Courier

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Puget Sound Dispatch.

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FALL TERM—Begins Wednesday, Sept. 1st, 1880. For admission or Catalogue apply to the President,

A. J. ANDERSON, A. M.
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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.

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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 month has come the "R" is in,
You're on the bill of fare—

IN EVERY STYLE AT THE

SADDLE ROCK RESTAURANT.

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

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.

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, untrammeled by personal or caucus dictation, having no other claims than my own fitness and equal righ with others to aspire to office; I hereby offer myself as a Candidate for the office of Sheriff of King County, and re pectfuly solicit your votes at the coming election.

Seattle, June 7th, 1880.

J. T. JORDAN.

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
Klikitat	3	Whatcom	4
Lewis	3	Whitman	4
Mason	2	Yakima	3
Pacific	1		

L. B. NASH, Chairman.

An Illegal Voter.

The Grand Jury of the present term of the State Circuit Court, which completed its labors yesterday afternoon, on presenting the Court its final report, also among other indictments returned one against W.H. Watkinds, of this city, in which he is charged with illegal voting at the late June election, at Madison precinct, in this city. The finding of this indictment is the result of a long standing political quarrel existing between Mr. Watkinds and others. Eleven years ago he and S. A. Clarke, of the *Willamette Farmer*, had an altercation at Salem, during which Clarke was shot by Watkinds. The Grand Jury of Marion county found an indictment against Watkinds shortly after, but the Prosecuting Attorney, after examining into the testimony of the case, stated his fear to the Court that a conviction could not be secured under the indictment found, and Watkinds afterwards plead guilty to assault, was fined $50, the case settled, and has not been brought into public notice since until the present time. On the organization of the Grand Jury for the present term of Court, Watkinds endeavored to procure an indictment against the writer and publisher of a slanderous attack upon him which appeared in the *Oregonian*, and which was understood to have been written by W. S. Stanley, the expert of the State Investigation Committee and now turnkey at the Penitentiary. It is stated that Stanley has been indicted for writing the libel, and in retaliation the charge was preferred against Watkinds before the Grand Jury that he being found guilty, by his own plea, of shooting Clarke he is placed in the unpleasant position of loosing the right of suffrage. What will be the result of this indictment remains to be seen, but it is but barely possible that it will hold under what would be a technical construction of the paragraph in the Constitution of the State in reference to the right of suffrage. Mr. Watkinds has been cognizant of the attempt to procure this indictment for some time, and was not surprised when he heard of the result but as to how he heard it, the necessary papers not having been served on him by the Sheriff, he refused to state. At the election after the settlement of the case against Watkinds, in the Marion county Courts, when he presented his ballot at the polls his right to a vote was then challenged on the same grounds, but the judges of election decided that he had the right to cast the ballot which he did, and has exercised the right ever since without interruption until the present time. There are men in the State who cast their votes under the same circumstances, and others who, under the construction of the law as arrived at in this case, are in a far worse position, having served a term in the Penitentiary. The Constitutional Clause, under which it is said the indictment is drawn, provides that any one who has been convicted of an offense punishable by imprisonment in the Penitentiary shall forfeit his right of suffrage. At a late hour last night Mr. Watkinds had not been arrested.—*Portland Standard.*

LATER.—This case was heard on demurrer, the demurres sustained and the prisoner discharged.

FARM LABOR STATISTICS.—CHICAGO, July 16th.—The *Journal's* Washington special says: The annual report of the Statistician of the Agriculture Department gives some interesting facts concerning farm labor and wages. In the Pacific and Mining States and Territories the average range of wages for farm laborers without board is between $30 75 in Montana and $22 50 in Washington Territory. Of the Northern States, east of Missouri, Minnesota pays her farm laborers the best wages, they, with board, being $16 33, while Vermont pays only $12 60. In the Southern States the prices paid ranges from $12 26 in Louisiana to $7 32 in South Carolina. The cost of sustaining the laborer for the average of the whole country in 1880 is $7 18 a month, against $7 14 in 1879. The demand for laborers is good in all sections.

Kansas Colony.

We are indebted to Mr. E. P. Edson, of this city, who has just returned from Yankee Fork, Idaho, for the following, relative to the Kansas Colony, he says: "On the Big Wood river I met three hundred wagons loaded with immigrants for Washington. A portion of them are from Kansas and the rest from Missouri and other States; they contemplate settling in the same neighborhood if they can find lands which suits them." The day after Mr. Edson passed this train, June 25th, rumors came to him that it had been attacked by a large band of Bannock or Piute Indians, who captured and destroyed five wagons and contents, and killed sixteen men, women and children. We have seen no account of this massacre elsewhere, and are inclined to believe that the rumor was groundless. If this train is the one alluded to in the following from the Topeka, Kansas, *Capital*, as we suppose, it was too well armed and organized to be attacked by a roaming band of renegades. The Boise papers have had no accounts of trouble with the Indians, as they certainly would, if any had occurred as near them as Big Wood river:

COLONIZING IN WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

Speaking of a colony now on its way overland to Washington Territory, the Topeka *Capital*, shortly after the emmigrants left that town, said: This outfit, it will be remembered, left Topeka on May 4th, and proceeded to Clifton, from whence it started with a large train on May 13th. The character of the people we claim is such that some work will no doubt be effected. They are firm in their determination to make for themselves homes in the country toward which their faces are now bent. No disorder or profanity was observable among them while in camp at Clifton. Their teams are good and in some cases are exceedingly fine, all equal to the emergencies of a four months' trip. A large portion of this colony are young people, and as usual with such, are full of life and energy, with the best of all foundations, a desire to do all good that the colonial life will allow. Their thrift, industry and hopefulness would make an impression upon a more sterile country than that which they are going. The census of the forty teams that left Clifton is as follows:—Men, 102; women, 57; children, 92; total 206. School children, 58; children under five years, 33. Number for military duty, 56; horses, 61; mules, 37; wagons, 40; cows, 5. It is expected that when the colony leaves Kearney there will be sixty or seventy teams in line. P. Graham, a wealthy physician of Clifton, Kansas, is in command, assisted by an arbitration committee. A strict observance of the Sabbath is shown, by their constitution they are forbidden to travel on Sunday, and this in not only complied with but service is held and a Sunday school will be organized.—*W. W. Statesman.*

Hancock's Home.

Soon after General Hancock assumed command of the Military Division of the Atlantic, he is reported to have said to a friend: "Now, if the Government would only remove my head-quarters to Philadelphia, I will be able to realize the desire of my heart, by making my residence in Norristown, the home of my childs hood."

Could General Hancock yesterday have witnessed the very general joy, without regard to party, that pervaded Norristown when the news reached there of his nomination for the Presidency, he would have had ocular demonstration that the home of his childhood was proud of the bright manhood of the stripling youth it had sent forth. Along the streets, in all the public places, in private offices, and everywhere in and about the town, party feeling was laid aside in the general rejoicing over the nomination. Old men, who had obout reached the alloted "three score and ten," forgot their long years of bitter political strife as they shook hands and discussed their boyish recollections of "Winfield Hancock." It was no longer General Hancock to them, but old Ben Hancock's boy, "Winfield."

The old two-story stone house near the Montgomery Cemetery, that has been in so dilapidated a condition for years that it has not been habitable, where General Hancock's childhood days were spent, became at once a place of importance, and during the day not a few who had passed it for years without giving a thought to the old structure, stopped to gaze upon it. The acadamy where he was taught, and old Eliphalet Roberts and the Rev. Samuel Aarons, the teachers who presided therein, though long since passed away, all come in for their meed of praise.—*Philadelphia Times.*

BEACONFIELD'S TACT.—A good story is going the rounds of the clubs respecting the difference of the personal methods of the past and the present Prime Minister. When Mr. Gladstone intends to accept a resolution or an amendment proposed by a supporter he frankly lets him know before it is brought on. Lord Beaconsfield knows human nature better—or thinks so. "Shall I write and tell him hat you will accept his amendment?" his private Secretary asked him, then a Commonor, when he had expressed an opinion that it must be adopted. "By no means," was the reply of the then Premier. "Tell him that I have been greatly interested by his letter on the subject which he is about to bring before the House, and that I shall listen with concern to the arguments which he will educe in his speech to support his cause." Letter written. Member flattered. Revised all his arguments, stirred by the thought that, whether he succeeds or not, one distinguished man in his audience will follow all that he has to say. When the night arrives he does his very best. When he concludes, the one person he hoped to convince rises with honeyed words to express his sense of the force and value of the eloquence to which the House has just listened. The arguments were irresistible, and the Oovernment accepts the motion. You may be certain that the next time Mr. Disraeli spoke that member was convinced by his arguments.—*Galignani.*

Senator Eaton is not slow to assert that Connecticut "will, beyond the shadow of any reasonable doubt, give a large majority for the Democratic ticket." He thinks the doubtful Northern States are Illinois, Pennsylvania and New Hampshire. Senator Eaton, who knows Chairman Jewell well, says he will be a bitterly disappointed man in November. It looks that way.

Puget Sound Dispatch.

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

If You Should Ever Get Married.

If you should ever get married, John,
I'll tell you what to do;
Go get a little tenement
Just big enough for two;
And one spare room for company,
And one spare bed within it—
And if you begin love's life aright,
You'd better thus begin it.

In furniture be moderate, John,
And let the stuffed chairs wait;
One looking-glass will do for both
Yourself and loving mate;
And Brussels, too, and other things,
Which make a fine appearance,
If you can better afford it, they
Will look better a year hence.

Some think they must have pictures, John,
Superb and costly, too;
Your wife will be a picture, John,
Let that suffice for you.
Remember how the wise man said,
A dinner and love within it
Is better than a splendid house,
With bickerings every minute.

And one word as to cooking, John,
Your wife can do the best,
For love to make the biscuit rise,
Is better far than yeast,
No matter if each day you don't
Bring turkey to your table—
'Twill better relish by-and-by
When you are better able.

For all you buy pay money, John—
Money that very day!
If you would have your life run smooth,
There is no better way.
A note to pay is an ugly thing,
Call it what you choose to call it—
When it hangs o'er a man who has
No money in his wallet.

And now when you are married, John,
Don't try to ape the rich;
It took them many a toilsome year
To gain their envied niche.
And if you should gain the summit, John,
Look well to your beginning;
And then will all you wish to pay
The toil and care of winning.

—*Waverley.*

Courtship by Proxy.

"Indeed," said the deacon's wife. I knew by that she hadn't heard a word I had been saying.

"Why, yes," I repeated, a good deal discouraged, for I saw I must begin again at the beginning, "she is more than a hundred years old, and entirely destitute. Yet she did not complain of anything but the cold. She was formerly a slave in Kentucky, but somehow strayed away up here, and now has outlived everybody that ever belonged to her. If I could manage to get her in the Colored Woman's Home for the rest of her life I should be glad. But as she isn't a resident of the city, it will be necessary to pay her board. A dollar a week, Mrs. Hoyt thinks it is."

"Certainly, that would be the best thing to be done," replied Mrs. Deacon, waking up a little. "Still I don't know what we can do until we have called a meeting of the society."

That was much like her! If the vestry had been on fire she would have stopped to call a meeting of the society before she would have ventured to throw on a dipper of water.

"But the poor creature is freezing and starving," said I, impatiently. "Can't you as president of the society empower me to give her at least one of those woolen sacks we have on hand?"

"I don't know but I might go as far as that, though I suppose it isn't exactly in order," returned the deacon's wife, leaning back in her chair, and smoothing the table cover between her thumb and finger.

She seemed to be meditating, so I waited for a minute, and then she said abruptly:

"What do you think of Mr. Brodhead, Bella?"

"There! I shouldn't wonder if he would give us something handsome!" I exclaimed, going down on my knees in my heart to the deacon's wife for my injustice. "He is a man of means and a generous man, I've always heard."

The deacon's wife looked puzzled.

"Oh! your old colored woman!" said she, directly. "I wasn't thinking about her; I was thinking of you. Mr. Brodhead has a very high opinion of you, Bella. Did you know it?"

"What do you mean, Mrs. Shackelford?" said I, as surprised as though the man in the moon had winked at me, for my friends all knew how I detested such talk. And besides, I never considered Mrs. Shackelford that sort of a woman. Her attention was usually centered in the sewing society and her flower garden.

But for once some other idea had taken possession of her mind, and as her thoughts always ran in grooves, she never could harbor more than one at a time.

"Mr. Brodhead is a nice man, and a fine looking man," she said, looking at me sharply. "A man of means, and a generous man, as you say."

"I suppose so," I replied, gathering my shawl about me.

"Oh! don't you go yet, Bella. I was wanting to see you, and I consider your dropping in quite providential. The deacon and I were talking of calling on you this very evening," said the deacon's wife, putting out her hand to keep me from rising; "and when I saw your blue shawl turning in at the gate, I said to myself, that's as marked a token as Rebekah at the well, with the pitcher on her shoulder. I haven't the gold earrings and bracelets to offer you, but I have all the rest," she added, laughing nervously.

Just now the deacon came in. Now there is in the opinion of his wife but one reason why Deacon Shackelford didn't make the world. He found it already made. And when he came in she looked up to him as though Atlas had come, and she could safely drop the world on his shoulders, and go off picking golden apples.

"I was just speaking a good word for Mr. Brodhead to Bella, deacon," said she.

"Ah! and what does Bella say?" returned the deacon, looking as though it were a question of investing in real estate, or the price of gold.

"Bella doesn't say anything," I replied. "Certainly not before she is asked.

"You need not wait long, if that is all," answered Deacon Shackelford. "I'll ask you now. Have you any objection to an offer of marriage from Mr. Brodhead? There!"

"He is a very bashful man, Mr. Brodhead is, Bella, and so he got us to help him a little. Why he is in love with you," interposed Mrs. Deacon Shackelford; "he is in love with you down to his boots."

"Let it run out of his toes, then," said I, beginning to feel like new yeast.

"But you can't have anything against the man," persisted Mrs. Deacon. "And think! after awhile you won't have your grandfather and your Aunt Susannah to talk to, and you will miss it if you don't have somebody in their place. It is best to think of these things. And you won't find a kinder man, if you search the world over with a wax candle, than Mr. Brodhead."

"Mr. Brodhead is well enough, Mrs. Shackelford. I don't deny that. But the idea of making a proposal of this sort through 'middle men!' It is too absurd!" I said laughing, and put on my hat.

So I went home to my classes in embroidery and drawing, and wax work—to making Aunt Susannah's caps and grandfather's coffee. My life was full of monotonous work in those days; and sometimes I had a strange, uncomfortable impression of a machine wound up and running without any act of its own.

One evening when I was putting away the silver after supper, and feeling the creak and crank of the wheels more than usual, as though the machine needed oiling, the front gate slammed, and steps came along up the walk.

"I knowed some one was coming. I've knowed all day some one was talking of coming," said Gitty Pullen, who "to accommodate," as she often told us, had kindly consented to rule over our kitchen and us with a rod of pine (in the form of a crutch).

As Gitty had no home, no money, and only one foot of her own, but as good as four ears and two tongues, it might seem sometimes that the accommodation was two-sided. However, things are not what they seem.

"I knowed it was Mr. Corliss!" pursued Gitty, triumphantly, as grandfather opened the door and disclosed the figures of our minister and his wife. "I can tell his step as far off as I can hear it. Did you ever notice his eyes?" she continued. "They look like two holes burned in a blanket. And he holds his head just like Deacon Shackleford's old white horse."

And then she disappeared into the kitchen with her crutch and the cat, while Aunt Susannah put in her teeth, put on her black silk apron, and went with her meeting step into the parlor. When I followed her soon after, I found her talking in as steady a flow as the waters came down at Lodore, to Mrs. Corliss, who sat by the woodbine window, with hands folded in black netted mitts across her lap, and her tea-colored curls shaking their heads, as it were, at the world and its vanities; while grandfather, who had been senior deacon for fifty years, and had no idea even the church edifice could stand without him, was already in deep discussion with Mr. Corliss upon the question then absorbing and disturbing us, as to whether our Sabbath school should hereafter be called a Sunday school.

"I can never consent to have a religious organization known by a heathen name," grandfather was saying, as I heard him say half a hundred times before.

And Mr. Corliss, with his serene white head bent toward him, was thinking how he could braid in one of the fossilized fathers and the versatile sons of the church.

So there was nothing for me to do but to sit and smile and listen; for grandfather and Aunt Susannah were not the persons to yield the floor when it was once theirs by priority.

"Mr. Corliss, is it not time for us to go?" said Mrs. Corliss, at early starrising, with her measured dignity.

"Certainly, my dear," replied Mr. Corliss, rising at once, with his head still bent to catch grandfather's last sentence.

"Bella, put on your hat and walk out with us a little way. It is a charming evening," said Mrs. Corliss, turning to me after taking a ceremonious leave of Aunt Susannah.

Of course I went for my hat. I should as soon think of insisting of breathing in an exhausted receiver, as of refusing to follow a suggestion of Mrs. Corliss. Or so I supposed then. But I trembled in my heart, and began to run over in my mind all my little over-dones and under-dones. She had such a Lady Superior way that, though I really loved your minister's wife, I always felt a sense of guilt, and never at home with her.

But it seemed it was not that I had been late at church or absent from the sewing society this time. Neither had I a bow too many or a bow too few on my Sunday bonnet. Worse, though; Mr. Brodhead had been to her.

"My dear," she began, as sweet and as cold and as stiff as a dish of frozen custard, "I want to have a serious talk with you on a serious subject, and perhaps I may as well say at once, Mr. Brodhead has solicited the good offices of Mr. Corliss and myself between you and himself. He seems to be a very earnest admirer, but a very diffident one. What should you say to the idea of entertaining a proposal of marriage from him?"

"I couldn't think of such a thing for a moment, Mr. Corliss. I have no expectation or wish ever to marry any one," said I, feeling very much annoyed.

Mrs. Corliss sighed severely. "Marriage is a divinely appointed institution," said she, "and not to be lightly set aside without due consideration and prayer. You are not now prepared to give a final answer to so important a matter. It comes upon you suddenly. Take time, my dear friend, to think it over carefully, prayerfully and with a view to what is your duty."

Mrs. Corliss shut her lips tight, as though to keep her teeth in, and then kissed me good-night—a soft, clammy kiss, which made me feel as though I wanted a lump of sugar. Accordingly, I went to the house and ate one, and thought no more about Mr. Brodhead for a month and a day.

At the end of that time Aunt Kent asked me to go down and do up her caps. Aunt Kent was a dear, good old lady, who lived in a little yellow and white cottage at the end of the graveyard, where her husband and seven children were lying in one pathetic row, under the beds of heart's-ease and forget-me-nots. But when they went she adopted all the world into her warm, motherly heart. So, though she lived alone, with a little cream colored greyhound, she had a large family, and whoever was sick, or sorry, or needy, went to her, as well as whoever wished for sympathy in health and gladness.

Dear Aunt Kent! when I went in there she was knitting a checked sock for young Mrs. Cable's first baby, with such a look of peaceful repose on her face that one would be willing to go over the same weary path of suffering, if it should lead at last into such a land of rest.

"I don't know when I've felt sorrier," said she, when I was settled at my work by her side, "than I did for somebody who came to me last week in a love affair. He is a man of whose love any woman might be proud, but he is so full of humility and self distrust that he doesn't even dare open the subject to the young woman herself. And I don't know but it will cost him his life. He says he is sure it would if she should refuse him, and I guess he is sure about it."

In an instant Mr. Brodhead flashed into my mind, and my heart grew harder than the meeting-house steps.

"Why, Aunt Kent," said I, "it is too absurd! He has already been to the minister and to the minister's wife, and then to the deacon and to the deacon's wife, to ask them to intercede for him. I wouldn't have a man anyhow after he had made such a goose of himself."

Aunt Kent opened her eyes in mild astonishment, and then I remembered she named somebody. Then I stopped suddenly and felt my cheeks begin to burn.

"Dear child," said she, tenderly, "when you have seen a few more of the ups and downs of life, you will think more of a good man's love than you will of these outside manners. Mr. Brodhead told me he had been in his strait to some of our mutual friends, but he supposed they had not spoken with you. And we must not judge him by the standard we would apply to some people. He is shrinking, to timorousness, especially with ladies. And he says he is conscious that he always appears his worst before you. Poor man! I've seen him sit at church with his eyes fixed on the ribbon of your hat, as it fluttered a little in the wind, and looked so hungry and so hopeless, my heart just ached for him."

This time my face flushed with anger as well as shame.

"I feel humiliated, Aunt Kent," said I. "I hope nobody else has seen him make such a silly spectacle of himself."

"Bella, my dear, you are wrong," interposed Aunt Kent, gently. "We must take people as they are, not as we would have made them. The man is cast in a delicate, sensitive mould, and this is nearly or quite a matter of life or death with him. I doubt if you are loved again by so worthy a man, and I am sure you will not be any more sincerely. I hope you will not be so misguided as to throw away such a treasure, only for a romantic notion."

I could not laugh at Aunt Kent's tender earnestness, but I shook my head and felt immovable from the bump of firmness down to my boot soles. And thus ended the third lesson.

Weeks after this, one day in the "dawning of the year," when the bees hummed and the lilacs bloomed, I went out to dig blood-root where the road ran through a bit of woodland a little north of the village. Because if we didn't need it, somebody might, and Aunt Susanna considered a few roots and herbs "so handy to have in the house." Presently I felt an unconscious magnetic drawing to look up, and there stood Mr. Brodhead. To this day I cannot tell how he came there. It was as though he had shot up like a field lily, right out of the ground, and he stood with his eyes dropped shyly as a girl's, and his handsome lips trembling. I pitied him almost as much as Aunt Kent had done.

"It will kill me if I don't speak; and it will kill me if I do; and you don't listen," said he, throwing out his words in jerks, like water running from a straight-necked bottle, and looking suddenly at me with such pathetic feeling in his great brown eyes that I began to feel abashed. For what was I that he should be so stirred by me?

"You couldn't care any for me, I suppose?" said Mr. Brodhead, humbly.

"Perhaps I might, I don't know," I replied, almost involuntarily.

"Dear me!" But a love story sounds so different when a man tells it himself.

And so, presently, it was I who trembled and cast down my eyes and blushed; and it was Mr. Brodhead who looked as though he was master of the whole world, and the stars besides.

Aunt Susannah, waiting behind the wood-bine window, thought I was gathering herbs to stock a pharmacy, for the sun had dropped behind the cedars on the top of Mount Margaret, when I went home with Mr. Brodhead by my side, my hands empty, but my heart full.

Yes, we are engaged, and are to be married two weeks from next Wednesday. And the moral of my story is this:

"If you want your business done, go; if not, send."—*Selected.*

A Strange Case.

Paul Kunkel died at York, Pennsylvania, last week, at the age of 79. He is not the first person who has died at the age of 79, either in York or New York, but his death recalls his life, and especially that part of it which several years ago came very near being the death of him. In 1849, on walking from Baltimore home, he encountered a stranger at Parkton, Maryland, who accompanied him to York and stayed several days with him, exchanging various articles—umbrellas and wearing apparel, nearly new, for old and worthless ones. The day after the stranger's departure Kunkel was arrested for the murder of an old lady at Parkton. He was tried and convicted. He had been seen in Parkton the morning after the murder, and the murdered woman's umbrella, shoes, and wearing apparel were found in his house. He was so stunned by the accusation, that his faculties forsook him for the space of more than two months, and it was only within eight days of the time of his execution that he recovered his memory and informed his counsel of his adventures with the stranger Winter, and of the manner of his coming in possession of the woman's property. Detectives found his traveling comrade only two days before the day of execution. He was tried and convicted. On the gallows which Kunkel had seen built for himself, the other man confessed the murder of Mrs. Cooper. A Mrs. Goodrich had had him arrested for stealing sheep. On coming out of prison he saw Mrs. Cooper, and, mistaking her for Mrs. Goodrich, had killed her with a stone. On meeting Kunkel afterwards, he devised the plan of casting suspicion upon him by leaving with him the property of the murdered woman.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Invention For the Preservation of Life at Sea.

The question of absolute safety on the Sound or ocean steamers is likely to be answered sooner than was expected. A patent has recently been issued, and is only waiting a proper opportunity to be developed, which is believed to meet all the conditions of safety, and is likely to rob the sea of many of its horrors. It is a floating vessel, in the shape of an inverted balloon, which is entirely covered, the entrance being by a man-hole in the upper part, reached from a platform wholly surrounding the vessel, and from which small iron ladders drop down to the water. Inside, arranged around the widest parts, are seats and berths, and under the covered bottom is a space for provisions. Ventilation is provided for by an ingenious and novel device. The boat is adapted for shoal or deep water by a ballast weight which is raised or lowered from within. It is furnished with keel and rudder. Its peculiar feature is its method of motion. This is automatic. It is obtained by wave or air wheels attached to shafts, which are connected with a small propeller. The principal of the wheels is that whatever way the wind blows or the waves move the motion is always in the same direction and under the control of the rudder. The boat can be made of metal, and the size can be regulated by the needs of the vessel to which it belongs. It is proof against fire, always rides vertical, is easily dropped from the ship, and can be handled by any one who knows how to turn a crank. It is simple in construction and perfectly safe in the roughest sea. The inventor is the Rev. Dr. Haskins of Cambridge.—*Boston Advertiser.*

Large collars are to be revived.

Josh Billings' Philosophy.

Gratitude iz a rare thing; most people are more grateful for what they expekt than for what they hav had.

I hav seen men git into a tite spot, and then git out ov it bi setting perfektly still until they tired the spot out.

Reazon, without faith, makes a man but little better off than the brutes.

It is quite likely that in the grate ledger of Heaven thare will be found az menny penny kredits as dollar ones.

I am more afrade ov a cunning man than I am ov an insane one.

Truth iz simple, but nothing kan inkrease its power.

Life has its vicissitudes. Just underneath the brightest and most fragrant flowers lurk the sharpest thorns.

The best way to git our just dues iz to respekt the rights ov others.

The man whom everybodd fears, must necessarily fear everybodd.

The time spent in praying for good luk iz just so much time spent in vain.

Repentance iz the highest price we can pay for ennything.

The best legacy yu kan leave a child are virtews to immitate.

It iz but little trubble to git enny man to admit the truth, but to follow it iz what's the matter.

If we would suspekt ourselfs more, and our neighbors less, it would be better.

Mi dear friend, don't hanker after perfekshun; just az soon az a peach gits ripe it begins to rot.

Vanity iz the ruling pashun; i hav even seen people who were polite more from vanity than from enny good natur that they possessed.

The man who is phull ov phun, and phull ov phaith, iz a mighty hard man to beat.

Go slo, mi dear boy; if yu hav get ennything real good in yu, yu kan afford to do it.

If yu git a man's sekret against his wish, yu git it at the expense ov his hatred.

Treat every one honestly, and politely, but giv no man the advantage over yu until yu are obliged to.

If yu kant trust a man for a hundred cents on a dollar let him slide; this trusting a man for 25 cents and watching him for the other 75 don't pay.

A pedigree to be really valuable must be acquired, not inherited.

He who controls his pashuns and appetights iz infinitely a stronger and a better man than he who haz no pashuns nor appetights to control.

The world iz philling up with edukated phools; mankind read too mutch and kno too little.

Woman is a giantess in her sphear, but a pigmy out ov it.

Yung man, if yure ambishun iz to be beloved bi everybodd, yu must manage in sum way to appear inferior to them.

Dr. John Hall on Church Fairs and "Funny" Ministers.

The church should be paid for outright. This saves a great deal of subsequent trouble and heartburning on the part of congregations. How much we hear, these days, of Martha Washington tea-parties, concerts, sensational lectures, and grab bag performances, brought sometimes into the very house of God itself, to get rid of these building incumbrances. When the Jews built a temple they did it with the money in their hands; none of the grand sacred piles of olden days were the products of church fairs, or were hampered with church debts. Imagine the Temple at Jerusalem plastered all over with placards and notices like this:

GRAND DIME CONCERT AND OYSTER SUPPER.
Given in the Temple next Thursday week,
Under the royal auspices of King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba!
The proceeds to be devoted to paying off the debt on the building!

How ridiculous all this seems. Yet this is what is being done every day in our land and generation. It is undignified, it is ungodly. Let your church be paid for from the start—not in mortgages based on the receipts of future church shows, but in cash; let not a debt be hung around the neck of a congregation from the start, to hamper and to thwart it, turn which way it may. * * *

For the consciously funny preacher Dr. Hall said he had no sympathy. He did not like the breed. He could not telerate the man who turned buffoon in the Lord's pulpit, and crack deliberate jokes to raise laughter in the congregation—the sensational minister who preferred to raise any excitement but that of religion. He had himself often been called upon to be present at surgical operations in the hospitals, upon the issue of which depended human lives, and as he had watched the surgeon probe a wound for hours, close upon the vital parts, when a half-inch slip either way would be instant death to the patient, his admiration for the profession had grown into awe. If the surgeon, however, at so serious a moment, engaged in such solemn business, had chaffed and joked, he thought he could have hated him. In like solemn business is the minister engaged, in probing the hearts of the people, to bring to them life and heal their wounds in the balm of the Holy Spirit; he who chaffs when engaged in so awful a duty is indeed a scoffer. A clown in the pulpit has mistaken his field for operations.—*State Journal, Madison, Wis.*

The greatest fault of some bank cashiers seems to be de-fault.

Sunshades match toilets this season.

A Famous Pilgrimage.

The sufferings and woes of princesses have always evoked the ready sympathy of mankind. Whether it be Dido or Zenobia, Mary Queen of Scots, or Catherine of Arragon, Marie Antoinette, the Empress Josephine, or Carlotta, the popular heart is touched by the misery which fate has bequeathed them, even when they have simply fallen heir to their own follies or their own perversity.

In spite of the growing penuriousness, self-assertion. and obstinacy which Queen Victoria has more and more displayed since Prince Albert's common sense ceased to control her, the profound love for him which her profound grief for his loss so clearly betrays, has kept the hearts of her people tender and considerate; and it has surrounded an otherwise hard and unromantic figure with an atmosphere of romance which will attend her while she lives and enshroud her when she dies. In spite of the sorry story of an unprofitable reign ending in a national catastrophe, the touching devotion of Eugenie, the mother, to a dutiful and affectionate son, softens and colors the desolate life and retributive fate of the ex Empress of the French. There is little of respect either for the prowess or the good sense of the youth who met his death, while rashly meddling in a vulgar war of conquest, in hopes that from those barbarian squabbles he might wrest a few laurels to be at some lucky moment worn with his Imperial crown; but the relations between the Prince Imperial and his unselfish mother command the admiration and sympathy of the world.

Even if there are those who think that a journey to the wilds of South Africa is a superfluous and sentimental way of indulging her mother's love and assuaging the aching of her heart, they can hardly fail to confess that her pilgrimage in frail health, from the comforts of an English home to the jungles of the Zulu country, is a tribute to her sincerity which should command the deepest reverence and the noblest compassion.

With a minuteness and patience born only of her affections, she has traced, on the anniversary of each day, the adventures and the wanderings which her son experienced a year ago. Exactly one year from every date she has seen the country as it appeared to his eyes, the year before; the water courses, in which the Zulus were hid in ambush; the tall grass, from behind which they plunged, in their sudden attack; the pumpkin vines trailed upon a ruined wall where the Prince and his suite bivouacked for the last time. She sees the hill on which he sat sketching, the spot where he laid down to smoke a cigarette, and afterwards stood, watch in hand, waiting for the hour of four when he intended taking his departure. It was here his horse was brought him, and here where just as he was mounting came the volley that put them all to flight, leaving him while trying to gain his saddle, to be surrounded by the savages.

At this spot, now marked with a marble cross, which is enwreathed with immortelles and bears an honorable inscription, she knelt, and, by solemn masses for the dead, consecrated the place to the memory of her dead boy. One may entertain reproaches, indignation and contempt for the haughty and unscrupulous dynasty which is just now most conspicuously represented by a lone woman, who, at the grave of her idolized son in the grass plains of Zululand, is seeking the consolations of the Christain Church; but no one can withhold a sad and reverent sympathy for the heart-broken mother who vainly weeps at the foot of the cross which commemorates all she holds dear in a world that was once so large and bright to her.—*Detroit Press.*

While drawing a bucket of water at Kearney, New Jersey, the other day, a boy 8 years old tumbled in and fell to the bottom of the well, eighty feet down. His mother, catching sight of his heels as he disappeared, gave a scream, which brought two men to the spot. He said he was cold, and cried, "lemme out o' this." Being naturally fond of children, they told him to catch hold of the rope and they would haul him up. But instead of fooling him and leaving him in that plight, they brought him up out of the wet and handed him over to his mother with a bumped head and a slight scratch. Owing to his having struck the bottom of the well, his hair, on coming up, was found to be quite sandy, the same as his complexion before going down.

The Crown Prince of Germany, on arriving at Kottbus the other day, observed an old acquaintance in the crowd assembled to greet him. To the surprise of all, the Prince went straight up to his humble friend, and shook him cordially by the hand; then, turning to the wordering assembly, in a clear, loud voice said, "I introduce my drill-master to you; this man educated me." The object of this flattering demonstration was moved to tears. The Prince turned again to him and conversed with him for some minutes, asking him if he had a son. "Yes," rejoined the man, "in the Body Guards." The Prince nodded and smilingly added' "Ah! yes; our children are outgrowing us; my own son has a company already!"

"Will you have some of the sweetbread?" asked the waiter. "No; I paid enough to have a good dinner, and I ain't a-going to fill up on 'lasses cakes,' the granger replied.

London Cobblers.

A man who is a cobbler is often one who has been a very expert shoemaker, but he is much oftener one who has never been an expert. When a workman finds that he can no longer make so fast as the new generation, or seize with their readiness upon each improvement, he often takes to the repairing; and were it not that he is generally too far fallen into the sere and yellow leaf, such a man would be very valuable to his employers. From his past experience and skill he knows exactly what can be done to boots and shoes, and how to do it, and does not spoil the article in putting it together after he has partially pulled it to pieces, whereas less skillful hands often injure the shape.

But the majority of them have never been craftsmen at all; they are men who have been brought up by their fathers to work at the stool as soon as they were old enough to do anything; they have learned to mend, but never to make, and are cobblers, therefore, pure and simple. Some, too, are the unfortunate parish apprentices, the bonus of five pounds with whom was enough to tempt some "little" man to take them—a man who either could not or would not teach them much, or who, caring chiefly to get some profit out of their labor, set them at once to the commonest and easiest work, and kept them at it. Of course, the lazy and irregular habits which seem to be indigenous to the tribe, flourish especially in these poor fellows; some, however, of the more provident among them—save the mark!—take the precaution of enrolling themselves in the militia. It is hardly too much to say that a larger percentage of working shoemakers of all descriptions are found in the ranks of the militia than is furnished by any other trade. Not all cobblers, however, are irregular and lazy; some men will work all their lives for one shop, and their sons will follow them. I have even known three generations working at the same time for one firm.

Cobbling cannot be an absolutely unhealthy calling, because we see so many old cobblers, and these very often are merry enough old fellows; yet if a man has a tendency to consumption, the cramped position on the seat soon confirms it. Few persons give a thought to the uncomfortable, almost painful nature of a shoemaker's work; but let any moderately tall man, unused to it, sit for a few hours on the low stool, and he will have more sympathy with its occupant in future, and will cease to wonder at the everlasting short pipe.

Shoemakers are generally reckoned a quick and shrewd although a rather narrow-minded race, and I think this estimate a tolerably correct one. An instance of sharpness occurs to me which does not redound very much to the credit of the craft—it is to be observed that they usually speak of themselves as the craft, or as craftsmen. It is briefly this: A house in Whitechapel did a large trade in exporting ready-made boots and shoes, chiefly to the West Indies, and of course employed a great number of hands. A man would receive the material for half a dozen pairs, and would bring them back made up, one heel tucked into the front of the other boot—they were all bluchers—and squeezed tightly down, as some of my readers must have seen them. The men noticed that when the foreman took them in he merely counted the pairs, and then, just glancing at the lower boot, to see that the work looked all right, threw them into a corner of the warehouse, from whence they were taken and packed into hogsheads or chests and sent off. Probably some one among the workers sharper than his fellows, first caught the idea, and communicated it to the rest. But, be that as it may, it is very certain that the whole of one consignment of boots, when arrived at Jamaica, were found to be deficient in each pair of one heel and half of one sole. The rascals knew that of the boot which was tucked into its fellow only a portion of the sole could be seen; the remainder they never worked on at all, and so the consignment was worthless.

It would be too much to expect of men very imperfectly educated, as cobblers are, and with so little to elevate them in the circumstances by which they are surrounded (that they themselves are to a great extent responsible for these circumstances has nothing to do with the question, which is simply one of fact)—it would be folly to expect a very high standard of practical or conversational morality. Forty years ago the working cobblers, and shoemakers too, of London might have been described as amongst the lowest of its denizens. Their language was foul to a degree, and their habits were almost in keeping; but a change has taken and is taking place. As regards their professional progress, the influx of French and German shoe-makers has put the regular craftsman very much on his mettle, and they, as with other English artisans, find that to keep the cream of the work to themselves more brain and ingenuity must be called into play, and this, with other influences, has extended downward. Then education has become so cheap and so common that even the cobbler can not bear that his children shall have none at all—apart from all compulsion—when every child around is learning something; and so each addition to the ranks brings a worker far better educated, poorly though that may be, than would have been deemed in keeping with his calling forty years ago. At the West End of London this change was very visible, and even in the slums of Whitechapel an alteration for the better has set in; and now that decent lodgings and more wholesome workshops are becoming the rule, the progress will be very rapid.—*Harper's Weekly.*

The Parrot as a Tease.

A lady on Seneca street is the owner of a small, frisky dog and a very talkative parrot. Occasionally Polly gets demoralized, and, instead of behaving herself as a good lady bird should, she gives vent to some terrible shrieks and endeavors to be as bad as she possibly can. When she takes these spells, the dog, knowing that a reprimand is needed, goes to the cage and administers several severe rebukes in the shape of a savage little bark. Yesterday afternoon Poll sat upon her perch with all the dignity possible. The dog was taking a nap in an adjoining room. Suddenly, without a moment's notice, Poll let loose two or three unearthly screeches. The dog was awakened, of course, and immediately started toward the cage at a full run, barking as he went. After he had scolded, as he thought, enough, he adjourned to the other room and snugged himself for another snooze. He had no more than closed his eyes before Poll shrieked again, longer and louder than before. Up jumped the dog and out he went barking furiously. When he reached the cage, Poll, who had stopped her noise to give the dog a chance, began to bark just as loud as her four-legged associate. Penny choked himself off and gazed on in holy horror. He stood looking at the cage for several minutes. Finally his tail dropped between his legs and he turned around and left the spot. Just as he was going out of the room, Poll stopped barking, a sort of pleased expression crept down her jagged beak, and as the dog faded from view she yelled after him, "Good-by, Penny," and without further ado resumed her meditations upon her perch. —*Utica Observer.*

A Petrified Tree.—Thomas Lovelock, the pioneer of Lovelock station, Nevada, was describing some of the natural curiosities of his section while in town. He says that fifteen miles north of his place there is a petrified tree six hundred feet in length and two feet thick. Its roots and most of its branches are still perfect. The tree is lying on the surface of the ground, and is petrified through and through, from bark to core. Clarence King was taken to see the tree by Mr. Lovelock. The geologist pronounced it one of the greatest natural curiosities he had ever seen. Mr. Lovelock says he recently stumbled upon a petrified rattlesnake in the vicinity of his ranch. The serpent's head was gone, but his body and rattles were whole. The rattles give out a metallic sound, when shaken, like the ringing of a bell. The body of the snake is as hard as a rock.

A Strange Case.—A farm hand in Switzerland was arrested on a charge of knowing something about the burning of his master's house. It was proved that he did nothing to put out the fire, but packed up his clothes and made off with himself. The man confessed that he was in love with his master's daughter, and the winter previous when he discovered the chimney on fire and gave the alarm, his master abused him and said he had cheated him out of 6,000 francs. He understood from this that his master wanted his house burned down, and the way to win his favor was not to put it out when he found it ablaze. The owner of the house was thereupon arrested for the crime of arson.

An amusing anecdote is related of a man in the south of France, who received a letter from his son in the army begging him to send him some shoes and some money. The old man, willing to comply with the request, but having no readier means of forwarding the articles than the telegraph, procured the shoes and hung them on the wire. A laborer, returning home from his work, saw the shoes and cut them down, leaving his old ones instead. The old man next day came out to see how the wires had performed, was delighted and exclaimed, "My poor boy has not only received the shoes, but has sent back his old ones!"

Baron de Lesseps' lecture on his return to Paris was a remarkable one. He used a magic lantern which exhibited views of everything from the coast of Panama to a New York ferry-boat. "Do you dare to hint," he asked, "that the Panama canal route runs through an unhealthy country? Look here!" and he presented to the audience a dark-eyed, laughing beauty—a Panama angel, whom one of the Baron's engineers had married. "Do you think that an unhealthy country can produce such beings as this?" The listeners applauded to the echo.

Many of the French wine merchants have engaged in the manufacture of spurious wine, flavored with raisins, and the Government of France has provided severe penalties for the fraud, and issued orders for strict investigations by the police in various cities. The bogus cider, made of dried apples and tartaric acid, though less palatable and more unwholesome, is sold here extensively without danger of punishment.—*S. F. Alta.*

A hook and ladder company in Philadelphia has a horse named Peter. He answers by signs all questions put to him, tells his age by pawing on the ground, and does many clever tricks. He also chews tobacco and drinks beer.

Handkerchief bonnets will be worn.

WONDERFUL POPULARITY OF THE RENOWNED MEDICINE.

The Greatest Curative Success of the Age—A Voice from the People.

No medicine introduced to the public has ever met with the success accorded to Hop Bitters. It stands to-day the best known curative article in the world. Its marvelous renown is not due to the advertising it has received. It is famous by reason of its inherent virtues. It does all that is claimed for it. It is the most powerful, speedy and effective agent known for the building up of debilitated systems. The following witnesses are offered to prove this:

What it Did for an Old Lady.

Coshocton Station, N. Y., Dec. 28, 1878.

Gents—A number of people had been using your Bitters here, and with marked effect. In fact, one case, a lady of over seventy years, had been sick for years, and for the past ten years I have known her she has not been able to be around half the time. About six months ago she got so feeble she was *helpless.* Her old remedies, or physicians, being of no avail, I sent to Deposit, forty-five miles, and got a bottle of Hop Bitters. It had such a very beneficial effect on her that one bottle improved her so she was able to dress herself and walk about the house. When she had taken a second bottle she was able to take care of her own room and walk out to her neighbor's, and has improved all the time since. My wife and children also have derived great benefit from their use.

W. B. Hathaway,
Agt. U. S. Ex. Co.

An Enthusiastic Endorsement.

Gorham, N. H., July 14, 1879.

Gents—Whoever you are, I don't know; but I thank the Lord and feel grateful to you, to know that in this world of adulterated medicines there is one compound that proves and does all it advertises to do, and more. Four years ago I had a slight shock of palsy, which unnerved me to such an extent that the least excitement would make me shake like the ague. Last May I was induced to try Hop Bitters. I used one bottle, but did not see any change; another did so change my nerves that they are now as steady as they ever were. It used to take both hands to write, but now my right hand writes this. Now, if you continue to manufacture as honest and good an article as you do, you will accumulate an honest fortune, and confer the greatest blessing on your fellow men that was ever conferred on mankind. Tim Burch.

Duty to Others.

Chambersburg, July 25, 1879.

This is to let the people know that I, Anna Maria Krider, wife of Tobias Krider, am now past seventy-four years of age. My health has been very bad for some years past. I was troubled with weakness, bad cough, dyspepsia, great debility and constipation of the bowels. I was so miserable I could hardly eat anything. I heard of Hop Bitters and was resolved to try them. I have only used three bottles, and I feel wonderful good, well and strong again. My bowels are regular, my appetite good, and cough all gone. I feel so well that I think it my duty to let the people know, as so many knew how bad I was, what the medicine has done for me, so they can cure themselves with it.

Anna M. Krider,
Wife of Tobias Krider.

My mother says that Hop Bitters is the only thing that will keep her from her old and severe attacks of paralysis and headache.—Ed. *Oswego Sun.*

Rational Treatment, Positive Cures.

Dr. R. V. Pierce, President of the World's Dispensary Medical Association, is in earnest in selling his medicines under positive guarantees, and if anybody who purchases and uses any of these widely celebrated remedies, does not derive benefit therefrom, the Association would like to hear from that person, with description of symptoms and history of case. Organized and incorporated, as the Association is, to teach medicine and surgery and for the successful treatment of all chronic diseases, and managing annually thousands of cases through our original method of diagnosis without ever seeing the patients, and having also the largest sanitarium in the world for the accommodation of the more complicated cases, and also for surgical cases, the Faculty feel themselves prepared to undertake even the most discouraging cases. They resort to all the best remedial means known to modern medical science—neglecting nothing. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y., or Great Russell Street Buildings, London, Eng.

Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich.

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

Gray hairs prevented, dandruff removed, the [illegible] and the hair made to gr[illegible] use of Hall's Vegetable Si[illegible]wer.

COMING
PRERIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN.

SEND
65 Cents,

In 2-cent Postage Stamps, Coin, etc., and

Get the Great Weekly SAN FRANCISCO
CHRONICLE

For the Entire Campaign from date till the 19th of November, ten days after the election, or send

$2 00

In 2-cent Postage Stamps, Coin, etc., and get the Great DAILY, including the Double-Sheet SUNDAY CHRONICLE, for the Campaign.

☞BOTH PAPERS POSTAGE PREPAID.

ALL THE NEWS OF BOTH SIDES IMPARTIALLY GIVEN.

Address
CHAS. DE YOUNG & CO.,
San Francisco.

Mrs. Dr. Jennison's remedy for
DIPHTHERIA
and all affections of the throat. All should keep it constantly on hand, as it is a sure cure for this terrible disease. Full directions for use and symptoms of the disease with every bottle. Joyful news! No more deaths from this disease where this medicine is used. Retail price, 50c and $1.00 per bottle. Redington & Co., Wholesale Agents, San Francisco.

INTERNATIONAL HOTEL,
824 and 826 Kearny St., San Francisco
$1 25 and $1 50 PER DAY.
H. C. PATRIDGE, - - - - Proprietor

Two Concord Coaches, with the name of the Hotel on, will always be in waiting at the landing to convey passengers to the Hotel free. ☞Be sure you get into the right Coach; if you do not, they will charge you.

F. W. SPENCER Pianoforte Company.

Owing to the increasing demand for our Matchless Spencer Pianos and Smith American Organs of Boston, we have greatly enlarged our place of business and now have one of the largest and finest stocks of instruments on the coast, including the Matchless "Spencer Pianos" square and upright; also Steinway's, Knabe, Chickering, Emerson, Miller's, Bradbury's and other makers at all prices.

Mason & Hamlin, George Woods
—AND—
"Smith American Organs of Boston,"
Sold on installments if desired.

Send for circulars. F. W. SPENCER & Co.,
23 and 25 Fifth St., San Francisco.
N B.—Pianos tuned, repaired and for rent.

GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY

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

PHOSPHATE SOAP

Cheap toilet soaps manufactured from rancid and refuse grease injure the skin and are really more expensive than PHOSPHATE SOAP, which retails for 25 cents per cake.

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

STANDARD SOAP CO.,
204 Sacramento St., S[illegible]

ST. DAVIDS,

A FIRST-CLASS LODGING HOTEL!

Contains 120 Rooms. 715 Howard St.

Near Third Street, San Francisco.

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

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

A SURE CURE FOR PILES.

The Arctic Pile Cure will cure the worst cases of Blind, Bleeding, Internal, and Protruding Piles. It is undoubtedly the best remedy ever discovered. It removes all pain from the piles instantly. It has cured persons who had been afflicted with Piles for ten years, when all other remedies had failed. Sold by all druggists. J. E. Gates & Co., Agents, No. 417 Sansome Street, San Francisco.

Puget Sound Dispatch.

BERIAH BROWN EDITOR.

SEATTLE, MONDAY, AUG. 2, 1880.

Democratic Conventions.

In common with thousands of Democrats throughout the land who sincerely believed in the principles of the old Democratic party and earnestly desired the restoration of those principles in the Administration of the Government, we have for some years past been unable to discover among the new issues evolved by the war, and called by the respective party names, those old land-marks which clearly defined party lines, in our local politics. Hence, while we have invariably defended and fought for Democratic principles, it is over ten years since we have taken part in a caucus or convention bearing the name of the old party which had commanded our devoted affection and most earnest services for thirty five years, and to which we had sacrificed every material consideration; because we would not put ourself in a position in which we would be liable to be committed to the support of measures of public policy averse to our own sense of right, and hostile to our life long professions. First we had offered to us as a Democratic measure the repudiation of our public pecuniary obligations; then an irredeemable paper currency, with its inevitable consequences, the appression of the laborer and the fattening of the money-changer and speculator; and last, though not least, the endorsement of an unconditional grant of a large portion of the public domain to a mammoth monopoly. We did not ask, like Daniel Webster: "Where shall I go?" but simply stayed where we were, striving to do our duty as a citizen, independent of party, watching and waiting, in hope of a glorious resurrection of the Democratic Union party, free from every stain of nullification, secession, repudiation, centralization, or special subsidies; with its old banner bearing the time honored legends: "The Union, it must and shall be preserved;" "The maintainance of the General Government in all its Constitutional vigor, the reservation to the States of all power not specifically delegated;" "Equal rights to all, special privileges to none;" just as it was in the days of Jefferson and of Jackson, and continued to be until the country was precipitated into civil war by the united efforts of the Abolitionists of the North and the Secessionists of the South, dragging the Union men of either section into the conflict—those of the North to maintain the Union, and those of the South to defend their rights against threatened Abolition aggression, when dissolution would have been a speedily accomplished fact but for the hundreds of thousands of Democratic volunteers, led by Democratic commanders, who were the first to throw themselves into the breach while the Republican State authorities were higgling with the Administration for terms, without which they threatened to withdraw their aid; thus presenting the strange anomoly of two armies meeting in hostile array to decide an issue which the majority on either side had mutually opposed; McClellan, Meade, Hooker, Hancock, Porter, Baldy Smith, Franklin, McDowell and Sherman, not one of whom voted for Lincoln, commanding Union troops of whom not less than three to one were Democrats during the first few months of the war; with Lee, Stonewall Jackson, Jubal Early and Stuart, all pronounced Union men, who had opposed the secession of Virginia until they were outvoted, commanding the opposing forces.

The time has come when the old Democratic party is itself again, standing on the same platform upon which it ruled the country in uninterrupted domestic peace and prosperity for over half a century; under whose auspices the reserved rights of no State were ever invaded, the personal rights of citizens never impaired, or the least cause for sectional strife or disruption ever offered; the only Constitutional Union party before the war, during the war and since the war; holding the Union as our fathers formed it— a Union of equal, independent, sovereign States, in contradistinction to the Republican party idea of nationality, meaning a central despotism, exercising supreme unlimited authority over all and holding thirteen of the States as subjugated provinces, to be kept under military surveillance and not to be trusted with the management of their own elections. A choice between municipal independence, the only safe-guard to personal liberty, and centralization, the inevitable concomitant of despotism, the issues were never more clearly defined, party lines more legibly traced, than at present. No intelligent voter has any longer a pretext for voting the Republican ticket upon the ground that it represents the Union sentiment of the country, or that the Democratic party represents nullification or secession.—Gen. Hancock is the embodyment of Democratic principles, a citizen with untarnished escutcheon, whose achievements in war give him rank with the most distinguished military commanders of the age, and whose administration of plenary powers almost unlimited with which he was invested after the war, exhibited a degree of forbearance, patriotism, devotion to liberty associated with intelligent statesmanship of which there are few examples in history, proving himself the superior of the immortal Washington in intellectual endowments and his full equal in patriotism and personal purity. It is a happy omen, suggesting a new and hopeful era in the history of our country, that the old Democratic Union, guaranteeing fraternity and perpetual amity, will be restored under the lead of a grand son of the first signer of the Declaration of Independence, who has, in every condition in life, reflected honor, and honor only, upon the historic names he wears, which are cherished as synonyms of patriotism by every true American citizen. "Peace hath its victories no less renowned than war."

All the foregoing has this connection with the Democratic Conventions, of which we set out to speak: Hancock will be elected; of that fact there can be no reasonable doubt; but the President is not the Government, and a change of parties will avail little without a change of methods. Politicians may talk themselves dumb about civil service reform, but there will be no reform in the civil service until it is instituted and practised by the voters in their primary organizations; until the people frown upon self-seeking, log-rolling, bribery and corruption as much in nominating conventions as in legislative bodies. Justice Story said: "America, free, happy and enlightened as she is, must rest the preservation of her rights and liberties upon the virtue, independence, justice and sagacity of the people. If either fail the Republic is gone. Its shadow may remain, with all the pomp and circumstance and trickery of government, but its vital power will have departed." This prophetic warning has been already realized in a great measure in this country. Caucuses and conventions are as often manipulated by demagogues to defeat as to express the popular will. Time was when a candidate for a nomination would just as soon sit on a jury in trying a case in which he was pecuniary interested as he would sit in a convention in which his nomination was pending, and would as soon be caught tampering with witnesses or jurors in his own behalf as with voters or delegates; when proxies were no more admitted to seats in nominating conventions than in legislative assemblies; when professional strikers in politics were regarded as quite as disreputable as professional witnesses or hired bullies. All this has been changed, but what patriot or honest man will undertake to justify the change on the ground of public policy or public morality? Is not corruption in office the legitimate fruits of corruption in politics? Who but the people themselves are to blame for official corruption which curses the land, when they tolerate the corrupt methods by which offices are sought for and obtained, making party discipline subservient to use of demagogues in constraining party men of honest intent to vote for unworthy candidates.

We would respectfully but most earnestly suggest to the Democrats of Washington Territory, and especially to those of King county, to profit by the daily example of their party opponents—not by imitating, but by avoiding that unseemly scramble for the control of the conventions, which ought to disgust every patriotic citizen. We know of no candidates in the Democratic party personally seeking nominations; of no rings, cliques or combinations seeking to control either Convention; no offensive or unseemly zeal displayed by any one in favor of any candidate; no one intriguing for a seat in either Convention. This is well. If this policy is pursued to the end it cannot but produce favorable results, making the Conventions deliberative bodies, honestly reflecting the popular sentiment and commanding the respect of all conservative citizens. With the return of the old Union Democracy to power in the General Government, let us return to the usages and customs of the better days of the Republic. In our Territorial condition, praying for admission to the sisterhood of States, it is very important that we should be in political sympathy with the Administration. The time is auspicious for the accomplishment of that most desirable object. Let patriotism be the sole motive, all other considerations subordinated to the public weal in the selection of candidates, and success would be more than half accomplished and nearly assured. Try it.

Military Dictation.

Let those who have heretofore scouted the idea of imperialism under Grant, and affected to disbelieve in any organized design to supercede our present republican system by military dictatorial power, read the following military order by a commander who holds no official position under the Government, and be convinced of their error:

H'D. QRS. UNION VETERANS.
BOYS IN BLUE.
NEW YORK, July 22, 1880.

General Orders No. 1.—The member for each State of the National Committee of the Union Veterans' Union will at once proceed to organize the "Boys in Blue" in their respective States to promote the election of Garfield and Arthur. Organizations of "Boys in Blue" will report to the Department Commanders in their respective States.

By order of U. S. GRANT,
Commander-in-Chief Boys in Blue.
DRAKE DEKAY, Adjutant-General.

This sounds exactly like a Mexican revolutionary pronunciamento, and is alike in spirit and intent; or like Louis Napolean's proclamation to the army preceding the mock popular election, carried under military surveilance, by which he was declared Emperor of France. It reveals a secret oath-bound military organization for political purposes treasonable to popular government, betraying the design of subjecting the people to military rule, and many concurrent events confirm this conclusion. Defeated in their designs at the Chicago Convention, Grant and his friends gave up the contest for the time and immediately organized for the campaign of 1884. After the nomination of Hancock, the friends of Garfield, foreseeing the hopelessness of their cause in an honest popular election, surrendered the control of the canvass, together with the control of the Administration, if successful, to Grant, who appears in the role of Dictator, Garfield consenting to be merely the nominal figure head of the new dispensation. After the manner of Napoleon I, Grant has established an imperial guard, consisting of the 306 delegates who stood by him in the Chicago Convention, to each of whom he has issued a badge of honor—a bronze medal upon which his own face is the central figure. The Administration has surrendered to this military dictation; Hancock has been ordered to Louisiana, and Grant, with Freemont as his Lieutenant, has established military head quarters in New York to dictate and control the campaign, and Sherman and Schurz are sent out to serve like whipped spaniels, with ropes around their necks, with the assurance that they are to be ruled out of the party after election. The for going insolent order, the most audacious insult ever offered to popular government in America, is the first public proclamation of the design to seize the Government and hold it by military force whatever may be the result of the popular vote. It was the deliberate judgment of the best thinkers in America that the election of Grant to the third term would be the last popular election in America. The election of Garfield, under Grant's dictation, would give the same result. The citizen who does not see it in that light, in view of this military order commanding his sworn adherents to organize and arm for the conflict, must be oblivious to the teachings of history and current facts. "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."

A MISCREANT.—The shameless wretch who, to gratify a malignant personal spite, would wound the innocent by instituting comparisons which necessarily revive the memory of a social scandal of public notoriety and court record, which any man of a single decent human instinct, under the same circumstances, would gladly have the public forget or ignore.

HO FOR THE
Skagit Gold Mines!
THE NEW STEAMER

JOSEPHINE
J. W. SMITH, MASTER.

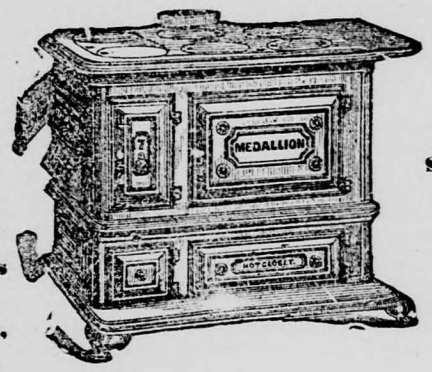
Will leave Seattle for the head of navigation on the Skagit every Monday and Friday.

Easiest and Cheapest Route.

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.

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
—AT—
D. A. JENNINGS,
Two doors below the New England Hotel, Commercial Street,
SEATTLE, W T.

Hugh McAleer & Co.,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
STOVES, RANGES, TINWARE,



Copper-Ware,
Lead Pipe,
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Steam and Gas Fitting,
Sheet Lead,
Sheet Copper And Zinc.
Granite Ironware,
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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.
SEASONED LUMBER OF ALL KINDS CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Puget Sound Dispatch.

MONDAY.....AUGUST 2, 1880.

Local News.

Democratic County Convention.

At a meeting of the King county Democratic Committee held in Seattle. July 23, 1880, it was resolved that the primaries for the next County Convention be held in the respective precincts on Saturday, August 28, 1880, at the usual voting places, and that the County Convention be held at Seattle, Saturday, September 4, 1880, at 1 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of nominating County officers and members of the Legislature, and electing Delegates to the Democratic Territorial Convention, and that the representation be one Delegate for each ten votes cast for Caton at the last general election, one for each fractional thereof, and one for each organized precinct, as follows.

Seattle	35	Duwamish	4
White River	6	Slaughter	4
Porter's Prairie	3	Green River	2
Squak	2	Tolt	2
Mox La Push	4	Newcastle	6
Samamish	2	Snoqualmie	2
Milton	4	Juanita	2
Duvals	2	Cedar River	2

All Democratic conservative, and other citizens of King county, irrespective of party political associations or differences, who can unite with us in an effort for pure, economical government, are cordially invited to join in sending Delegates to the Convention.

Judges of Election for Seattle 1st Ward, M. McAndrews; 2d Ward, M. R. Maddocks; 3d Ward, Moses Keiser.

The election for Delegates, in Seattle, will be by ballot.

ALBERT M. SNYDER,
Chairman.

S. F. COOMBS, Secretary.

Territorial University.

The Annual Register of the University for 1879-80 has been published and exhibits a healthy condition and promising future, with a catalogue of 160 students. The Faculty for the ensuing term, which commences on Wednesday next, is as follows: A. J. Anderson, A. M., President, and Professor of Psychology, Mathematics, and Pedagogics; Mrs. L. P. Anderson, Professor of Logic, Rhetoric and English Literature; F. P. Gilman, A. B., Professor of Natural History, Physics and Astronomy; Newton McCoy, A. B. Professor of Latin, Greek and English. C. M. Anderson, Principal of Commercial Department.

Teachers of special branches: Mrs. J. M. Flowers, French and German; O P. Anderson, Plain and Ornamental Penmanship; W. H. Davis, Telegraphy; Miss Minnie Sparling, Drawing and Painting; Mrs. G. H. Watson, Vocal Music; Mrs. Mary M. Curtis and others, Instrumental Music.

President Anderson is a competent teacher and organizer, with an honest pride and great enthusiasm in his profession, of tireless industry and energy not to be discouraged or deterred by obstacles which can be overcome by human effort. His success thus far has been unprecedented, and the future of the institution under his management is most hopeful. The following are his closing remarks:

The University of Washington is a part of the public educational system of the Territory, and is under the care of a Board of five Regents, appointed by the Governor in accordance with the terms of the University law. It is supported by Legislative appropriations, interest on endowment and tuition fees.

Since the issue of the last Catalogue, there have been added to the Library one hundred and fifty volumes, including fifty valuable reference books.

Many specimens—and some of rare interest—have been secured for the Natural History Cabinet, by friends of the Institution and of science, as well as by members of the faculty.

A valuable Microscope and Chemical and Philosophical apparatus have been purchased during the year, and more will be obtained as needed.

The University has reached the point of graduating classes—Misses Adda Luella George, Clara Eva Lombard, and Luella J. Wittenmyer having graduated from the Normal Course, and Mr. William J. Colkett from the Commercial Course, at commencement in June.

In the department of Physical Science, the University will be much strengthened by the addition to its Faculty of Prof. Gilman, who comes from Princeton College highly recommended by Dr. McCosh, as having special attainments in science and aptness to teach. And, although a valued member of our Faculty, Miss R. F. Scott, can remain with us no longer, yet her successor and former fellow-collegian, Prof. McCoy, is well qualified to meet the growing requirements of the Institution. Mrs. J. M. Flowers, the new teacher of French and German, is a graduate of Milwaukee Female College, and Mr. W. H. Davis is a graduate of Heald's Business College.

There are two Literary Societies—the Gnothautii, with a membership of young men; and the Euphronean, consisting of young ladies. The former was organized February 20, 1878, and the latter April 22, 1879. The work of each has been satisfactory, and has supplemented, in certain directions, the instructions of the Faculty.

The Institution aims to be parental in government, to insist upon a high standard of character and scholarship, and to teach simply the true and the right without bias for sect, party or infidel.

The University is located on a beautiful site of ten acres near the centre of the city, and on a sloping eminence overlooking the bay. The main building, a large, imposing and well built structure, was erected at a cost of $35,000. On the grounds are situated the President's residence and a large boarding house for students. Seattle is accessible by daily lines of steamers, and possesses a healthful and invigorating climate.

R. L. DOYLE, a printer, formerly from Illinois, but for the last 25 years a resident upon Puget Sound, generally known and highly respected by all who knew him, started from here a short time since for his old home in Illinois. On Wednesday last a telegraphic dispatch was received from Ogden, by W. H. White, Esq'r, Master of St. John's Masonic Lodge, saying that Mr. Doyle had been seriously injured by accident at that place. A subsequent dispatch was received saying that his right leg had been amputated below the knee, and he was also injured internally. He left a wife and daughter upon the Sound; the latter the wife of Mr. Llewellen, of Port Townsend.

Last Thursday afternoon, Miss E. B. Ritz, second daughter of Hon. Philip Ritz, was married to Wm. J. Cartwright, at the Episcopal Church by Rev. L H. Wells. After the ceremony they left for Yale, B. C., where Mr. Cartwright is to be employed on the Canadian Pacific Railroad.

THE MINES.—The latest news from the mines is, that the waters are rapidly falling, the trail is completed for the passage of pack animals, and that all the resident miners were well satisfied with their prospects. T. H. Stringham has been appointed Postmaster at Ruby City and elected Justice of the Peace.

DROWNED John Imbler and his son, a boy six years old, were drowned in the Skagit river, above Mt. Vernon, on Wednesday last. Mr. Imbler was a settler and leaves a wife and children.

A CANDIDATE.—Mr. Ballard assures us that he is a candidate for Prosecuting Attorney, and is not a candidate for Delegate; that he is not long enough in the reach to ride two horses at the same time. A sensible conclusion.

Captain Lawson, who has, for many years past, been in charge of the U. S. Coast Survey upon Puget Sound, has been ordered to California, the appropriation for that service being too small to retain him here. The citizens of Puget Sound generally regret to part with the Captain.

"Let Gen. Hancock withdraw," says the St. Joseph *Gazette*. "The charges against him can never be explained. So far it has been charged that he is a gentleman, an Episcopalian and a graduate of West Point."

And let English go with him. After a diligent search into his political record and personal habits, it has been ascertained that he has got rich by attending to his own business, without a Government subsidy, and that he wears paper collars, and therefore cannot be depended upon to sustain the duty on paper. Can the people of the United States consistently with their "loyal" record support a Presidential candidate whose name has never been associated with Congressional subsidies or custom house frauds? And how can the State of "Blue Jeans Williams" tolerate a Democrat with a shirt collar?

Mayor Harrison, of Chicago sayes he complained to Garfield one day about the way he voted on the 8-to-7 swindle.—DeGolyer chuckled and said, "Carter, if you had the cards would'nt you play them?" That was credit Mobilier morality.

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. The prices on these goods are put down at the lowest living rates, and the public are invited to test our sincerity in this matter as well as the quality of our goods. PLUMMER & YOUNG, corner Mill and Front sts

Administrator's Sale.

NOTICE is hereby given that in pursuance of an Order of the Probate Court of King County, Washington Territory, made on the 26th day of July, 1880, in the matter of the Estate of John H. Ryan, deceased, the undersigned Administrator of the said Estate, will sell at public auction, to the highest bidder, on

Saturday, the 28th day of August, 1880.
at 10 o'clock, a. m.

In front of the Real Estate office of Mackintosh & Reeves, corner of Mill and Commercial streets, in the City of Seattle, in said King county, all those certain lots, pieces and parcels of land lying and being in the said City of Seattle, known and designated as follows, to wit: Lots numbered One (1), Two (2), Three (3) and Four (4), in Block numbered Thirty three (33), in A. A. Denny's plat of the town (now city) of Seattle.

TERMS AND CONDITONS OF SALE:—Cash, Gold Coin of the United States to be paid on the day of sale. Deed made to purchaser on payment of purchase money. Deed at expense of purchaser.

Dated August 2d 1880.

EBEN S. OSBORNE,
Administrator of the Estate of John H. Ryan, deceased. 37-4

JOHN KENNEY.
Boot and Shoemaker,
Prices low and good fit guaranteed.
Repairing neatly done.
Commercial St., Seattle W. T.

GENUINE
GERMAN MILK BREAD,
FRESH DAILY,
—AT—
PIPERS' BAKERY.

Chicago Market,
FRONT ST. SEATTLE.
Fresh and Salt Meats
ALWAYS ON HAND.
Farm Produce Bought and Sold.
ONSUM & OLSTAD.

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

Fountain Beer Hall.
FRONT STREET, OPPOSITE SULLIVAN'S BLOCK.
FRED. GASCH . . . Proprietor.
MEHLHORN'S CELEBRATED
LAGER BEER
On Tap.
—ALSO—
WEINER, BUDWEYSER, MILWAUKEE AND ST. LOUIS BEER, IN QUARTS & PINTS
Always on Hand.
SWISS CHEESE, SARDINES IN OIL, SARDINES IN MUSTARD, ETC.
And the Finest Cigars from 5 to 121-2cts.

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.

S. BAXTER & CO.'S COLUMN.

S. Baxter & Co.,
IMPORTERS OF
FOREIGN
WINES AND LIQUORS.
AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
Domestic Wines,
Liquors, Cigars,
and Tobacco.
EXPORTERS OF
Wool, Hides, Furs, Grain,
Potatoes, Hops, Etc.

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

IN BOND OR DUTY PAID

100 Cases * Hennessy Brandy
20 Cases *** " "
100 Cases * Martel "
20 Cases Holland Red Case Gin
50 Cases Fine Old Tom Gin,
50 Casks Guinness' Porter, qts. and pts.,
50 Casks Bass' Pale Ale, in quarts and pints,
10 Octoves 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 4:45 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.'S
"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 newly built, is hard-nished 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,
Proprietr's.

For Tacoma, Steilacoom & Olympia
THE STANCH AND SEAWORTHY STEAMER
ZEPHYR—
W. R. BALLARD, Master.
Carrying U. S. Mails and Wells, Fargo & Co's. Express,
WILL LEAVE SEATTLE EVERY Wednesday and Friday mornings at 7 A. M. and Sunday at 6 P. M., connecting with the Railroad at Tacoma.
nft149

Mine Schildhood,

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LEEDLE YAWCOB STRAUSS."

Der chiltren dey vas po t in ped,
All tucked oup for der night;
I dakes mine pipe der mantle off,
Und py der fireside pright
I dinks aboudt vhen I vas young—
Of moder, who vas tead,
Und how at night—like I do Hans—
She tucked me oup in ped.

I mindt me off mine fader, too,
Und how he yo at so say:
"Poor poy! you haf a hardt oldt row
To hoe, und leedle play!"
I find me eudt dot it vas drue
Vot mine oldt fader said,
Vhile smoodhing down mine flaxen hair
Und tucking me in p d.

Dear oldt folks! Id vas like a dhream
To shpeak of dhem like dot.
Gr t en und I vas "oldt folks" now,
Und haf two schiltren got.
Ve l f s dhem more as nefer vas,
Each leedle curly head,
Und efry nigndt ve d kes dhem oup
Und tucks dhem in dheir ped.

Budt dhen, sometimes, vhen I feels plue
Und all dings lonesome seem,
I vish I vas dot poy again,
Und die vas all a dhream.
I vant to kiss mine moder vence,
Und vhen mine brayer vas said,
To haf mine fader dake me oup
Und tuck me in mine p d.

—*Harper's Magazine.*

The Doctor's Story.

I had just returned from a late visit to a patient, and was glancing over a note left in my absence, when the night bell rang.

It was past eleven o'clock, and the office-boy being gone, I tossed aside the note and went to the door, where I found a dark-featured man who wished me to go to the bedside of a wounded friend.

I took down my surgical case, and accompanied the stranger to the street.

The latter called a hack from the next corner.

"It's a long way to walk," he explained, "and the moments are precious."

As I took my seat inside, he gave the driver his instructions which I failed to overhear, and then took his place at my side.

"I trust you will pardon me," he said, when we had gone a little distance; "it is through no distrust I offer the suggestion, but it may relieve you from answering embarrassing questions in the future if you will suffer your eyes to be bandaged till we reach our destination. You need have no fears, I assure you."

I hesitated for an instant, but the man's manner from the first had impressed me with his good faith, and I yielded to the proposal.

After tying his handkerchief securely over my eyes, my companion relapsed into silence, and neither of us spoke till, at the end of twenty minutes, the driver stopped.

"Let us alight here," said the stranger; and opening the door he took my arm and assisted me out.

After a short walk we ascended some steps. A door opened and closed again behind us, and then we passed up a flight of stairs and halted.

My guide tapped twice at the door, which I could hear unlock cautiously, after which I was led into a lighted apartment, as I was able to discover in spite of the bandage.

A deep moaning, as of one suffering intense pain, met my ears; and the handkerchief being at once removed, I saw stretched on a couch the form of a man from whose parted lips a bloody foam exuded, while his upturned, glassy eyes and rigid features betokened that his last hour was near.

On his right breast, which was exposed, a small red spot was visible, of which it needed no second glance of a practiced eye to divine that the man was dying from a pistol shot.

The scene before me, and the precautions taken in my introduction to it, awoke the suspicion that what I saw was the sequel to a startling crime.

My startled looks doubtless betrayed my thoughts, for a man who had been keeping watch at the sufferer's side, as he rose to give me place, said, hurriedly:

"It was a duel, sir, between two gentlemen who had been close friends. The quarrel was sudden, and they fought here in this room. One, as you see, lies wounded there, and the other has fled, for you know the law's severity in such cases towards all concerned, principals and seconds, which last position was filled by this gentleman and myself."

A brief inspection of the patient sufficed to determine that his case was hopeless. The ball had entered the chest and penetrated the lungs, whose action was well-nigh choked by internal hemorrhage.

There was nothing to be done but allay, as far as practicable, the sufferer's pain; and apprising his friends of this, and prescribing an anodyne with directions how to administer it, I rose to depart.

"By accident," said one of the men, "we are without money; but if you will acdept this," placing in my hand a small silver watch apparently of no great value, "it may serve as some compensation for your trouble."

I took the watch more as a souvenir of the night's adventure than for its value, and, after being again blindfolded, was conducted to the street, where, after walking a little way, another hack was called, in which, accompanied by my previous companion, I was conveyed to the vicinity of my office, and set down without further words.

A week or more passed without the happening of anything to recall the late occurrence, when one morning I had a call from a couple of strangers.

"You were acquainted, I believe," one of them began, "with a young man named Howard Beccles."

"Slightly," I answered; "we boarded at the same house until recently."

"Perhaps, then," interposed the other visitor, "you can give us some information as to his present whereabouts."

"I cannot. He has left the city, I believe—at least I received a note from him some days since stating such to be his intention. There is the note," I said, handing over the one I was reading when called to attend the wounded man.

The two strangers bent their heads over it and scanned it together.

"Hah!" exclaimed he who had spoken first—"I see he asks you here to meet him at an out-of-the-way place. Did you do so?"

"I did not," I answered. "I came in late and did not receive the message in time."

The men conferred briefly aside. Then one of them spoke up quickly, while both eyed me sharply:

"A body identified as that of Howard Beccles has been found floating in the river with a bullet wound in the breast. He was never seen alive after the time at which he here app ints to meet you. As officers of the law it is our plain duty to follow every clew, and we must begin by searching these premises."

One of the first objects brought to light was the watch already spoken of. It was opened eagerly, and again the two heads met in close inspection.

"I think we need proceed no further," spoke up one of the men, excitedly. "This is the murdered man's watch, bearing the maker's name and number as we have them from the man who last repaired it."

And before I had time to realize the situation, I was dragged away and locked in a cell on a charge of murder!

No one doubted my guilt. I was young and comparatively friendless; and, to the circumstance of the victim's watch being found in my possession, and that of the note inviting me to meet him, others were soon added—among them my mysterious movements on the night in question, which had not passed unnoticed.

My account of the manner in which I had gained possession of the watch was received with derision—its improbability, in the minds of many, adding a fresh link to the chain of evidence against me.

A jury of my countrymen pronounced me guilty, and the judge, after denouncing me as a monster of iniquity, pronounced upon me the law's dread sentence. The days sped rapidly after that. I had but a week left to live, when one day, as I peered through the grating of my cell, a new prisoner was led past. He turned his head and a cry escaped me. It was Howard Beccles!

"You here!" he exclaimed.

"Yes; condemned to die for your murder!"

"What a good joke if it wasn't so serious!" he said; "and what fools judges and juries are sometimes. A year ago, in a neighboring city—I may as well own up, for they have clear proof against me—I made too free with mp employer's money. When you knew me I was a fugitive under an assumed name. The day I wrote you the note I had received an intimation that detectives were on my track. I determined to sail for Europe, and wished to intrust you with some slight commissions before departing.

"After waiting as long as I could at the place appointed in my note, I was hurrying to go aboard the vessel on which I had taken passage, when I was attacked by three men. One of them grabbed my watch, while another attempted to secure my money. Before he could succeed I drew my pistol and fired, and the robber staggered back. In the confusion which ensued I escaped and reached the ship, which sailed almost immediately.

"But ill luck pursued me. The authorities gained trace of me, and here I am fast in their clutches. Doubtless you would have heard the good news sooner—for good it must be to you—but as I've been brought back in my own name, and haven't seen any of my old acquaintances, I suppose that accounts for my identity with the late Howard Beccles not being sooner discovered."

As I looked on the face before me, I was struck with its wonderful resemblance to the wounded man whom I had been so mysteriously called to attend, and whose body had evidently been disposed of by casting it into the river.

That day I walked forth a free man, devoutly thankful to that Supeior Power to whose intervention I shall ever attribute my escape from a peril at the recollection of which I still shudder.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

An Irishman once said to another: "And ye have taken the teetotal pledge have ye?" "Indade I have, and am not ashamed of it, either." "And did not Paul tell Timothy to take a little wine for his stomach's sake?" "So he did, but my name is not Timothy and there is notning the matter with my tomach."

The Battery Park.

Years and years ago, the oldest inhabitant and books on the subject will tell you, the Battery was the fashionable promenade for the wealthy people who dwelt in the aristocratic mansions surrounding it. In that dingy-looking building that skirts the turn at State street, where the walk in front is covered with the filth from Broadway omnibuses whirling by, where nothing is heard but the cries and orders of the merchant and uncouth porter, where all is the hurly burly of business, the dust and confusion of buying and selling, was danced the stately minuet, was eaten the grand supper, presided over by some *bon vivant*, who looked from his place at the head of the elegant repast upon the tightly fitting silk or the wonderfully accurately tied neckerchief of the grand lady and pompous gentleman of the old school. At night the flour barrels make retreating places for the rats that scurry about in their little game of hide-and-seek, but in those ancient days the same spot was occupied by the richly curtained bedstead of the individual whose wealth and bearing placed him second to the nobility.

The march of improvement sent all this magnificence up town and gave the battery and its vicinity over to the men of business, and the poorer classes of the population who were wont to lounge about the park in quest of purer air than that offered in the dismal side streets of their residence.

Everyone can remember what a dilapitated broken walk place the Battery Park was a short time since. Offensive to the eye at day and dangerous to life and limb at night when people of the vilest class resorted there. From the fashionable promenade it degenerated into the retreat of thieves and disorderly characters.

Then it changed again. Walks were graded, paved and shaded, defenders of the peace were placed to watch the evildoers who, finding police surveillance too much for them, betook themselves away. The Battery Park beautified and reclaimed is a place of beauty of which New York may feel proud.

The immigrant just landed after a tempestuous voyage passes from the loathsome steerage and the confusing Castle Garden into a charming district cooled by the breezes from the surrounding waters.

What a fine impression they must receive of our city—those poor foreigners, when they see the foliage and comfortable benches, the great streets stretching into the distance, wherein is an exciting mixture of tall buildings, taller churches and rapidly moving vehicles on one side, a handsome bay studded with sailing craft of every form on the other, while Staten Island looming in the distance and the blue hills beyond carry them back to the homes of their fathers.

But the Battery Park gives its real advantages to the people who are forced to live huddled in the tenements of the lower portion of the great metropolis. At all hours of the day the children may be seen romping and playing about, and at night the tired mothers with babes and husbands find there a chance to fill their lungs with that great boon, fresh air.

There is nothing in the city of greater advantage than the Battery Park—it is a God-send to the poor. May nothing ever happen to take it from them or soil its pleasure-giving properties.—*N. Y. Mail.*

Famous Through Learning.

A recent utterance of Dr. McCosh, of Princeton, that Scotland has become famous because of its high educational standing, has attracted wide attention, And deservedly. Of the 3 000,000 population of Scotland, 5,000 young men are undergoing educational training, and their intellectual attainments will mark the influence of their country during the next fifty years. The suggestion of President McCosh deserves especial attention in New York, a city which aspires to be a great metropolis and wield a commanding influence. The magnitude of commercial interests cannot satisfy our city's desire for greatness. It is the educational standing to which Princeton's President refers that can make her famous. We have repeatedly suggested the need of the establishment here of a great university, which, in money and in men, would be able to take rank at the front of the world's institutions of learning, and give to New York an intellectual atmosphere which, although so rich in scholarly men and literary resources, the modern Babylon does not as a city possess. The thought expressed by Dr. McCosh emphasizes this need. If wise men of vast wealth would found and endow with vast resources a university which could command the services of leaders in every department of knowledge, they would do what is most essential to make New York famous. Numerous and noble institutions of learning our city now possesses, but one great enough to overshadow the grasping greed of commerce and impress the stamp of intellectual culture upon its character it lacks, and profoundly needs.—*N. Y. Mail.*

A contemporary contains a long article entitled "Effect of Smoking on Boys." It is not right to smoke on boys. It imparts a disagreeable odor to their clothes, and when they go home they arouse suspicion in the minds of their mothers which it is difficult to eradicate. The effect of smoking on some boys would be a rock hurled at the head of the smoker.—

Cupid's Grove in Quincy.

Among my boyish recollections there is distinctly visible a very pretty hill, which rose from the banks of the river, or what passed for one, and was covered with trees of the original forest growth. This was known as Cupid's Grove, and it had been known under that title for at least three generations, and perhaps from the settlement of the town. The name suggests the purposes to which this sylvan spot was dedicated. It was the resort of the lovers of the town, or of those who, if circumstances favored, might become so. The trunks of the trees were cut and scarred all over with the initials of ladies who were fair and beloved, or who once had been so; for it was then the fashion to pay modest maidens a compliment which would be now thought in very doubtful taste. But, as Shakespeare makes his *Orlando*—a fine, spirited fellow and very much of a gentleman—cut the name of *Rosalind* upon every available bit of timber in the forest of Arden, it will not be necessary to apologize for the habits of my contemporaries in this respect. In those old times it happened that a certain young lawyer, named John Adams, was wont to visit a good deal at the house of a great-grandfather of mine, who had a large landed estate and several daughters; and the family tradition is that one of these ladies was not wholly uninteresting to the young fellow, who had just begun his struggle with the world. Just what it all amounted to it is impossible to say, at this distance of time; neither would it be well to say it, even if it were possible. The historical facts are that my great aunt married Ebenezer Storer, a gentleman of some pretension, who was forty years treasurer of Harvard College, and that young Adams married Miss Abigail Smith. Eventful years rolled by, and I, a young man, just entering life, was deputed to attend my venerable relative on a visit to the equally venerable ex President. Both parties were verging upon their ninetieth year. They had met very infrequently, if at all, since the days of their early intimacy. When Mrs. Storer entered the room, the old gentleman's face lighted up, as he exclaimed, with ardor: "What! Madam, shall we not go walk in Cupid's Grove together?" To say the truth, the lady seemed somewhat embarrassed by this utterly unlooked-for salutation. It seemed to hurry her back through the past with such rapidity as fairly to take away her breath. But self-possession came at last, and with it a suspicion of girlish archness, as she replied: "Ah! sir, it would not be the first time that we have walked there!"—HON. JOSIAH QUINCY, in *Independent.*

Recollections of the Caravan.

"When I was a youngster," remarked Mr. Smiley, as he stood gazing at the bill board, "they used to have 'caravans.' Them were to some purpose I remember old 'Bets,' the first elephant that ever crossed the Atlantic. They used to travel with her in the night and show her next day in the tavern barn. She was a sensible old critter. She didn't try to make an acrobat of herself and balance on the top of a cider barrel. Not much. She took all the peanuts and cookies and wiped the fellows across the face who gave her plug tobacco. She tended strictly to business. But I was speaking of 'caravans.' They always had their show in the tents and not on the fences with colored pictures. Lions and tigers and monkeys and rhinoceroses used to interest the boys then without any perversion of the Scripture quotations such as they have now-a-days. I'd give a nine pence to see such a show again, but I never shall." And turning away from the deceitful pictures with a sigh, just as the head of the circus procession came in sight, the old gentleman hobbled after the "massive golden car of Melpomene" three-quarters of a mile, bought a ticket to the big show and paid seven little boys into the side show.—*New Haven Register.*

SOME USES OF CHARCOAL.—Charcoal laid flat, while cold, on a burn, causes the pain to abate immediately; by leaving it on for an hour the burn seems almost healed when the wound is superficial. Tainted meat, surrounded with it, is sweetened. Strewn over heaps of decomposed pelts, or over dead animals, charcoal prevents any unpleasant odor. Foul water is purified by it. It is a great disinfectant, and sweetens offensive air if placed in shallow trays around apartments. It is so very porous that it absorbs and condenses gases rapidly. One cubic inch of fresh charcoal will absorb nearly one hundred inches of gaseous ammonia. Charcoal forms an excellent poultice for malignant wounds and sores. In cases of what is called proud flesh it is invaluable. It gives no disagreeable odor, corrodes no metal, hurts no texture, injures no color, is a simple and safe sweetener and disinfectant. A teaspoonful of charcoal in half a glass of water, often relieves a sick headache. It absorbs the gases and relieves the distended stomach pressing against the nerves which extend from the stomach to the head. It often relieves constipation, pain, or heartburn.

Many people are busy in the world gathering together a handful of thorns to sit upon.

Ex-Senator Pomeroy, of Kansas, receives $1,000 a week from his gold mine in North Carolina.

Rosa Bonheur was once apprenticed to a dressmaker, and so was Sara Bernhardt.

Wit and Humor.

A New York woman of Irish extraction, on being asked by a census enumerator what her husband's occupation was, replied that he was an "ascinder and a descinder." He was a hod-carrier.

When a woman requests her husband to bring home a dozen or more needed trifles and he returns without them, she realizes that in domestic life as well as in politics instructions do not instruct. —[Philadelphia Chronicle.

One day during an eclipse of the sun a boy sold smoked glass at six cents apiece. "You ought to make money," said a purchaser. "Yes," said the young merchant, "ours would be a good business if the dull season were not so long."

It is only through the morning gate of the beautiful that you can penetrate into the realm of knowledge. That which we feel here as beauty, we shall know one day as truth.—SCHILLER.

By spending fifteen cents at a corner bar-room the man who cannot afford to buy a morning paper can nearly always get a chance to see an old and crumpled copy of one.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

The late Rev. Dr. Symington, not feeling well one Sabbath morning, said to his beadle, (who was a character,) "Man, Robert, I wish you would preach for me the day." "I canna do that," promptly replied Robert; "but I often pray for you".

It was very warm, and the old gentleman dozed off in the street car. The car passed his house, and still he slumbered. When he got to the end of the route the driver woke him up. "Why didn't you shake me when the car passed my house?" demanded the irate party. The driver replied, "I did think of shaking you, but the printed instructions are, as you see there, 'drivers are not permitted, under any circumstances, to handle the fare.' I called you, but you were snoring so loud you didn't hear me."

A FELLOW VOYAGER.—On one of my voyages across the Atlantic I heard that the formidable editor of the New York *Herald*, J. G. Bennett, was on board, but did not know him. I was standing in the stern one day, talking with a tall, dignified man, and said:

"I hear the famous Bennett is on board."

"Yes, I believe he is," said the tall man, with a smile.

"Do you feel at all nervous about it?"

"Not in the least," was the reply.

"Well, for my part," I continued, "I am not altogether comfortable on the point."

"Why?" asked my companion.

"Because he is given to saying sarcastic things of people."

"That depends a good deal," he answered, "whether they are worth it."

"Do you know him by sight?" I inquired.

"Very well."

"Then do point him out if you see him on deck."

"He is standing before you; my name is Bennett."

Thus began my acquaintance with this remarkable man.

The secretary announced a communication from Richmond, stating that Crowbar Powers, an honorary member of the club, was out some two weeks since with a jug in one hand and a fish-pole in the other, and had not been seen since. It was believed that the fish and jug had proven too much for him. "De jug might have been empty," suggested Hon. Oblique Jones as the secretary finished. "Or it might have been nuffin but buttermilk," added Esquire Wynkoop. "Gem'len, if dat nigger had a jug wid him when he started, an' he hasn't bin heard on fur two weeks, reason teaches us dat dar was too much jug an' too few fish," said the president. "De secretary will wipe off his name, an' make a note to de effeck dat dis club didn't 'spress its grief or go into mournin'. We will now turn our eyes upon de b'ar-trap, repeat de signs in de twenty-eighth degree, an go home feelin' dat de watermillyun sezun am one week nigher its climax."—*Detroit Free Press.*

HIS EXCUSE.—One of the most enterprising stockholders had occasion, a few days since, to call on a customer for additional margin. He had prepared himself for almost any excuse which the man might offer for delay, but he confessed himself quite unable to cope with the ingenuity which inspired the following reply: "My dear fellow, that's all right. Why, bless your heart, I'm so anxious to accomodate you that I've sold a piece of property worth $100,000; but my aged grandmother has an eighth interest in it, and just as she was going to sign the deed she had a stroke of paralysis. "Just my luck!"—*Hour.*

THE BRIGHT SIDE.—A cheerful side may be found in every position of life. No man can go so far down the hill that the sun won't shine on some part of the valley for at least an hour in the day. Think of the poor organ-grinder and take heart. "Ah," he said to himself as he turned the awful crank of that unmelodious instrument, and heard the pennies drop on the sidewalk, "if I hadn't studied music when I was young I might now be a common beggar."—*Waverley.*

Do not contradict. In making a correction say, I beg your pardon, but I had an impression it was so and so. Be careful in contradicting, as you may be wrong yourself.

The Art of Married Life.

The sacred art and mystery of living together as husband and wife! It touches the deepest springs of human happiness and success.

When the novel reaches its last chapter; when the wedding-day crowns the happy story of love and courtship, then begins for man and woman the real test of what they are; then is thrown upon their own hands the question of what the future is to be. In a true marriage the sweet season of romance that precedes the bridal day is but the harbinger of better things to come. But the secret is easily missed. It is missed oftenest probably through the man's fault. The first and great lesson of marriage is that the thought of another is to come before the thought of self. The revelation which true love makes is this: One sees in another soul such beauty and attractiveness that its service is preferred to the service of self. No emotion which lacks this high element deserves to be called love. The desire of possession, the longing for intimate and habitual companionship, these come in too, and make a part. But higher than these there is that complete and joyful self-surrender in which a woman appears so lovely to a man that to make her happy becomes his strongest desire; and a woman sees in a man such a nobility that she can gladly devote her life to him. That is the loftiness and the rapture of true love.

The problem of married life is to maintain the nobility and elevation of this early sentiment. The chief requirement is simple enough. It is only, put your wife or husband before yourself in your thoughts and choices. To the wife this lesson is generally emphatically spoken by the circumstances into which marriage brings her. It gives her as her chief business the making of a home for her husband and afterwards for her children. The event of her day is his return from work. Her work is to make him comfortable and happy. His satisfaction and approbation are the standard of her success or failure. So she is put at once into an outward relation of service. Often there is a mingling of hardship in this. Before the wedding-day she was a queen; her will and wish were law. Her lover made it his first thought to please her. Now it must be her first thought to please him. His main occupation lies no longer with her, but with his daily work. He may be ever so devoted and tender, but most of his time and much of his thoughts must now go elsewhere. Her great business is his comfort and happiness; his great business is something apart from her. And he will never begin to know all she does for him. His mannish eyes miss half the little details of work that go to carrying on a household in comfort. He will be a somewhat rare man if he ever fully comprehends the broad fact that her individual life is merged in service to him. It is the woman's lot to do more than she gets credit for. The heart's wages for work is appreciation, and few wives get full pay. It is when some sense of these things breaks upon the woman in the early months of her married life that she stands face to face—as probably never before—with her destiny. And what destiny offers her is service. A hard gift to look upon at first! Declined or grudgingly taken it will wound and bruise a life time through. Bravely accepted it will temper the whole life to celestial sweetness. It is just here that the wife has the advantage over the husband that outward circumstances set straight before her the lesson of self-renunciation and service in the household, as they do not set it before him. His face must turn toward his daily work. There his best energy is spent and his vitality drained. When he comes home he wants rest. He feels himself, in a measure, off duty. And here he gets the full comfort of a good wife, and the home that a good wife makes. He is taken in and rested and shielded from annoyance, and encompassed by a hundred gentle ministries. Here he can forget the toils of his day, or review them in a serener light; finding here gladness for his successes, and comfort for his failures, and appreciation where others have misjudged him. Here body and soul find refreshment, and he is sent out a new man for the morrow's struggle. And if his wife is not allowed to give him this she is cheated as much as he is. This is her happiness and reward; this is what crowns her work. Yet this resting time has its danger. Who has not known men who were spoiled by the goodness of their wives? men who allowed themselves to receive until they utterly forgot to give? The more generously and gladly a wife gives the more watchful should the husband be that he makes due return.

The foe of married happiness is inattention. The real wrong to the wife, the real failure of the husband is when he becomes unconscious of what she is doing for him, and what she is in herself. A man should every day see in his wife the woman she is. Whatever purity, sweetness, womanliness he once saw in her, and thrilled at the sight of, whatever fuller and richer growth the years have brought, these things he should see in her continually. Not a mere part of the domestic machine should she be to him; not even a mere comfort and convenience and pleasure to himself—her soul, in its full stature should come home to his constant thought. Whatever charm of face or manner, whatever womanly grace, whatever quickness of thought or delicate sympathy, would strike a stranger's notice, ought far better to be seen and prized by him, her husband. It is little to say that her face ought to be as beautiful each day to his eyes as if they looked upon it for the first time; it should be far more beautiful, because he has learned to see through its windows the soul within. And in the same way the wife should look upon her husband. It is this true, yet tender regard which makes the right atmosphere for the soul to ripen in. Few things touch us so deeply as to be understood. But to be understood and loved; to have the best that is in us made full account of; to know that our faults, too, are open to that sweet and gentle gaze; to long to be worthy of a love so pure and high that only our highest and ideal self can deserve it—what other influence can so strongly draw us toward all our noblest possibilities? This is the work of true marriage; to reveal two souls to each other in their ideal beauty, and then to bring that ideal to realization.—UNITY.

Wise Words.

There are calumnies against which even innocence loses courage.

Better be upright and want, than wicked and have superabundance.

An ounce of conviction is worth a pound of caucus.—A. J. GORDON.

Industry need not wish, and he who lives upon hope will die of fasting.

Stay not till you are told of opportunities to do good—inquire after them.

The condition of prosperity is generosity. They are blessed that bless others.

Evil would not be half so dangerous if it did not often wear the semblance of virtue.

God has not assigned us duties because he needed our work, but because we needed the working.

Humility is the Christian's greatest honor; and the higher men climb the further they are from heaven.

Augustine said, "Faith is to believe what we do not see, and the reward of this is to see what we believe."

All men look to happiness in the future. To every eye heaven and earth seem to embrace in the distance.

There are beauties of character which, like the night-blooming cereus, are closed against the glare and turbulence of everyday life, and bloom only in the shade and solitude and beneath the quiet stars.—H. T. TUCKERMAN.

Human joys are rays of light which pierce the shadows of life, and illume youth between the tears of childhood and the bitter disenchantment of old age and which become extinct upon a tomb soon covered by the cold mass of winter.

You have noticed that all evening shadows point to the east where the dawn will appear. So every shadow made by the descending sun of earthly prosperity points with sure prophecy to the better hopes which are kindled by the glowing promises of God.

How it was Fixed.

A stranger, bearing that seedy, rusty outline which fastens to a man who lives on free lunches and sleeps under stair ways, walked boldly into a Woodward avenue store the other day and asked for the proprietor. After some remarks about the weather, politics, etc., he stated:

"I am obliged to acknowledge that I am somewhat embarrassed. If I could secure a loan of $20 of you until I reach Cincinnati I would then forward my check and be greatly obliged."

"But I don't know you," replied the merchant.

"Ah! beg a thousand pardons. Please favor me with a pencil."

He took the pencil and wrote on a sheet of wrapping paper the name: "S. Mortimer Montgomery."

"Are you in business there?"

"Not just now. I am at present managing an estate."

He was informed, after a little further discussion, that he must apply elsewhere. He bowed himself out, but returned in half an hour and said:

"Pardon my intrusion. As you do not feel like lending me any money, perhaps you wouldn't object to giving me a line stating that you would stand security for my board for a week."

The merchant gave him to understand that he did object, and the stranger retired in good order. Directly after dinner he came again, and he seemed in better spirits.

"Everything is all fixed to our mutual satisfaction," he explained. "They saw me come here from the hotel, and have discovered from the resemblance between us that we are brothers. All you've got to do is to favor the delusion and I'll be all right."

The merchant looked at him without power to speak for a moment, and in this interval the stranger said:

"You might do one little turn for me. You wear a mustache and I don't. If you'd only have yours shaved off it would bring our looks closer together and we might pass for twins. Good-day—everything is beautifully fixed."
—*Detroit Free Press.*

Olive Logan, in a Paris letter to the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, says of the French Capital: "It is the most beautiful capital the hands of man have ever reared. It is the wickedest city that exists on the face of the earth. It is a lovely place to visit, either for a week or a twelvemonth. It is the cruelest spot in the world to pass a lifetime in."

Thomas Strowbridge, a bachelor farmer, who died at Springfield, Ill., the other day, bequeathed $2 000 to the Methodist Missionary Society of Illinois for work in India, and $40 000 as an endowment fund for the Home of the Friendless, in Springfield. He also gave $2,000 each to the Presbyterian and Baptist Churches of that city, $4,000 to the Methodist Church, $1,000 to the Central Illinois Methodist Conference, the same to the Springfield Presbytery, and the same to the Baptist Association of Illinois.

A gentleman called professionally on a prominent physician and complained of a total loss of appetite. "I'll just give you a little tonic to take before dinner," said the doctor. "Oh, I'm all right just before dinner. It's after dinner that I suffer so much."

Hundreds of Ladies,

Who have been unable to attend to their duties owing to periodical sicknesses, have found Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure a real "friend in need." Being a purely vegetable compound and containing all the elements of safety as well as those of power it has become universally popular. During the summer especially, it is a certain preventive for the numerous Kidney, Liver and Urinary troubles incident to the season. All druggists sell it, and none except those in *perfect* health can afford to be without it.

A contemporary praises a poem called "Gather Ripe Fruits, O Death!" And that would be best. It is so now that the small boy gathers the fruits before they are ripe, and Oh Death gathers the small boy.

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Debt, poverty and suffering haunted me for years, caused by a sick family and large bills for doctoring, which did no good. I was completely discouraged, until, one year ago, by the advice of my pastor, I procured Hop Bitters and commenced their use, and in one month we were all well, and none of us have been sick a day since; and I want to say to all poor men, you can keep your families well a year with Hop Bitters for less than one doctor's visit will cost.—*A Workingman.*

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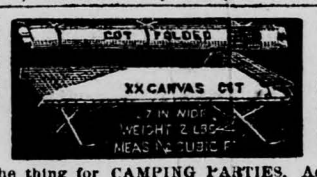

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Surplus, - - - $422,832.53

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From our long experience in Banking we have a thorough knowledge of the business and no efforts will be spared by us to render those opening accounts, or doing business with us every advantage appertaining to their interest.

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Bills Receivable	1,212,364 51
Overdrafts (Solvent)	93,448 08
Real Estate taken for debt.	3,504 50
Land Ass'n and Dock Stock	7,437 60
Due from Banks & Bankers	706,963 88
Cash (coin in our vault)	963,267 57
	$3,136,986 14

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock	$1,000,000 00
Reserve Fund (surplus)	422 832 53
Due Depositors	1,515 696 80
Due Banks and Bankers	195 419 31
Due Dividends	3 037 50
	$3,136,986 14

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S. G. MURPHY, Cashier. R. H. McDONALD, President.

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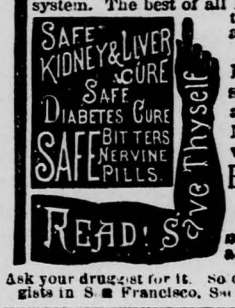
Warner's Safe Nervine quickly gives Rest and Sleep to the suffering, cures Headache and Neuralgia, Prevents Epileptic Fits, and is the best remedy for Nervous Prostration brought on by excessive drinking, over-work, mental shocks and other causes. It relieves the Pains of all Diseases, and is never injurious to the system. The best of all Nervines. Bottles of two sizes; prices, 50c. and $1.00.



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in use 25 years. The only successful remedy for **Nervous Debility, Vital Weakness,** and Prostration from over-work or other causes, $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial powder, for $5. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS GENERALLY, or sent post free on receipt of price. **Humphrey's Homeopathic Medicine Co. 109 Fulton Street N. Y.**

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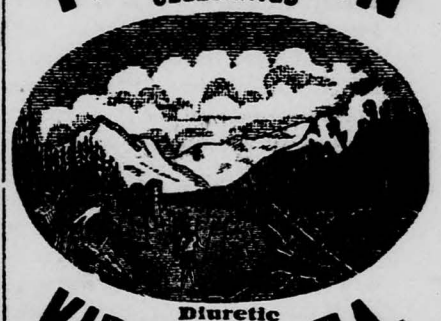
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Some 14,000 out of 26,000 acres of the grant remain for sale at comparatively low rates; in quantities to suit purchasers, on easy terms. Prices range from $5 to $30 per acre. The tract is between two and three miles wide, with the Northern Division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

Mail and Telegraph.

The Tammany Council.

SARATOGA, July 24.—The following resolution was adopted yesterday by Tammany:

Resolved, That while our constituents had no part in the nomination of the electoral ticket, headed by Hon. Abram S. Hewitt, we recognize that in voting for that ticket we will vote for our National candidate, whose success would be jeopardized by retaining two electoral tickets in the State; and we therefore accept the resignations of the gentlemen nominated as electors by the Shakespeare Hall Convention, and determine that the reunion and harmony of party will be best served by omitting to fill their vacancies.

The Committee concisted of Hon. John Kelly, William Wright, E. S. Jenny, A. P. Page, Fred L. Westbrook, John H. Colby and R. M. Sheets. They presented an address to the Democracy of the State which was adopted. It says among other things, that the nomination of Hancock, the soldier Statesman of Pennsylvania, has lifted the whole party above embarrassing local and State distractions to broad National ground, and has blotted our past alienations by a grand hope. Now there is but one party, one cause, and one work in which all Democrats should heartily unite, and to which they should devote their utmost zeal. Let past alienations be forgotten. The following was adopted:

WHEREAS, The wise and patriotic action of the Democratic National Convention recently assembled in Cincinnati in placing before the people of the Union as candidates for President and Vice President of the United States, General Winfield Scott Hancock and Hon. William H. English, has settled differences which have divided the Democratic party upon National issues in this State; therefore,

Resolved, That with a view of having a Convention in this State wherein all membess of the Democracy of the State may be fairly and properly represented, a sub Committee of five be appointed by the Chair to confer with the Democratic State Committee of which Hon. Lester B. Faulkner is Chairman, and that said sub-Committee be clothed with full power in the premises.

The Chairman appointed as such Committee: Patrick H. Cowen, of Saratoga, Robert W. Edwards, of Westchester, Anthony Barratt, of Kings, L. Gardner Pope, of Warren, and Edward J. Meagan, of Albany.

LEADVILLE, July 27.—Grant's family go to Manitou Tuesday morning. The General will drive over the country to Gunnison district and then make a tour of the San Juan mines accompanied by Fred. Ten days hence Gen. Grant proceeds to New York, having concluded to accept the management of an important group of mines in New Mexico.

WASHINGTON, July 27.—Excess of exports over imports for the twelve months ending June 30th, $167,908,359. During the year just closed the value of imports of merchandise into the United States were larger than during any preceding year in the history of the country. The value of exports of the merchandise during the year ending June 30, 1880, exceeded the value of exports of merchandise during the preceding year, about $125,000,000, or 13 per cent; and the value of imports of merchandise during the year ending June 30, 1880, exceeded the value of such imports during the preceding year about $22,000,000, or 50 per cent increase in value. Imports of merchandise exceeded the increase in value of exports nearly $97,000,000. The value of imports and exports of merchandise during the fiscal year just closed exceeds the value of such exports and imports during the preceding year about $3,470,000, an increase of 30 per cent.—The rapid growth of the foreign commerce of the country is strikingly exhibited by the fact that the value of imports and exports of merchandise during the fiscal year just closed amounted to $15,036,794 89, being about 81 per cent greater than the value of imports and exports of 1870, and nearly 110 per cent greater than the value of imports and exports of 1860. The exports of coin and bullion during the year ending June 30, 1880, were about $7,800,000 less than during the preceding fiscal year, and imports of coin and bullion during the year ending June 30, 1880, exceeded imports during the preceding fiscal year about $72,700,000. During the year just closed, for the first time since 1861, the imports of coin and bullion exceeded exports of the same.

NEVADA, (Cal.) July 26.—At 10:15 this morning, George W. Smith, ex Sheriff of this county, met T. W. Sigourney, an old and wealthy resident, in front of the National Hotel office. Smith charged Sigourney of robbing him, and without further warning, drew his pistol and commenced shooting at Sigourney. The first shot took effect in Sigourney's right shoulder. Sigourney ran for the postoffice, a few feet distant, and reached the hallway, Smith following and firing two more shots in quick succession. The second shot missed his victim, but the third took effect near the spine and passed through the body. When the last shot was fired, Smith was so close upon his victim that the powder burned Sigourney's coat. Bystanders here interfered. Smith withdrew and gave himself up to Sheriff Tompkins. Sigourney was taken to the National Exchange Hotel, and medical assistance rendered, but he died in 20 minutes after the shooting. Trouble has existed between them for many months. It appears that Sigourney held a mortgage on all of Smith's property, which had been foreclosed and Smith has been dispossessed of all his property, save a small cabin, to which he had moved his family and in which he was now living. This morning, by order of Sigourney, notice was served on Smith's family to vacate the cabin or house in which they lived. Smith claims unfair treatment on the part of Sigourney through his many and long transactions with him, and that the attempt this morning to eject his family from their present very humble abode so enraged Smith that he sought out Sigourney and killed him. On the other hand many claim that Sigourney was very lenient and strictly honorable with his many years' dealings with Smith, and after much hesitation was obliged to take severe legal measures to get his dues. The shooting caused intense excitement, and is deeply regretted by every one. Both parties are very well and favorably known, and each have many strong personal friends. The funeral of Mr. Sigourney will take place here Wednesday at 2 p. m. under the auspices of the Wyoming Tribe of the order of Red Men, of which order he was a member.

Special to the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, (Republican):

ATLANTA, Ga., June 30.—There is no great enthusiasm here for Hancock and English, still it is conceded the ticket will undoubtedly carry Georgia. One important feature is that the colored people are forming Hancock clubs. They have been enthused for him on the idea that he is the next soldier of the Union to Grant. That fact will make them almost solid for Hancock, just as they would have been for Grant. They recognize him as the man who fought for heir freedom. Garfield has no following among them of any consequence. There will be at least three colored Hancock clubs in Atlanta, and they are asking the aid and support of white Democrats in the organization of these clubs. This action will go far toward obliterating the color line between whites and blacks in politics.

The St. Louis *Globe Democrat* of a recent date contains the following:

Ex-Mayor Jos. Brown returned home from his wanderings in New Mexico and Arizona, where the bloody Apache squats, like a toad, under the umbrella shaped cactus and pounces upon the unwary rancher of the desert. He brought all his hair with him, but there is a touch of frost on his chin whiskers caused by the dry atmosphere and the constant vigils over the moccasin track of Victorio and his band. Mr. Brown represents the condition of affairs in southern New Mexico and Arizona as horribly disgraceful and absolutely disgusting. The Indians roam about with fearless audacity, and murder peaceful ranchmen and herders in mere wantoness. Men and women are killed by the demoniac redskins and mutilated in the most barbarous manner.—American citizens are captured and tortured with fiendish cruelty, and the miners and herders are kept in constant terror. The people are loud in their denunciations of Gen. Hatch and his "buffalo soldiers," as they are called, and the Secretary of the Interior is anathematized with a vehemence that makes one's hair stand on end to listen to.

CHICAGO, July 27.—The *Times'* Washington special says: While it is certain there will be no changes in the New York Custom House, the reason for the rumors is becoming apparent to politicians here that the Grant wing had demanded the change. The President was rather disposed to concede the point, but Sherman had to be seen. Sherman, in return for his consent, made the demand that he be continued as Secretary of the Treasury under Garfield, but the Grant people, who have been making usurious terms with Garfield, have already secured a pledge that John Sherman and Carl Schurz shall not be continued as even members of the party after the 4th of March. This has had a depressing effect on any arrangements which Sherman is now anxious to make. The President referred the committee of prominent New York politicians to Sherman, who said: "Take me for another four years, and you can do what you like with Merritt." The Grant people, who run the Republican machine, say the price is too high.

NEW YORK, July 28.—An attache of the Chinese Legation at Washington, writes to the various New York journals, saying: "Numerous applications for commissions in the Chinese army and navy are being continually received at this Legation, and as it is impossible to devote the necessary time to answer all, may I venture to ask you to be so good as to publish this letter in the columns of your widely circulated paper, in order that it may be generally known that the report that the Chinese government is engaging the service of foreigners for its army and navy is entirely devoid of foundation."

AUGUSTA, (Me.) July 27.—The Democratic and Greenback State Committees were in separate and secret session to-day. It is the decision of both Committees that fusion is the only course that can be followed. A great concession will be made to the Greenback element. Leaders of all parties hope to catch votes of disaffected temperance men for President.

Congressman Murch (greenback labor) was renominated to-day by the Democratic Convention.

WASHINGTON, July 27.—Gen. Hancock, in addition to his present duties has been assigned to the Command of the Department of the South during the temporary absence of Brig. Gen. Augur.

Collector Merritt of New York, will not be removed. This derives its chief importance from the fact that it has latterly been reported that Conkling will have nothing to do with Garfield's canvass unless Merritt is kicked out.

EMPIRE CITY, July 25.—During a heavy wind yesterday a fire spread from Hinsdale's slab pit, burning three of Hinsdale's houses, Simpson Bros. saw mill, and nearly every house in the upper part of the town. Estimated loss, not less than $50,000.

SCIENTIFIC FEEDING.—Of late years great efforts have been made to improve the dietary of the German soldiers. It is now recognized that it is not sufficient to merely supply a man with enough bread and meat to keep him alive, but that his bodily vigor and, consequently, his efficiency as a soldier will be increased if his diet partake of a more varied character, and if his food be cooked in a more varied manner. In one regiment a steam cooking apparatus has been in use for more than a year, and has given such great satisfaction that similar cooking arrangements will, it is stated, be provided in all new barracks, and largely introduced into already existing buildings. The English soldier would propably greatly rejoice if similar attention were given to the preparation of his meals. The ration supplied to him is larger in quantity and generally better in quality than that issued to the troops of any Continental army, but there is certainly room for improvement and for the introduction of a greater variety in the manner of cooking it.

BESIEGED BY A BEAR.—A few days since G. W. Colby, the prominent rancher of Nord, had an adventure in the mountains which gave proof to the saying that bear hunting is all right as long as you hunt the bear, but its mighty poor sport when the bear hunts you. He had taken his family to one of his ranches near the Butte meadows for a short season of rest, and being an ardent sportsman he took along a splendid gun, some dogs and plenty of amunition. For two or three days he tramped around the hills, but found the game rather scarce. But on his next hunt he had all the sport he wanted, and seasoned with just enough excitement to make it interesting. He had gone out late in the afternoon and in a few moments managed to bag a good sized bear. While gloating over his prize he was horrified to hear some furious growls, and turning around saw not ten eet distant another huge "varmint" making straight for him. He instantly dropped his gun and shinned up a small sapling with all the agility of a monkey. The bear had him treed, and after snuffing round the dead body of its mate he gave some frightfull yells and came to the tree and camped for the night. It was a case of siege and things looked squally. The night was cold and dark, and Mr. Colby's position was anything but agreeable, but he froze to his elevated perch like grim death to the negro. He was kept there all night and well along into the next day, when his tyrant became frightened at something and left for the brush. Mr Colby at once left the spot and now looks for smaller game.—*Chico Enterprise.*

AGED PEOPLE.—The census enumerators of Louisville, Ky., found centenarians in every block. One registered the name of a lady who reached her 115th birthday last month. She walks about the house with ease, is unusually affable, has never been sick in her life, and can thread a needle as quick as a young girl. She resides with her great grandniece, who is her only living relative. James Stone is 103 years old, and says he has been married eleven times.—A colored woman named Rosette Washington has reached 117th year of a checkered existence. She is very certain of her age, because she remembered very distinctly doing up the Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes for her old Virginia master's family to wear to Washington's inauguration. She remembers all about the Revolutionary war.

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

Soldiers' Additional Homesteads.

Every soldier, sailor or marine who served for not less than 90 days in the Army or Navy of the United States "during the recent rebellion," and who was honorably discharged, if he has entered less than 160 acres of land under the provisions of the homestead law, is entitled to a certificate from the General Land Office, recognizing the right of the party to make additional entry to make up the full 160 acres. These claims are assignable by the use of two powers of attorney, and can be located on any surveyed land that is subject to original Homestead entry. That is, any surveyed land, whether $1.5 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.

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

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