission are, so it is said, Hebrews. The *mairie* then declares the couple "united in marriage." The *greffier* resumes his reading, finishes it; the *temoins*, the relatives, and the married couple are all invited to sign the record of the ceremony written down upon the great register of the *Elat Civil*. The *garçon de bureau* bawls out: "Don't forget the poor, *s'il vous plait*," and each one in passing out drops a small coin in the poor box on the table.—*N. Y. Home Journal*.

According to Mr. Potter, United States Consul at Crefeld, Germany, the number of beet-sugar mills in Germany is 329; in 1850, 184. Pounds of sugar made in 1878, 850,000,000; in 1850, 118,000,000. About twelve pounds of beets make one pound of sugar. The total product of beet sugar in all Europe is 3,000,000,000 pounds. Mr. Potter submits a variety of suggestions to American producers. The territory in the United States best suited to the beet is in New England, the vicinity of the great lakes, and in the same zone westward. The United States have many advantages favoring the production of beet root sugar. No industry, he thinks, could be introduced into our country yielding more wealth and contentment to the people than this.

The *Samba* ants are very destructive to the sugar-cane in Brazil. A process has been introduced for the purpose of destroying these pests, and it has proved of considerable success. Some litres of carbon disulphide saturated with sulphur are poured into the galleries occupied by the depredators, and the solution is fired by means of a fuse. The ants are killed by the explosion or by the fumes evolved.

The tunnel under the Hudson river is to be fifty-five hundred feet long, and is to be completed in 1883, in time for the international fair in New York. It is to be more than three times the length of the English railway tunnel under the Thames, and is to accommodate four hundred trains a day.

A little girl in Brookline was saying her prayers the other evening, closing up with "God bless papa and mamma, little sister and everybody, and keep us from harm this night, Amen." The "little sister, a bright-eyed puss of five years, quietly remarked, "If you'd said 'everybody' to begin with you needn't have made such a long prayer."

## Intelligence Items.

Corporal punishment has been abolished in the Chicago public schools.

The United States last year exported 250,000 head of live stock worth \$11,000,000.

It is estimated that seventy years and \$1,000,000 will be required to complete the excavations at Pompeii.

Bismarck and other German statesmen are lightening diplomatic cares by turns at the "fifteen puzzle."

During the year 1879, 1,032 persons were killed and 3,513 injured on the railroads of the United Kingdom.

The Roman Catholic Bishop of Ossory, Ireland, condemns the land league as a mere mask for Fenianism and Communism.

S. A. Bemis, of Boston, whose father rang the church bells to announce the British advance on Lexington in 1775, offers the old South Church a new bell for the old one.

The village of San Luis, near Santiago de Cuba, has been destroyed by fire. Three hundred houses and seven persons were burned, and three thousand people are homeless.

The commissioners of the World's Fair are already crowded with applications for space. The work of securing necessary legislation in the various States is being pressed.

Of the 257 members in the House of Commons 150 are merchants, manufacturers, or commercial men, fifty-two are lawyers, six journalists, thirty officers of the Army, and three clergymen.

The Senate of New York has voted in favor of woman suffrage, by 17 to 14. The senators say they are in favor, not of suffrage, but of allowing the question to come before the people at large for their decision.

Student-fooling flourishes not at Oxford. Eighty undergraduates have been "rusticated" because some of them locked a proctor and two or three fellows in a recitation-room, and the others refused to tell.

Boston has appropriated \$25,000 for the celebration of its two hundred and fiftieth settlement anniversary, Sep. 17th, and invited Governor-General Lorne and staff and President Hayes and cabinet to participate.

Professor George L. Vose, of Bowdoin College, Maine, who is regarded as an authority upon subjects, says that over 200 railroad bridges have fallen within the past ten years. He attributes these "accidents" either to the selection of bad materials, faulty construction and imperfect supervision, or all of these causes combined.

## Hamburgs.

There are six different varieties of Hamburgs, and for the benefit of those who would like to know "what they look like," I will give a brief description of their leading points.

The plumage of the White Hamburgs as their name indicates is white throughout. They have large rose combs, white ear-lobes, well-expanded tail, with long well-curved sickle feathers in the cock; slender legs of bluish-black color.

The plumage of the Black Hamburg is black throughout; other points same as the white.

The Silver Spangled Hamburgs are well named, the plumage being entirely white, except a black spangle on the end of each feather; the hackle feathers of the hens are striped towards the end of each with greenish-black; legs of a slaty-blue; other points same as the white and black varieties.

The hens of the Golden Spangled Hamburgs are rich golden bay color with a greenish-black spangle on the end of each feather—except the neck feathers which are striped down the center with black. The plumage of the cocks differ from that of the hens but slightly; it is a shade darker, being of a reddish-bay; neck and saddle feathers striped down the center with black; tail of a rich greenish-black, with handsomely curved sickle feathers; other points same as other varieties of this breed.

Silver Pencilled Hamburg hens have clear silvery-white plumage, each feather, except those of the neck, pencilled across with greenish-black bars. There is not much pencilling visible on the cocks of this variety; plumage white, except the tail which is black, sickle feathers and tail coverts black with an edging of white; rose combs, white ear-lobes and slaty-blue legs.

Golden Pencilled Hamburg hens are reddish-bay in color, each feather pencilled across with black bars, except the neck feathers which are of a golden-bay color. The cocks of this variety are more gorgeous in their get-up than the hens. They have clear reddish-bay neck and saddle feathers; wing feathers are reddish bay on the outside web and black on the inside; each feather of the secondaries, or feathers which are visible when the wings are folded, has a small black spot on the end; breast and body of a reddish-bay; tail black, with an edge of the reddish-bay or sickle feathers and tail coverts; other points same as other varieties of Hamburgs.

The Hamburgs are all non-sitters; excellent layers; good foragers; hardy if allowed liberty, but I do not think they bear confinement well; hens weigh from three to five pounds, cocks from four to six. For a cross on common fowls in order to increase egg production, a Hamburg cock would prove a good investment.—FANNY FIELD, in *Prairie Farmer*.

### Mrs. Trab's Story.

When Mr. Trab left this wicked world, and I thought of taking a few boarders, I went to the poor-house and adopted Melia Jane. I chose her because she was the healthiest and the smartest of 'em. If I'd known how smart she was I'd never had anything to do with her, you may depend on that; but I never knew any good to come of those charity children—never. Pen couldn't tell all I did for that gal. She was bound to me until she was eighteen and I felt it my duty. She always wore crash aprons that covered her from head to foot, and nice cow-hide boots; and all winter I gave her two nights a week at evening school, and never allowed her to contract habits of idleness. No, that is not upon my conscience. I have had that girl up at five o'clock in the morning scrubbing the steps on one of the coldest days in winter before she was twelve ears old.

She was too pretty for her position. Charity children have no right to be so pretty. I don't mind healthy, red cheeks, but Melia Jane was fair and delicate, and if I hadn't cut her hair and kept it oiled she would have had long golden curls.

It made me furious to think that if she was dressed up she'd have looked prettier than my Araminta, who was just her age. But I kept Minty dressed like a doll—put her hair up in papers every night, had her taught to play the piano and paint flowers, and never let her soil her hands, for I meant to bring her up a lady.

As for Melia Jane, she hadn't time to take care of her hands. It was Melia here, and Melia there up stairs and down; she helped the cook and she made the beds and she rubbed the windows, and she did the rooms and ran errands. I don't know how she found time to grow so fast, but grow she did. I knew that by her aprons. She was a head taller than Araminta when she was sixteen, and the first time I gave her a new dress that wasn't made out of an old one of mine, somehow she fixed it so that she looked like a lady as she went to church, though all she had on her head was a round straw hat with a little band around it—one of a lot they'd been selling off for twenty-five cents.

You see the boarders gave her presents now and then, and one, a school-teacher, used to give her books. She knew how to read when I took her, and I used to tell her that in her place education was just a waste of time; but I couldn't well take the books away, and I often caught her looking at them. Somehow she educated herself in a sort of way, and I didn't approve of it, for I held that people ought to be contented in the place Providence placed 'em in.

The Christmas my Minty was seventeen we had a new boarder. He was very handsome, about thirty, and I heard, quite rich. He paid well and promptly, and he was a bachelor. I looked at my Araminta, and the girl had a bewitching way—like her mother when she was young—and I thought what a good match Mr. Gardiner would be for her; and I gave the girl some good advice, and she took it like an angel.

"Only I must have some new things, ma," said she; and I bought her ten new dresses, and Melia, being handy with her needle, put on her pink calico and came and helped us make 'em up in the front basement, where we sat mornings; and while we were sewing, it got to be a common thing for Mr. Gardiner to knock at the door and come in, and sit and talk with us. Melia, of course, never opened her lips.

Well, this went on for a while, and I began to think everything was all right, and to wonder when Mr. Gardiner would propose, for he'd been reading poetry and sketching my Minty as she sat and sewed. I wanted the picture, but he said he wasn't satisfied with it; and I knew he wasn't, for one day I peeped into his portfolio, and found he'd rubbed Minty out, and only left Melia, handing her something on the paper. And Minty said:

"Ma, Mr. Gardiner is in love, and I wonder why he don't say anything."  
"Why don't you lead him on?" I asked.

"Young Jones don't need any leading on," said Minty.  
And it came into my head that perhaps if he got a chance he'd speak to me. And one Sunday I put on my things and watched Mr. Gardiner go his way to church, and then I went that way too. We could meet coming out and a talk would be natural.

He went to a church not far off, and I went in and sat two or three pews behind him—and I never shall forget that hour; for ten minutes after, who should stalk in but Melia—Melia Jane, and nobody else, and stalks up as bold as brass and goes into the same pew with Mr. Gardiner.

I didn't hear a word of the service. I looked at those two all the time, and she—oh, good gracious! she sang out of the same hymn-book with him; and when they came out they walked away together side by side. I followed, my knees trembling under me. At our corner I saw her make him stop, and run home alone; and then I followed. I was on her heels as she ran down into the kitchen, and she turned and faced me, looking as innocent as you please.

"You're found out, Miss," said I. "Your character is known to me at last, and now you go, neck and crop. My house is a respectable one, and your time is out. As for reference—don't

come to me for any when you get another place."

"She won't need it, madam," said a voice behind me; and there stood Mr. Gardiner. He walked up to Melia and took her hand. "We are to be married to-morrow," said he.

"Ah! indeed," said I. "If you like a girl out of the poor-house, you can't object. I don't admire your taste."  
"It is the girl I love, madam," he answered—"the best and prettiest girl in the world." And then and there he kissed her.

They were married next day; and as for Araminta, the girl provoked me dreadfully, for she said she didn't care—young Jones was much the nicer of the two. Ah! dear me! how often you may try to do your duty in vain!—*New-York Ledger.*

### The Czar's Grandson.

Sometimes one hears little things about the Czar of Russia, which makes one inclined to pardon Nihilism, and to comprehend the dynamite plots. The other day I went to visit a very charming old lady, who is an American, and who has lived for many years in Europe. Whilst turning over the pages of her photograph album, I came across the portrait of a child, a boy of some six or eight years of age, so singularly beautiful that my attention was at once interested. The little fellow was dressed in a Knickerbocker suit of black velvet, with his fair hair cut Holbein-wise over his brow, and a lovelier or nobler image of healthful boyhood never gladdened a parent's heart. On my making some exclamation of admiration, my friend produced several photographs of the same child, remarking at the same time that the picture, so far from exaggerating his beauty, hardly did it justice. She then told of her meeting with the boy and his mother in Switzerland.

The child was the son of the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia, the mother being his secretly-wedded wife. By command of the czar the husband and wife were separated, and the latter was forced, not only to consent to a divorce, but to marry another man. "How could you consent?" asked my friend, when the unhappy woman related her story. The eyes of the speaker filled with tears, and her lips quivered. "It was for my son's sake," she whispered, and then she said no more, being evidently still not free from the toils of the "giant spider of the North," as Whittier once called the czar in one of his fervent lyrics of freedom.—*Mrs. Harper's Letter to Phil Telegraph.*

### An Electric Railroad.

And now it is an electric railroad that Edison is working at. If that versatile inventor were to stick to one thing for a few weeks, there would be less complaints about his fooling the public and playing into the hands of operators in wall street. But this electric railroad is intended, it is said, for localities that cannot afford even a narrow-gauge road. The rails are to be charged with electricity, and the express trains are to run at twenty miles an hour, and the freights at twelve miles. The road will run over the roughest ground, at a cost of not over \$5,000 a mile. The cars are to be as light as street cars, and there are to be stations every ten miles to supply the track with electricity. Each train will carry thirty tons of freight and from 200 to 300 passengers. This is what the electric road is to do—on paper. The trial trip on Edison's half-mile railroad at Menlo Park the other day was not such as to induce capitalists to invest their scanty earnings in it. The track took several hundred dollars' worth of electricity to charge it, which was charging pretty steeply, and even then the motor moved at about the speed of a lazy wheelbarrow. Mr. Edison had better go back to his electric light.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A DESCENDANT OF SHAKESPEARE.—Speaking of some Shakespearean relics now being exhibited in Middleton, the *Press* of that place says: Until this exhibition drew out the fact, it was not known that this village held a lineal descendant of the great poet. Mrs. Mary A. Bakewell, a widow residing on North street, contributes several interesting relics which have been handed down to her, through her family, from the poet himself, and from his wife and mother. One relic is a heavy silver snuff box, which the record says was presented to William Shakespeare by a friend during his theatrical career in London, about the year 1600. It came down in regular descent to James Shakespeare, the fifth generation from the poet, and from him to his daughter Mary, wife of Thomas Vernon, and remained in her custody until her death, and with her children in England until 1862, when it was sent with a bag to the United States, to Mrs. M. A. Bakewell by the hands of her husband when returning from a visit to England.

A meteorite discovered in 1873 in Cleburne county, Ala., and supposed to have been a rich specimen of bog-iron ore, has been preserved from the furnace through the efforts of ex-Governor W. H. Smith, of Wedowee, and Mr. W. S. Hadden. It is of the iron-nickel alloy variety, and contains small percentages of copper, phosphorus, and carbon. The Widmann stria figures are well marked. The specimen, which is triangular in form, weighs about thirty-two and one-half pounds.

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"The Lay of the Last Minstrel" his very henchman," as an enthusiastic Cockney remarked.

Bog-butter, a substance found in bogs in the west of Ireland, and supposed by the common people of the district to have been ordinary butter hidden away ages ago by the fairies, or hastily buried by smugglers, is not of animal origin at all, but has been shown by Mr. John Plant to be a perfectly natural production arising from the decomposition of the vegetable matters forming the peat, and to belong to the large family of mineral resins, or hydrocarbon compounds, of which Dana, in his "System of Mineralogy," describes the composition of seventy species.

The son of the Burmese King, Theebau, for whom, last year, a cradle of gold was made, incrustated with diamonds, rubies, sapphires and emeralds of incredible value, has just died of smallpox. Vast sums were spent upon the little fellow, and all the people living round the palace stockade had to buy new cooking kettles, lest the smell of rancid oil from the old ones might offend his tender little nose.

### Reliable Testimony.

Where testimonials give the residence of the parties it is an easy matter for any person to verify them. Thousands of people from all parts of the Pacific Coast can and have expressed the opinion that there is no other article in the world equal to PHOSPHATE SOAP for common toilet use. A great many people have tested this soap for skin diseases. Among others we give the following from parties who have thoroughly tested PHOSPHATE SOAP:

OAKLAND, CAL., April 5, 1880.  
STANDARD SOAP COMPANY—GENTS: Some two or three months ago, I had a boy about two years old that had suffered for a year with a severe eruption on the head and face, caused by teething. The child was in such misery that it would often be awakened out of sleep by the severe itching. He would then scratch his head and face until the blood ran from the scabs. We tried everything we could find, but nothing seemed to give any permanent relief until we tried PHOSPHATE SOAP. Before we had used one cake, the child's head and face were entirely healed, and there has been no appearance of the disease since.  
MICHAEL KANE No. 1068 Kirkham St.  
FORT VERDE, Arizona, Dec. 12, '87.  
STANDARD SOAP COMPANY—GENTS: Having received your box of PHOSPHATE SOAP, and having used only one cake of SOAP out of the three, I am happy to say that it has completely cured my sore eyelids which was caused by the alkali dust in Idaho Territory, in 1877, and have been sore ever since until I used PHOSPHATE SOAP.  
CORPORAL DENNIS BURKE,  
Twelfth Infantry.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 27, 1879.  
STANDARD SOAP COMPANY—GENTS: After a number of trials of Soaps, I have learned that the PHOSPHATE is certainly the very best for shaving. I thank you for its introduction.  
JAMES P. ARTHUR.

Schoenholz Bros. & Co.,  
110 and 112 Sixth St., corner of Mission, beg to notify their country patrons of their new complete line of Children's German Knit Hosiery in excellent quality and at lowest possible rates. They are also willing to send a price list to anybody desiring one, as also samples of Lace, Ribbons, Dress Goods, Silks, Satins, Fringes, Gumps, White Goods, Embroideries, etc. and invite all parties visiting the city to inspect their well-selected and cheap stock of all classes of dry goods.

The Philadelphia policeman who turned to stone is, strange as it may seem, a greater curiosity than the one who turned into a bear saloon.—*Norristown Herald.*

"Don't Know Half their Value."  
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## Mail and Telegraph.

Gen. Hancock to Gov. Pease.

HEADQUARTERS FIFTH MILITARY DISTRICT,  
NEW ORLEANS, (La.) March 9, 1868.  
To His Excellency E. M. Pease, Governor  
of Texas:

SIR:—Your communication of the 17th January last, was received in due course of mail, (the 27th January) but not until it had been widely circulated by the newspaper press. To such a letter—written and published for manifest purposes—it has been my intention to reply as soon as leisure from more important business would permit.

Your statement that the act of Congress "to provide for the more efficient government of the rebel States," declares that whatever government existed in Texas was provisional; that peace and order should be enforced; that Texas should be part of the Fifth Military District and subject to Military power; that the President should appoint an officer to command in said district and detail a force to protect the rights of person and property, suppress insurrection and violence, and punish offenders, either by military commission, or through the action of local civil tribunals, as in his judgment might seem best, will not be disputed.—One need only to read the act to perceive it contains such provisions. But how all this is supposed to have made it my duty to order the military commission requested, you have entirely failed to show. The power to do a thing if shown, and the propriety of doing it, are often very different matters. You observe you are at a loss to understand how a government without representation in Congress, has all the powers which the act intends, and may fully exercise them accordingly. If you think it ought to have more powers, should be allowed to send members to Congress, wield a militia force, and possess yet other powers, your complaint is not to be preferred against me, but against Congress, who made it what it is.

As respects the issue between us, any question as to what Congress ought to have done has no pertinence. You admit the act of Congress authorizes me to try an offender by military commission, or allow the local civil tribunals to try, as I shall deem best; and you cannot deny the act expressly recognizes such local civil tribunals as legal authorities for the purpose specified. When you contend there are no local civil tribunals for any purpose in Texas, you must either deny the plain reading of the act of Congress, or the power of Congress to pass the act.

You next remark that you dissent from my declaration "that the country (Texas) is in a state of profound peace," and proceed to state the grounds of your dissent. They appear to me not a little extraordinary. I quote your words: "It is true there no longer exists here (Texas) any organized resistance to the authority of the United States. But a large majority of the white population who participated in the late rebellion, are embittered against the Government and yield to it an unwilling obedience." Nevertheless, you concede they do yield obedience. You proceed:

"None of this class have any affection for the Government, and very few respect for it. They regard the legislation of Congress on the subject of reconstruction as unconstitutional and hostile to their interests, and consider the government now existing here under the authority of the United States as an usurpation of their rights. They look on the emancipation of their late slaves and the disfranchisement of a portion of their own class, as an act of insult and oppression."

And this is all you have to present for proof that war and not peace prevails in Texas; and hence it becomes my duty—so you suppose—to set aside the local civil tribunals, and enforce the penal code against citizens by means of military commissions.

My dear sir, I am not a lawyer, nor has it been my business, as it may have been yours, to study the philosophy of statecraft and politics. But I may claim, after an experience of more than half a life time, to some poor knowledge of men, and some appreciation of what is necessary to social order and happiness. And for the future of our common country, I could devoutly wish that no great number of our people have yet fallen in with the views you appear to entertain. Woe to us whenever it shall come to pass that the power of the magistrate—civil or military—is permitted to deal with the mere opinions or feelings of the people.

I have been accustomed to believe that sentiments of respect or disrespect, and feelings of affection, love or hatred, so long as not developed into acts in violation of law, were matters wholly beyond the punitive power of human tribunals. I will maintain that the entire freedom of thought and speech, however acrimoniously indulged, is consistent with the noblest aspirations of man and the happiest condition of his race.

When a boy, I remember to have read a speech of Lord Chatham, delivered in Parliament. It was during our Revolutionary war, and related to the policy of employing the savages on the side of Britain. You may be more familiar with the speech than I am. If I am not greatly mistaken, his lordship denounced the British Government—his government—in terms of unmeasured bitterness. He characterized its policy as revolting to every sentiment of humanity and religion; proclaimed it covered with dis-

grace, and vented his eternal abhorrence of it and its measures. It may, I think, be safely asserted, that a majority of the British nation, concurred in the views of Lord Chatham. But whoever supposed that profound peace was not existing in that kingdom; or that government had any authority to question the absolute right of the opposition to express their objections to the propriety of the king's measures in any words, or to any extent they pleased? It would be difficult to show that the opponents of the Government in the days of the elder Adams, or Jefferson, or Jackson, exhibited for it either "affection" or "respect." You are conversant with the history of our past parties and political struggles touching legislation on alienage, sedition, the embargo, national banks, our wars with England and Mexico, and cannot be ignorant of the fact, that for one party to assert that a law or system of legislation is unconstitutional, oppressive, and usurpative, is not a new thing in the United States. That the people of Texas consider acts of Congress unconstitutional, oppressive, or insulting to them, is of no consequence to the matter in hand. The President of the United States has announced his opinion that these acts are unconstitutional. The Supreme Court, as you are aware, not long ago decided unanimously that a certain military commission was unconstitutional. Our people everywhere, in every State, without reference to the side they took during the rebellion, differ as to the constitutionality of these acts of Congress.—How the matter really is, neither you nor I may dogmatically affirm.

If you deem them constitutional laws, and beneficial to the country, you not only have the right to publish your opinions, but it may be your bounden duty as a citizen to do so. Not less is it the privilege and duty of any and every citizen, wherever residing, to publish his opinion, freely and fearlessly on this and every question which he thinks concerns his interest. This is merely in accordance with the principles of our free government; and neither you nor I would wish to live under any other. It is time now, at the end of almost three years from the close of the war, we should begin to recollect what manner of people we are; to tolerate again free, popular discussion, and extend some forbearance and consideration to opposing views.—The maxims that in all intellectual contests truth is mighty and must prevail, and that error is harmless when reason is left free to combat it, are not only sound, but salutary. It is a poor compliment to the merits of such a cause, that its advocates would silence opposition by force; and generally those only who are in the wrong will resort to this ungenerous means. I am confident you will not commit your serious judgment to the proposition that any amount of discussion, or any sort of opinions, however unwise in your judgment; or any assertion or feeling, however resentful or bitter, not resulting in a breach of law, can furnish justification for your denial that profound peace exists in Texas.—You might as well deny that profound peace exists in New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, California, Ohio and Kentucky, where a majority of the people differ with a minority on these questions; or that profound peace exists in the House of Representatives, or Senate, at Washington, or in the Supreme Court, where all of these questions have been repeatedly discussed, and parties respectfully and patiently heard. You next complain that in parts of the State (Texas) it is difficult to enforce the criminal laws; that Sheriffs fail to arrest; that grand juries will not always indict; that in some cases the military acting in aid of the civil authorities have not been able to execute the process of the courts; that petit jurors have acquitted persons adjudged guilty by you; and that other persons charged with offenses have broken jail and fled from prosecution. I know not how these things are; but admitting your representations literally true, if for such reasons I should set aside the local civil tribunals and order a military commission, there is no place in the United States where it might not be done with equal propriety. There is not a State in the Union—North or South—where the like facts are not continually happening.—Perfection is not to be predicted of man or his works. No one can reasonably expect certain and absolute justice in human transactions; and if military power is to be set in motion, on the principles for which you would seem to contend, I fear that a civil government, regulated by laws, could have no abiding place beneath the circuit of the sun. It is rather more than hinted in your letter, that there is no local Government in Texas, and no local laws outside the acts of Congress, which I ought to respect; and that I should undertake to protect the rights of person and property in my own way and in an arbitrary manner. If such your meaning, I am compelled to differ with you. After the abolition of slavery, (an event which I hope no one now regrets,) the laws of Louisiana and Texas existing prior to the rebellion, and not in conflict with the acts of Congress, comprised a vast system of jurisprudence, both civil and criminal. It required not volumes only, but libraries to contain them. They laid down principles and precedents for ascertaining the rights and adjusting the controversies of men in every conceivable case. They were the creations of great and good and learned men, who had labored, in their day, for their kind, and gone down to the grave long before our recent troubles, leaving their works an inestimable legacy to the

human race. These laws, as I am informed, connected the civilization of past and present ages, and testified of the justice, wisdom, humanity and patriotism of more than one nation, through whose records they descended to the present people of these States. I am satisfied, from representations of persons competent to judge, they are as perfect a system of laws as may be found elsewhere, and better suited than any other to the condition of this people, for by them they have long been governed. Why should it be supposed that Congress has abolished these laws. They have committed no treason, nor are hostile to the United States, nor countenance crime, nor favor injustice. On them, as on a foundation of rock, reposes almost the entire superstructure of social order in these two States. Annul this code of local laws, and there would be no longer any rights, either of person or property, here. Abolish the local civil tribunals made to execute them, and you would virtually annul the laws, except in the very few cases cognizable in the federal courts. Let us for a moment suppose the whole local civil code annulled, and that I am left, as commander of the Fifth Military District, the sole fountain of law and justice. This is the position in which you would place me.

I am now to protect all rights and redress all wrongs. How is it possible for me to do it? Innumerable questions arise, of which I am not only ignorant, but to the solution of which a military court is entirely unfitted. One would establish a will, another a deed; or the question is one of succession, or partnership, or descent, or trust; a suit of ejectment, or claims to chatties; or the application may relate to robbery, theft, arson, or murder. How am I to take the first step in any such matter? If I turn to the acts of Congress I find nothing on the subject. I dare not open the authors on the local code, for it has ceased to exist.

And you tell me that in this perplexing condition I am to furnish by dint of my own hasty and crude judgment, the legislation demanded by the vast and manifold interests of the people! I repeat, sir, that you, and not Congress, are responsible for the monstrous suggestions that there are no local laws or institutions here to be respected by me, outside the acts of Congress. I say, unhesitatingly, if it were possible that Congress should pass an act abolishing the codes for Louisiana and Texas—which I do not believe—and it should fall to my lot to supply their places with something of my own, I do not see how I could do better than follow the laws in force here prior to the rebellion, excepting whatever therein shall relate to slavery. Power may destroy the forms, but not the principles of justice; these will live in spite of the sword.

History tells us that the Roman pandects were lost for a long period among the rubbish that war and revolution had heaped upon them, but at length were dug out of the ruins—again to be regarded as a precious treasure.

You are pleased to state that "since the publication of (my) general orders No. 40, there has been a perceptible increase of crime and manifestation of hostile feeling toward the Government and its supporters," and add that it is "an unpleasant duty to give such a recital of the condition of the country."

You will permit me to say that I deem it impossible the first of these statements can be true, and that I do very greatly doubt the correctness of the second. General orders No. 40 was issued at New Orleans, November 29, 1867, and your letter was dated January 17, 1868. Allowing time for order No. 40 to reach Texas and become generally known, some additional time must have elapsed before its effect would be manifested, and yet a further time must transpire before you would be able to collect the evidence of what you term "the condition of the country;" and yet, after all this, you would have to make the necessary investigations to ascertain if order No. 40 or something else was the cause. The time therefore, remaining to enable you, before the 15th of January, 1868, to reach a satisfactory conclusion on so delicate and nice a question must have been very short. How you proceeded, whether you investigated your self or through third persons, and if so, who they were, what their competency and fairness on what evidence you reached your conclusions, or whether you ascertained any facts at all, are points upon which your letter so discreetly omits all mention, that I may well be excused for not relying implicitly upon it, nor is my difficulty diminished by the fact that in another part of your letter you state that ever since the close of the war a very large portion of the people have had no affection for the Government, but bitterness of feeling only. Had the duty of publishing and circulating through the country long before it reached me, your statement that the action of the District Commander was increasing crime and hostile feeling against the Government, been less painful to your sensibilities, it might possibly have occurred to you to furnish something on the subject in addition to your bare assertion.

But what was order No. 40, and how could it have the effect you attribute to it? It sets forth that "the great principles of American Liberty are still the inheritance of this people and ever should be, that the right of trial by jury, the habeas corpus, the liberty of the press, the freedom of speech, and the natural rights of persons and property must be preserved." Will you question the truth of these declarations? Which one of these great principles of Liberty are you ready to deny and repudiate? Whoever does so, avows himself the enemy of human Liberty and the advocate of despotism. Was there any intimation in general orders No. 40 that any crimes or breaches of law would be countenanced?—You know that there was not. On the contrary, you knew perfectly well that while "the consideration of crime and offenses committed in the Fifth Military District was referred to the judgment of the regular civil tribunals," a pledge was given in order No. 40, which all understood, that tribunals would be supported in their lawful jurisdiction, and that "forever resistance to law would be instantly suppressed by arms." You will not affirm that this pledge has ever been forfeited. There has not been a moment since I have been in command of the Fifth District, when the whole military force in my hands has not been ready to support the civil authorities of Texas in the execution of the laws. And I am unwilling to believe they would refuse to call for aid if they needed it.

There are some considerations which, it seems to me, should cause you to hesitate before indulging in wholesale censures against the civil authorities of Texas. You are yourself the chief of these authorities, not elected by the people, but created by the military.—Not long after you had thus come into office, all the Judges of the Supreme Court of Texas—five in number—were removed from office, and new appointments made; twelve of the seventeen District Judges were removed, and others appointed in their places. It is fair to conclude that the Executive and Judicial civil functionaries in Texas are the persons whom you desired to fill the offices.—It is proper to mention, also, that none but registered citizens, and only those who could take the best oath, have been allowed to serve as jurors during your Administration. Now, it is against this local Government, created by military power prior to my coming here, and so composed of your personal and political friends, that you have preferred the most grievous complaints. It is of them that you have asserted they will not do their duty; they will not maintain justice; will not arrest offenders; will not punish crimes; and that out of one hundred homicides committed in the last twelve months, not over ten arrests have been made; and by means of such gross disregard of duty, you declare that neither property nor life is safe in Texas.

Certainly you could have said nothing more to the discredit of the officials who are now in office. If the facts be as you allege, a mystery is presented for which I can imagine no explanation. Why is it, that your political friends, backed up and sustained by the whole military power of the United States in this district, should be unwilling to enforce the laws against that part of the population lately in rebellion, and whom you represent as the offenders? In all the history of these troubles, I have never seen or heard before of such a fact. I repeat, if the fact be so, it is a profound mystery, utterly surpassing my comprehension. I am constrained to declare that I believe you are in very great error as to facts. On careful examination at the proper source, I find that at the date of your letter four cases only of homicides had been reported to these headquarters as having occurred since November 29, 1867, the date of order 40, and those cases were ordered to be tried or investigated as soon as the reports were received. However, the fact of the one hundred homicides may still be correct, as stated by you. The Freedman's Bureau in Texas reported one hundred and sixty; how many of these were by Indians and Mexicans, and how the remainder were classified, is not known, nor is it known whether these data are accurate.

The report of the Commanding officer of the District of Texas shows that since I assumed command no applications have been made to him by you for the arrest of criminals in the State of Texas.

To this date eighteen cases of homicides have been reported to me as having occurred since November 29, 1867, although special instructions had been given to report such cases as they occur. Of these, five were committed by Indians, one by a Mexican, one by an insane man, three by colored men, two of women by their husbands, and of the remainder some by parties unknown—all of which could be scarcely attributable to order No. 40. If the reports received since the issue of order No. 40 are correct, they exhibit no increase of homicides in my time, if you are correct that one hundred had occurred in the past twelve months.

That there has not been a perfect administration of justice in Texas I am not prepared to deny.

That there has been no such wanton disregard of duty on the part of officials as you allege, I am well satisfied. A very little while ago you regarded the present officials in Texas the only ones who could be safely trusted with power. Now you pronounce them worthless, and would cast them aside.

I have found little else in your letter but indications of temper, lashed into excitement by causes which I deem mostly imaginary, a great confidence in the accuracy of your own opinions, and an intolerance of the opinions of others, a desire to punish the thoughts and feelings of those who differ from you, and an impatience which magnifies the shortcomings of officials who are perhaps as earnest and conscientious in the discharge of their duties as yourself, and a most unsond conclusion that while any persons are to be found wanting in affection or respect for government, or yielding in obedience from motives which you do not approve, war, and not peace, is the status, and all such persons are the proper subjects for military penal jurisdiction.

If I have written anything to disabuse your mind of so grave an error, I shall be gratified. I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant.  
W. S. HANCOCK,  
Major-General Commanding.

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