

# Puget Sound Dispatch.

VOL. VIII

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON TERRITORY, MONDAY, AUGUST 30, 1880.

41.

## Puget Sound Dispatch.

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**BERIAH BROWN.**  
TERMS—\$3 a year, invariably in ad-  
vance.

### Official Directory.

**KING COUNTY**  
R. S. GREENE, Judge of District Court  
THOMAS BUNCKE, Probate Judge  
LEWIS V. WYCKOFF, Sheriff  
M. S. BOOTH, Auditor  
G. D. HILL, Treasurer  
H. P. WHELFORD, Surveyor  
E. BRYAN, Assessor  
F. W. SPARKS, Coroner

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E. S. OSBORNE, Clerk  
I. M. HARRIS, City Attorney  
L. S. MORGAN, Treasurer  
F. SEIDEL, Harbor Master and Assessor  
J. H. MORGAN, Chief of Police

**CITY OF SEATTLE.**  
U. M. RUSH, John W. Stetson, John Col-  
lins, W. A. Jennings, Chas. McDonald, M.  
Densmore and John Nelson.

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*Attorney-at-Law,*  
SEATTLE, W. T.  
Office in Dispatch Building, 31 3/4

**W. H. WHITE,**  
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SEATTLE, W. T.  
Office on the corner of Front and Madison  
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OFFICE—Colman's Building, cor. Mill  
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Office hours, 9 to 5 P. M.  
Residence corner Mill and Commercial Sts.

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*Attorney and Counsellor at  
Law.*  
Office in building formerly occupied by Lar-  
rabee and Hanford, near Occidental Hotel.  
Business promptly attended to.

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**LARRABEE & HANFORD.**  
*Attorneys-at-Law.*  
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Office in Colman's Building, corner Front  
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**STRUVE, LARRY & HAINES;**  
*Attorneys-at-Law.*  
SEATTLE, W. T.  
Office on Commercial street, nearly oppo-  
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& Leary.

**JAS. McNAUGHT.**      **JOS. F. McNAUGHT**  
**McNAUGHT BROS.**  
*Attorneys-at-Law.*  
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Office on First Floor in Colman's Brick  
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SNOHOMISH, W. T.

**S. C. HYDE,**  
*Attorney and Counsellor at  
Law.*  
SEATTLE, W. T.  
Office on Commercial street, west side.

**R. T. FLYNN.**      **J. S. ANDERSON.**  
**FLYNN & ANDERSON.**

**ADELPHI  
SALOON.**  
Opposite Yesler's Hall, Seattle:

## 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 under-  
signed Administrator of the said Estate, will  
sell at public auction, to the highest bidder, on  
Saturday, the 4th day of September, 1880,  
at 10 o'clock a. m.,

In front of the Real Estate office of Mackin-  
tosh & Reeves, corner of Mill and Commer-  
cial streets, in the City of Seattle, in said King  
County, all those certain lots, pieces and par-  
cels 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. Deany's Addition  
to Bell & Denny's plat of the town (now city)  
of Seattle.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS 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 ex-  
pense of purchaser.  
Dated August 2d 1880.

**EBEN S. OSBORNE,**  
Administrator of the Estate of John H. Ryan,  
deceased.

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

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

**M. B. MADDUCKS,  
Seattle Drug Store,  
SEATTLE, W. T.  
DRUGS AND CHEMICALS,  
TOILET AND FANCY ARTICLES.  
SIGN—SEATTLE DRUG STORE.**

**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 finished Club Room in rear for  
patrons. Give us a call we solicit your patro-  
nage. **EVERSAM & DILLON.**

**JOHN KENNEY,  
Boot and Shoemaker,  
Prices low and good fit guaran-  
teed. Repairing neatly done.  
Commercial St., Seattle, W. T.**

**OCCIDENTAL  
HOTEL,  
SEATTLE, W. T.**

Board and Lodging at moderate  
rates.

This is the Largest Hotel North of San  
Francisco, and is First-Class in all respects.  
Free Coach to and from House.  
**JOHN COLLINS & CO., Proprietors.**

Bow down your head, ye haughty clam,  
And oysters, say your prayer,  
The month has come the "R" is in,  
You're on the bill of fare—  
IN EVERY STYLE AT THE

**SADDLE ROCK  
RESTAURANT.**  
COMMERCIAL STREET,  
—AT—  
25 Cents Per Plate.  
**CHAS. KIEL, Proprietor.**

## Special Charge to the Grand Jury.

TERRITORY OF WASHINGTON, ss.  
3d Judicial District.  
In the District Court holding Terms at  
Seattle

In the matter of a Complaint under oath  
by John Damon against George D. Hill.

*Special Instructions to Grand Jury—  
GENTLEMEN.* You have referred to me a  
complaint sworn to by one John F. Damon,  
charging one George D. Hill with holding  
the office of County Treasurer of King  
County, while at the same time holding  
the position of Captain on the retired  
list of the United States Army. This  
complaint came to you in an unauthor-  
ized manner, as I gather. It does not  
appear to have been presented to you by  
the proper prosecuting officer pursuant  
to the Statute, and it would seem that  
you, recognizing that it was irregularly  
before you, have very correctly brought  
it to me.

Considering the gravity of the accusa-  
tion made in this complaint, and the con-  
cern the public have in a candid investi-  
gation thereof, I deem it my duty to ur-  
ge you to inquire of the matters alleged,  
and if a criminal offence shall appear  
to you to have been committed to bring  
in an indictment accordingly.

If George D. Hill now holds the place  
or office of Captain on the retired list of  
the United States Army, he is a "person  
belonging to the Army" within the in-  
tent of the 4th subdivision of section  
1860, of the Revised Statutes of the  
United States. To belong to, is to be a  
part of, or to be connected with. The  
question is whether George D. Hill is a  
part of, or connected with, the army.—  
This is to be determined by considering  
rather what now exists tending to make  
him a part of the army or to connect him  
therewith, than what of that tendency  
does not exist.

A person upon the retired list is not  
wholly retired from the army. (Revised  
Statutes, sections 1245-52-53.) By sec-  
tions 1254 and 1256 of the Revised Stat-  
utes, he continues to hold rank and to be  
borne on the Army Register, and he is sub-  
ject to the rules and articles of war and  
to trial by general court martial for any  
breach of the rules thereof. By section  
1259, he is further subject to be "assigned  
to duty at the Soldier's Home, upon a  
selection by the Commissioners of that  
Institution, approved by the Secretary  
of War." In view of these statutory  
provisions, my opinion is, that if the ac-  
cused is upon the retired list, he is a  
part and connected with the army, and  
is consequently a "person belonging to  
the army."

Subdivision 4 of section 1860 of the  
Revised Statutes expressly forbids any  
person "belonging to the army," to be  
elected to or hold "any civil office or ap-  
pointment in any Territory." The office  
of Treasurer of King County is a "civil  
office" in a Territory within subdivision  
4 of section 1860.

Section 94 of our Territorial Criminal  
Code makes indictable every person who  
shall "officiate in any place of authority,"  
within the Territory, who is not "legally  
authorized." A "civil office" is a place  
of authority," though probably not every  
"place of authority" would be a  
"civil office." The office of Treasurer of  
King County is both a "civil office" and  
a "place of authority." No one "be-  
longing to the army" could be "legally  
authorized" to hold that office of Coun-  
ty Treasurer. The reason why he could  
not is because of the express prohibition  
contained in the section 1860. If, there-  
fore, the proofs before you shall disclose  
that George D. Hill is an officer on the  
retired list of the army, and is now hold-  
ing in fact the office of County Treasurer  
of King County, you are instructed that  
his case falls within the purview of sec-  
tion 94 of our Criminal Code and is in-  
dictable thereunder.

It does not appear to me, that the com-  
plaint you have handed me contains any

accusation against the other party men-  
tioned in it, such as I ought to direct  
you to consider. **GREENE, J.**  
Dated 19 Aug. 1880.

## Snohomish County Democratic Convention.

Convention called to order at 2 o'clock,  
p. m., August 21st, by Lot Wilbur, Chair-  
man County Committee.

Chas. Harriman elected Chairman, Ber-  
rich Brown, jr., Secretary.

After a short speech by M. H. Frost,  
Convention proceeded to nominate as fol-  
lows:

For Sheriff—Wm. Whitfield, unani-  
mously.

For Auditor—John Swett.

For Treasurer—Lot Wilbur, unani-  
mously.

For Probate Judge—Berish Brown, jr.  
unanimously.

For County Commissioners—Charles  
Short, Henry Sporell and Thomas Over-  
nell.

For Delegates to Kalama—Wm. Whit-  
field and M. H. Frost.

For Delegates to confer with delegates  
from San Juan, Island and Whatcom-  
Counties to make nomination for Joint  
Councilman and Joint Representative—  
John Swett and Clark Ferguson.  
For Coroner—Clark Ferguson.

For School Superintendent—Dr. Bart-  
lett.

For Surveyor—W. F. Brown.

### Dispatch Correspondence.

SLAUGHTER, W. T. Aug 26 1880.

ED. DISPATCH.—My receiving the pa-  
pers shown you in relation to the organi-  
zation of Veteran Clubs, was not to keep  
them secret. I wished to keep them as a  
relic of the times, believing them to be  
the precise counterpart of a relic retained  
by me, and forwarded a few months ago  
to Hon. Brents, Delegate. It was a cir-  
cular issued by a Brig. Gen. of Confed-  
erate to prominent citizens calling a mass  
meeting requiring every person to attend  
with such arms as they could procure  
and devise the best means to resist Lin-  
coln's hordes—that men, women and chil-  
dren had been slaughtered at St. Louis.  
These papers I hold to be the counterpart  
of that circular, and that the present at-  
titude of the Republican party is the  
counterpart of the rebellion. Your edi-  
torial of the 23d inst. is a faithful review  
of the sentiments of those papers. The  
word arms does not occur in the papers,  
but when speaking of parades the vet-  
erans are requested to use tactics in use  
in the United States Army, and they are  
subject to be called out at any time "in  
the suppression of disorder, or for any  
other purpose." The National Committee,  
U. S. Grant Chairman and Commander-  
in-Chief, desires that Clubs "shall be  
formed in every village, town and ward  
in the United States." These papers must  
be genuine, for I received an answer in  
reply to my letter to said Committee,  
signed by Hon. Drake DeKay, Secretary.

You can have these papers to publish  
at your discretion. I have shown them  
to a number of persons of both parties.  
I consider it no breach of confidence to  
publish them—no secrecy was enjoined,  
and if it had been I would not have con-  
sidered it binding.

The communication to me as "Comrad,"  
begins: "The events connected with the  
Presidential election of 1876 and the  
present attitude of the Democratic party  
show the necessity of a thorough work-  
ing organization of the Veterans of the  
Union, etc." The wholesale denuncia-  
tion of the Democratic party, and the  
thorough organization of the veterans,  
headed by the great lights in the Repub-  
lican party, is a movement contrary to the  
genius of our government, and demands  
the closest scrutiny of every lover of  
liberty. In conclusion, permit me to  
state to your numerous readers, that the  
followers of Bell and Douglas promptly  
responded to the call of our government

when its existence was threatened. All  
party distinctions were resolved into one  
common name—the Union. Now the call  
is equally imperative to every lover of  
liberty to rally around the standard of  
our common country with ballots, (not  
the muskets) and sustain the Democracy,  
the only Union party that has any show  
of success; and thus preserve for human-  
ity what was gained by the sacrifices of  
the war. **A. S. H.**

**BOGUS DIPLOMAS.**—The Philadelphia  
Record, a newspaper published in that  
city, which has given its special attention  
to the prosecution of the man Buchanan  
who ran a Medical College and issued  
diplomas by the thousand to every one  
who paid him his price, has published a  
list of all those who have received diplo-  
mas in such a manner. Every State and  
Territory in the United States is more or  
less represented, but to the credit of  
Oregon, only the names of two appear,  
W. I. Adams and Mrs. B. A. Owens. In  
justice to the latter, it is fair to state that  
she has regretted procuring her diploma  
in such a manner, and is now at Astor  
Arbor, hard at work, earning one in a  
Medical Institute there. Adams is said  
to be in the vicinity of Hood river, but  
whether practising under the bogus Bu-  
chanan diploma or not, is not known.—  
Buchanan was found guilty, and prior to  
his sentence, was allowed to go on bail,  
and the report of his suicide followed.—  
This was only a trick of the "diplomat"  
as will be found in our dispatches this  
morning.—Portland Standard.

**A SINGULAR PENSION CASE.**—A sin-  
gular case, involving the setting aside of  
a marriage and restoration of a pension  
to the petitioner is pending before the  
equity courts. If the petitioner, Mrs.  
Elizabeth C. Harsberger, is successful in  
her suit, she will be entitled to arrears of  
pension since 1869, when her right to  
pension was forfeited by marriage to  
Chas. Raabe, from whom she afterwards  
obtained a divorce. Her former husband  
was Capt. Harsberger, on whose account  
she received a pension. After she received  
her divorce from Raabe she found that he  
had a wife in New York at the time he  
married her. She then filed a bill of re-  
view asking for a dissolution of her mar-  
riage with Raabe, instead of a decree of  
divorce. Testimony was submitted show-  
ing that Raabe had lived with a woman  
in New York whom he called and recog-  
nized as his wife, but no proof that a  
marriage ceremony had taken place was  
obtained. It is, however, claimed by the  
petitioner that such proof is not neces-  
sary to obtain a dissolution of her mar-  
riage with Raabe, as under the laws of the  
State of New York his living with a wo-  
man and acknowledging her as his wife  
constitutes legal marriage. If the Court  
holds this, her marriage with Raabe will  
be set aside, and her right to a pension  
will be restored.

**COLORED DEMOCRATS IN ALABAMA.**—  
In connection with and in contradistinc-  
tion to the falsehood disseminated by  
the Republican telegraph dispatch man-  
ipulators and the organs of that party,  
concerning the recent election in Ala-  
bama and the bull-dozing of colored votes  
by the Democrats, this, from W. D. Ellis, a  
colored voter of that State, sent from  
Montgomery, July 22d, to the Democrat-  
ic National Committee is worthy of at-  
tention: "Our colored Hancock and  
English Club on its third meeting last  
night numbered 610. The colored voters  
are a unit for the cause. We are going  
to raise a handsome banner as soon as  
completed. By next week we expect to  
put a thousand votes on record for the  
best man that was ever nominated to the  
Presidency."

**CHICAGO, Aug. 25.**—Charles Atwood  
for many years connected with the Chi-  
cago Times died at Quincy, California,  
this morning, having gone thither for  
his health. He was an able journalist  
and highly esteemed by the newspaper  
fraternity.

The Uncrowned Poet.

BY MERTTA S. BENSON.

Sing on, oh, uncrowned poet, sing  
The songs you cannot still;  
The words that blossom on thy lips  
Are thine by God's sweet will.

The world above thy reach may hold  
Its empty laurel crown,  
And others with their sounding songs  
Thy simple lays may drown.

But lips that quaff life's brimming cup  
And taste but bitterness,  
May turn from higher songs than thine,  
Thy strengthful words to less.

The secret of thy touching power  
Goes throbbing through each song;  
Thou, too, hast felt the stinging thorn,  
Hath suffered and grown strong.

Then sing, oh, uncrowned poet, sing  
The simple, soulful lays  
That beat their music in thy heart,  
Through all thy struggling days.

Saved by a Song.

It was Christmas Eve. A cold, old-fashioned Christmas, with snow lying thick on the ground and still falling heavily, with a touch of fog in the air. It was past ten o'clock, and the streets and lanes of the great city were all but deserted. Merchant and broker, clerk and warehouseman, and the rest of the busy crowd who had thronged those streets by day had one by one drifted away to their homes, and the lofty warehouse loomed black and forbidding over the silent thoroughfares. Here and there the gleam of a solitary window struggled ineffectually with the outer darkness, and served but to bring into stronger relief the general gloom and solitude.

And nowhere was the darkness deeper or the sense of desolation more profound than in St. Winifred's court. St. Winifred's is one of those queer little alleys which intersect the heart of eastern London, and consists, with one exception, of houses let out as offices, and utterly deserted at night. The court is bounded on one side by St. Winifred's Church, while in one corner stands a quaint old house, occupying a nearly triangular piece of ground and forming the exception we have referred to, having been for many years the residence of St. Winifred's organist, Michael Fray.

The only sign of life on this Christmas Eve in St. Winifred's court was a faint gleam of flickering firelight proceeding from one of the windows of the quaint three-cornered house in which Michael Fray passed his solitary existence. Many years before the period of our story, the same mouth had taken from him wife and child, and since that time Michael Fray had lived desolate, his only solace being the rare old organ, the friend and companion of his lonely hours. The loss of his wife and daughter had left him without kith or kin. His father and mother had died in his early youth, an only brother, a gifted but wayward youth, had in early life run away to sea, and had there found a watery grave. Being thus left alone in the world, Michael Fray's love for music, which had always been the most marked feature of his character, had become intensified into an absolute passion. Evening after evening, when darkness had settled on the city, and none could complain that his music interfered with business, or distracted the attention from the noble clink of gold, he was accustomed to creep quietly into the church and there "talk to himself," as he called it, at the old organ, which answered him back again with a tender sympathy and power of consolation which no mere listener could ever have afforded. The organ of St. Winifred's was of comparatively small size, and made but scanty show of pipes or pedals; but the blackened case and much-worn keys had been fashioned by the cunning brain and skillful fingers of "Father Smith" himself, and never had the renowned old organ-builder turned out a more skillful piece of workmanship. And Michael Fray, by use of years and loving, tender study, had got by heart every pipe and stop in the rare old instrument, and had acquired an almost magical power in bringing out its tenderest tones and noblest harmonies.

Hear him this Christmas Eve, as he sits behind the ancient key-board, one feeble candle dimly glimmering over the well-worn page before him; flickering weirdly over the ancient carving, and calling into momentary life the effigies of mitred abbot and mailed crusader. A feeble old man, whose sands of life have all but run out; a sadly weak and tremulous old man, with shaking hands and dim, uncertain eyes. But when they are placed upon those yellow keys, the shaking hands shake no longer; the feeble sight finds no labor in those well-remembered pages. Under the touch of Michael Fray's deft fingers the ancient organ becomes instinct with life and harmony. The grand old masters lend their noblest strains, and, could they revisit earth, need ask no better interpreter. From saddest wail of sorrow to sweetest strain of consolation—from the dirge for the loved and lost, to the gleam of the jubilant victor—each shade of human passion, each tender passage of divine encouragement, take form and color in succession under the magic of that old

man's touch. Thus, sometimes borrowing the song of other singers, sometimes wandering into quaint Eolian harmonies, the spontaneous overflow of his own rare genius, Michael Fray sat and made music, charming his sorrows to temporary sleep.

Time crept on, but the player heeded it not, till the heavy bell in the tower above his head boomed forth the hour of midnight and recalled him to reality again. With two or three wailing minor chords he brought his weird improvisation to an end.

"Dear me!" he said, with a heavy sigh; "Christmas again! Christmas again! How many times, I wonder! Well, this will be the last; and yet Christmas comes again and finds me here still, all alone. Dear, dear! First, poor Dick; and then my darling Alice and little Nell—all gone! Young and bright and merry—all taken! And here am I—old, sad and friendless—and yet I live on, live on! Well, I suppose God knows best! While thus thinking aloud, the old man was apparently searching for something among his music books, and now produced an ancient page of manuscript, worn almost to fragments, but pasted for preservation on a piece of paper of a later date. "Yes, here it is, poor Dick's Christmas song. What a sweet voice he had, dear boy! If he had only lived—but there! I'm murmuring again. God's will be done!"

He placed the music on the desk before him, and, after a moment's pause, began in tender, flute-like tones, to play the melody, at the same time crooning the words in a feeble voice. He played one verse of the song, then stopped and drew his sleeve across his eyes. The sense of his desolation appeared to come anew upon him; he seemed to shrink down, doubly old, doubly feeble, doubly forsaken—when, lo! a marvel! Suddenly from the lonely street without, in that chill midnight, came the sound of a violin, and a sweet young voice singing those self-same words to the self-same tender air—the song written by his dead and gone brother forty years before.

The effect on Michael Fray was electrical. For a moment he staggered, but caught at the keyboard before him and held it with a convulsive grasp.

"Am I dreaming? or are my senses leaving me? Poor Dick's Christmas carol! and I could almost swear the voice is my own lost Nellie's. Can this be death at last? And are the angels welcoming me home with the song I love so dearly? No, surely either I am going mad, or that is a real living voice! But whose—whose? Heaven help me to find out!" And with his whole frame quivering with excitement—without even pausing to close the organ, or to extinguish his flickering candle—the old man groped his way down the narrow winding stair which led to the street, and hurriedly closing the door behind him, stepped forth, bareheaded, into the snowy night.

For some hours before Michael Fray was startled, as we have related, by the mysterious echo of his brother's song, an old man and a young girl had been making their way citywards from the southeastern side of London. Both walked wearily, as though they had tramped for a long distance; and once or twice the young girl wiped away a tear, though she strove hard to hide it from her companion, and forced herself to speak with a cheerfulness in strange contrast with her sunken cheeks and footsore gait. Every now and then, in passing through the more frequented streets, they would pause; and the man who carried the viola would strike up some old ballad tune with a vigor and power of execution which even his frost-tipped fingers and weary limbs could not wholly destroy; while the girl, with a sweet, though very sad voice, accompanied him with the appropriate words. But their attempts were miserably unproductive. In such bitter weather few who could help it would stay away from their warm firesides; and those whom stern necessity kept out of doors seemed only bent on dispatching their several tasks, and to have no time or thought to expend on a couple of wandering tramps singing by the roadside. Still they toiled on, every now and then making a fresh "pitch" at some likely corner, only too often ordered to "move on" by a stern policeman. As they drew nearer to the city and the hour grew later, the passers-by became fewer and farther between, and the poor wanderers felt that it was idle even to seek for charity in those deserted, silent streets. At last the old man stopped and groaned aloud.

"What is it, grandfather dear? Don't give in now, when we have come so far. Lean on me—do; I'm hardly tired at all; and I dare say we shall do better to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" said the old man, bitterly; "to-morrow it will be too late I don't mind hunger, and I don't mind cold; but the shame of it, the disgrace—after having struggled against it all these years—to come to the workhouse at last! It isn't for myself I mind—beggars mustn't be choosers; and I dare say, better men than I have slept in a casual ward; but you, my tender little Lily. The thought breaks my heart! it kills me!" And the old man sobbed aloud.

"Dear grandfather, you are always thinking of me, and never of yourself. What does it matter after all? its only the name of the thing. I'm sure I don't mind it one bit." The shudder of horror which passed over the girl's frame gave the lie to her pious falsehood. "I dare say it is not so very bad; and after all, something may happen to prevent it even now."

"What can happen, short of a miracle, in these deserted streets?"

"Well, let us hope for the miracle, then, dear. God has never quite deserted us in our deepest troubles, and I don't believe He will forsake us now."

As she spoke she drew her thin shawl more closely around her, shivering in spite of herself under the cold blast, which seemed to receive no check from her scanty coverings. Again the pair crept on, and, passing beneath the lofty wall of St. Winifred's Church, stood beneath it for a temporary shelter from the driving wind and snow. While so standing they caught the faint sounds of the organ solemnly pealing within.

"Noble music," said the old man, as the final chords died away; "noble music, and a soul in the playing. That man, whoever he may be, should have a generous heart."

"Hush grandfather," said the girl, "he is beginning to play again."

Scarcely had the music commenced, however, than the pair gazed at each other in breathless surprise.

"Lily darling, do you hear what he is playing?" said the old man in an excited whisper.

"A strange coincidence," the girl replied.

"Strange! it is more than strange! Lily darling, who could play that song?"

The melody came to an end, and all was silence. There was a moment's pause, and then, as if by common impulse, the old man drew his bow across the strings, and the girl's sweet voice caroled forth the second verse of the song. Scarcely had they ended, when a door opened at the foot of the church tower just beside them, and Michael Fray, bareheaded, with his scanty locks blown about by the wind, stood before them. He hurried forward and then stood still, shamefaced, bewildered. The song had called up the vision of a gallant young sailor, full of life and health, as Michael had seen his brother for the last time on the day when he sailed on his fatal voyage. He had hurried forth, forgetting the years that had passed, full of tender memories of happy boyish days, to find, alas! only a couple of wandering beggars, singing for bread.

"I beg your pardon," he said, striving vainly to master his emotions; "you sang a song just now which— which—a song which was a favorite of a dear friend of mine many years ago. Will you—will you tell me where you got it?"

"By the best of all titles, sir," the old fiddler answered, drawing himself up with a touch of artistic pride; "I wrote it myself, words and music both."

"Nay, sir," said Michael sternly, "you rob the dead. A dearly-loved brother of mine wrote that song forty years ago."

"Well, upon my word!" said the old fiddler, waxing wroth—"then your brother must have stolen it from me! What might this precious brother's name be, pray?"

"An honest name, a name I am proud to speak," said Michael, firing up in his turn; "his name was Richard Fray!"

The old street musician staggered as if he had received a blow.

"What!" he exclaimed, peering eagerly into the other's face; "then you are my brother Michael, for I am Richard Fray!"

Half an hour later and the brothers so long parted, so strangely brought together, were seated round a roaring fire in Michael Fray's quaint, three-cornered parlor. Michael's stores had been ransacked for warm, dry clothing for the wanderers. Drawers long closed yielded, when opened, a sweet scent of lavender, and containing homely skirts and bodices, kept still in loving memory of little Nell gave up their treasures for Lily's benefit, and Richard Fray's snow-soaked clothes were replaced by Michael's choicest coat and softest slippers. The wanderers had done full justice to a plentiful meal and a jug of fragrant punch now steamed upon the hob and was laid under frequent contributions, while Richard Fray told the story of thirty years' wandering, and the brothers found how it had come to pass that, each thinking the other dead they had lived their lives, married, and buried their dear ones, being sometimes but a few miles apart, and yet as distant as though severed by the grim Divider himself. And Lily sat on a cushion at her grandfather's feet a picture of quiet happiness, and sang sweet songs to please the two old men, while Michael lovingly traced in her soft features fanciful likenesses to his lost Nellie, the strange similarity of the sweet voice aiding the tender illusion. And surely no happier family party was gathered together in all England, on that Christmaside, than that little group round Michael Fray's quiet fire-side.

"Well, grandfather, dear," said Lily, after a pause, "won't you believe in miracles now?"

"My darling," said the old man, with his voice broken with emotion, "God forgive me for having ever doubted Him."—London Society.

New York is overrun with billy-goats, and formal complaints against them have been made to the police. They follow the bill-posters around and eat circus-posters and auction-bills as fast as they are put up; they devour the laundry work as fast as it is put on the lines.

Intelligence Items.

Chicago has 218,540 children of school age.

The average age at which English students matriculate at Oxford is nineteen.

The Amherst Faculty are considering the propriety of abolishing the marking system.

A new Russian translation of "The Pilgrim's Progress," is to appear soon in Moscow.

The eighth international congress of the societies for the protection of animals will be held at Brussels.

There are technical schools in Holland, both at Amsterdam and at Rotterdam, in which several trades are taught to young women.

The crop report of the Agricultural Department shows an excellent condition of things for the farmers. The corn crop is far larger than any previous year.

There can be no longer any doubt that the alligator does exist in the old world, as two fine specimens taken from the Yang-tse-kiang are now in the Berlin Zoological Museum.

In Texas a herder offered to surrender to the Sheriff in case he should be provided with a square dinner. This was refused, and in the fight that took place three men were killed, two wounded and the herder escaped.

The city of Hanchow, China, with 750,000 people, conducts its affairs with such quietness, friendliness and freedom from disorder that no policemen are required, and none employed. Violence is very rare, and murder does not occur oftener than once in two or three years.

Prof. Earl, of the Fish Commission, has discovered that Spanish mackerel can be artificially hatched, and that its capacity of reproduction greatly exceeds that of either cod or shad. The professor is making further experiments with hatching apparatus on Chesapeake Bay.

At its recent Commencement, Wells College for women, was presented with a beautiful building for the departments of Art and Science, erected by the liberality of the late Mrs. Edwin B. Morgan. At the same time Mr. Morgan gave \$30,000 to free the College wholly from debt.

Jefferson Davis' plantation at Hurricane, Miss., is leased by Montgomery & Sons. This firm is composed of four negroes, who were formerly owned by a brother of the ex-President of the Confederacy. They own plantations worth \$75,000, hire several more, and do a large mercantile business at Vicksburg.

A substitute for ice has been put down on the floors of certain skating-rinks in London. It consists of a mixture of carbonate and sulphate of soda, which forms a crystalline mass offering about the same resistance to skates as ice does. It is cut up as easily as ice, but can be readily smoothed and repaired.

The fast mail service between the East and the West is again to be established. The Postmaster General has just completed negotiations with the New York Central and Hudson River and the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroads, whereby the fast mail service, which was put in operation on those roads in 1875 and 1876, will be again given to almost the whole territory of the West.

How a Jaguar Saved a Man.

The London Telegraph recalls the following singular story of a man who was "tread" by wild hogs, and released by an American tiger.

Tread by pigs is not exactly the position in which we should expect to find a colonial secretary—at least, not often. But when Mr. Fowler, Colonial Secretary of the Honduras, was recently exploring the interior of the colony, he was overtaken by a drove of peccaries, and had only time to take a snap-shot at the first of them and scramble up a tree, dropping his rifle in the performance, before the whole pack were around his perch, gnashing their teeth at him, grunting and sharpening their tusks against his tree.

Now the peccary is not only ferocious, but patient, and rather than let an object of its anger escape will wait about for days, so that the Secretary had before him only two courses—either to remain where he was until he dropped down among the swine from sheer exhaustion and hunger, or else to commit suicide at once by coming down to be eaten there and then.

Fortunately, Mr. Fowler is a cool-headed man, and so decided to wait a little and consider the situation.

While he was in this dilemma, however, what should come along—and looking out for supper, too—but a jaguar?

Never was beast of prey so opportune, for the jaguar has a particular fondness for wild pork, and the peccaries know it, for no sooner did they see the great ruddy head thrust through the bushes than they bolted helter-skelter, forgetting, in their desire to save their own bacon, the meal they were themselves leaving up the tree.

The jaguar was off after the swine with admirable promptitude, and the Secretary, finding the coast clear, came down, reflecting, as he walked toward the camp, on the admirable arrangements of Nature, who having made peccaries to eat colonial secretaries, provided also jaguars to eat the peccaries.

A Popular Error in Teaching.

The gradual development of a child's mind is a phenomenon so wonderful and so beautiful that any mother, father or teacher, with eyes to see, must take unmeasured delight in observing it. Our systems of teaching and our school books are illy adapted to and profoundly ignorant of such development, and the charitable conclusion to come to is that the authors of these books have not been trained, observing teachers. It is almost universally believed that the brain in childhood should be kept back, while the body, or the muscular and digestive part is developed. Having thus laid the foundation of a sound body, we may then proceed to build upon it a sound mind. This division of structure and growth all physiologists know has no foundation in nature. During growth active exercise is essential to a hardy, healthy structure. The years of the growth of brain are those in which it is most susceptible to training, and in these years the exercise of training is most necessary. We see that activity is absolutely necessary to strong healthy development of the physical organism. Analogy would teach us the same with regard to what we call the mental organism. The mind is not something outside of the body, requiring an opposite process to promote its growth. A healthy condition of the brain can be fostered by active exercise, the same as in the development of the rest of the body.

If the doctor should say that the legs must not be exercised in creeping, walking, running, nor the arms in pulling, in climbing, throwing, nor the body by lifting, nor the lungs by breathing before they get fully grown and strong, all would see the folly of it; and yet we accept this unnatural, foolish rule for the brain. They know that this disease would dwarf and disuse the body, and should it not give us an inkling of the degree to which our minds have been dwarfed and to the inferiority of intellect to what we would be, had the same common sense rules been applied to our mental development? In all living things the growth is first at the head, and in restraining and postponing the growth of the brain we are working in opposition to natural laws.

The time when the brain is growing is the time when it most needs development by exercise and the time when it takes impression the most readily and firmly. Education can begin at an earlier age; can progress faster; can be divested of all that in earlier years at school is so confining, irksome and unhealthy to children, and can be carried on without injury, and to a much higher degree during the school age.

By teaching words and things first and not the alphabet—by observing objects around them, and their relations to each other, their nature and uses, children may be as far advanced at six years of age as they are now at nine, and have a much better foundation for acquiring knowledge and self-culture. We believe our present system of teaching cuts off at least three or four years of our lives; and this time we can never recover.

On Shaking Hands.

Let us consider the value of our digital arrangements with reference to the venerable custom of "Shaking hands." The classification is numerically significant of the varieties in the act itself. First, there is the one-finger variety, significant of extreme condensation and high-mightiness. When an exalted individual permits you his forefinger, he distinctly says, metaphorically, that you must not presume on the slightest familiarity. You are in the presence of Augustus, and the delicate little ceremony is intended to impress you with the important fact. Then there is the two-finger variety. This is condensation also, but of a milder type. It is leavened with a touch of kindness. Still you must not presume. This variety is much affected by aged parsons and other venerable bygoners to their parishioners and dependants, old uncles to their nephews and nieces, and so on. The three-fingered sort adds another increment of favor, condensations having almost vanished, but not quite. Much, however, depends on the vitality of touch. If alive and conscious, it may be almost friendly. If flabby, do not trust to it. Talking of flabby hand-shaking seems slightly contradictory, for no possible shake, not to say shock, can come out of such a salute. In its perfection the flabby sort consists of all four fingers laid flatly together, and held forth with about the same amount of significance as the paw of a rabbit or the fin of a sea-dog. The correct way of meeting this variety is by accepting it in precisely the same style. Two flat four-fingered fists thus meeting each other must be thrilling in the extreme. But when the flat sort is moreover clammy, it is the very abyss of cold-blooded formality absolutely insulting, not to say sickening, in its very touch.

The American ladies, says the *Partisan*, have distinguished themselves at the salon in the department of water-colors and painting on porcelain—arts which, from time immemorial, have been thought to be fitted only for the delicate hands of ladies and amateurs, but which some of the greatest artists have considered not unworthy of their efforts. We do not say that the American ladies have executed any astonishing masterpieces, but many of them give evidence of a talent which is more than agreeable.

Wit and Humor.

Two deaf mutes were married the other day in Chenango County, N. Y. It is pleasing to think that no harsh words will ever pass between them.

"Sit down!" said a nervous old gentleman to his son, who was making too much noise. "I won't do it," was the impudent answer. "Well, then, stand up. I will be obeyed!"

An Ichthyophagous Club has been started in New York. It is calculated to ruin the reputation of any husband who goes home late at night and tries to tell her he has been.

It is shrewdly said that if the women of the old time had been as careless in the handling of china as these of the present time are, there would have been no old china to rave about now.

A man may object to wearing button-hole bouquets, but it is astonishing with what fortitude he goes through the ordeal of having one pinned on, if the donor happens to be young and pretty.

Elderly gentleman to a freshman on the train: "You don't have any ticket?" "No; I travel on my good looks." "Then," after looking him over, "probably you aren't goin' very far."

The busy bee is held up as an example of industry to boys, yet what a terrible example he is. If boys were like bees, you couldn't stick your nose into a schoolroom without getting it thumped.

The number of one-armed young men seen driving out with young ladies these summer evenings is truly appalling. An old soldier at our elbow says that one arm is invariably lost during an engagement.

A commercial editor, who was once a small boy with a mother who knew the value of a slipper in case of emergency, cannot to this day write about a "movement in leather" without hitching uneasily in his chair.

Master Jack—"How often are the clothes washed, Emma?" Laundry Maid—"Once a week, Master Jack." Master Jack—"Only once a week! Then the clothes are much luckier than sin and me, if that's all the washing they get."—[Fan.

It may be true that misfortune braces a man up, but an even run of good luck helps the spinal column about as much as anything we know of.—[Detroit Free Press. And yet when Miss Fortune embraces a man he feels pretty good.—[New York Commercial Advertiser.

A Sacramento girl was guilty of a mean trick. She eloped with her objectionable lover the same day her mother was enamored; and as the latter was compelled to remain shut up three days, or else crack all over, the couple managed to get away without pursuit.

A New York man was challenged to fight a duel the other day, and being at liberty to choose his own weapons proposed a trip to Boston on a Sound steamer. The challenger backed out. He said the idea that death must attend a duel was a relic of the dark ages.—[Norristown Herald.

An Owego man, after a little experience, truthfully and indignantly asserts that no woman, however nervous, has a right to wake up her husband from a sound sleep to tell him on inquiring what's the matter, "Nothing, only I wanted to know if you were awake."—[Owego Record.

A female applicant for aid appeared at the office of the Director of the Poor, in Detroit, not long ago, with a sad and anxious look, and on being asked what she wanted, replied, "I'd like some money." "How much?" "Well, I can't say exactly. How much do you generally give out to a person who wants to buy a head belt?"

A lady recently called at the house of a friend, and there met a gentleman who was introduced to her as a "new boarder." After he had left the room she said to her friend, "Why do you have that creature around? He doesn't correspond with the rest of your furniture." Imagine her surprise when she was informed that he was her friend's new husband!

Two young men in light plaid clothes were riding down town on the Metropolitan "L" road, reading their papers, when one of them saw an item about a robbery in a boarding-house, in which it was said that the perpetrators of the crime took the jewelry of the landlady and of the three boarders. "It is funny, Billy," said the reader, "that they always get away with the jewelry in a boarding-house. They never steal anything to eat."

London Punch gives a bit of conversation of two rivals in social success. Mr. and Mrs. Jones, a new beauty, and Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, a still newer beauty, meet on the staircase of a ducal mansion, the Duchess being "at home." Mrs. Jones, with more surprise than pleasure: "Well, I never! Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, of all people! And how came you here?" "We drove, dear Mrs. Jones; you don't mean to say you came on foot!"

Last Sunday one of our Sunday-school superintendents, on his way to church, met a boy with a fishing-pole. "Where are you going with that pole?" asked the superintendent. He had not seen the boy since the last time he filled up at a Sunday-school picnic. "Please sir, I've got a wicked father, who sends me out to fish every Sunday morning; but as soon as I get out of sight of the house I am going to play hooky, and come to Sunday-school."

Recent Deep Sea Researches.

Dr. Carpenter, the English physicist, has recently published in the "Nineteenth Century" some remarkable results of his elaborate studies of the largest deep sea explorations. The work of the scientific circumnavigation expedition in the Challenger, though completed in 1876, has not until within a few months, if even now, been fully reduced, and some of its most important discoveries are now announced by Dr. Carpenter, its originator. One of the first questions its labors contribute to solve is the depth and configuration of the ocean basins. The prevailing notion of the sea beds, Dr. Carpenter shows, needs considerable modification, none of them having been carefully outlined, except that of the North Atlantic when sounded with a view to laying the first Atlantic cable. "The form of the depressed area which lodges the water of the deep ocean," he says, "is rather to be likened to that of a flat water or tea tray, surrounded by an elevated and steeply sloping rim, than to that of the basin with which it is commonly compared," and he adds, "the great continental platforms usually rise very abruptly from the margins of the real oceanic depressed areas." The average depth of the ocean floors is now ascertained to be about thirteen thousand feet. As the average height of the entire land mass of the globe above sea level is about one thousand feet, and the area about two and three-quarter times that of the land, it follows that the total volume of ocean water is thirty-six times that of the land above the sea level. These deductions, seemingly unimportant except to the votary of science, are destined perhaps to serve the highest practical purposes of future deep sea telegraphy. The intelligence now quarried out of the enormous collection of later ocean researches shows the modern engineer and capitalist the feasibility of depositing a telegraphic cable over almost any part of the ocean floor, and ought to give new confidence in the success of all such enterprises properly devised and equipped. When it is remembered that at the beginning of this century La Place, the great mathematician, calculated or assumed the average depth of the ocean at four miles (or eight thousand feet more than Dr. Carpenter determines it to be from actual surveys), and that La Place's conclusion was the received view among scientists until 1850, or later, we get some idea of the advance made in this branch of terrestrial physics by modern research. Not less interesting is a deduction Dr. Carpenter makes from the deep sea temperature observations in the North Atlantic. In consequence of the evaporation produced by the long exposure of the equatorial Atlantic current its water contains such an excess of salt as, in spite of its high temperature, to be specifically heavier than the colder underflows which reach the Equator from the opposite Arctic and Antarctic basins; and consequently it substitutes itself by gravitation for the colder water to a depth of several hundred fathoms. "Thus it conveys the solar heat downward in such a manner as to make the North Atlantic between the parallels of twenty degrees and forty degrees a great reservoir of warmth." The climatic effect of this vertical transfer of equatorial heat is obvious. If the great heat-bearing currents which enter the North Atlantic traversed its bosom as surface currents they would expend their warmth largely in the high latitudes. But, as their heavy and highly heated volumes in large measure descend to the deepest strata south of the fortieth parallel, their stores of tropical temperature are permanently arrested off our eastern coast and ultimately made subservient to our climate.—N. Y. Herald.

STANDARD SOAP COMPANY—GENTS: Some two or three months ago, I had a boy about two years old that had suffered for a year with a severe eruption on the head and face, caused by teething. The child was in such misery that it would often be awakened out of sleep by the severe itching. He would then scratch his head and face until the blood ran from the scabs. We tried everything we could find, but nothing seemed to give any permanent relief until we tried PHOSPHATE SOAP. Before we had used one cake, the child's head and face were entirely healed, and there has been no reappearance of the disease since. MICHAEL KANE No. 168 Kirkham St. FORT VERDE, Arizona, Dec. 19, 1874. STANDARD SOAP COMPANY—GENTS: Having received your box of PHOSPHATE SOAP, and having used only one cake of SOAP out of the three, I am happy to say that it has completely cured my one-year-old child who was caused by the alkali dust in Idaho Territory, in 1877, and had even sore eyes since until I used PHOSPHATE SOAP. CORPORAL DENNIS BURKE, Twelfth Infantry. SAN FRANCISCO, November 27, 1879. STANDARD SOAP COMPANY—GENTS: After a number of trials of Soaps, I have learned that the PHOSPHATE is certainly the very best for shaving. I thank you for its introduction. JAMES P. ARTHUR.

The Summer Solstice. One great reason why hot weather is so debilitating lies in the fact that the body is exhausted by the labors of the year. Indeed, it is natural that this should be so. In order, therefore, to resist this tendency to exhaustion, it only becomes necessary to reinvigorate the body, which can readily be done by one or two bottles of Warner's Safe-Tonic. This remedy is being extensively used by physicians for this purpose, and is for sale by druggists in all parts of the world. The Robertson Process For working rebellious ores is remarkable for its simplicity and cheapness. No other method is known which so completely reduces rebellious gold and silver ores to the same condition as free milling ore. Parties who have the machinery for pulverizing and amalgamating can erect a suitable furnace for using the Robertson Process at a cost of from \$1,000 to \$1,500, according to capacity required. For full particulars address John A. Robertson, the patentee, P. O. box 552, Oakland, Cal. 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. Furniture. New and second-hand at auction prices. H. Schellhaas, 11th St., Odd Fellows' Building, Oakland, Cal. Country orders promptly attended to. He Still Lives. Some years ago Dr. R. V. Pierce, of the World's Dispensary and Invalids' Hotel, of Buffalo, N. Y., and London, was sent for to examine a terrible disease of the knee-joint, resulting in ulceration and extensive sloughing of the bone and tissues. The man's life had been despaired of by the previous attendants. Amputation at the thigh was promptly decided upon and skillfully performed by Dr. Pierce, and as after treatment to purify the blood and prevent a recurrence of the malady the doctor's Golden Medical Discovery was freely prescribed. The man's system was thoroughly purified and strengthened, he rapidly gained his health, the stump healing nicely, and he is to-day a happy man. This case was among the first in which this wonderful blood purifier was tested. It has since manifested its wonderful power over the worst scrofulous and other blood diseases. Taken for a time it so purifies and strengthens the system as to strongly fortify it against the encroachments of diseases. Sold by druggists. MIDDLEVILLE, Mich., Feb. 15th, 1879. HON. R. V. PIERCE: Dear Sir—I would say that I have sold your medicines for seven years. The Golden Medical Discovery is the best cough remedy I have ever used, and in every case where I have recommended it, it has cured. I have used it in my family for my children. It cures their coughs and colds in a day or two. My wife has used it several times when down sick. It invariably gives immediate relief. Its sale increases daily. J. B. KESTER, Druggist. Ayer's Ague Cure has saved thousands of lives in the malarial districts of this and other countries. It is warranted a certain and speedy remedy, and free from all harmful ingredients. J. W. Shaeffer & Co., 321 and 323 Sacramento St., San Francisco, employ no drummers. Cigars sold very cheap.

All Photographs made at the New York Gallery 'o. 25 Third St., S. F., are guaranteed to be first-class. Prices to suit the times. J. H. PETER & Co.

DOUBLING UP.—It is told of Rev. Joseph Cook that when he was a theological student at Andover, he occupied rooms in the seminary dormitories, but always insisted upon being allowed the privilege of rooming alone. The rapid increase in the number of students at the seminary, however, necessitated "doubling up," and a chum was assigned to Mr. Cook, who endured the inconvenience for a time with equanimity. Finally he decided to relieve himself, so far as possible, of the incubus, and, procuring some chalk, he drew a chalk-line across the middle of their room, continuing the line up the walls and across the ceiling. Then, summoning his chum, he pointed out the chalk mark, and in stentorian tones inquired: "Which side of that chalk-line will you prefer, sir?" The chum chose the side that best suited him, and was requested to keep on that side of the line at all times. And Joseph and his chum thenceforward lived together, but apart from each other, in blessed contentment.

Don't despise the lowly, the under jaw does all the work.—[Boston Transcript.

Reliable Testimony. Where testimonials give the residence of the parties it is an easy matter for any person to verify them. Thousands of people from all parts of the Pacific Coast can and have expressed the opinion that there is no other article in the world equal to PHOSPHATE SOAP for common toilet use. A great many people have tested this soap for skin diseases. Among others we give the following from parties who have thoroughly tested PHOSPHATE SOAP: OAKLAND, Cal., April 5, 1880. STANDARD SOAP COMPANY—GENTS: Some two or three months ago, I had a boy about two years old that had suffered for a year with a severe eruption on the head and face, caused by teething. The child was in such misery that it would often be awakened out of sleep by the severe itching. He would then scratch his head and face until the blood ran from the scabs. We tried everything we could find, but nothing seemed to give any permanent relief until we tried PHOSPHATE SOAP. Before we had used one cake, the child's head and face were entirely healed, and there has been no reappearance of the disease since. MICHAEL KANE No. 168 Kirkham St. FORT VERDE, Arizona, Dec. 19, 1874. STANDARD SOAP COMPANY—GENTS: Having received your box of PHOSPHATE SOAP, and having used only one cake of SOAP out of the three, I am happy to say that it has completely cured my one-year-old child who was caused by the alkali dust in Idaho Territory, in 1877, and had even sore eyes since until I used PHOSPHATE SOAP. CORPORAL DENNIS BURKE, Twelfth Infantry. SAN FRANCISCO, November 27, 1879. STANDARD SOAP COMPANY—GENTS: After a number of trials of Soaps, I have learned that the PHOSPHATE is certainly the very best for shaving. I thank you for its introduction. JAMES P. ARTHUR.

W-S. CALIFORNIA BUCK OR GOAT SHOES, cheapest and best. W. S. Shires, 505 Market St., San Francisco. Send for price list. Our WELL AUGER is the cheapest, borer the fastest. We are the oldest and largest firm in America. Send for our pictorial catalogue. UNITED STATES MFG CO., Chicago, Ill. MOULDERS WANTED AT THE BRISBON IRON WORKS SAN FRANCISCO. ST. MATTHEW'S HALL, SAN MATEO, CAL. A Classical and Military School for Boys. 14th YEAR. Prepares students for State University or Practical Business. Trinity Session commences July 24. REV. ALFRED LEE BREWER, M. A., Principal. WAGONS. CALL AND SEE THE largest and finest stock of first-class EXPRESS, THOROUGH-BLACK, GROCER and BUSINESS WAGONS, at the SANBORN WAGON DEPOT, 24 and 26 Beale St., S. F. There are no Wagons equal to them. JACKSON'S Agricultural Machine Works and Foundry, Sixth and Bluxome Sts., Near Southern Pacific Railroad, San Francisco. For circulars and further information, address as above. BYRON JACKSON, Proprietor. CONCORD CARRIAGES. Buggies and Express Wagons; E. M. Miller & Co.'s (Quincy, Ill.) Buggies, Phaetons and Carriages; Hill's general Harness, Whips, Robes and Blankets of every description for sale BELOW COST. T. N. EASTMAN, Agent, 46 New Montgomery St., next to Palace Hotel, San Francisco. W. R. ALLEN & CO., 761 Market St., S. F. GARDEN HOSE, BEST QUALITY AND LOWEST PRICE. Brass Cocks and Valves For Water and Steam. IRON PIPE AND FITTINGS. Send for price lists. CALVERT'S CARBOLIC SHEEP WASH \$2 per gallon. T. W. JACKSON, San Francisco, Sole Agent for the Pacific Coast. N. CURRY & BRO., 113 Sansome St., San Francisco, Sole Agents for the SHARPS RIFLE CO., OF BRIDGEPORT, CONN. FOR California, Oregon, Arizona, Nevada, Washington Territory and Idaho. Also Agents for W. W. Green's Celebrated Wedgwood, Gunpowder, Breech-loading Double-barrel, and all kinds of Guns, Rifles and Pistols made by the Leading Manufacturers of England and America. Ammunition of all kinds in quantities to suit.

"Won't You Kiss My Little Darling?" is the title of a song, a copy of which the author has sent to this office. Send your little darling in some day and see.

A Good Housewife. The good housewife, when she is giving her house its spring renovating should bear in mind that the dear inmates of her house are more precious than many houses, and that their systems need cleansing by purifying the blood, regulating the stomach and bowels to prevent and cure the diseases arising from spring malaria and miasma, and she must know that there is nothing that will do it so perfectly and surely as Hop Bitters, the purest and best of medicines. See another column.



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We buy and sell Bills of Exchange on the Principal Cities in the UNITED STATES, ENGLAND, FRANCE and GERMANY. Collections made and prompt returns rendered at market rates of exchange. Telegraphic Transfers made with New York, Boston, Chicago, and principal cities of the U. S.; also, cable transfers to Europe. Letters of Credit and Commercial Credits issued on the principal cities of the United States and Europe. Loans made on good collateral or approved names. Good Business Notes and Drafts discounted at lowest market rates. Deposits received, subject to check without notice. National, State, City and County Bonds and Warrants, and other Securities, bought and sold. Banking is a business that should be reciprocally beneficial to borrower and lender. Favor and benevolence are not the attributes of good Banking; strict justice and a rigid performance of contracts are its proper foundation. A good banker is one who takes better care of other people's money than his own. A prudent and conservative course is one of the first principles of successful Banking. This will be our policy. Yours, very respectfully, S. G. MURPHY, R. H. McDONALD, Cashier, President.

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Democratic Principles.

The Republican papers are making a sensation paragraph out of an extract from a speech by Wade Hampton, commending to the Democracy of Virginia "the principles for which Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson fought." This, it is argued, means secession and disunion, and that is what Democratic ascendancy will result in. The principles for which Lee and Jackson fought were identically the principles for which Washington and his compeers fought; the principles upon which the Union was based; the principles which have ever been maintained by the Democratic party and are in issue between the two parties to-day: the principles of local self-government in contradistinction to central despotism.— Lee and Jackson were more sincerely devoted to the Union and labored more earnestly to prevent its disruption and avert civil war than any of the leaders of the Republican party. Neither of them ever voted a Democratic party ticket, or subscribed to the doctrine of nullification or secession—misrepresented as the Democratic doctrine of State rights. Neither of them ever claimed—but a small minority of the Southern people ever claimed—that a State had any right to nullify a constitutional act of the General Government, or the right to secede from the Union but for cause which would justify revolutionary resistance. That doctrine belonged exclusively to the Republican party, as a party, no other political party in the country ever openly advocated and acted upon it, as witnessed by their motto: "This Union cannot exist part slave and part free;" and by their acts in nullifying the "Fugitive Slave Law" in every Republican State, and forcibly resisting civil process of the United States under State protection. There never was more shameless fraud and false pretence palmed upon an unreasoning people than the assumption that the Republican party is, or ever was a Union party, or is entitled to the exclusive credit, as a party, of saving the Union. There is not a recorded fact in its history to justify such assumption. Its organization was exclusively sectional; its inspiration sectional hate; its every argument an appeal to sectional prejudice.— After denouncing and threatening the South through every period of its existence, by every term of menace and insult which could be employed to incite the fears and provoke the resentment of the Southern people, the party had acquired accidental power by a little more than one-third of the popular vote, through the divisions of its opponents, it arbitrarily used that power to its utmost to defeat the popular demand for any measure of assurance or reconciliation calculated to preserve the peace and maintain the Union. The three other parties, which had severally supported Douglas, Breckenridge and Bell, were ready to bury their differences out of sight and sacrifice their personal aspirations and party identity upon the common altar of the Union; the Republican party alone, in its insolence of power held in defiance of the popular will, cried out: "No concession!" "No compromise!" "No Union with slaveholders!" "Without blood letting the Union is not worth saving!" For years this party had denied and scouted the equal right of the Southern States to control their own domestic institutions in the Union; had nullified by legislation one of the most necessary guarantees of the Constitution under which those States had consented to become of the Union; had by the personal signatures of its seventy-nine Representatives in Congress endorsed a campaign document which bore the motto: "Down with slavery or down with the Union;" defied and made its patron saint a guerrilla captain who entered the State of Virginia in command of a band of armed assassins with the avowed purpose of inciting servile insurrection and give to rapine and ruthless violence the defenceless homes of the white people of the South, and in every way possible short of actual violence, sought to provoke the people of the South to the commission of some overt act of resistance which would offer a pretext for their subjugation, or constrain them to secede from the Union, which would leave the Republican party

in undisputed possession of power in the adhering States. The "Peace Congress," called by the State of Virginia to consider peace propositions; the "Crittendon Compromise," offered in the same view; were warmly supported by all other parties but the Republican party, which alone resisted every measure of reconciliation, and positively refused to retract or disclaim the threats against Southern rights endorsed by the party during the canvass, or give the people of the South any assurance that they would respect their constitutional rights any more in their administration of the General Government than they had in the State governments under their control. Through all these manifest attempts by the Republican party to hound the Southern States out of the Union, Lee and Jackson resisted secession to the last. They were both members of the Convention which passed the Virginia ordinance of secession, and both voted against it. When there was no other alternative left them but to take up arms for an Administration which was in open and avowed hostility to their section, or to stand by their State in defence of the principles which the Republican party repudiated, they chose the latter, conscientiously believing that there was nothing left for them but resistance or subjugation. But for the predominating Union sentiment in the Democratic party of the North—which the Republican party tried in vain persecution, insult and lawless violence—the seceding States would have been permitted to depart in peace. The Democrats fought to maintain the integrity of the Union; the Republicans fought only for dominion and domination. All that is left of the old Union is the result of Democratic achievement; and there are no people of our country more loyal to the principles upon which the Union was formed than those who fought in the Confederate service.

Case of Capt. George D. Hill.

The special charge of Chief Justice Greene to the Grand Jury and the attendant circumstances, relating to the case of Capt. George D. Hill, challenging his right to an office of large trust and emoluments which he has held unchallenged for nearly six years, and for which he is the candidate of his party for election to the fourth term, present matters demanding the most thoughtful public consideration; not so much on account of the tenure of office involved in the issue—from which, it is fair to say, no material public damage has yet accrued—as for the manifest attempt to ignore the laws and treat the Court with contempt.

We approach this subject with extreme reluctance, impelled only by a sense of imperative duty as a public journalist to hold up to censure men with whom we have heretofore held the most friendly and confidential personal relations and uniformly supported for public office regardless of political difference.

It is the duty of every citizen to maintain and enforce the laws so far as it is in his power to do so, and he has no right to question the motive, discourage, obstruct, or censure any man who is in pursuit of that duty. Mr. Damon, who believed that Capt. Hill was holding a civil office in violation of law, made complaint to the proper authorities in order that the matter might be judicially determined; which was as clearly within the province of a law-abiding citizen as it would be to challenge an illegal voter, or to give information if he witnessed the commission of any unlawful act; and the civil authorities to whom such information is properly given shamefully neglect official duty by ignoring the same.

The facts in the case under consideration, which are of public notoriety, are these: When the complaint of Mr. Damon was duly presented in the Grand Jury room, Mr. Irving Ballard, Prosecuting Attorney, positively refused to prosecute and urged the Jury to ignore the complaint, offering only the excuse that he "would not go back on a friend!" Is that the kind of material for a prosecuting officer, under oath to see that the laws are enforced? When the ends of justice are thwarted through the connivance of the officer charged with its prosecution, what is the practical difference whether the motive is for gain or sympathy for the accused—whether by direct bribery or personal or party favoritism? What right has the Prosecuting Attorney to make the prisoner at the bar his client, albeit he is his personal and party

friend; that they are confederes in mutual party schemes looking to their own political advancement? We grant that they are both amiable gentlemen of attractive social qualities; but the public interests demand a higher respect for law in official position and sterner stuff in a public prosecutor. It is fortunate for this community that personal or party considerations have no access to the bench; else our laws would be administered exclusively in the interest of personal and party rings.

A portion of the Grand Jury presented the complaint of Mr. Damon to the Court for instructions. Judge Greene appointed W. H. White, Esq., to represent the Territory in this case, in place of the Prosecuting Attorney, declined, and gave the Grand Jury written instructions, a true copy of which will be found in another column of this paper. It will be seen that the law and the instructions of the Court are specific and positive, leaving the members of the Grand Jury no alternative but to find a true bill of indictment, or to utterly disregard their official oath, the law and the instructions of the Court, all of which they were bound to observe by every consideration of moral obligation and public duty. It is a lamentable fact that five of the jurymen, following the example and precept of the regular Prosecuting Attorney, acted upon the latter alternative, subordinating a clear public duty to personal considerations, thus defeating by a single vote the findings of law and fact. The proceedings in the case corresponded in character with the result. The oath of secrecy pertaining to the grand inquest was as shamelessly disregarded by some of the members as were the law and the instructions of the Court. Every incident transpiring in the jury room—what was said and how each member voted were immediately thereafter a subject of public discussion upon the streets, in its political and personal bearings, as if it was a party caucus, discussing the merits of a candidate.

The failure of the Grand Jury to find an indictment, by no means strengthens the tenure by which Capt. Hill holds the office of Treasurer of King County. The instructions of the Court and the citations of law therein, clearly show that he has held and enjoyed the emoluments of two offices for nearly six years, not lawfully, but by sufferance. A legal contest would certainly deprive him of one—perhaps of both. We sincerely hope that Captain Hill will have the good sense to gracefully submit to the inevitable and retire from the contest before he is stricken from the pay roll of the army, which every member of this community would regret. The World's Washington special says it has been decided to drop Consul General Badeau from the army roll, on the ground that he does not come within the construction of the law which permits an officer of the army to hold a civil position and draw the pay of the latter office. Badeau's rank in the army is that of Captain. Captain Hill is liable to be dropped whenever the attention of the Department is called to his case.

While deprecating the morality of Mr. Ballard's recreancy to his official trust, we are constrained to acknowledge his generosity in sacrificing himself and his official position to shield a friend against lawful process. But surely, he will not have the shameless audacity to ask the voters of this district to re-elect him to an official position which he has so openly prostituted to private purposes. The voters would stultify themselves by doing so. Law and justice are stubborn principles, not sentimental fancies.

MR. BALLARD EXPLAINS.—After the foregoing was put in type, Mr. Ballard called on us and said that the report that he had advised or attempted to influence the Grand Jury to ignore the complaint against Capt. Hill, is false. He said he declined to prosecute because his name was associated with that of Capt. Hill in the complaint, and he asked for an investigation of the charge under the direction of a disinterested Attorney; hence the appointment of Mr. White. That is right as far as it goes. The affidavit, signed by Rev. John F. Damon, says that he (Damon) applied to Mr. Ballard to prosecute Capt. Hill, and Ballard refused, saying: "I never go back on a friend;" or words to that effect. This charge has not yet been explained.

MISSIONARY WORK.—Rev. John Damon has undertaken to convert one of the "Boys in Blue" to a "Boy in Gray."

DAKOTA.—The Steamship Dakota, from San Francisco, arrived at this place on Wednesday evening with the following passengers: G. H. Lawrence, J. Dobrin, J. McCready, George Barradaire, W. T. Oliver, Miss Smith, F. Eichbaum, W. F. Crosby, G. F. McLellan, Rev. A. Williams and wife, E. P. Johnson, wife and four children, George Prince, J. McDonough, F. Manfols, R. P. Lawer, A. Prube, F. Hampeon, H. Hagerty, J. Harker, W. G. McLeod, Wm. Davis, Wm. Horne, H. M. Bowman, D. B. Adams, Wm. Jay, M. Brown, F. Fisher, J. C. Brossby, J. B. O'Brien, M. J. O'Brien, J. Kennedy, A. Furguson, J. Loms, P. Houghton.

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:

Table listing counties and their representatives: Chehalis, Columbia, Clallam, Clarke, Cowitz, Island, Jefferson, King, Kitsap, Klilkat, Lewis, Mason, Pacific, Pierce, Spokane, Stevens, Snohomish, Skamania, San Juan, Thurston, Walla Walla, Wahkiakum, Whatcom, Whitman, Yakima.

L. B. NASH, Chairman.

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Boarding Department.

FALL TERM—Begins Wednesday, Sept. 1st, 1880. For admission or Catalogue apply to the President, A. J. ANDERSON, A. M. Seattle, W. T.

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All kinds of HARNESS, SADDLES, BRIDLES, WHIPS, ETC. A large Stock of Miners' Pack Straps ON HAND.

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J. FUSSELL, Manager. Foot of Washington Street, in rear of Horton's Bank. SEATTLE, W. T.

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.

TO THE VOTERS OF KING COUNTY.

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

S. & W. W. R. R.

SEATTLE TO RENTON

—AND— NEWCASTLE.

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

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

DEPOT, KING STREET, FOOT OF COMMERCIAL. J. M. COLMAN, Genl. Supt.

PONY SALOON.

KEPT BY Ben. Murphy Corner Commercial and Main Streets, opposite the U. S. Hotel.

A quiet place where can always be found the very best of CIGARS AND TOBACCO, WINES AND LIQUORS.

L. P. SMITH & SON,

SULLIVAN'S BLOCK, FRONT ST., SEATTLE, W. T.

Watch-Makers

—AND— JEWELLERS.

DEALERS IN WATCHES, JEWELLERY SILVERWARE & CLOCKS.

Notarial and other seals made to order.

SLORAH & CO'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 is 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, Proprietor's.

For Tacoma, Steilacoom & Olympia

THE STANCH AND SEAWORTHY STEAMER

ZEPHYR--

W. R. BALLARD, Master. Carrying U. S. Mails and Wells, Fargo & Co's. 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.

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**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 Canon 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.

**Democratic Primary.**

At the Democratic primary held on Saturday afternoon at Yesler's hall, the following named Delegates were elected to attend the County Convention to be held in this city September 4th, at 1 o'clock p. m.

DELEGATES:

Jere. Driggs,	Andrew Chillberg,
M. Kieser,	Benj. Murphy,
Wm. Welch,	Chas. Clancy,
S. F. Coombs,	U. M. Rasin,
T. D. Hinckley,	F. Minnick,
J. McCoombs,	Chas. O'Hara,
A. S. Pinkham,	E. A. Turner,
J. T. Kenworthy,	Geo. W. Boardman,
Hilroy Butler,	M. McAndrews,
C. D. Emery,	Dr. E. L. Smith,
John Collins,	L. S. McLure,
Beriah Brown,	D. S. Smith,
R. T. Flynn,	John Welch,
S. W. Russell,	Hugh McAleer,
O. G. Root,	Robt. Russell,
M. S. Booth,	Frank Guttenburg,
W. H. White,	P. H. Lewis,

M. R. Maddocks.

**SEATTLE SNUBBED.**—One day last week Gen. Stoneman, family and friends, came to Tacoma with the intention of extending their journey to Seattle. On going on board the steamer *Alida* they found the accommodations so filthy, disagreeable and unsafe that the ladies of the party refused to take passage, went on shore and returned to Portland the following day. It is a great detriment to Seattle and disgraceful to the Star line of steamers, that among the innumerable neat and comfortable boats upon the Sound, one of the oldest, slowest and dirtiest is kept to convey passengers from Tacoma to Seattle. This is done by Capt. Starr manifestly for the purpose of discouraging as much as possible can, travel to this place. By running his boats so that all arrivals and departures are in the night, those passing through from Victoria and the lower Sound ports, never see Seattle, and those coming here from Tacoma are put to the inconvenience of a long passage on a dirty and unsafe boat.

**DIED.**—In this city, on Monday last Mary Ann, wife of Dr. H. A. Smith, of this city, aged 34 years. Deceased was a native of Ireland, but has resided on the Sound from early childhood, except while receiving her education at the Convent in Victoria. She was a lady of estimable character, an affectionate mother and an able wife. She leaves a husband and eight children.

The following are the M. E. Conference appointments of 1880 for the District of Puget Sound:

- A. Atwood, Presiding Elder.
- Seattle—J. F. DeVore.
- Olympia—John McCormac.
- New Tacoma—J. W. Diller.
- Whitby Island—T. B. Goodpasture.
- Ferndale and Nootsack Indian Mission, J. Tennant, supply.
- Port Townsend—W. I. Cosper.
- Tumwater—C. Derrick.
- Chehalis—T. Magill.

Oysterville—T. M. Reese.  
Vancouver—L. A. Banks.  
Astoria—John Parsons.  
Cowlitz—J. Sweeney, supply.  
Lewis River—John Flinn.  
White River—D. Spaulding.  
Skagit—To be supplied.  
Centerville—W. P. Williams, supply.

**NEW CORPORATION.**—Articles of incorporation of the Puget Sound Salmon Packing Company were filed in the Auditor's office on Thursday last. The incorporators are T. G. Wilson and John Leary of Seattle, and George T. Myer, of Portland. The principal place of business will be at Milton, at the mouth of Duwamish bay, opposite Seattle.

**PERSONAL.**—Hon. A. Leland, of the *Lewiston Teller*, was in the city several days of last week.

A. Noltner, Esq., editor of the *Portland Standard*, was here for a couple of days, establishing an agency for the circulation of his paper.

Col. Thomas H. Cann, for eight years in the management of the State Land Department of Oregon, under the Grover Administration, has settled in Seattle for the practice of law.

**LAUNCH.**—The largest ship ever built upon Puget Sound was launched at Seabeck on Saturday, the 21st inst. This ship is built by Hiram Doncaster for W. J. Adams, the sole proprietor of the Seabeck lumber mills. Her length of keel is 212 feet, 237 feet length on deck; 44 feet broad and 17 feet deep. She is expected to carry 1,300,000 feet of lumber, equivalent to 3,000 tons.

A lady recently married was detailing to the girl she wished for a servant, the advantages of the place.

"The work is very easy. There are but two of us, and we have no children."

"Oh, madam," cried the girl, "I pray you will not inconvenience yourself on my account. I adore children."

Blackfoot aspires to be the capital city of Idaho. It has four first-class general merchandise stores, one jewelry store, a livery stable, four saloons, one first-class hotel, one restaurant, one meat market, two blacksmith shops, one barber shop, and last, but not least, one newspaper.

**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.

**A PROCLAMATION.**

BY THE GOVERNOR OF THE TERRITORY OF WASHINGTON.

WHEREAS, It is the duty of the Governor at least sixty days before any general election to issue his Proclamation designating the offices to be filled at such election.

Now, therefore, I, ELISHA P. FERRY, Governor of said Territory, do hereby declare that a general election will be held in said Territory on Tuesday the second day of November, A. D. one thousand eight hundred and eighty, at which, the following named officers will be elected:

- A Delegate to represent said Territory in the Forty-seventh Congress of the United States.
- A Brigadier General.
- A Quarter Master General.
- A Commissary General.
- An Adjutant General.
- A Prosecuting Attorney for the Second Judicial District.
- A Prosecuting Attorney for the Third Judicial District.
- A Member of the Board of Equalization for the First Judicial District.
- A Member of the Board of Equalization for the Second Judicial District.
- A Member of the Board of Equalization for the Third Judicial District.
- Members of both branches of the Legislative Assembly.
- And all County and Precinct officers required by the laws of said Territory.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the Great Seal of the Territory to be affixed, at Olympia, this 31st day of August, A. D., one thousand eight hundred and eighty, and of the Independence of the United States the one hundred and fifth.

ELISHA P. FERRY,  
Governor.

By order of the Governor.  
N. H. OWINGS, Secretary.

**North Pacific BREWERY.**

AUGUST MEHLHORN, PROPRIETOR.

[SUCCESSOR TO M. SCHMIEG.]

The Best Beer always on Hand.

ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED.

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 Octaves Fine Old Martell Brandy.
- 10 Octaves Fine Old Hennessy Brandy
- 5 Octaves Holland Gin,
- Fine Old Port and Sherry Wines.

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

**PATRONIZE**

**DIRECT IMPORTATION**

—BY—

**HOME HOUSES.**

We are the sole agents for the Pacific Coast of the

Celebrated Fair Oaks

**Bourbon Whiskies,**

**UN-MEDICATED.**

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

For further particulars apply to

**S. BAXTER & CO.,**

Seattle, W. T.

**HO FOR THE Skagit Gold Mines! THE NEW STEAMER**



**JOSEPHINE**

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

Easiest and Cheapest Route.

**N. T. GODY & Co.,**

**CITY DRUG STORE,**

(Successor to Geo. W. Harris & Co.)

Wholesale and 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.

**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—

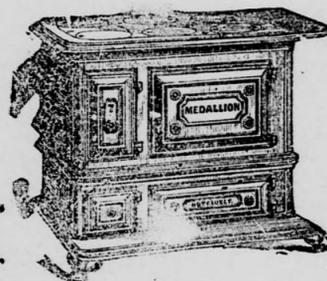
**D. A. Jennings,**

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

**Hugh McAleer & Co.,**

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

**STOVES, RANGES, TINWARE,**



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

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

**MEDALLION RANGE**

—AND—

**BUCK STOVE.**

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

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

**STETSON & POST.**

**SEATTLE PLANING MILLS.**

MANUFACTURERS OF ALL KINDS OF

**ROUGH AND DRESSED LUMBER**

Rustic, Flooring, Casings, Gutters, Packing Boxes.

Sashes, Doors, Blinds, Shutters and doors

Finish of Every Description.

EASONED LUMBER OF ALL KINDS CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

### Little Things No Trifles.

How dear the chain which friendship weaves,  
To bind the human heart—  
How deep the wound its ruin leaves  
When rudely forced apart!  
Not absence, solitude, or gloom  
Its licks can disunite;  
The flowers which intertwine may bloom  
E'en 'mid the shades of night;  
And yet how often is that chain  
Most rudely severed here,  
By scenes at which the soul must mourn,  
And memory ask a tear.

'Tis the power of greater things  
Which causes rapture here,  
Or direct desolation brings  
On what we hold most dear;  
But oft a little word—a look—  
An unkind thought expressed—  
A sentiment or thought mistook—  
A kindly word suppressed—  
These, these the chiefest mischief do—  
These wound with the keenest smart;  
And, like the worm concealed from view,  
Gnaw and consume the heart.

The gossamer a cord may weave  
Which time can scarce destroy;  
The coral 'mid the ocean leave  
The fruit of its employ;  
The smallest action oft may make  
A link in friendship's chain;  
And the minutest agent break  
What is ne'er formed again.  
Then think it not a worthless thing  
On trifles to bestow  
That ere—a willing offering—  
Which greater objects know.

—The Ledger.

### Our Earth as a Planet.

To us our earth seems immense. Even now, in this age of steam, we think it a great journey to travel around it. As we come to the consideration of our world as a planet in space, and compare this speck of earth with what there is in space beyond, we are overwhelmed with the immensity of the work. When we think of eighteen miles per second, which is the velocity of our earth in its orbit around the sun, which gives us our year, with its ever-varying seasons, it is a fact that strikes the mind of one not versed in the mathematics of the spheres, as incomprehensible; and when we think of the three hundred and sixty-five days of this revolution, that the earth revolves upon its axis every twenty-four hours, giving us day and night; and farther, that the equatorial circumference of the earth is twenty-five thousand miles, and the consequent equatorial velocity of its surface is over one thousand four hundred miles per hour, we can but exclaim that truly the power that upholds such immensity is Almighty.

But to the observer who glances over a portion of its surface it might seem a stable world. He sees a rich and fertile plain, watered by rivers and water-courses which have during a long series of years pursued the same uniform and tranquil course. A traveler in China, he contemplates the walls and monuments of great cities, which, he is told, have a history so far back in time as to be lost in the night of ages; thus with his own eyes he sees the work of uncounted centuries.

As a naturalist, he examines a mountain or other geological formation, and finds them all, as he finds the hills, valleys and streams, just as described by history or tradition. No one making such observations would at first suspect that any serious change had ever occurred to disturb those scenes or change the surface of the surrounding country. Nevertheless, those places have not always presented the aspect of to-day. In common with every place on earth, they have had their convulsions of nature; in reality, entire physical revolutions. We read almost every day of fierce tornadoes, devastating floods, or terrible earthquakes that convert the beautiful plains into marshes, destroy towns or change the entire topography of the section. Smaller changes also have many times a great effect, as the fall of an avalanche may block up a river and cause it to overflow the surrounding country, and cover the fertile soil with stones and gravel, or bury it in several feet of mud.

The Bible tells us, and no one doubts that as reliable history, that two thousand four hundred years ago, Nineveh flourished in all its grandeur, yet it is now buried in oblivion, and its site overwhelmed with sand. Old Tyre, two thousand four hundred and fifty years ago was the queen of cities and mistress of the sea. Its site is now a bare rock in the sea, where fishermen spread their nets.

Two thousand years ago, according to history and tradition, Greenland was a fertile country, and Iceland was covered with a dense forest of birch and fir; but the gulf stream, by filling the bottom of the ocean with minute particles of sand brought from southern seas has turned the great current of warm water eastward, leaving Greenland and Iceland in the frozen waters of the north, and almost uninhabitable.

From these facts we become cognizant of continuous change—it settles down into our minds that very far back in time there was a very different condition of things, and that far down the vista of the future there may be, in fact will be, vast changes; and from what we know let us, in the language of the psalmist, "Get wisdom, get understanding, and forget it not."

After all this it may be thought to be a great step from what we know of God, and the changes produced by His laws, to try to follow out His steps in

the creation of our universe, and more especially of our world; yet such is often done, and it does man good to try and follow the Omnipotent and obey His command as given by the inspired words of Solomon, when he says: "Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom; and with all thy gettings, get understanding."

As we turn our telescope into the region of space, we see, of course, innumerable stars not visible to the naked eye, but never do we see the outside limit of space. If it is limited we cannot see where. If it is not, we cannot comprehend how it can be without limit. Beyond the utmost limit of telescopic vision, God only knows what is there; but as the telescope has shown us innumerable stars beyond the ken of mortal eye, so, could we improve our instruments, or look with the eye of God, we have every reason to suppose that we should still see clusters upon cluster of worlds. Amid those clusters of stars in open spaces we sometimes find luminous fields. They are where a system of worlds might be expected, yet it is simply luminosity, or fire mist. In other words, chaos. In other places we see amid this mist aggregations or points of greater density, which La Place considered the nucleus of coming worlds. In others there was a division into rings.

We see in our system the planet Saturn surrounded by rings, dense enough to reflect light, and to cast a shadow, yet not dense enough to blot out the light of a bright star beyond, though they much obscure such. These may break up into additional satellites for Saturn, and the fire mist may be new systems in process of creation, and it is supposed they are. [La Place's theory was here explained with diagrams.] This supposes the fire mist at first to be vaporized material, from heat, and the worlds or suns first formed would be extremely hot. Our sun is so now. Our earth is cool outside, but if this theory is true it cannot be cool inside. So we are living upon the cooled surface of an intensely hot globe.

Let us see if reason is on our side in this: Prominent among the facts that go to show that the interior of our earth is hot as represented, is that whenever we descend beneath its surface to any considerable depth, we find a regular increase of temperature, the mean rate of increase being one degree for every fifty feet.

With this regular increase it would become red-hot at a depth of twelve miles, and at the depth of fifty miles everything would be hot enough to melt, and become liquid if it was not for the immense pressure upon it, which must render it dense and hard, although intensely hot; and thus it goes on toward the center, not perhaps with regular increase, as the hot material, pressed so closely together, may conduct heat as metals do electricity, and consequently not have an increased rate toward the center. In connection with this, as additional proof, come boiling springs and numerous volcanoes ejecting lava, which is melted rock, thus seemingly making the testimony conclusive.

But be it as it may in creation, it is a tangible fact that we are sailing through the region of space with immense velocity—some have thought without a pilot, and that we should be dashed into the face of some comet or other stroller in space, and sometimes there has been a dread of some such catastrophe. But they forget that there is a Power to guide as well as to create, and that our world with its living freight is safe in His hands.

But we live on a wonderful planet. It is not a mere agglomeration of rocks and mountains, seas and lakes, as by the telescope we see in Venus or Mars, but here as on no other planet we can look into the minutiae. Of course there is no promise in the rock of plant life, and none in the plant of the animal, and were we to examine our earth from Venus, we could not make more of it than we now can of Mars. But we can reason from analogy and probably be right when we say that Mars, at least, is similar to our earth. It is true that vegetation there may have a red leaf instead of green, but that does not matter. It requires no telescope to show us that rocks produce soil here, and why not there? We grind every year thousands of tons of rock, and sell it under the name of "plaster," to improve our soil. We know that the vegetable is the outgrowth of the soil, and that vegetation is the source from which animal life draws its resources; that it is they owe their subsistence, not only as food but a portion of the air so necessary to our existence. Yet directly or indirectly all animals must eat. Under the same law of nourishment the plant eats and drinks from the soil, and reasoning upon the same ground other planets must have inhabitants; must at least have vegetable and animal growth. The telescope shows us on them mountains and rocks, as well as water, so we have no other just conclusion to draw. God creates, and the Bible tells us that the creation of plant and animal were from and of the soil.

But let us remember it is also God's will for us to search out; as "It is the glory of God to conceal a thing, but the honor of kings to search out a matter." But it is beyond our thoughts to find out all. While we seek out knowledge let us do it with due humiliation, and with respect to the great omniscient Power that gives us our ability and the capacity of enlarging our powers of intellect; and thus to comprehend in a feeble way His works around us.—HIRAM A. COTTER in *The Freeman*.

### Errors and their Correctors.

I suppose that there are few things of which most men know so little as they know of the manufacture of newspapers. It is the business of those who edit to furnish the world with reading—it is the business of the world to find fault. I have sometimes wished that I could introduce these constant critics and censors to some better knowledge of the difficulties, anxieties and perplexities of the journalist's vocation—it is possible that their hearts might be softened, their tongues stayed and their querulous animosity subdued. As it is, most of mankind seem to stand guard over us, ready to pounce down upon us at the slightest aberration of memory, the smallest error of detail, the minutest possible mistake or misstatement of fact. They do not seem to understand that the most ardent desire of the honest journalist is to be right. Always he goes into details with fear and trembling. Generally, no lawyer preparing for *nisi prius* or for terms takes more pains, or subjects himself more entirely to the diligence of research; and yet in spite of all this, the journalist sometimes finds that he has blundered into an awful depth of error, and has been egregiously misled by what seems to him to be authority. But whether that error be large or small, he is sure to be instantly informed of it. Somebody at once finds him out; and just as surely as somebody finds him out there comes a letter, airy with superior knowledge, or ferocious with a sense of personal injury, or fussy in its splitting of hairs. Alas! we have so many critics, each of them mounted either upon a hobby-horse or a charger of personal injury! Every human being, in my opinion, is pleased to detect any other human being in a mistake. To do so proves his sagacity, knowledge, discrimination, virtue and morality. I have had excellent evidence of this while the present series of papers has been passing through the press. Scores of obliging persons have been good enough to correct me. I frankly acknowledge that it was my own memory that was occasionally in the wrong; but quite as often I have been right. It is hardly worth mentioning; but surely it is not always the fagged and overworked journalist who blunders. For the newspaper man who deliberately publishes to the world a falsehood, or even does so through inexcusable carelessness, I have no respect, and could hardly have much affection. But between honest error and falsehood there is a wide moral difference.—C. T. CONGDON.

### New Citizens.

No stage nor novel can offer as dramatic and pathetic scenes as those which take place every week at Castle Garden and the wharves at Philadelphia on the arrival of the great ocean steamers bringing crowds of emigrants driven by the want and famine in Europe to find homes in the new world.

In the month of April alone, the vast incoming tribes numbered over 50,000. There are sturdy Swedes and Norwegians with their candid faces; vivacious French; stolid English, shouldering the others arrogantly; fat, slow-moving Germans, usually with a snug sum stored away in some of their big pockets; Tyrolese, in gay jackets with silver lace; and hunger-bitten, ragged Irish, chattering and laughing.

In many cases friends are waiting to welcome the new comers.

The other day, an elegantly dressed man and woman, whose satins, broadcloth and gold chains told ostentatiously that they were well-to-do, left their carriage and waited on the pier for the huge steamer just floating up to the dock. The cabin passengers were landed. The lady breathlessly watched them until all had passed.

"She has not come! She is dead!" she cried. A by-stander, with keen eyes to understand, touched her. "Is not that the person you expect?" pointing to a little old woman wistfully peering out among the steerage passengers still herded on deck.

"Ach ja! Meine mutter! meine mutter!" she screamed, the tears streaming, and ran to the edge of the pier. The two women stretched out their arms to each other over the gap of water. Everybody understood the story. The son and daughter had succeeded in the new world and sent for the old mother to share their good fortune, but she had saved the passage-money and come in the steerage with German thrift.

At Castle Garden, it is amusing to see the children who are defraying the expenses of bringing the "owld folks" over from Ireland this spring, dressing them in new clothes and the inevitable high beaver hat, before taking them home to introduce them to their new friends.

A pretty story is told of four German children who came over in April. The eldest, a boy of twelve, took care of the little ones as a mother might do on the voyage, and on landing, anxiously washed, combed and dressed them all, finishing by taking out five little white handkerchiefs, putting them in their pockets, a corner in view. Then they sat down in a row, and waited. Presently appeared an older brother, who met them with shouts of welcome.

The majority of these new-comers are bound to the untilled lands of the West, where there is the best chance for their success. In the over-crowded cities they usually sink into pauperism.

### Street Noises in London.

The English metropolis, like all large cities, is a noisy place, and to get a wink of sleep in the early morning is next to impossible. One writer complains in the *Standard* that part of his life is rendered miserable by a man who is in the service of a dairy company, and who, early every morning, weekdays and Sundays, makes a round of the neighborhood. "His voice—which is as powerful as M. Lassalle's, though in other respects there is no resemblance between the two"—is heard while he is yet a great way off, and its noise increases until he is actually under the writer's window, when it is so great "that it is enough to wake the Seven Sleepers." How great this may be we have no means of ascertaining, but the noise is made more disturbing by its intermittent character. "It is impossible to get accustomed to it, as one might to a morning gun." It begins before seven, and goes on, with brief and uncertain intervals of repose, for two or three hours.

Who among us is there who does not recall his own sufferings when wantonly disturbed from "a first and much-coveted sleep?" In one of the western districts of London, some years ago, a gentleman engaged in commercial pursuits, it may be supposed, was in the habit of driving his phaeton through the streets at an early hour, presumably on his way to business. He was constantly accompanied by a black dog, which gambled round the carriage, barking with a bark which can only be compared to the firing of a small piece of ordnance. This nuisance continued for many years, and not only was nothing ever done to mitigate the nuisance, but the police, and even the magistrate, when appealed to, declared their inability to interfere. That commercial gentleman would have the deaths of many of his fellow-creatures on his conscience, if he had one. Many similar examples will occur to every one who has lived even a few weeks in London. It is certainly outrageous that one vender of milk, or of anything else, should have it in his power to murder the sleep of a number of people by the way in which he chooses to sell his goods.

A correspondent of the paper already referred to, sums up his experience in a few sad lines: "Piano-organs of huge size and great power, accompanied by a chorus of foul-tongued roughs of both sexes, yelling milkmen and costermongers, make the day unbearable; barking dogs and howling drunkards make night hideous." The police, it appears, feel themselves to be powerless in the matter. They would gladly take action, but so far as regards street noises, their hands are tied. They themselves are anxious as anybody else can be to put some check on what threaten to become intolerable nuisances. Not only do superintendents and inspectors constantly receive letters complaining of grievances which they would like to redress if they could, but also the noises of the night and the early morning are, as may be imagined, as distressing to members of the police force, who are hoping to snatch a few hours' rest or sleep between the intervals of duty, as they can be even to hard-pressed "brain-workers." The things which we have described or referred to give a truly pleasing picture of the state of London toward the close of the nineteenth century. We seem to be reading an account of some work of Hogarth's a hundred and fifty years old. Yet it is not in the slightest degree exaggerated, and there is no remedy.

### North Carolina Mountain Vagelli.

The awful solitude of the forests is scarcely broken by them. Half of their unpainted, weather-beaten houses are always empty, the inmates having apparently died, or gone farther into these sleepy wildernesses and forgotten to come back. The roads leading to them are always over break-neck precipices and in scandalous disrepair, one generation putting off to another the mending of them. There is always a deserted mica mine on a neighboring height, shining like a fountain of silver gushing from the rock; there is always a stream which "would give a powerful yield of gold, only we folks don't count much on them uncertain ways of makin' a livin'."

There are always one or two families of educated, well-bred people. They have little money, but they feel the need of it less here than anywhere else in the States. They live in roomy wooden houses, the walls, ceilings, and floors frequently made of a purplish fine-grained poplar, which no Persian carpet or tapestry could rival in beauty; they buy no new books, but they have read the old ones until they are live friends; they never saw a Gerome or a Fortuny, but their windows open on dusky valleys, delicate in beauty as a dream, on rushing water-falls, on rainbow veils of mist floating over dizzy heights; they dress in home-spun, and sit on wooden benches, but knowing nothing of fashions or bric-a-brac, their souls sit at ease and are quiet, and they never feel the aching void of an empty pocket. Our travelers were welcomed to many a room where trunks, the spinning-wheel, and the cooking-stove filled one side, and the bed and a portrait of a Revolutionary ancestor the other, where flat-irons and silver goblets, Shakspeare and the blacking-brushes, amicably keep company on the mantel-shelf, but in which the fine quick wit and the grave courtesy of their hosts would have dwarfed the stateliest surroundings.—REBECCA HARDING DAVIS, in *Harper's Magazine*.

### Our Treaty With Japan.

Japan, although itself a very old nation, is very young as a sister in the family of nations. For unknown centuries she was almost as much shut out from intercourse with the rest of the world as was China. For several hundred years before 1868, the government was held by usurpation by the Tycoon, or Shogun, as the Japanese call him. In that year, at the end of a two years' civil war, the authority of the Mikado, the rightful sovereign, was established.

Towards the end of the Tycoonate, Japan had been partly opened to trade, both the military enterprises of the commercial nations and the gradual introduction of European ideas uniting to effect this change. In 1858, several treaties were concluded between Japan and other countries, including the United States, Great Britain, and France. All these countries, not excepting our own, took advantage of Japanese ignorance of diplomacy to impose upon her terms which she has since found to be intolerable.

We will mention two of the conditions, which are found in all the treaties. It is agreed that if offenses are committed in Japan by foreigners against Japanese, the culprits shall be tried, not by Japanese courts, but in consular courts of the country to which the offender belongs, and that if guilty, they shall be punished by foreign law.

It is easy to see how this would work if the same rule were to be applied to ourselves. There are Germans who have immigrated to this country, who may some time become American citizens, but are now German subjects. Suppose one of these Germans, living in Chicago, should become indebted to an American grocer, how would it please the creditor to be obliged to sue his debtor before a German consular court, and be obliged to conform to German law instead of that of Illinois? That illustrates the character of this condition of the treaty. An American who assaults a Japanese in the streets of Tokio, or who commits an offense against law, has to be tried before the American consul.

The other condition is a still harder one. These treaties also included an agreement by Japan, that certain duties on imports, and no others, should be laid and collected. Any government which parts with the full liberty to lay such taxes as seem proper, and places itself at the mercy of another government, will, sooner or later, regret it.

Since these treaties were made, Japan has had a revolution; the new government is liberal and progressive. Great public works have been undertaken and carried out. The civilization and the educational and governmental institutions of the western nations have been introduced. All this has cost much money. The Japanese Government now spends ten times as much money every year as she used to spend twenty years ago. The revenue which she could then derive from duties on foreign goods constituted at one time a very large portion of the whole. It is now less than one-thirtieth of it; and she has surrendered the power to change her tariff, except by the consent of other powers.

She has therefore appealed to the governments with which she has treaties for a revision of the agreements. She ought not to ask in vain. It would be as unfair to hold her to her hard bargain as it is to require the boy who has borrowed money of a usurer, at a ruinous rate of interest, to keep his word when he becomes of age and comes into his property.

Japan cannot, by the terms of the treaties, put an end to the agreements unless the other parties consent. There is a provision for a revision, but any government can refuse to make any changes, and so stop the negotiation. Moreover, the changes desired cannot be made unless all the parties consent. But these facts do not in the least degree alter the duty of our people in this matter.

As the matter stands, we are pursuing a course of injustice towards a friendly nation, continuing to take advantage of a treaty made when she was inexperienced. It ought to be a matter of national pride with us to be the first to consent to the changes which are asked for, and then we should use all the influence we have to persuade others to do the same. The subject is already being considered by our State department. We feel sure that if a proposal is made to relieve Japan, it will have the hearty support and sympathy of all who believe in doing justice to our neighbors.

CAUGHT.—There are idle students in other countries besides this, but the folly of neglect is not always so keenly regretted as in the instance given below from a French journal:

A young student on the eve of his departure to study law at Paris, received from his uncle a code which was to be one of his text-books at college. "If you are faithful," said the old gentleman, "I will make you a fine present."

Visiting Paris some months later, he called upon his nephew and asked him how he was pleased with his gift.

"But I have received nothing," said the nephew.

"Let me look at your code," was the response.

The book was produced, and between the leaves of the first chapter a bank-note for 500 francs was discovered, which had not been found by the faithful disciple of Justinian. This was speedily restored to the pocket of the old gentleman.

### Modern Men of Great Wealth.

The ancient historians have a great deal to say about the wealth of various old Greeks and Romans, but none of them were so rich, in all probability, as are many living Americans. Croesus, King of Lydia, five hundred years before the Christian era, had so much gold, with other kinds of property, that "rich as Croesus" has been for ages a thread bare simile. He was the great plutocrat of antiquity, and it is difficult to judge of the value of his possessions, but it is not at all likely that it ever reached more than \$10,000,000 to \$12,000,000 of our money. There are, no doubt, forty New Yorkers at least worth more than he, and some six or seven may have four fold his wealth. The richest Roman in Julius Cæsar's time, and one of the triumvirate, was Marcus Lucinius Crassus, an astute speculator, noted for avarice. His fortune has often been estimated, and never above \$9,000,000 to \$10,000,000 in United States currency. An Athenian or Roman who could count his estate at what would be 1,000,000 of our dollars was considered immensely wealthy, but residents of Manhattan who have no more than \$1,000,000 are not now considered particularly well off, and are unknown among the opulent members of the community. Mere millionaires are so common here as to merit little distinction financially. There were no such estates in ancient times as those of the Astors and Vanderbilts, and no such private fortunes as are held not only here, but in Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Chicago, San Francisco, and other cities of the Republic. The growth of wealth has been prodigious in this country within this generation. Some of the largest accumulations in the land have been made within forty or fifty years. Half a century ago only one man in the Metropolis was worth \$1,000,000, and his name was John Jacob Astor. Now hundreds of our fellow-citizens can go beyond those figures, and they feel rather poor than otherwise. When Stephen Girard died, in 1831, he was considered by all odds the richest man on this continent—nobody approached or began to approach him monetarily—and yet his property was not valued at more than \$9,000,000. Men who do not regard themselves as very old, can easily remember when \$100,000 was thought to be a fortune, even in our largest cities, and when \$10,000 in the small towns was deemed an independence. At present \$100,000 is hardly reckoned sufficient to make a man comfortable, and \$100,000 would not be deserving of mention, unless in a rural village of New England, where general poverty lends a magnifying power to any eye that contemplates any kind of coin. Within the next fifty years it is likely that private fortunes will be increased beyond what they have been in the same period in the past. In 1930 and 1940 it is probable enough that we shall hear of plain American citizens who are worth from \$100,000,000 to \$150,000,000, and who will be grumbling that they have no more.—*N. Y. Times.*

### A Blessing in Disguise.

The recent flood in the Mississippi and its upper tributaries carried away thousands of tons of ice, Dubuque being among the sufferers. It is possible that the price may therefore be increased on what remains. In some respects this would not be an unwelcome fact, as it would unquestionably reduce the consumption. A great deal of harm to health and many deaths result, as everybody knows, from injudicious use of cold liquids to quench thirst during our blazing summers. Persons exposed to the heat, especially those hard at work, cannot, or will not, refrain from drinking, for they feel the need of supplying the waste from copious perspiration. What, then, shall they drink? Water seems, under the circumstances, to be inadequate to the wants of the system. It passes through the circulation to the skin as through a sieve, and flows over the surface in streams. A big drink of cold, or even of cool, water on an empty stomach is very dangerous; it is liable to produce sudden death. The danger may be avoided, it is said, by putting farinaceous substances, particularly oat-meal, with the water to be drunk by laborers, the proper proportion being three or four ounces of meal to a gallon of water. Why oat-meal should be better than rye, millet, buckwheat or corn-meal can not easily be determined, but those who have used oat-meal, especially firemen, coal-heavers and the like, say that it gives them greater endurance and increases their strength. This may be a mere notion, but the peculiar aroma of the oats may be associated with an agreeable stimulation of the alimentary mucous surface as to promote complete digestion. The meal appears to fill the blood-vessels without increasing the cutaneous exhalations. Workmen who have tried acid, saccharine, or alcoholic drinks as a substitute for the oat-meal drinks have invariably expressed unsatisfactory results. Water with oat-meal seems to be by all odds the most wholesome and desirable summer drink for manual laborers.—*Dubuque Times.*

It is a man's relations to his God that must adjust and determine his relations to his fellow-creatures. The symmetrical position of the points in the circumference arises from their common relation to a common center.

A capital letter—One containing a blank note.

### Remarkable Journalistic Feats.

Every journalist of any ability recollects feats which he has accomplished, which it does not seem to him he could ever do again—long reaches of persistent labor which stretched through all the daylight and were persisted in after the evening gas was lighted, long after admonitions came to him that the press was waiting, and that the forms must be closed up immediately. Sometimes, by the evening fireside, I sit and dream of the great things which I once did, not in any spirit of self-sufficiency, but in my own humble way, as Swift dreamed while the intellectual shadows were closing around him. "What a genius I had when I wrote that book!" he used to say of the "Tale of a Tub." Well, even little men, who have done their best, may look back upon their triumphs. I do, for one, and I should not be very civil to whomsoever should gainsay me. I remember how once a great statesman died, and the wires sent us the melancholy intelligence at about three o'clock in the afternoon. I should like to know what most people capable of doing it at all would have said if they had been called upon for a biography of that statesman, covering the whole period of his life, all his political history, with a decent estimate of what he had done, and of his talents and character—all this to fill some six columns of the *Tribune*, and all to be ready within nine hours! I well remember that "Obituary," and how some people criticized it, and found faults and errors in it, and how few understood the difficulties of the work, or thought of the fagged and weary man who had done his best, and had not done it badly. Bless the breakfast-table critics! how sharp they were and how knowing! Bless also the sagacious gentleman who had a month in which to consider the matter, to turn it over leisurely, to ransack the chambers of memory, and to take down book after book from the library shelves! He would have finished it all charmingly in the day time, but not quite so well at two o'clock in the morning, with the night editor at his elbow and the night foreman howling through the speaking-tube.

The public is not inconsiderate—it is only ignorant. The newspaper is a mystery of the manufacture of which it knows hardly anything. Those who give to it the enthusiasm of youth, the vigor of manhood, and whatever wisdom old age may have brought with it, might have won an abiding fame in this department of literature or the other, in the fields of science, in the arena of public affairs. Taste or accident has betrayed them into a humble sphere of human exertion, nor do they quarrel with their fortune. He who drifts into journalism rarely leaves it; he still plods on in the daily toil which for him has a rare fascination. Often there is no fame for him. The cleverest newspaper man may be utterly unknown, and not forgotten only because he has never been remembered. His heart, however, is stout at any rate, and come competency or the lack of it, come the high-sea or the humbled position, he still toils with irrepressible cheerfulness, and hopes when all is over that his associates who survive him will be reasonably sorry or solemn at his funeral.—*CHARLES T. CONGDON.*

### Humor.

The love principle is stronger than the force principle.—[Dr. A. A. Hodge.]  
 Professor.—"What important personage was confined on the island of St. Helena?"  
 Mr. H.—"Robinson Crusoe."  
 Teacher.—"What is a score?"  
 Pupil.—"A base-ball record."  
 Teacher.—"No, no; what I mean is, how much does a score signify numerically? what idea does it give you? That is to say, if I were to tell you that I had a score of horses, what would you think?"  
 Pupil.—"Please, marm, I should think you was stuffed."  
 An anxious father was consulting one of the Wall street magnates as to what business he should put his son to.  
 "My boy, sir," said he, "has had a first-rate education and is remarkably truthful." "I don't see much good in that," said the Wall street man, jingling the double eagles in his breeches pocket; "none of the successful men I know are truthful. Better make your boy an apothecary; that's the only business I know of where deceit does not pay in the long run."

M. Isaac Pereire, the French banker of vast wealth who died in Paris lately at the age of seventy-four, was not only a wonderfully successful financier but a practical philanthropist. The founder and head of the Credit Mobilier of France and engaged in the largest financial schemes of his age, he yet found time to study the interests of the poor. He fed two thousand needy persons daily at a restaurant which he built for that purpose, but held that something besides alms-giving was required to afford anything like permanent and real relief for human suffering. To call forth the views of thinkers he recently offered a prize of one hundred thousand francs for competitive essays on the subjects of the best practical means for the extinction of pauperism, the best system of public education, the organization of credit best adapted to develop labor, and the reform of taxation. Few men have done more for the development and prosperity of France, or shown a kindlier spirit toward humanity at large.

Better be in shame now than at the day of judgment.—[Mohammed.]

### Uses of the Telephone.

The practical uses of the telephone are being constantly extended. It now appears as the means by which an important improvement in British journalism has just been made by the *London Times*, namely, the reporting of the late after-midnight debates in the House of Commons. It seems that the many prominent men—those whose speeches in Parliament are most widely read—are in the habit of speaking at very late hours. Owing to this fact, and to the further fact that the leading morning trains start an hour earlier than formerly, it has always been difficult, and sometimes impossible, for the great morning dailies to give a satisfactory report of what was said in the House the night of going to press. It has been scarcely practicable to give a full report of a speech made after one o'clock, and only a mere abstract of what was said or done after two o'clock was possible. The reports of late speeches, necessarily imperfect, have given rise to complaints on the part of members of Parliament, and even to suggestions that some more satisfactory means of publishing the Parliamentary debates be provided. To overcome these difficulties the *London Times* has called the telephone to its aid. It has made telephonic communication between its office and the House of Commons, in each of which is placed one of Edison's loud speaking telephones. Instead of writing out his notes and transmitting them by telegraph or otherwise—a proceeding which has heretofore consumed a good deal of precious time—the reporter, or, if he is busy, some other person, reads the report in a room adjoining the gallery. At the receiver at the other end in the printing-office is the compositor. The disk of the telephone is placed above and behind him. Two tubes, with trumpet-shaped ends, are so arranged that one end of each is at the telephone disk and the other ends at the ears of the compositor. In this way all distracting noises are shut off. There is speaking and bell communication with a system of signals between the compositor and the reporter so as to secure a perfect understanding and harmony of operation. As the reporter in Parliament reads, the compositor in the printing office sets the type. Still greater rapidity is secured by the use of the machine by which the type are brought down and placed in position by manipulating keys resembling those of a piano. With this machine it is stated that a printer, working from dictation, can set up nearly two hundred lines an hour, or about one hundred lines from manuscript, whereas, from forty to fifty lines an hour are said to be the limit of typesetting by hand. By the use of the telephone and the typesetting machine, the Parliamentary debates are now brought down by the *London Times* from one-half to three-quarters of an hour later than they were reported a few weeks ago, and it is believed that a higher degree of accuracy is attained. The method is regarded as a great practical success even now, and it will doubtless be much improved in the course of time.—*Frank Leslie.*

### Restoring the Jews to Palestine

"Sixty years ago," says the *Philadelphia Press*, "Mordecai M. Noah built a monument on Grand Island upon which was inscribed: 'Ararat, a City of Refuge for the Jews.' It was the dream of his life to restore the Kingdom of Israel at that place, but it came to the end of all dreams. It has recently been rumored that Mr. Lawrence Oliphant, that world-wide traveler and accomplished man of the world, had, at the instigation of Sir Moses Montefiore, at last gained a concession of certain districts in Palestine, where the oft-attempted project of that venerable philanthropist is to be carried out. It is now stated semi-authoritatively in the English press that among the projects which Mr. Goschen will present to the Sultan is that of forming into a united Jewish colony the districts of Galaad and Moab, which are at present inhabited only by a few nomad tribes. The Ottoman Government would retain its suzerain rights over this territory, which was formerly the part of the Promised Land set aside for the tribes of Gad, Reuben and Manasseh, and would receive in return for its concession, in other respects, a respectable number of millions from certain capitalists, who have undertaken that they shall be forthcoming. The new colony would be subjected to the authority of a prince of Jewish race and religion and would serve as the nucleus of a second Kingdom of Israel."

According to the *Kansas City Review* remains of a gigantic race of men, considerably advanced in civilization, have been discovered in a cave on the old Smith farm in Tiffin Township, Adams County, Ohio. The cavern had at one time been a burial-place, and contained many tombs adorned with bas-reliefs of a very high artistic character. One of the tombs, when broken open, was found to contain the mummy of a man nine feet one inch in length. Several tools and weapons of copper were found in the tomb, hardened to such a degree that a file will barely scratch the lance. It is to be hoped that further examinations will be undertaken by fully qualified persons. Perhaps at last a light will be thrown on the early history of the western hemisphere.

Family jars are very frequently caused by a man being in his cups.

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 There are thousands afflicted with diseases of the Kidneys or Urinary Organs who suffer in silence rather than to make known their troubles. Others seek relief by the use of various patent medicines, which, if they do not aggravate the disease at least do not lessen it. Even those who secure the advice of physicians often fail to get relief, owing to the very complicated and delicate nature of the organs affected. The Oregon Kidney Tea is a strictly vegetable production, and will not injure the stomach, irritate the most delicate woman, but will cure Pain in the Back and Kidneys, retention of Urine, Diabetes, Inflammation of the Bladder or Kidneys, Brick Dust Deposit in Urine, Leucorrhœa, Painful or Suppressed Menses, retention, and all complaints arising from a diseased or debilitated state of the kidneys or urinary organs of either sex.  
**Koegg, Davis & Co., Proprietors,**  
 PORTLAND, OREGON.  
 FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.  
**Price, ONE DOLLAR.**



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**W. A. DOUGLASS, M. D.,**  
 126 O'Farrell St.  
 To the Standard Soap Company.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 19, 1879.  
 Standard Soap Co.—Gentlemen:  
 I have tried your PHOSPHATE SOAP, and have no hesitation in saying that it is the best toilet soap I ever used. My wife has used it and is of the same opinion. I have paid as high as fifty cents per cake for an article in every respect inferior to what you sell for twenty-five cents. **HENRY H. LYNCH,**  
 515 Haight street.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 19, 1879.  
 Standard Soap Co.—Gentlemen:  
 The ladies of my household, four in number, unite with me in pronouncing your PHOSPHATE SOAP the best ever tried for toilet use. It is noticeable that while it readily removes impurities from the skin, it also leaves undisturbed the natural oil so essential to the health. It is not too strong language to say that we are delighted with it.  
**C. M. SAWTELLE, M. D.,**  
 120 Capp street.

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 Standard Soap Co.—Gentlemen:  
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 1016 Kirkham street.

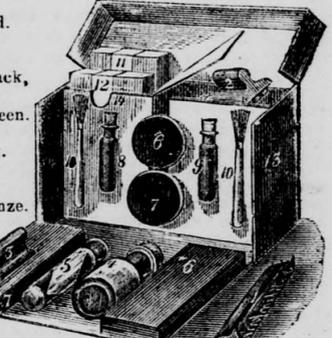
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## Mail and Telegraph.

### Gen. Rosecrans' Address.

The following address has been issued by General W. S. Rosecrans, as Commander-in-Chief of the Blue and Gray Legion of California, and is commended to the especial and favorable consideration of all political Clues throughout the State in favor of the election of Hancock and English, and the return of the conduct of the Government of the United States to those principles enunciated and defended by those who framed it. Read General Rosecrans' eloquent and patriotic words:

HEADQUARTERS OF THE BLUE AND GRAY }  
HANCOCK LEGION, UNION HALL, }  
San Francisco, July 26, 1880. }

Dear Sir:—As President of this Legion, I beg to call your attention and that of the members of the Club over which you preside to the objects and conditions of our membership, and the reasons why we respectfully but earnestly invite you to unite with us. It may be done without detriment and we think with advantage to every legitimate end and aim of your Club and party.

We are organizing without regard to party, creed, color or race, for the purpose of procuring the election of Hancock and English. Our Legion combines all the Union and Confederate soldiers who are willing to join in securing this as the beginning of a new departure and better future of our common country.—We invite to join us all voters of all parties who are willing to promote this end.

We ask of them no renunciation of political convictions, aspirations, club or party. We ask no reasons why they are willing to work for the election of Hancock and English. All we require to become members is that they sign a pledge to do so at the coming Presidential election, and to abide by the Constitution and By-laws of the Legion, which pledge must be filed at these Headquarters. We have nothing to do with party organizations, jobs and schemes, which, if desirable, may go on as usual. But we consider the following to be unanswerable reasons why you ought to join us:

1. The very existence of the Workingmen's party, the Greenback party, the Grangers' party and the great Constitutional Democratic party, are so many substantial living protests against the capacity of the Republican party to satisfy the wants and aspirations of this great people.

2. The party in power stands in the way of all the reforms advocated by each of these organizations, and must be moved out of the way before anything effective can be done for any of them.

3. Without deposition of the Republican party from power, none of these other parties have the slightest chances of carrying out anything which they profess to believe for the best interests of the country.

4. Common sense and common prudence alike demand, therefore, that they should combine their strength to elect Hancock and English, which will remove the insuperable object in the way of all, and double the chances of each and every party advocating reasonable and legitimate measures of progress and reform, by putting in place of this intollerant and corrupt minority, a majority of the Nation, strong enough to do whatever is reasonable and fit to be done, and by breadth of sympathy predisposed to give a fair and full hearing to each advocate of progress and reform with which it has been associated in the coming contest.

If we are correct in these views every patriotic advocate of reform, either in labor or currency, has all chances in favor of doing good and nothing, which deserves respect, to lose by joining us.

5. The Republican party is unquestionably a decided minority of the people, held together by the cohesive power of public plunder and ruling a majority, whose union will end its reign and greatly enlarge the country's chances of a better future, it will also end those appeals to the passions which have incalculably injured the interests of both colored and white people of the South, and been the means of whipping into and keeping in its ranks timid and careful souls of the North and West by the bugbear cries of a "solid South against a solid North," the "yell of the rebel brigadiers," "the payment of the rebel debt," to the great damage of the interests of the whole country.

To bring to grief this mode of obtain-

ing votes by false pretences is worthy the united efforts of all who love their country.

The numbers are superabundant and their union and organization will do the work.

For these reasons we beg you to give my views careful and candid consideration and such action thereon as your judgment commends.

W. S. ROSECRANS,  
President and Commander.

NEW YORK, Aug. 24.—The *World* referring to a *Herald's* correspondent, stating that California is looked upon by the Republican managers as likely to give its six electoral votes to Hancock and English, and that they are bending their energies to save the Senatorship from the wreck, adds: They are doing the same thing in Connecticut and New Jersey, and looking for a collapse in the National contest, but hope to reduce the Democratic majority in the Senate and if possible to secure the House. It has all along been the opinion of the Grant managers that Garfield's defeat would bring their candidate to the front in 1884.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 25.—The employees of the Postoffice Department to-day adopted complimentary resolutions upon the retirement of Judge Key. The resolutions were presented by Judge Tynor in a brief speech and responded to by Judge Key. Postmaster General Maynard made appropriate remarks.

Horace Maynard, ex-Minister to Turkey, in company with Postmaster Key, visited the White House to-day to pay his respects to President Hayes. While there the President signed Maynard's commission as Postmaster General and handed it to him. Later in the day Maynard appeared at the Postoffice Department and took the oath of office as Postmaster General, and will enter upon his duties to-morrow. The President to-day signed the commission of Judge D. M. Key to be District Judge for the Eastern District of Tennessee. He also signed the commission of Gen. Longstreet as United States Minister to Turkey. Judge Key will remain in the city.

DEADWOOD, Aug. 25.—Richard S. Adams, the defaulting postmaster, whose trial had just ended and who was to have been sentenced to-day escaped from the Marshal last night. Adams' career has been a disgraceful one, and his leaving the hills is but the repetition of his exit from various other places. A large reward has been offered by the Marshal for his capture.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 24.—Mrs. Emma Young, great granddaughter of Patrick Henry, is ill and penniless at her home in this city. A week ago Mrs. Susan J. Henry, widow of Patrick Henry, a grandson of the great orator, died, leaving her daughter alone ill and without money and apparently without friends.

Jacksonville *Times*: Col. W. S. Stone, Superintendent of the Oregon and California Stage Company, informs us that it is quite likely that Mr. Hayes and family and others, twelve in all, who are making a tour of the Western and Pacific coast States, will pass through this section about the 1st of September, on their way north to Puget Sound. The Stage Company will furnish the conveyances and the trip from Reading to Roseburg will be made in about six days. As the party only travels during the day time, it will probably stop over at Jacksonville or Ashland for a night.

CHICAGO, Aug. 24.—Both the Northwestern and Milwaukee & St. Paul railroads have now received permission from the Indians to lay track through their reservation in the Black Hills, and in the race for that section the country will see some of the fastest track laying ever witnessed. The Interior Department was loth to allow the railroads to run through the Indian country, for experience has shown that railroads tended to make Indians beggars where they have been thrifty and good citizens, and demoralized them in every way.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 25.—Roseari Meli, a Sicilian brigand, and member of the society LaMoffa, who was sent to the Penitentiary last year for robbery, was yesterday pardoned by the Governor and immediately started by the overland train en route to Italy, in charge of an Italian official and Capt. Stone of the San Francisco police. He is wanted at home for murder, and was pardoned for his offense here in order to admit of his extradition. The matter has been kept very quiet, as

the LaMoffa is a very determined organization, and it was feared might attempt his rescue.

CHICAGO, Aug. 24.—Yesterday laborers excavating for a sewer in Wicker Park in the northwestern part of the city, came upon the petrified remains of a mastodon at the depth of eighteen feet. Among the pieces already secured is one of the teeth measuring four inches in diameter at one end and six inches at the other end and weighing six pounds.

SLOWLY DYING A HORRIBLE DEATH.—About three weeks ago a young man named Walton and a companion, while working in the harvest field, discovered a snake coiled up in a shock of wheat. Walton advanced near the shock and was preparing to sin a blow, when the reptile darted at him, springing near his face with a hissing sound. Walton fell fainting to the ground, and it was thought that he had been bitten.

Young Walton was carried to his home and remained weak and slightly unwell for a short time, but soon sufficiently recovered to be able to resume his usual duties.

It was then thought that it was only a bad case of fright, and that his encounter with the reptile had injured him to no extent. However, after remaining in apparent health for several days, on last Tuesday he was suddenly taken sick.—He began to suffer intensely, and at first the nature of his illness could not be ascertained. He grew worse hourly, until at this time his life is despaired of. His flesh began to swell and turned spotted and of a peculiar color, and in the last day or two it has begun to scale and fall off. So far it has been impossible to relieve his intense suffering. He seems to be suffering the horrors of indescribable torture, which will certainly end in death. No improvement in his condition can be noticed, and with his flesh dropping off inch by inch he is slowly wasting away and dying a slow death, accompanied by unimaginable suffering. Those who have seen him say that he presents a sight too sickening to behold.

The general opinion is that when the reptile sprang at his face he inhaled its breath, and that the poison has now coursed through his entire system. This seems to be the correct solution of the case. Great sympathy is expressed for Walton, the unfortunate youth, and for his agonizing friends.—*Cincinnati Commercial*.

The Democratic party is gaining accession from the Republican ranks daily.

### Albert M. Snyder

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#### THREE MONTHS PAY.

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

#### Soldiers' Additional Homesteads.

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

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

WEEKLY

# Puget Sound Dispatch.

BERIAH BROWN, Publisher.

VOLUME 8, NUMBER 1.

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