

# Puget Sound Dispatch.

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44.

## Puget Sound Dispatch.

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### The Army and the Law.

The following letter, published in the Philadelphia Inquirer, a Republican paper, on the 30th June last, affords a just illustration of the wisdom, patience and executive judgment, as well as of the true and law-abiding spirit of General Hancock. It shows him acting in the North as he acted in the South, with a single eye to the public peace and majesty of the law:

To the Editor of the Inquirer: SIR: The comments of the Inquirer upon the nomination of General Hancock have been so courteous that I am sure that space will be given to a brief paragraph or two in reference to one episode in his career which has been quite unnoticed.

In the summer of 1877 he was in command in this department and came to Philadelphia to take direction of the movement of troops to put down the rioters. The events of that time are now pretty much forgotten, and it would be difficult to recall the alarm and anxiety which then prevailed.

The question was gravely discussed whether our system of government could maintain law and order abroad as well as at home. It was contended that life and property would never be safe with a standing army of only 40,000 men, and that, after all, we should have to resort to a "strong government." The clamor on every side was for the use of force, and any measures, however merciless, would have been justified and applauded. When General Hancock reached the city the road to Pittsburg was not yet opened, and the lines through the Schuylkill and the Lehigh valleys were closed, and it was feared that the rioters would set fire to every breaker throughout the anthracite regions. The force at the command was very inadequate, but the call for prompt action was so pressing that he was urged to move at once. This he declined until he was satisfied that he could make such a demonstration that there would be no resistance, and thus quell the disturbance without further bloodshed.

Those who met him at that time will recollect his constant anxiety on that point, and the emphasis with which he insisted upon the necessity for the utmost caution and prudence in the use of armed soldiers to put down any popular outbreak. It will be remembered that Governor Hartranft had called upon the President, under the act of Congress, for assistance in putting down the "insurrection," and it was in answer to this call that the United States troops were sent. The temporary absence of Governor Hartranft in the West might have excused some assumption of authority, but General Hancock never forgot nor permitted any one else to forget that he was here in subordination to the State authorities to assist them in restoring order, and, after Governor Hartranft's return, the two cordially co-operated in the movement which finally resulted in the re-establishment of order without firing a shot.

Under these circumstances an order was obtained from Attorney-General Devens that General Hancock should render all proper assistance in enforcement of the process of the United States Circuit Court. In this capacity his troops were to act as a posse comitatus in connection with the United States Marshals and their deputies, and it may be truthfully said that not only could no one have understood and appreciated more fully every requirement and condition of the Constitution and of the law regulating the use of the military in such cases, but he was most conscious and conservative in all his directions.

It was not enough that the letter of the law justified action. It it were possible to get along without putting the troops in motion he insisted that it should be done.

He pointed out over and over again

that one great value of United States troops in repressing such a movement was due to the fact that they constituted as yet an unused force and that it was of the utmost importance that these whose business it was to enforce the laws should not get into the habit of relying upon the army to do what it was their duty to do themselves, and that the people should not be permitted to become accustomed to seeing soldiers acting in such a capacity. Above all, he deprecated a chance collision, which might result in loss of life and arouse a spirit of revenge, which might lead to a general uprising on the part of the mining population. In a letter written at the time by one of the counsel of the receivers, his instructions were thus quoted:

"General Hancock is of opinion that the call for troops as a posse should be used sparingly and only when the civil authorities absolutely need them, and when called upon citizens should also be associated as part of the posse. General Hancock's disposition is to aid in every way that he can, but very properly he does not wish to impair the influence exerted by the presence of the troops by having them called upon too frequently, or in any cases where the necessity does not require it."

In short, while it was understood by every one that, if it became necessary, he would do his duty at whatever cost, none could have shown a higher sense of his disadvantages and danger of using the military as a substitute for the civil power, or the restrictions of the Constitution and the laws upon such use; and, it may be added, that it was the opinion at the time of those best informed as to the condition of things in the mining districts, that it was largely to his wise and humane forbearance in the exercise of his power that the people of Pennsylvania may ascribe their escape from a wretched conflict which would have involved the sacrifice of many lives and vast amount of property.

It has been justly said that General Washington never rendered a greater service to the country than by his suppression of the whiskey insurrection without bloodshed, and there are, I think, few chapters in our history more instructive. But Washington did not in 1794 prove more conclusively how "painful an idea" it was "to exercise the military power to suppress an insurrection," or how earnest was his "wish to render it unnecessary by those endeavors which humanity, a life of peace and tranquility, and the happiness of his fellow citizens dictated," than did Hancock in 1877. If he shall prove equally calm and wise and cautious and obedient to the law in the exercise of civil power, equally the master of himself and masterful of others, he will be well able to give up his reputation as General in exchange for that which he will earn as President. S. D.

### The Lesson of the Little Green Apple.

"I just rolled out here from the grocery store," said the little green apple, as it paused on the sidewalk for a moment's chat with the banana peel; "I am waiting here for a boy. Not a small, weak, delicate boy," added the little green apple, proudly, "but a great, big boy—a great, hulky, strong, leather-lunged, am, you will see me double up that boy to-night, and make him howl and yell. Oh, I'm small, but I'm good for a ten acre field of boys, and don't you forget it. All the boys in Burlington," the little green apple went on, with such a shade of pitying contempt in its voice, "couldn't fool around me as any one of them fools around a banana."

"Boys seem to be your game," drawled the banana peel, lazily; "well, I suppose they are just about strong enough to afford you a little amusement. For my own part, I like to take somebody of my size. Now here comes the kind of a man that I do business with. He is large and strong, it is true, but—"

And just then the South Hill merchant who weighs about two hundred and thirty-one pounds when he feels right good, came along, and the banana peel just caught him by the foot, lifting him about as high as the awning post, turned him over, banged him down on a potato basket—flattening it out until it looked like a splint door mat, and the shock jarred everything in the show window. And then, while he fished his silk hat from the gutter, his spectacles from the cellar, his handkerchief from the tree-box, his cane from the show window, and one of his shoes from the caves trough, and a small boy ran for the doctor, the little green apple blushed red and shrank a little back out of sight, covered with awe and mortification.

"Ah," it thought, "I wonder if I can ever do that? Alas, how vain I was, and yet how poor and weak and useless I am in this world."

But the banana peel comforted it, and bade it look up and take heart, and do well what it had to do, and labor for the good of the cause in its own useful sphere.

"True," said the banana peel, "you can not lift up a two hundred pound man and break a cellar door with him, but you can give him the colera-morbus, and if you do your part the world will feel your power, and the medical colleges will call you blessed."

And then the little green apple smiled and looked up with grateful blushes on its face, and thanked the banana peel for its encouraging counsel. And that very night an old father, who writes thirteen hours a day, and a patient mother, who was almost ready to sink from weakness, and a nurse and a doctor sat up until nearly morning with a little thirteen-year-old boy, who was all twisted up into the shape of a figure three, while all the neighbors on that block sat up and listened, and pounded their pillows, and tried to sleep, and wished that the boy would either die or get well.

And the little green apple was pleased, and its last words were: "At least I have been of some little use in this great, wide world."—Burlington Hawkeye.

One day last week a young lady expressed her determination to outdo Dr. Tanner by entering upon the stupendous task of not talking for 40 days. She began at 9 in the morning, and at 10:30 her pulse was so feeble that the attending physician thought she would die. At 11 her heart beat 26 a minute, and her respirations were hardly noticeable. Her friends urged her to discontinue her terrible task, and told her some gossip about a neighbor. On hearing it she immediately rushed from the house, and meeting a lady friend, talked until 6:30 in the evening, and is now fully restored. Her record of nearly two hours and a quarter of absolute silence now takes its place at the top of the list.

### Campaign Stories.

GENERAL HANCOCK IN GETTYSBURG. Tobias Stewart, a private in the six hundred and twelfth Rhode Island Regiment, relates an interesting account of a conversation between himself and the notorious General Hancock during the thick of the fight on Cemetery Ridge. It seems that Hancock had sent for Mr. Stewart, ostensibly to consult with him upon the propriety of turning the enemy's left flank, but when he arrived at Hancock's quarters he found that he was wanted for something vastly different. "Take my compliments to General Stone wall Jackson," said Hancock, "and tell him that he can have this position for three thousand dollars. I can't sell out for less. My duty to my country will not permit me to sacrifice my corps for the twelve hundred dollars he offered me." Stewart indignantly refused to betray the army and the nation, and threatened to put Hancock under arrest. At this Hancock flushed violently, and turned away. These facts are substantiated by Mr.

Stewart's neighbors, who are ready to swear that Mr. Stewart was in the army, and received a mortal wound at Shiloh, from which he has not yet fully recovered.

### GENERAL GARFIELD AS A BOY.

While driving a team on the canal one day, General Garfield, then but four years of age, was approached by one of the mules, who wanted him to let up a little, as the weather was hot. The General took the matter into consideration, and finally agreed to be more gentle if the mule would assign to him his rations that day. The mule did so, and the boy sold them for books, with which he stored his mind and paved his way to the Presidency. There is no doubt that he accepted the bribe from the mule; but he took it as citizen, and faithfully kept his pledge not to whack the mule any more than was necessary to prevent any suspicion on the part of the captain.

### IS HE THE GENERAL HANCOCK?

It is now pretty definitely settled that Winfield Scott Hancock killed Abraham Lincoln. Hancock and John Wilkes Booth were intimate friends, and the former frequently played parts in which the latter was skilled. The night that Lincoln was shot, Booth was in Hancock's quarters, and Hancock was at Ford's Opera House. The close resemblance between the men naturally misled the audience, who mistook Hancock for Booth, and in the chase that followed Hancock was killed, and subsequently buried. Booth, being a clever actor, assumed Hancock's place, and has been taken for him ever since. He is known for his rebel sympathies, and yet the Democratic party propose to elect him President.

### GENERAL GARFIELD AS AN EDUCATOR.

Nothing could be more touching than the story told of Garfield and the horse shoe. One day he picked up a shoe in the road, and in a lecture to some young men, that night, described the making and use of the shoe in all their details, deducting some picturesquely moral lesson, drawing tears from his auditory. On another occasion, he saw an idle ox-cart standing in a field. Borrowing some harness, he hitched himself up and drew it to a neighborhood town, where a Sunday School Convention was in session. When called upon to speak, he took the cart on the stage, and, after minutely detailing its construction, and showing that each part had its place in the world, however small, he drew the brilliant conclusion that it made no difference if all the cattle on earth were dead, the ox-cart would be of great benefit to humanity so long as a man could be found who was ass enough to drag it around after him.

### OUR CLUB RATES.

We are prepared to furnish stories similar to the above at the following prices, which places them within the reach of all. Examine our list:

Story of Hancock's treachery at Galesburg, Illinois.....	\$7 00
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## Puget Sound Dispatch.

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

### How to Ask and Have.

"Oh, 'tis time I should talk to your mother, Sweet Mary," says I;  
"Oh, don't talk to my mother," says Mary.  
Beginning to cry;  
"For my mother says men are deceivers,  
And never I knew will consent;  
She says girls in a hurry who marry  
At leisure repent."

"Then, suppose I would talk to your father, Sweet Mary," says I;  
"Oh, don't talk to my father," says Mary.  
Beginning to cry;  
"For my father, he loves me so dearly,  
He'll never consent I should go—  
If you talk to my father," says Mary,  
"He'll surely say 'No.'"

"Then how shall I get you, my jewel?  
Sweet Mary," says I;  
"If your father and mother's so cruel,  
Most surely I'll die!"  
"Oh, never say die, dear," says Mary;  
"A way to save you, I see;  
Since my parents are both so contrary—  
You'd better ask me."  
—SAMUEL LOVER.

### The Lost Linch-Pin.

"It's no use, Susy, we can't find it. I'll just have to take the whipping."  
There was a dejected thrill in the sad child-voice, telling alike of physical dread and of utter hopelessness of spirit.

"Wait a minute, Robbie," answered a cheerier tone. "Wait until I look under the hay-bed. A lynch-pin's little you know, and it might roll. I can't bear to give up yet." And as the girl spoke, she swung her lantern under the huge vehicle, and stooping, began to search carefully among the loose chaff and wisps of hay scattered over the floor.

The scene was the threshing-floor of a large barn, with great mows frowning darkly above on either hand, and vast granaries stretching away in the rear, and the speakers were a poor little orphan boy who had lost a lynch-pin, and the sympathetic kitchen girl of the farm. As the latter rose from her fruitless search the bright glow of the lantern fell full upon her, revealing a face—no, pretty, certainly, if viewed from a cultivated artistic standpoint, but fresh and girlish, and just now glorified by a soft halo of womanly pity.

"O Robbie! I'm so sorry," she said, rising. "Can't you think where you had it last?"  
"No, Sue, I can't. I've tried and tried. I reckon old Beeson will nearly kill me—he did last time." Then with a shudder, throwing his childish arms around her waist, "O, Sue, he's awful!"

"Poor baby!" cried the girl clasping him closer, while her soft gray eyes filled with tears. "I wish I could save you. How did you ever come to be left with him, anyhow?"

"Why, you see," was the reply, "when mother died there was only me and Chris, and Chris ain't like me. He's strong, and smart, and afraid of nobody. So he thought he would go away and make a fortune for us both. His name is Christopher—like Christopher Columbus you know—and he meant to do some great thing too. Not in a ship though, but in the big city. He had read of poor boys making money there, and as the homestead was gone he was bound to try it. And then old Beeson offered to keep me while he was away. But Chris, never meant for me to be abused. I heard him say that I was to go to school and be well treated, and that he would pay for my board and expenses when he came back. But I reckon he'll never come now." And the poor child's tears fell fast at the thought.

"Oh, maybe he will!" answered the girl, soothingly. "We'll hope so, anyway."

"Well, maybe," he assented drearily. "But, O Sue, if I were only of age, like you, wouldn't I go to seek him?" Then, as with a sudden thought, "Sue, what makes you stay. You were of age six months ago."

"I know, she said, and paused as if the question was an unsettled one with herself; then, with the light still upon her brow, "Partly for your sake, maybe, Robbie, and partly because I don't know where to go. I don't mind working, and I must do that in any place. Besides it is better for me; I'm in the house with Missis, and Robbie, she isn't like him. Many a piece of bread and meat she gives to the hungry beggars, and many a poor tramp she allows to sleep in the barn when he ain't round."

The last clause was unfortunate, for the boy clinging yet closer, cast a shuddering glance upward toward the great mows where the shadows were scarcely disturbed by their feeble glow of light.

"Oh, Sue!" he cried wildly. "What if he should make me stay all night in the barn? He has threatened to many a time. Anyway he is going to horsehip me. O Sue, Sue, what can we do?"

The poor, excited child sank down in despair.

"We might pray," said Sue, timidly. "Pshaw! He prays."

There was a whole volume of incipient scepticism in these three bitter words.

"I know," answered Faith, sorely puzzled, yet clinging to her anchor.

"I know, but it don't sound like the prayers I used to hear at the 'ylum. There they spoke to some one close at hand, so gentle, so loving, and yet so mighty."

Oh, Robbie, now I just remember the words, so 'strong to deliver.' Who knows but He might save you. There was the man in the den of lions, and the three children in the fiery furnace."

"It's no use, Sue," he interrupted sadly. "There's no deliverer for me but Chris, and he'll never come now. Go on to the house and tell the old man that I can't find it. It's as well to get it over."

"Poor lamb!" said the tender-hearted girl, kissing the quivering lips which were trying so hard to be brave. "I'll leave the light, and I'll beg hard for you." And repressing a sigh over the hopelessness of her task, she glided out into the starlight, leaving the poor little victim to await a cruelty, which, considering the centuries of Christian progress that have elapsed since the slaughter of the innocents, not only out-herods Herod, but is one of the darkest blots upon our social life.

Just here I must pause to offer a plea for the children, the most defenceless objects in all God's creation. We sigh over the miseries of poor Smike, over little David Copperfield's sorrowful journey; alas! that the magic hand which so moved us is vanished forever, but I can match these thrilling narratives with true stories of a child rendered almost idiotic by continued cruelty, and of a little fugitive bound boy who, after weary days of hunger and travel, sank blistered and fainting at his mother's feet. I can tell of a woman—think of it—a woman! who, for some childish fault committed during the day, followed an orphan boy to his bed with a horsehip, and then, when there was no protection save the one thin little night garment, broke upon his innocent slumber with stinging blows. And, upon the evidence of the laundry-girl, when that same little garment came to the wash, it was striped with blood. This is not pleasant reading. It is far from being pleasant writing.

"A father to the fatherless is God in his holy habitation!" Think of this, O mother, whose household contains one of these children of the Highest. Think of it as you gather your little ones around the glowing fire side for song or story, and make room for the stranger within your doors. When you divide the hoarded store of cakes or apples, remember that his little milk-teeth are as eager for sweets as those of your own darlings, and be there much or little, give him a share. When your hand is laid caressingly upon your own children's heads, let its light pressure also touch his young brow. Who knows but it may be there like a consecrating chrism, anointing him to noble deeds for God and humanity? Do these things, and do them now.

Check not your kindly impulses until it is too late, until the thin hands are crossed within the coffin, and the sad eyes—hungry for a mother's kiss—have gone to tell their pitiful story to Him who has said: "Suffer the children; or worse, until a young soul shall have grown hardened, and a little one, offended by you, shall have become a curse and clogging mill-stone upon the neck of society."

But to return to my story. Left alone in the great barn the sensitive child endured the two-fold agony of nervous terror and anticipated suffering. But he had not long to wait. Soon the heavy boots of old Beeson were heard tramping across the courtyard and into the barn. Robbie stole one fugitive glance as he entered, saw the hard-set face; saw the long, black whip trailing from his hand and the last vestige of hope was gone.

"Now, you young rascal, I'll pay you for your carelessness," cried the bitter master, as he caught sight of the little cowering form; and seizing the trembling boy by the arm, he raised the whip, like a great stiffening serpent, high in the air.

But, why did it not descend? The boy, who had closed his eyes, and set his teeth hard, wondered at the delay. From somewhere above, came a rushing sound, and the cruel, uplifted arm was grasped and held with a grip of iron. What could it mean? Had God sent one of his mighty angels down to rescue the little wail, too hopeless to implore his protection? It well might be so, for Our Father is not indifferent to the troubles of his suffering children; but the eyes of this glorious deliverer were gleaming with too much indignant fury and human passion for those of a heavenly visitant.

"Chris!" The one glad cry burst from Robbie's lips, and then, unnoticed of either, he sank sobbing among the hay and straw littering the floor.

"Coward! hypocrite! traitor!" These were the words which burst impetuously from the young man's lips, and with each epithet a stunning blow was planted in the breast of the farmer. "Is it thus you treat the little brother I entrusted to your care? Were it not that since I have been away from your vicinity, I have learned to be something of which you do not even know the meaning—a gentleman—I would take the horse-ship and flay you within an inch of your life. Well, indeed, was it that it occurred to me to test your faithfulness in treating him kindly before I gave of my hard earnings for the boy's board. Here in my pocket are four hundred dollars, designed for you—payment for every week he has been here—but not one copper of

it will you ever see now. On the contrary, I shall use it in prosecuting you to the utmost limit of the law."

And he kept his word. This youth, whose energy and pluck had won the victory in a hand-to-hand struggle with the world, was not likely to be troubled with morbid pity for his adversary; and with Sue's fair honest face in the witness-box, not only was the full measure of justice obtained, but the hard grasping farmer was disgraced forever in the eyes of his friends and neighbors.

Aside from the triumph concerning his little brother, the trial resulted most happily for Chris, himself. While seeking to redress an injustice and wrong, like his illustrious namesake, he discovered another fair realm—even the sweet old Eldorado of love. And now, when the western sun sinks amid the flowery prairies of Missouri, his last beams gild a cottage porch, where often sit a slender student youth and a broad-shouldered, bronzed-faced pioneer—the rescuer and rescued; while above them beams the soft, womanly face of happy Sue—wife and sister—loved and honored beyond all the world.

### Josh Billings' Philosophy.

As a general thing those who deserve good luck the least pray the loudest for it.

My dear boy, select yure buzzam friend with grate canshau, once selected, endorse him with yure bottom dolla.

I think I had rather live in a big city, and be unknown, than exist in a village, obliged to know everybody, or be suspected by them.

I can trace all ov mi bad luk to bad management, and I guess all others kan, if they will be az honest az I am about it.

An immitashun to equal an original has got to beat it at least twenty-five per cent.

If yer expect to succeed in this life yer must make the world think that yer are at work for them, and not for yureself.

You may find very plain looking coquets, but who ever saw a hansum prude?

Life is measured bi deeds, not years; menny a man haz lived to be ninety, and left nothing behind him but an obituarie notiss.

Men luv for the novelty of the thing, woman luv because she kant help it.

There is this excuse for luxury, all luxuries kost money, and sum one reaps the advantage.

The man who kant laff iz an animal, and the man who won't iz a devil.

A festive old man is a burlesque on all kinds of levity.

Fashion, like every thing else, repeats itself. What iz new now, haz been new menny times before, and will be again.

### Story of a Proverb.

The Boston Transcript, in answer to a correspondent's query, re-tells the origin of the rhyming old saw,—

"There's many a slip 'Tween the cup and the lip."

Some of our subscribers who have studied Greek, may have seen the account in the Greek Readers:

A King of Thrace had planted a vineyard, when one of his slaves, whom he had much oppressed in that very work, prophesied that he should never taste of the wine produced in it. The monarch disregarded the prediction, and when at an entertainment, he held a glassful of his own wine made from the grapes of that vineyard, he sent for the slave, and asked him what he thought of his prophecy now. To which the other replied, "Many things fall out between the cup and the lip;" and had scarcely delivered this singular response before the news was brought that a monstrous boar was lying waste the favorite vineyard.

The King, in a rage, put down the cup which he held in his hand, and hurried out with his people to attack the boar; but being too eager, the boar rushed upon him and killed him, without his having tasted of the wine.

### Anecdote of Beethoven.

I had begged of Beethoven to compose me a cadenza; he refused, and told me to write one myself and he would correct it. He was much pleased with my composition, and altered little, only he thought one very brilliant and difficult passage, though effective, too perilous, and charged me to write another. Night days before the performance he wished again to hear the cadenza. I played the offending passage and failed in it; he told me again with some temper to alter it; I did so, but the new passage did not satisfy me. I studied the other valiantly, without for all that making myself absolutely sure of it. At the public concert, when the cadenza arrived, Beethoven sat quietly looking on. I could not bring myself to choose the easier passage. When I boldly attacked the more difficult one, Beethoven gave himself a violent shake in his chair; the cadenza succeeded, nevertheless, and he was content, and called out, "bravo!" which electrified the audience, and gave me a position immediately among the artists. Afterward, in spite of his evident satisfaction, he said, "But you are very self-willed. If you had broken down in the passage, I would never have given you another lesson." —BRITISH.

### Boss for Five Minutes.

Soon after the dinner hour yesterday, a specimen tramp appeared at the door of a house on John K. street, and before he could be ordered off the steps, began:

"Sir, I am a tramp."

"Yes, I see you are."

"But I am not here to ask for either food, money or clothing. I have just had a bite, my clothes are good enough, and if I had money I should get drunk and be sent up."

"Well, what do you want?"

"There are four tramps down the street and I know they'll call here. It is now five years since I began traveling around. I suppose I have been called a loafer and a thief and a dead-beat ten thousand times, and I have been shot at, clubbed, broom-sticked and scalded times without record. Now I want a change."

"How?"

"Well, all I ask is that you will let me represent your house when those tramps come up."

This was agreed to. He sat down on the steps, removed his hat, lighted the stub of a cigar and was reading a circular when the four fellows slouched up and entered the yard.

"What in Arkansas do you fellows want in my yard?" exclaimed the tramp, as he rose up.

"Sathin' to eat," was the humble reply.

"Something to eat? Why, you miserable, thick-ribbed cadavers, go and earn it, then! Do you suppose I have nothing to do but keep a free hotel for loafers?"

"Can't get work," mumbled the biggest of the lot.

"Oh! you can't? Everybody got all the help he wants, eh? Want to be cashiers and confidential advisers, don't you?"

"Nobody gives us a show," growled the third man.

"That's it! That's your cue! Nobody will take you in with your old rags and dirt and sore heels and weep over you, and ask you to please be good, and put you in the parlor bedroom and feed you on chicken broth! How awful it is that you can't be put on ice and laid away where you won't melt!"

"Will you give us something?" impudently demanded the fourth.

"Will I? You are just right I will! I'll give you five seconds to get outside the gate, and I'll tell you in addition that if I ever see you in this neighborhood again I'll tie you into hard knots and hire a sore-eyed dog to bite you to death! Git up and git! Move on—hurry—out with you!"

They shuffled out as fast as they could, and when they had turned the corner the tramp put on his hat, put out his inch of cigar for another smoke, and said to the gentleman:

"You have done me a great favor and I am grateful; I already feel better for the change, and I solemnly believe that if I could only have got an excuse to throw 'em over the fence I should have been ready to reform and start out as a lecturer. Good-by. I shall never forget your kindness!" —DETROIT PRESS.

### Fashion Notes.

Pompadour silks are growing in popular favor.

Many narrow ruffles appear on early fall dresses.

Dotted and sprigged dress fabrics grow in favor.

It is admissible to go anywhere with a short dress.

Ostrich tips and plumes will be in high favor this fall.

White evening bonnets will be as fashionable as ever.

Side combs of shell, jet, coral and ivory are used again.

Pinch will take the place of velvet in millinery next winter.

Many ruffles or flounces on skirts will be a feature of fall fashions.

Public taste in Paris runs to the revival of directory styles of dress.

Chinese Corah silks in flowered designs will form parts of fall toilets.

Red pleatings around and under the bottom of dresses increase in number.

Wide canvas belts are more fashionable than either leather or ribbon ones.

The fashions of England and France have very little in common at the present time.

Gold lace, gold ribbon, and gold braid will be used to excess in early fall millinery.

The fashionable evening color takes the name of Ophelia; it is a dark shade of heliotrope.

Corah washing silk in natural undyed shades of cream or ecru is found among early fall novelties.

Indian washing silk in undyed shades of buff, resembling pongee, is sold for morning chamber robes.

Black silk poplin is again in demand. It is used for skirts of black costumes of Surah silk, cashmere or camel's hair.

Soft, crushable India silks are much used in Paris and London in the composition of classic and artistic costumes.

Marguerite sleeves, puffed in the arm-hole and at the elbow, appear on some of the lately-imported Parisian costumes.

Frank Leslie's Lady's Journal says that the baby stare is considered the pretty thing for a young girl in England just now.

### The Bottom of the Glass.

There is a case in the medical ward which claims attention from its singularity—a young woman with delirium tremens. She was deserted by her lover a fortnight ago, and sought forgetfulness in drink. This morning they brought her to the hospital a raving maniac, tearing at her hair, blaspheming and praying by turns, now screaming wildly in delirium, now panting and exhausted—a piteous sight. She is isolated from the rest of the patients. Her hands are manacled and tied to her waist. Her eyes are full and unnaturally brilliant, turning quick glances hither and thither with a restlessness that indicates her state.

A hectic flush dyes her cheek vividly and the tongue, often nervously protruded, is bright with inflammation. Another attack of delirium is coming on.

"Jim," she whispers, quickly, passionately,—"Jim, come here!—come out of the rain. Look there! see that toad—see it!—God! it's on fire!—help, help, help! cover me up—hide me—don't let it come here—don't don't, don't—it burns to the bone—it burns, it burns, it burns—O my God!"

"How long since you gave her that bromide and chloral?" asks the doctor. The nurse shakes her head. "Ten minutes ago, sir—but she couldn't keep it down."

A hypodermic injection of morphine is given, and she is quiet for half an hour, albeit the twitching of the extremities still continues. Suddenly, with a frenzied shriek, she rises to a sitting posture, her eyes fairly blazing.

"Look at him—look at him—look at him—he's in hell—deep, deep down—don't you smell it? Damn me, if you want to—cut me, body and soul—I'm going—I'm falling, there!—I told you so, mother—look at that spider—oh, my God, this is awful! Down with me—push me over, quick!—over—down—down—down!"

Unmanacle the hands now, and cross them over the breast!—Chicago Tribune.

### What Voices Indicate.

There are light, quick, surface voices that involuntarily see to natter the slang, "I won't do to tie to." The man's words may assure you of his strength of purpose and reliability, yet his tone contradicts his speech.

Then there are low, deep, strong voices, where the words seem ground out, as if the man owed humanity a grudge, and meant to pay it some day. That man's opponents may well tremble, and his friends may trust his strength of purpose and ability to act.

There is the coarse, boisterous, dictatorial tone, invariably adopted by vulgar persons, who have not sufficient cultivation to understand their own insignificance.

There is the incredulous tone that is full of a covert sneer, or a secret, "You can't dupe-me-sir" intonation.

Then there is the whining, beseeching voice, that says "sycophant" as plainly as if it uttered the word. It cajoles and flatters you; its words say, "I love you, I admire you; you are everything that you should be."

Then there is the tender, musical, compassionate voice, that sometimes goes with sharp features (as they indicate merely intensity of feeling) and sometimes with blunt features, but always with genuine benevolence.

If you are full of affection and pretense, your voice proclaims it.

If you are full of honesty, strength and purpose, your voice proclaims it.

If you are cold and calm and firm and consistent, or fickle and foolish and deceptive, your voice will be equally truth-telling.

HOW HE GOT AHEAD OF PROVIDENCE. —Many years ago there lived in Salem, Connecticut, an eccentric man named Amasa Kilborn, about whom numberless stories are told to this day. On one occasion in summer he had a five-acre lot of choice grass, cut and spread out to dry. In the afternoon a shower came up and drenched it. The next day the hay was spread out to dry. Another shower came up and redrenched it. On the third day the same programme was repeated. On the fourth day, after the hay had been properly dried and raked into winrows, a cloud pillar moved up over the western horizon, and a distant growl of thunder echoed from the hills. Kilborn was mad. He looked at the hay and looked at the cloud. "Run up to the house, boy," he said, in a voice trembling with resentment, "and bring down a firebrand; quick, now!" The boy asked no questions. He came back with a blazing torch, and Kilborn touched off each winrow. "There," said he; "I'll see if this hay will get wet again!"

The work of prosecuting the spurious medical colleges which have disgraced Philadelphia for some years and flooded the land with quacks, has culminated in the demolition of five swindling concerns with high-sounding names, and the arrest of several members of their "faculties." One of these rascals had papers in his possession which evidenced the sale of 3,000 sheep-skins. One-half ton of bogus diplomas were captured by the police.

The ground on which two armed attempts have been made this year by white men to settle in the Indian Territory, is that the tribes have released sundry lands in the Territory to the government, and that these have accordingly become public lands, and are open to settlement under the homestead and pre-emption laws.

### Suggestions on Etiquette.

The following answers to correspondents contain a good deal of information, and I publish them in order to avoid the constant annoyance of writing the same in substance to so many inquiring friends:

"Sweet Sixteen" writes from "Hold-up Hollow:"

"I am betrothed to a noble youth from Rice Lake, Minnesota, but he seems to have soured on his betroth."

"At first he seemed to love me according to Gunter, but he has grown cold. About the first of the round-up he went away, and I soon afterwards heard that he was affianced to another."

"I understand that he says that I am not of noble lineage enough for him. It is true, I may not be a thoroughbred, but I have a pure, loving nature, which is now running to waste. The name of my betrothed is DeCourtney Van Edbeete. He comes from the first families, and O, I love him so!"

"Can you tell me what to do?"

"Sweet Sixteen!"

Answer—Yes, I can tell you what to do. I have been there some, too. If you will only do as I tell you, you are safe.

You must win him back. I think you can easily do so.

Select a base-ball club of about the weight you can handle easily, and then go to him and win him back.

You are too proud to give up easily. Do not be discouraged. All will yet be well.

He may think now that you are not of noble blood, but you can make him change his mind. Go to him with the love-light in your eye and put a triangular head on him with your base-ball club and tell him that he does not understand the cravings of your nature. Drive him into the ground and sit down on him and then tell him that you are nothing but a poor, friendless girl and need some one to cling to. Then you can cling to him. All depends upon how successful you are as a clinger.

I see at a glance that De Courtney needs to be flattened out a few times. Do not kill him, but bring him so near the New Jerusalem that he can see the dome of the court-house, and he will gradually come back to you and love you, and your life will be one long golden dream of never-fading joy, and De Courtney will bring out the colored clothes for you and help you do the washing, and he will stay at home evenings and take care of the children while you go to prayer-meeting, and he will not murmur when you work on an expensive meal of cold rice and fricassee codfish on ham.

If he gets to feeling independent and puts on the old air of defiance you can diet him on cold mush and mackerel till he will not feel so robust, and then you can reason with him again, and while he is recovering you can take your base-ball club and your noble self-sacrificing love and win him back some more.

"Lalla Rookh" writes from Waukegan, Illinois, as follows, to-wit:

"My classmates and I have had quite serious discussions recently on several questions of table etiquette and we have finally agreed to leave the matter with you."

"First—If one is asked to say grace at the table and does not wish to do so, or is not familiar with the forms, what should he do?"

"Second—If one has anything in his mouth, or gets any foreign substance like a piece of bone or a seed in his mouth, how should he remove it, and what is the proper thing to do with it?"

"Third—Would you kindly add a few general rules of table etiquette, which would be useful to the many admirers of your classic style?"

Answer—It would be hazardous for a gentleman unaccustomed to asking grace at the table to attempt it unless he be a naturally fluent, extemporaneous speaker.

It is more difficult for one unacquainted with it than to address a Sabbath-school or write a letter accepting the nomination for President.

It is, therefore, preferable to say in a few terse remarks that you are profoundly grateful for the high compliment, but that your health will not admit of its acceptance.

Second—Care should be used while at the table not to get large foreign substances like hairpins, soap-bones or clothes-pins into the mouth with food, as it naturally requires some little *sang froid* and tact to remove them. One accustomed to the mysteries of parlor magic may slide the article into his sleeve while coughing, and thence into the coat pocket of his host, thus easily getting himself out of an unpleasant situation, and at the same time producing roars of laughter at the expense of the host.

If, however, you are not familiar with sleight of hand, you may take in a full breath and expel the object across the room under the whatnot, where it will not be discovered until you have gone away.

I will add a few general rules for table etiquette, which I have learned by actual experience to be of untold benefit to the active society man.

First—It is proper to take the last of anything on the plate if it comes to you, instead of declining it. It is supposed that there is more in the house, or if not, the host may go down town and get some. Do not, therefore, decline anything because it is the last on the dish, unless it looks as though it wouldn't suit you.

Second—If by mistake you get your spoon in the gravy so far that the handle is more or less sticky, do not get ill-tempered or show your displeasure, but

draw it through your mouth two or three times, laughing a merry laugh all the while. Do not attempt to polish it off with your handkerchief. It might spoil the handkerchief.

Third—In drinking wine at table do not hang your eyes up on your cheek, or drink too fast and get it up your nose. Do not drain your glass perfectly dry and then try to draw in what atmosphere there is in the room. This is not only vulgar, but it tends to cast large chunks of three-cornered gloom over the guests.

When you have drained your glass, do not bang it violently on the table and ask your host "how much" he is out." This gives too much of the air of wild, unfettered freedom and the unrestrained hilarity of the free lunch.

Fourth—When you get anything in your mouth that is too hot, do not get mad and swear, because the other guests will only laugh at you, but remove the morsel calmly, and tell the waiter to put it on ice a little while for you.

Fifth—When your coffee is out and you desire more, do not pound on your cup with your spoon, but be gentle and ladylike in demeanor, telling some fresh little anecdote to please the guests, looking yearningly toward the coffee urn all the while.

Sixth—If you have to leave the table as soon as you are through, do not jump up suddenly and upset the table, but make an original and spicy remark about "having to eat and run like a beggar," and this will create such a hearty laugh over your sally of wit that you can slip out, select the best hat in the hall, and be half way home before he company can restrain its mirth.

There are some more good rules that I have on hand, not only relative to the table, but the ball-room, the parlor, the croquet-lawn, the train, the church, and in fact almost everywhere that the society man might be placed. These I will give the public from time to time, as the growing demand seems to dictate. —*Cheyenne Sun.*

### Be in No Hurry to Move.

He was a wise man who said, "The roundest peg seldom fits into the roundest hole without some paring." There is no position in life which, at the first, has not something irksome and trying about it. New comers cannot expect to feel at home at once. We remember our first wretched night at a school where we afterwards became supremely happy. Well do we recollect the misery of the first few months of a calling which we afterwards valued and enjoyed. Our mind was sorely depressed on first coming into that sphere in London which has since been the delight of our life. Let no man, therefore, when he at first commences work in any place feel at all discouraged by the uneasiness which may come over him. It is natural that he should feel strange in a new position. The burden is not yet adapted to the shoulder, and the shoulder is not yet adapted to the load. While feeling the irksomeness of a fresh position, do not be so foolish as to throw it up. Wait a little while, and time will work wonders. You will yet take pleasure in the very things which are now the source of discomfort. The very worst thing will be to hasten away and make a change, for the change will only bring trial in a fresh form, and you will endure afresh the evils which you have already almost mastered. The time which you have already spent at your new place will be lost, and the same weary first steps will have to be taken upon another ladder. Besides, you may readily leap out of the frying-pan into the fire. Change has charms to some men, but among its roses they find abundant thorns. —*Surgeon.*

**PECULIAR ELEPHANTS.**—Ctesias, the Cnidian, who lived A. D. 380, reported that the elephant has no joints, that consequently it is unable to lie down, and is in the habit of sleeping as it rests against a tree in its native forest. This peculiarity, he stated, is taken advantage of by the hunters, who cut down the tree, whereupon the huge beast rolls helplessly over on its back, and is easily captured or dispatched. The real facts are that elephants often sleep standing, and that the wilder ones seldom lie down. Yet tame elephants as often sleep lying as standing. Christophorus a Costa declared that elephants have been known to speak, and this question is one which even Sir Thomas Browne never ventured to contradict—he thought it might be possible. —*All the Year Round.*

Elihu Burritt's Life and Labors is now published. The moral of Mr. Burritt's life as a student plying for the best years of his youth and early manhood the art of blacksmith, is obvious. As an enthusiastic reformer, his theories must await their consummation in the final reign of peace. As a practical worker in the cause of emancipation, his services were of signal importance, and his efforts in behalf of cheap postage have been crowned with success. His writings are of the popular cast, and remind us of Cobbett; if without his caustic vigor, still wholly devoid of his coarseness and vituperation. As a man, his worth and purity and his amiable and attractive personal qualities made him the favorite of his friends and family and endeared him to mere acquaintance.

The total value of petroleum and petroleum product export for the past year was in round numbers, \$34,000,000, being a falling off of \$3,000,000, as compared with the year preceding.

### The French Fete.

There has always seemed something especially romantic, inspiring, and even grand in the taking of the Bastille. The news that the great prison had been taken and was to be razed was hailed throughout Europe as a sign that a new era had dawned and that the people were to be greater than the kings. Even at St. Petersburg men of all nations flung themselves into each other's arms and wept for joy. The amiable Cowper had already assured his readers that there was not an English heart that would not leap to hear that the horrid towers of the Bastille had fallen. The Bastille was, in the eyes of liberal Europe, as well as in the eyes of revolutionary France, the symbol of all the iniquities and all the misdeeds of the kings of France; and the pathetic histories revealed, or surmised, when the Bastille was taken, aroused an indignation against the monarchy responsible for them which only faded away before the greater indignation excited by the atrocities of the Jacobins.

Students of history may easily satisfy themselves that the taking of the Bastille produced very important results on the train of events then occurring in France. The union of the three orders was completed, and the Constituent Assembly organized on June 27th. Then the court turned against the Assembly, and determined to bring up troops and overawe it and Paris. Necker was dismissed on the eleventh of July, and on the twelfth the Swiss and German regiments were ordered to act in Paris. Then the revolution began. The French troops fraternized with the Parisians, the people armed themselves, and in forty-eight hours the Bastille was taken. The king accepted the taking of the Bastille as a sign that all resistance was useless. He went to the Assembly pledging himself to recall Necker and to send away his foreign troops, and he himself went to Paris, and entered it in the new character of a submissive and patriot king amid the applause of the populace that had just captured his prison. Then the taking of the Bastille started the emigration, and the king's brothers and their friends concluded that a country in which such things could happen was not a country in which it was safe for them to live. Lastly, the fervor of Paris quickly spread to the provinces, and became so intense and so potent that the Assembly was fired with a new spirit, and only three weeks after the Bastille was captured there took place the famous sitting of the fourth of August, when the nobles and clergy solemnly abandoned all their privileges, and the reign of equality was started in France. No one, therefore, can deny that in the history of France the destruction of the Bastille meant much more than the razing of one stronghold of regal tyranny. It not only started the French revolution, but it impressed a special character on the revolution. It went far to make it republican, and it tended to create an association of equality with liberty.

**TORN BY HYENAS.**—A special from Richmond, Va., says: Yesterday, while Coup's grand circus was parading in Winchester, the keeper of a cage of hyenas was pounced upon and torn to pieces by the infuriated and treacherous animals. The keeper, who was in the cage at the time, had his back slightly turned toward the multitude. The spectators fell back aghast when they saw the whole den of hyenas suddenly pounce upon the man, and, throwing him to the floor of the cage, began to mangle him with their teeth and claws. The keeper, whose name was Drayton, made a desperate attempt to save his life, and, despite his critical position assumed his usual cool tone of command, but the beasts maddened by the taste of blood, did not heed him. The people who witnessed his brave struggle for life were powerless to help him, as they feared that by opening the doors of the cage the hyenas would pounce upon them. At length some showmen succeeded in rescuing Drayton, but he was so badly wounded that his life is despaired of.

Flies work from sun to sun, but the mosquitoes' work is never done.—[Unidentified Exchange.]

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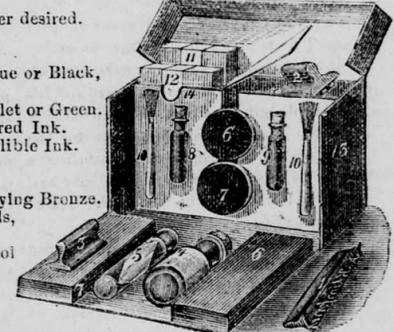
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In pursuance to the following call: "All Democratic, conservative and other citizens of King county, irrespective of party or political associations or differences, who can unite with us in an effort for pure, economical government, are cordially invited to join in sending Delegates to the Convention." It is now announced that on Saturday, September 4th, 1880, the following "Democratic and People's Ticket" was unanimously placed in nomination:

For Councilman, WILLIAM PICKERING.

For House of Representatives, LUKE McEDMOND, Dr. A. S. HUGHES.

For Auditor, ROBERT L. THORNE.

For Treasurer, GEORGE F. FRYE.

For Sheriff, JOHN T. JORDAN.

For Probate Judge, THOMAS BURKE.

For County Commissioners, CHAS. McDONALD, JAMES BEGLEY, T. O'BRIEN.

For County School Superintendent, Miss ANNA BEAN.

For Assessor, H. H. SNOW.

For Surveyor, F. H. WHITWORTH.

For Coroner, T. S. RUSSELL.

SEATTLE PRECINCT.

For Justices of the Peace, S. F. COOMBS, A. M. SNYDER.

For Constables, JAMES WELCH, H. C. LUFF.

By order of Democratic County Committee of King County. W. H. WHITE, Chairman.

Democratic Convention.

The Territorial Convention held at Kalama last week, was more like a spontaneous uprising of the people than a partisan assembly. But one purpose seemed to actuate all the delegates, and that was to elect a representative to Congress by any personal or party purpose in conflict with the best interests of the Territory. Of course, as in all conventions, there were differences of personal preferences among the delegates, all of which were cheerfully waived for the sake of unanimity and harmony. The only sectional strife was as to which would concede the most to the other. The delegates from east of the mountains came to the Convention unanimously in favor of giving the nomination to a citizen of the west, and the western delegates with corresponding unanimity conceded the naming of the candidate to their eastern brethren, otherwise there would have been a contest for the nomination. As soon as it became apparent that the preference of the east was for Judge Burke, Mr. Frank Clark, who had entertained other views, in a frank and earnest speech presented the name of Thomas Burke to the Convention, and Mr. Wm. H. White, who had been regarded as a dangerous rival of Judge Burke and had many friends in the Convention who were prepared to support his claims, seconded the nomination in a ringing speech which was alike honorable to his heart and his head, pledging his best efforts from now till the close of the campaign for the election of the candidate, exhibiting a nobility of soul above petty jealousy and personal rivalry, which won the heartfelt plaudits of all hearers.

Of Thomas Burke, personally, it is not necessary to say one word. He needs no certificate of character, and there is no man in the Territory more capable of speaking for himself. His perfect purity of life and spotless integrity are proverbial, and but for his robust intellect and undaunted courage in defence of the right, would subject him to the imputation of effeminacy among those who regard "gentlemanly vices" as among the evidences of manly qualities. The comparison with his opponent is Hyperion to a Satyr; and yet he does not deem himself an Adonis, nor would he sue his

tailor for a fit to correct the faults of nature. No men in the Democratic party rejoice more at the nomination of Mr. Burke than do scores of respectable Republicans who hold the honor and the prosperity of the Territory paramount to a barren party triumph which entails disgrace upon our civilization.

The nominations of military officers, though not of much public importance in the unorganized condition of the militia, were judiciously selected with regard to military training and experience as well as personal character, should their services ever be required to suppress insurrection or repel invasion.

For Board of Equalization—H. L. Caples, N. Ostrander and E. D. Warbass.—It would be difficult, if not impossible, to find three men in the State better qualified for the position. They were among the prominent men in the early settlement of the Territory, and noted for intelligence and business capacity, which, in addition to their knowledge of the country and property values, peculiarly adapts them to the service required.

Mr. W. R. Andrews, the candidate for Prosecuting Attorney, has grown up here from childhood and is specially deserving of public recognition for his industry, probity, strictly temperate habits, and fidelity to every trust confided to him. Every lawyer in the district will concede that he is a better lawyer, has greater industry and more ability than his opponent, and that he will not be embarrassed in the discharge of his official duties by commitments to personal or political friends who he feels bound not to "go back on," and has never been associated with any ring politicians.—The sole objection which has been urged against this nomination is, that he has not heretofore acted with the Democratic party. It is much more important that he act with the party hereafter, and that he publicly announced his intention of doing when he had no thought of becoming its candidate. In fact, he was never consulted on the matter and was nominated without his knowledge.

Aside from party considerations, every candid man must admit that the ticket, on the whole, is much better than that presented by the Republican Convention, for the obvious reason that not a man on it sought the nomination. All who honestly desire to discountenance corruption and intrigue in political nominating conventions will on this occasion subordinate party to patriotism for the purpose of establishing a precedent for fair dealing.

Republican Territorial Convention.

One of the leading Republican delegates to the late Territorial Convention sadly remarked: "I have always taken pride in the boast of Republicans that their party embraced by far the largest share of the intelligence and virtue of the country; but I will never have the face to set up that claim again after the nomination of Thomas H. Brents as a representative of the intelligence and virtue of Washington Territory. The Democrats cannot possibly do worse, and I am prepared to support the Democratic nominee as the only means of vindicating the honor of the Territory." Similar expressions were made by the half-dozen or more of delegates with whom we have conversed since the Convention.

The editor of the Post—the most respectable Republican paper on the Sound—who was himself a delegate, with two votes, editorially denounces the Convention, repudiates his obligation to support the nominee, and declares he will support the Democratic nominee if he is satisfied with the man. The other Republican journal in this city, which is decidedly "on the make," expresses the opinion that Mr. White could beat Brents, but of course, will give its public support to the candidate which pays the best.

If any respectable Republican on Puget Sound had been told, ninety days ago, that Tom. Brents would be renominated for Delegate, he would have resented it as a Democratic sneer at the weakness and duplicity of the Republican party. At that time every Federal office-holder and every respectable member of the party, felt humiliated and disgusted that Brents should ever have been put in a position to make himself an object of public ridicule and contempt and reflect his disgrace upon the Territory, and none of them had any hesitation in expressing their feelings publically. How is it then that this contemptible fellow

goes into convention and receives nearly a two-thirds vote in competition with men who would honor any community in the Union—men of culture and recognized ability—Gov. Ferry, Dr. T. T. Minor and Hon. J. B. Allen? It is a sad commentary on the use to which party caucus is applied. In a conflict between rivals, the weakest man is used by each to defeat the other, and the public interest is sacrificed to personal spite. The right of the people cut no figure in a nominating Convention. It is not reasonable to believe, that one in ten of those who voted for the nomination of Brents care to have him elected, if they have the interest of the Territory at heart.—They voted him to defeat hated rivals and that was the sole purpose of his nomination.

Two years ago, in common with hundreds of Democrats, we helped to swell the majority then given to Mr. Brents against an abler and better man, solely on the ground of an objectionable feature of the Democratic platform, committing the candidate to doctrines which had ever been obnoxious to Democratic principles. We knew that Brents was, intellectually, the smallest specimen of humanity which ever held a seat upon the floor of Congress, but greatly overestimated him when we expected he had common sense enough not to make a public exhibition of his assinine propensities, and thus bring contempt upon his constituents. His first public effort as a Delegate was a forcible feeble partisan speech notable only for vituperation of the controlling influence in Congress, and ignorance of historical facts, which won for him only the contempt of the majority and the pity of his party. His next movement was to join a personal political club hostile to the Administration. Between the two he utterly destroyed all prospect of being able to accomplish anything for his constituents, even if he had the ability to do so. The only subsequent matter which has given him any public notoriety, was in suing a slop-shop clothes vender for a fit on a fifteen dollar suit of clothes. He is only known in Washington as an object of ridicule or contempt, which reflects seriously upon the reputation of our Territory abroad. Not a single act of his can be pointed out which has been of the least possible benefit to his constituents, even in the matter of Federal appointments, for his influence with the President and the Departments is utterly ignored. To return him to Congress would be endorsing and consenting to our own shame.

The nomination of Mr. Irving Ballard as Prosecuting Attorney for this District is reported in the published proceedings as "unanimous." The Delegates to the Convention make a different report. The office of Prosecuting Attorney, like that of Judge, should be separated as far as possible from party politics. Yet no man ever more pertinaciously sought an office through party management and party agencies than Mr. Ballard. He was an active participant in every caucus and a Delegate to every Convention to which he was eligible in the District, forming combinations with candidates for other offices, and personally visiting every county in this judicial district to "set up" delegates, in his own interest. And after all this, if we are correctly informed, he was nominated by a bare majority by the votes of proxies which notoriously misrepresented the known wishes of the constituency thus represented without their consent or endorsement.

The general opinion is that the Convention was a fraud and a gross betrayal of the popular will throughout, and we believe that the voters at the election will so pass judgment upon it.

THE NEWS FROM MAINE.—The first reports of the Maine election, from both sides, conceded a Democratic victory, Blaine attributing the change to bribery and corruption. The later dispatch from Mr. Blaine is that the probabilities are in favor of the Republican candidate for Governor. A dispatch says: "The Republicans are using the canvassing boards to the best advantage." That accounts for it. Canvassing boards are the last resort of a defeated party. Failing of the popular vote, the canvassing boards count in their candidates. Blaine is the most expert and the most unscrupulous of machine politicians. There is nothing he would not do or suggest, to achieve a party success, and when he fails, like a thwarted black leg he is ready to exclaim: "There's cheating round the board." Whatever may be the ultimate result of manipulations by returning

boards, the contest is close enough to assure the State to Hancock in November.

The Puget Sound Mail says the Republicans of Seattle are disposed to gobble everything in the way of party patronage; that after getting the nomination for Prosecuting Attorney, they took the member of the Board of Equalization "for one of its corporation book keepers," when it should have been conceded to Whatcom county. Power has now a most excellent opportunity to go back on the gobbler; he has the choice of a Prosecuting Attorney at his own door, and a member of the Board a neighbor; both unexceptionable men. Don't be growling unless you intend to do something about it.

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.

Cheap! Cheap!! Cheap!!! NEW HARNESS SHOP.

All kinds of HARNESS, SADDLES, BRIDLES, WHIPS, ETC. A large Stock of Miners' Pack Straps ON HAND. Repairing Neatly and Cheaply done. Everything marked down to PORTLAND PRICES. J. FUSSELL, Manager. Foot of Washington Street, in rear of Horton's Bank. SEATTLE, W. T.

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

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

M. R. MADDOCKS, Seattle Drug Store, SEATTLE, W. T. DRUGS AND CHEMICALS, TOILET AND FANCY ARTICLES. SIGN—SEATTLE DRUG STORE.

JOHN KENNEY, Boot and Shoemaker, Prices low and good fit guaranteed. 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. C. CRATE & F. ART, Proprietors.

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.

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Ben. Murphy

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

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SULLIVAN'S BLOCK,

FRONT ST., SEATTLE, W. T.

Watch-Makers

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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.

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SEATTLE, W. T.

THE NEW ENGLAND

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

European Plan

Can be had at moderate prices.

— IT IS —

The Best Hotel in the City.

L. C. HARMON,

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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.**

The King County Industrial Association elected the following officers for the ensuing year: C. W. Lawton, President; Julius Horton, Vice President; L. S. McLure, Secretary; W. A. Jennings-Treasurer. A. S. Miller, F. W. Wald, G. W. Hall, H. L. Yealer, G. S. Dudley, J. W. George, L. P. Smith, H. A. Biglow and R. Scott, Directors.

**Visitors.**—Among the visitors at Seattle during the past week are: General Tannatt of the Oregon Railway and Navigation Co. The General is an old railroad man; has visited this place several times before and has unbounded faith in the future of Seattle. He confidently predicts that Seattle will have a railroad connection across the Cascade mountains within the next three years, at farthest, and will maintain its position as the commercial metropolis of Puget Sound against all comers.

Nelson C. Hawks, of the firm of Mader, Luce & Co., and manager of the Pacific Type Foundry, has sojourned with us for several days and is greatly delighted with the improvement of the town since his last visit, five years ago. Hawks is one of the kind that every printer can safely tie to.

Frank Parker, editor and publisher of the *Walla Walla Statesman* came here from the Kalama Convention and has visited all points of interest in and about the town. Frank is a ruster. He has no doubt of the election of Burke and is an enthusiastic friend of Seattle, on general principles.

The Committee appointed to inform General Guttenburg of his nomination—including Judge Kuhn, Judge Hill, M. H. Frost, Mat. McElroy, E. D. Warbas, H. W. Whitener, C. Donovan, W. Whitfield and others—called at the place of business of the General and received his formal acceptance of the nomination.

**COUNTY FAIR**—Having been absent a portion of last week we missed the pleasure and the opportunity of reporting the Fair of the King County Industrial Association, held at Yealer's Hall from Wednesday till Saturday. We hear nothing but favorable reports of the exhibition and the management, and a renewed interest in the institution.

**HOP HOUSE BURNED**—The new drying house of C. M. VanDorn, on White river, was destroyed by fire on Sunday week. Cause of the fire unaccounted for; supposed to be spontaneous combustion. Loss estimated at \$4,000; insured for \$2,000 in the Union and Phoenix companies.

**BURKE AT PORT TOWNSEND.**—When the news of the nomination of Judge Burke was received at Port Townsend, where the Court was in session, an impromptu meeting was held which was addressed by Judge Burke, Judge Jacobs, C. H. Hanford, Esq., and others. Mr. Hanford, who had heretofore been a leading Republican, declared his intention to support Judge Burke. Judge Jacobs spoke in high complimentary terms of the nominee but did not commit himself to his support. Dr. T. T. Minor is now the only man we have heard of on Puget Sound who can be counted on as certain for Brents.

**THE DAKOTA PASSENGER LIST.**—The Dakota from San Francisco brought passengers as follows Thursday last: F. R. Hamilton and wife, W. B. Allen, Mr. Mattulath, E. H. Davis, Rev. G. M. Irwin and family, Rev. F. Glenn and family, J. Dunn, J. Wainwright, W. C. Talbot and son, W. Loperdo, Wm. Muller, T. M. Hammond, F. E. Andrews, Mrs. P. M. Young, Capt. R. Bosworth, Mrs. J. S. Vernon, M. McCloud and child, J. McCloud, Margaret McCloud and 2 children, P. Johnson, J. A. S. Lowe, F. R. James and two children, Mrs. and Miss Dunbar, A. N. McAlpine, M. Gleason, W. Griffiths, T. Raymond, A. Bell, H. L. Synger, L. Synger, A. Bishop, N. Losin and wife, W. Gross, N. Kurtz, wife and child, J. Brown and five Chinamen.

**The Late Daniel Waldo.**

Oregonian, Sept. 11: The remains of the old pioneer Daniel Waldo, who died on Monday last at Salem, were borne to their last resting place by his old friends

and fellow pioneers, Henry Smith, William Taylor, J. C. Caplinger, H. N. V. Holmes, William Miller and Reuben Gesner. Hon. J. W. Nesmith was also present, and made remarks appropriate to the occasion of the burial of his old friend, ninety-five-year-old—and, little as I there, at their final parting, after the lapse of so many years since their journeying to Oregon together, the living pioneer spoke as follows over the dead:

**FRIENDS:**—We are assembled to pay the last tribute of respect to our neighbor and friend, Daniel Waldo. He breathed his last on Monday morning, and we now consign the remains of the good man to his last long home.

Mr. Waldo was born in Harrison county, Virginia, the 23d of March, 1800, and was 80 years of age at the time of his death. He settled in Missouri in 1819, and there thirty-eight years ago this month, I made his acquaintance. At that time there were four brothers of the Waldos, all men of marked character and great energy. The Waldos opened up and developed the great trade across the "Staked Plains," between the frontier of Missouri, and the American settlements of Santa Fe and Chihuahua. Joseph came to Oregon, and returning east, died in 1871. William went to California at an early day, and upon the admission of the State into the Union, was the Whig candidate for Governor. He is the only survivor of the four brothers.

In 1813 "Uncle Dan" Waldo—as our deceased friend was affectionately and familiarly called by all who knew him—came to Oregon with his family, and settled in the hills in this county, which bear his honored name. I crossed the plains with him, and for nearly half a century have been honored by his friendship.

The last time I saw him alive, after a long and intimate acquaintance, he told me that he should die soon, and requested me to speak a last kind word at his grave. I could not refuse such a request, but would have preferred that he had selected another more capable of doing justice to his merits. No poor words that I can speak will add to the respect due to his virtues and blameless life. His best eulogy is to be found in the exemplary purity of his long life and spotless character.

Mr. Waldo possessed a remarkably vigorous mind, and he was well read in history. The amusing and immortal satires of an older civilization, as represented by Miguel Cervantes in "Don Quixote," he knew by heart. They were adapted to a practical mind like his, which had no patience with cant, shams, pretenses, hypocrisy or humbugs.

He was modest and retiring in his nature, never seeking public positions. In 1844 his neighbors, in this then sparsely settled country, sent him to the Legislature of the Provisional Government, and he was subsequently County Judge, which trusts he discharged with honor and fidelity.

I do not believe he ever uttered a falsehood in his life, or wronged a human being, for he was incapable of a dishonorable act. His life, habits and dress were characterized by Spartan plainness and simplicity, through which shone the brightest and best qualities of human nature. In early pioneer days his house was a home for the weary immigrant; he fed the famished and clothed the naked, and no human being ever went hungry from his hospitable door.

Our friend died of a lingering disease, and although all was done for his comfort and relief that affectionate kindred could dictate, his last years must have been a burden to him, yet he manifested no impatience or repining.

Having walked for years in the valley and shadow of death, he had no dread of the "King of Terrors." Conscious of rectitude of purpose during a long and well spent life, he had no fears about its termination.

His familiar form has departed from amongst us, and he has laid himself down to rest among the friends that loved and respected him for his worth. To the mourning family we tender our sympathy.

And here at last! Brave and generous old pioneer friend, after long journeying together, we part at the threshold of the tomb. Farewell, farewell Uncle Dan!—Those of us who survive will cherish your memory in our hearts. May the stone that is to mark the spot where you sleep be of spotless marble, for it cannot be whiter or purer than your blameless life.

S. BAXTER & CO. COLUMN.

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IMPORTERS OF

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**WINES AND LIQUORS.**

AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

**Domestic Wines,**

**Liquors, Cigars,**

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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**

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**HOME HOUSES.**

We are the sole agents for the Pacific Coast of the

Celebrated Fair Oaks

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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

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Seattle, W. T.

**University of Washington.**

Four complete courses of study: Classical, Scientific, Normal and Commercial.

TEN INSTRUCTORS.

**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.

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

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

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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.

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**FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC WINES AND LIQUORS.**

**SKAGIT MINERS'**

**HEADQUARTERS**

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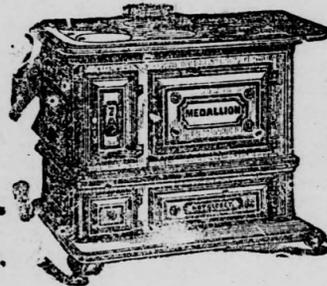
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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

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

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

**MEDALION RANGE**

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**BUCK STOVE.**

All JOB WORK pertaining to the business promptly attended to, so solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.

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Commercial Street, Seattle, W. T.

**STETSON & POST.**

**SEATTLE PLANING MILLS.**

MANUFACTURERS OF ALL KINDS OF

**ROUGH AND DRESSED LUMBER**

Rustic, Flooring, Casings, Gutters, Packing Boxes.

Sashes, Doors, Blinds, Shutters and doors

Finish of Every Description.

SEASONED LUMBER OF ALL KINDS CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

## Dorothy or Barbara—Which?

DOROTHY DUMP.

Dorothy Dump, Dorothy Dump,  
Sat in her palace, forlorn;  
She ate her honey and counted her money,  
And moped from morn till morn.  
"What a dolorous world!" said Dorothy Dump;  
"I wish I had never been born!"  
Who'll be Dorothy Dump?

BARBARA BRIGHT.

Barbara Bright, Barbara Bright,  
Toiled for the wretched and poor;  
She gave them money and fed them with honey,  
And taught them how to be true.  
"What a beautiful world!" said Barbara Bright;  
"Tis good to be living, I'm sure!"  
Who'll be Barbara Bright?  
—St. Nicholas.

## A Summer Shower.

"So you will not forgive me, Cosy?"  
"No, I will not."  
"And we are to part forever?"  
"I have told you so."

The unforgiving maiden, whose soft clear voice was in itself a contradiction of the very words it gave utterance to, was leaning out of the old library window of Ashley Manor House, looking away with her tearful blue eyes to the distant hills, which were already enveloped in the evening mists, and trying not to look to where her lover stood upon the garden-path below her, anxiously watching and waiting for a sign of forgiveness.

The window almost reached the ground, and was shrouded in blossoming roses. Suddenly Cosy turned and broke off a large spray, and directed all her attention to the task of smoothing out every leaf, and peeping mysteriously under every petal, a warm flush meanwhile gathering on her face.

"Darling, forgive me! I'll never vex you again—I swear it! And, Cosy, I was so awfully cut up."

The spray was thrown down at his feet, the blue eyes regarded him with a scornful flashing anger in their troubled depths, and the rose-bloom trodden into a passionate crimson.

"You mean you sat for an hour and a-half smoking," exclaimed Cosy—"yes, smoking, for Daisy saw you—smoking those hateful cigars whilst I was waiting for you, and wondering why you did not come, and fretting myself to death about you. And you were enjoying yourself all the time, and never thinking or caring what had become of me; and you call that being awfully cut up!"

"Cosy"—with one hand laid upon the edge of the window.

"Don't call me by that name again, sir; I am no longer 'Cosy' to you. Our engagement is at an end, and the sooner that is known the better." She drew herself away from the caressing hand that sought to touch her, and stood passive and silent by the curtain.

George Wharton stepped back from the window and threw away the remnant of a cigar he had held concealed all this time in his hand. He looked perplexed and angry, although he lifted his straw hat with a profound bow, and said pleasantly and carelessly enough—

"I have the honor of bidding you a very good evening, Miss Hamilton."

There was no answer; Cosy had gone.

George walked away to the very same spot where he had already spent the greater part of the evening—a little summer house called the Bower, built under one of the fine cedars that spread their dark arms over the grassy lawn. It was a favorite spot of his, perhaps because he was free there to smoke to his heart's content. He threw himself down by the side of the summer-house, and, as a matter of course, in his disturbed state of mind, he took his pet meerschaum out of his pocket, filled it to the tune of "The day you'll forget me," tilted his hat to the back of his head, and commenced to puff huge clouds of smoke into the fragrant but damp night air. And as he went on smoking and thinking, he did not feel half so concerned about his quarrel with Cosy as he had felt a short time before. He was no longer angry with her, nor could he bring himself to believe that she meant any of the cruel things she had said.

"A summer shower," he thought to himself, with a smile, recalling her sudden girlish anger, and remembering how very pretty she looked, with her blue eyes flashing like diamonds and her cheeks glowing like damask roses—"dear little girl!" How strange that she could, even for one moment, dream of taking herself out of his life for ever!

The rustle of a white dress, the gleam of an exquisite face shrouded in soft satin and lace, a laugh clear and musical as the notes of a bird, and Cosy had passed right through the cloud of objectionable smoke, leaning on Percy Winyard's arm, and apparently quite unconscious of any need for anger or regret.

"I will sing to you to-morrow," the sweet voice said; "and perhaps I will tell you then."

Percy bent lower over the fair speaker and whispered something that George did not hear; but the reply to those low, tender words came back to him suddenly, painfully, like a knife thrust into his heart. He sprang to his feet, and stood trembling with excitement by the little green bower.

"Yes, I care for you a little—only a very little."

Was it really Cosy who was taken in Percy's arms and kissed once, twice, under the cedars, with the fragrance of Portugal laurels around, and moonbeams shining through a rift in the dark bough overhead—Cosy, the dear little girl of his hopes and dreams, the sweet little love for whose sake he had traveled many thousands of miles, and resigned willingly all the advantages that might have accrued to him from a longer stay in the land of pagodas and pigtailed? Could it be that the gay trifling girl whose merry laugh had roused him from his reveries was his own sweet Cosy, who, despite her hatred of smoking and her passionate temper, had so often timidly confessed her love for him, and in whose pure eyes he had read nothing but truth and honesty? Oh, it was impossible, simply impossible—he could never have been so deceived!

For a few moments he stood thus in miserable anxious thought; then he stepped from under the cedar-boughs into the soft, clear moonlight and drew a deep breath. Looking down, he saw something glittering at his feet. He stooped and picked up a jeweled snake—Cosy's bracelet! He recognized it at once for he had taken a great dislike to seeing it on her arm and had begged her several times not to wear it. Cosy had been very proud of it, as being the most valuable ornament she possessed; but she had very prettily yielded to his wishes, once strongly urged, and had not worn it for many weeks. But the finding of the bracelet now was the one thing George Wharton needed to prove to him that he was neither mad nor dreaming in thinking that it was Cosy who had passed but a few moments before.

"False and cruel as the emblem she wore!" murmured George. "And I would have staked my life on her goodness and faithfulness!"

He went into the little bower, and sitting down by the rickety wooden table, strewn with fancy-work and books belonging to Cosy and her sister, he leaned his head upon his arms, and a few great sobs struggled upwards from his proud wrung heart. All the years before him were a desolate blank. He must never see her again, the false deceitful girl! He must take up the duties he had resigned so gladly only a few months before and away, in a far country, without home, wife, or child, his days would henceforth be passed in a routine of dull monotonous work for his country's service. Such was his outlook for the future—a future uncheered, unlighted by one ray of coming joy or one smile or kiss.

A shadow darkened the doorway, and with a sudden desperate effort he went out and faced the intruder. It was Cosy, without the satin hood, and looking very pale, with swollen red eyelids, and her pretty evening dress of delicate cashmere wet and dragged, through trailing it over the damp grass and paths. She started back upon seeing her lover's face, and snatched a little as she drew her clinging dress about her.

"This is your bracelet, I believe," began George, struggling to preserve a dignified reserve and coldness of manner. "I found it here only a few moments ago."

Seeing the pale face, with the eyes no longer glowing and bright with anger, but full of sorrowful pleading and remorse, he could say no more. For several moments there was a profound silence; then George Wharton roused himself, and offering her the bracelet, was about to pass by her, when she laid her hand upon his arm, and so detained him.

"Cosy," he said almost despairingly, turning to her and wondering what her conduct could possibly mean, "how could you do it when I loved you so?"

"I am sorry, dear," returned Cosy, trying not to cry again. "I know it was very wrong of me to get into such a rage; but I had waited for you so long; and of course I thought Daisy had given you my message—you know it's really her fault after all. I had something to tell you—something very important; and, when you never came, I naturally thought you preferred to smoke rather than listen to me, and I was angry—I confess it. But you need not believe everything I say at such times."

"Cosy, what are you talking about? Have you taken leave of your senses? Don't you know it is not five minutes since I picked up this proof of your heartless conduct—the bracelet you now have in your hand?"

"This bracelet! Why, what have I done now? I thought you hated it; so I gave it to Daisy. I'm sure you used to say you hated it. It is you who have taken leave of your senses."

"But did you not pass here five minutes ago with Winyard?"

"Daisy did. That is what I wanted to tell you—Daisy and Percy."

"But she had your hood on."  
"Had she? Oh, very likely! We do wear each other's things in the most shameful way."

"My darling," whispered George, folding her in his arms, "will you, can you ever forgive me?"

"Why, what is the matter, George? I thought I was altogether in the wrong this time; but you did not really believe that I did not love you?"

"I did, my sweet one. Heaven forgive me! I wronged you to that extent for a few moments; but, Cosy, I will never do it again—never, never, darling!"

"It was very wrong of you, if you really did," she said, smiling; "and I don't know of any punishment great

enough for the offense. Suppose you had gone on thinking so, how miserable we should have been all our lives."

"Don't let us speak of it any more," George answered gravely. "Cosy, I will do anything in the world to prove how much I love you. I will give up smoking from this moment—by Jove, I will! Does that please you, darling?"

Cosy laughed merrily. "George," she said, looking down at her little wet feet, "don't you think we had better go indoors? And you can come into the library if you like, and smoke, just for once, to please me, and the proverbial pipe of peace, while I promise on my part never to lose my temper again."

"Cosy, you are an angel, and I—well, I will give up smoking when we are married and pipes of peace have become superfluous things!"—Selected.

## Sold in Marriage. Sold into Slavery and Dying a Pauper.

The following remarkable story is told by the Chicago Times of a negro woman, under the name of "Nellie Jones," recently died in a station house in that city: Years ago, perhaps in the early part of 1850, James Mink, a colored man, educated above the average, started a line of stage coaches in Canada, and also opened a livery stable at Toronto. Fortune smiled on his efforts, and before long he could count his gold by the hundred of thousands. He lived in a beautiful suburb called Richmond Hill, and with a wife and daughter, then about 16 years of age, was as happy as a monarch. His daughter Minnie, a prepossessing girl, was given the best education the land could afford, and at the age of 20 there were few so accomplished as she. Highly-educated colored men being few in Canada, the father conceived the notion of marrying her to a white man; and knowing that no Caucasian, under ordinary circumstances, would be willing to take a negro for a wife, the old gentleman offered as an inducement the sum of \$20,000, to be paid to any respectable white man who would accept the hand of his daughter. Among those who heard of the offer was one James Andrews, an Englishman, who at that time, 1857, was driving a cab at Kingston, and being possessed of a fair education and genteel appearance, presented himself before the father, and asked the hand of his daughter. He was accepted, was married the following year, and received the full amount offered by Mr. Mink. He suggested a wedding trip to his wife's home in Virginia, and, well prepared for a long tour, they set out together. All went well until Norfolk was reached, and here the unfeeling husband deliberately sold his wife to a planter for \$1,500, and, putting that and his original present together, sailed away to the old country.

After many months the old father in Toronto was made aware of the fact that his daughter had been sold as a slave in Norfolk, and proceedings were commenced to recover her. Sir Henry Bulwer, at that time British Consul at Norfolk, was successful after infinite trouble in securing her release, returning the planter his \$1,500. She reached home broken-hearted, weary, and suffering in mind and body, and for many weeks was confined to the house. As soon as she was able to move she left home and visited Elmira, N. Y., where she remained for some time, seeming to have lost all love for home and its surroundings. About this time the Grand Trunk railroad pushing its way through the dominion, broke up the stage line, and one misfortune after another gradually reduced the old man until there remained but a few thousand dollars. Minnie became wayward, it is claimed, and, being unusually beautiful for a colored woman, was able to get along very easily. She floated about from one city to another under the alias of Nellie Jones, finally bringing up on the West Side, taking a small cottage, and paying for it by doing laundry work. It was here that she died. The daughter of wealth, the slave, the pauper. Once she came to the notice of the police. It was when she was induced to "squeal" on some parties who had robbed a German of \$500, and she revealed the hiding place of \$200 of the stolen sum. That, so far as known, constituted her criminal career. She was good looking, even in her old age, was very light-colored, with regular features and pearly teeth. She was pleasant in demeanor, and in her conversation showed her superior education.

AN ELEPHANT'S HUMANITY.—Our reporter, who was present yesterday morning when the circus animals were disembarked, noticed a very interesting example of the friendship and regard which one animal sometimes has for another. Soon after the elephants were taken from the train they were grouped together in a body and fed. Their breakfast consisted of hay and oats. They naturally "went for" the oats first. One of the animals—a very old one—did not seem so expert. "Goshen," however, the biggest one of the lot, looked after the old one, and from time to time, while they were partaking of their breakfast, "Goshen" would gather up as much as he could from the pile of oats, and hand it up to the old and infirm animal, who would take it in very readily and express his gratitude by flapping his ears. There are many young people to-day who might learn a useful lesson in regard to their duty to the aged from this poor brute.—Cheyenne Sun.

## Intelligence Items.

President Avallanda, of Buenos Ayres, has resigned.

President Hayes owns a wheat field of 200 acres in Dakota.

Every day in this world the births exceed the deaths by 25,020.

The cattle drive from Texas this year will realize about \$3,000,000.

The excess of exports from this country over the imports during July was \$12,000,000.

Boston's valuation by the Assessors shows an increase of \$25,766,000 over that of last year.

The attempt of a young physician of Lyons to fast fifteen days, was abandoned after one week.

Gin Sling is the name of a Chinese student who has entered the Freshman class at Yale College.

The gross income derived from tobacco by the farmers of the United States is about \$22,000,000.

New York's wealth in real and personal property has increased nearly \$50,000,000 in the last fiscal year.

A pigeon recently flew from Columbus, Ohio, to Jersey City Heights—500 miles—in less than five hours.

The Cleopatra shaft, brought from Egypt, and to be erected in New York, is seventy feet long and weighs two hundred tons.

American exports to China for the years 1877 and 1878 were valued at nearly \$7,000,000, and the increase in 1879 was rapid and heavy.

The population of Jacksonville, Fla., has long been supposed to be not less than 11,000 or 12,000. The census shows it to be not more than 7,500.

Miss Lillie Miller, aged 18, was walking with a gentleman near Mount Joy, when a spark from his cigar set fire to her dress, and she was fatally burned.

It costs one dollar per ton to get ice from Lake Winnepiseogee to Boston. More than twenty-nine thousand tons have been shipped thus far this season.

The number of immigrants landing at New York in the first half of 1880 was 177,000—19,000 more than in any previous six months for twenty-five years. At Princeton, Illinois, James H. Luby, for a wager of \$500, has commenced a twenty-days' fast. He is allowed all the beer he can drink, but no food or water.

Postoffice Department officials estimate the total deficiency for the present fiscal year at \$2,600,000, and if it is kept within this amount, it will be less than for any previous year since 1767.

A shrewd farm-hand bought for \$160 the big meteor which fell in Emmet county, Iowa, last year, and was laughed at by his comrades for what they conceived to be his idiocy. He has now sold it to the British Museum for \$6,500.

## How to Keep Cool.

We must, as far as we can, keep our system in a calm, quiet condition. Excitement quickens the circulation and provokes increased temperature. The "heat of passion" has passed into a by-word. Clothing should be thin, yet not too thin, and of a light color. Light colored hats are better than dark ones, since the dark absorbs while the light reflects the sun's rays. The brim of the hat should be wide enough to protect the back of the white man's neck and the clothing is a protection for the shoulders.

When out of doors it is well to seek the shade, and with an umbrella one can always be under cover. Sleep, if possible, in well-ventilated rooms, and if tired, rest the nerves by a nap in the day time. Avoid any excess of stimulants. Sir Charles Napier, who served in Sindh, says of an attack of sunstroke from which he suffered there: "Forty-three others were struck, all Europeans and all died within three hours, except myself. I did not drink. That is the secret. The sun has no ally in liquor among my brains." A certain amount of water is beneficial, since it cools the system and favors perspiration, but an excess of any fluid is injurious and will produce dilatation of the stomach, with much discomfort. One of the common causes of cholera morbus is the drinking of too much ice water.

By bathing warm water is often more refreshing than cold, and any one who dips his hands in hot water when coming in tired from out doors will experience an actual sense of refreshment in the act. By a cold bath, the temperature is at first lowered, then elevated, and gradually returns to its normal heat. A hot bath, on the other hand, first communicates heat, then the skin with its vessels becomes relaxed. The blood is drawn from deeper organs and congestion is relieved, the skin becomes more active, evaporation is greater, and the body cools down to a natural temperature. Wunderlich says that "a high temperature of the body generally follows a cold bath, and after a warm bath, on the other hand, increased coolness is noticed, and in tropical countries and very hot seasons, no means of cooling is so lasting as a bath or douche of very warm water." Sometimes a draught of warm water is very refreshing.—The Hour.

"Your future husband seems very exacting; he has been stipulating all sorts of things," said a mother to her daughter, who was on the point of being married. "Never mind, mamma," said the affectionate girl, who was already dressed for the wedding, "these are his last wishes."

## Validity of American Divorces.

We reported last week some remarks by the President of the Probate and Divorce Court in granting the prayer of a petition of divorce. The facts which gave occasion for them are simple enough; but the principles which they lay down are of the first importance. Mrs. Briggs, the petitioner, married her husband in England in 1862. Both of them were English subjects, resident here, and they continued to live together until 1868. In that year he quitted this country, went to the United States, and took up his abode in Kansas. Sir James Hannen was satisfied that he did not intend to settle permanently in Kansas. He had left England, not from choice, but necessity, and in order to escape his creditors, and he meant to return when better times came. But in 1873 he procured from some court in Kansas a divorce from his wife on the ground of desertion, and a few months afterward he went through the ceremony of marriage with another woman. Was this divorce valid in the view of an English court? Mrs. Briggs' application for a divorce from her husband could not be entertained if the matrimonial tie had already been cut, and it was desirable to ascertain what was the effect of the decree of the Kansas Court. In that State justice appears to be a little loose in its ways. It is not too fastidious or tightlaced as to forms. The Kansas courts are no friends of what Milton termed the bondage of canonical tyranny in regard to marriage. They do not ask before entertaining a petition for divorce whether the applicant is domiciled in the State; it is enough if he have resided there for twelve months. They do not seem even to take very much care that the person who is to be divorced has notice of the proceedings begun against her. They will be content if the petitioner states on his oath that he has posted a letter notifying his intention, and that he has advertised it for three weeks in some Kansas newspaper, the contents of which it is assumed cannot fail to meet the eyes of all whom they concern. Sir James Hannen has decided that a divorce obtained in this facile fashion cannot be recognized here. He comes to this conclusion, not in consequence of the unfairness of breaking the most solemn contracts behind the back of one of the parties to it, but apparently because Mr. Briggs was still an Englishman by domicile and because the Kansas Court had no jurisdiction to pronounce such a decree. The reason given by the President of the Probate and Divorce Court are not, indeed, perfectly clear. If we are to take it as still true that, as was laid down by the judges in 1812 in Lolley's case, "no sentence or act of any foreign country or State can dissolve an English marriage a vinculo matrimonii for grounds on which it was not liable to be dissolved a vinculo matrimonii in England," it was unnecessary to determine whether Mr. Briggs had become domiciled in Kansas. It would have been enough to say, "This is an English marriage; it can be dissolved only for grave causes, such as adultery, accompanied by desertion or cruelty." The reasoning in the judgment seems, however, to invite us to infer that Mr. Briggs had only to make up his mind to settle in Kansas in order to get rid of his English wife in the easy way known to people there.—London Times.

## Old Dryasdust.

Magliabechi, the celebrated librarian of Florence, lived, ate, drank and slept among his books; he lived in the most sequestered and philosophical manner, scarcely ever leaving the city. His house was but one continued pile of books; his lower rooms were crowded with them, not only along the wainscot, but in piles to a considerable height, and so spread along the floor that there was not the least space for sitting down, much less for walking, except a long, narrow passage leading from one room to the other. The porch of this house was, in the same manner, everywhere stuffed with books, as far as the projecting awning would protect them from rain. The staircase was lined all the way up with library furniture, as were all the upper rooms. Magliabechi generally shut himself up all day, and opened his doors in the evening to the men of letters who came to converse with him. He was negligent in person, and was usually dressed in black, with a waistcoat reaching to his knees. His cloak, which was also black, served him for a morning gown in the day, and for bed-clothes at night; it was generally much patched, in consequence of the holes he burnt in it. He wore a large hat and a Florentine band round his neck. On one arm he carried a pan, in which was a constant fire for warming his hands, and his clothes bore evidence of their often being too nearly connected with it. His linen he usually wore until it fell to pieces. He always slept on his books; bound volumes served him for a mattress, those in boards for a pillow, and he covered himself with such as were merely stitched, throwing his cloak over all. His sole diet was eggs, bread and water. The Grand Duke of Florence, Cosmo II., to whom Magliabechi was librarian, once prevailed on him to take up his residence in the ducal palace, but he quitted it four months afterward, and returned to his own house; indeed, though he rarely stirred out, yet he had such an aversion to everything that looked like restraint, that the Grand Duke dispensed with his personal attendance, and always sent him his orders in writing.

### A Prodigious Pull-back.

An interesting experiment was tried here Monday, which caused intense excitement among the inhabitants of this quiet town. A modest mechanic of this place, who has felt the aggravation of being "just in time to be too late," obtained permission of the railroad company to test what he calls his gigantic pull-back. The female portion of the community were disappointed when they found it in no wise related to the mysteries of the modiste's art. The inventor had the end of his pull-back sunk in the ground several feet between the rails at the station, and securely anchored by bolts and screws. The pull-back consisted of an immense elastic cable (made at the rubber works here) which was run along the ties under cover of iron tubing, to a distance of twelve hundred feet, at which point the cable ended in a huge iron hook. This hook was poised above a wire spring sunk into the ground, which connected with the telegraph battery at the station by wire. The purpose of the pull-back is, as the reader has by this time surmised, to catch and draw back to the station any train that happens to forget something, or for some belated passenger that stands "cursing the fate that made him late," etc.

The initial test was made, as stated, on Monday, in the presence of a large gathering of the curious townsfolk. The whole scheme was intended to be kept secret, but of course, the planting of the cable aroused rumors that spread until the public mind was at a high pitch of curiosity. When it was finally divulged what was the intent and purpose of the scheme, people laughed, shrugged their shoulders and said: "The man is crazy!" Others said: "Perhaps he is, but give him a show." The inventor volunteered to take the part of the belated passenger "for this occasion only," and just as the 11:30 express pulled out for the next station, and was gaining headway at every "chew" of the engine, the excited mechanic came tearing down the street with his coat tails flying and his face flushed. The crowd cheered and laughed. It was nevertheless an exciting moment. He shouted to the telegraph operator to make the connection. The current flashed over the wire and set loose the spring which threw on the iron hook. The crowd heard the clump of the iron, and watched with bated breath the result. The hook had caught the last car sure enough, and the big black cable was seen to stretch out of the iron tubing like a serpent out of its hole. The train soon came to the end of the rope, and then came the remarkable result of the whole scheme. The speed of the train gradually slackened, then finally stopped, and then the cable, with prodigious power, began to redeem its tension and draw back with increasing speed the captured train. The astonishment of the crowd was unbounded, and as the train rattled back to the station like a truant child brought home, the cheers and yells were deafening. The engineer smiled grimly, and said: "I guess we've forgot something." The inventor chuckled and looked happy, stepped on board, and the train sped away again to make up the lost thirty seconds occasioned by the gigantic pull-back.

There are a thousand and one reasons why such an invention would be of incalculable service to railroad companies. Collisions can be avoided, mistakes corrected, tardy conductors restored to their charge, and "wild" locomotives prevented from galloping over the country and scaring whole counties into fits by their Comanche yells.—*Oshkosh Advocate.*

### Why Americans Are Frail.

Professor David Swing says: Next to the want of rest and sleep as a cause of the frail bodies to be seen throughout the country comes a want of food. When company comes to a farm-house the table presents a glorious appearance. Chickens and preserves and pickles and nice bread and innumerable good things crowd the board; but, let the guests go away, and it is amazing how quickly those good things disappear! They are all transient. The lambs and pigs and chickens need have no fear of harm from the regular family. It is only when company comes that any chicken need have fear for its life, or that any child need hope for cake or pudding. The ninety-nine meals are poorly devised and executed, gulped down, and upon a basis of salt meat and fried potatoes the human machine goes forth to work. What is wanting at the daily table is sometimes made up of a stimulant tobacco and whiskey. What is needed on the farm next to plenty of sleep is plenty of food on the table at all three of its spreads. Fruit, bread and milk should be fed out extravagantly, and fresh meat, too, as often as possible. The table and the pillow will make happy young farmers. Men cannot work with profit more than ten hours a day. All efforts to do more will result in loss. And without plenty of sleep and food man cannot perform well his ten hours of service. Under the influence of food and sleep and the ten-hour law, our skeleton-like boys and girls, whose lives are on the farm, would put on flesh and the bloom of youth, and would have some light in their eyes and some happiness in their hearts.

That life is long which answers life's great end; the tree that bears no fruit deserves no name; the man of wisdom is the man of years.—*YOUNG.*

### Droughts and Forests.

The extreme dryness and consequent want of moisture for fertilization of the fields in parts of India and China, hitherto fruitful and thickly populated, is attributed to the wanton destruction of the forests on the hill-sides.

In 1879 Mr. Hilliard visited the famine-stricken province of Shang Si, in China, and after giving heart-rending details of the terrible effects of the famine—details too painful to state—found in these famine districts, that the trees had been extensively destroyed and attributes the want of moisture and the consequent infertility of the soil to this cause. In the northwest provinces of India an enormous quantity of wood was cut from the hillsides and mountains for the construction of railroads, in consequence of which the soil has been torn from the mountain sides by torrents and precipitated in the valleys below, bringing ruin and destruction upon what were formerly well cultivated fields. The same results have been observed in the Caucasus, where the extensive cutting down of the timber around Tiflis has had the effect of drying up the earth and diminishing the volume of water necessary for the fertilization of the valleys, where also famine is apprehended. A large portion of Persia has suffered in the same way from like causes over a long period of years—a part of Persia which must have been exceedingly fruitful from the accounts given of it by ancient writers.

Observations made in France by Mr. Mathieu and by Mr. Frutal over a period of four years, by different methods, as to the effect under trees and the effect in treeless plains, led to the same general results, which are as follows: That it rains more abundantly over forests than over open ground, especially when the trees are in leaf; that the air above the forest is more saturated with moisture than over the open ground; that the leaves of trees intercept one-third, and in some trees half of the rainfall, and that the leaves and branches restrain the evaporation of the water which reaches the ground, moistening the earth four times as much as it is moistened by the rain that falls upon open plains.

I have been thus particular in enumerating the terrible effects that have recently taken place in China and in India, because I have frequently heretofore in my addresses referred to the excessive and wanton destruction of forests and of the trees upon hillsides in this country, and to the inevitable consequences which will ultimately follow from it—a destruction which is still wantonly going on, showing an ignorance on the part of our people and government as gross as that which has produced such calamitous effects in China, India and Persia.

A large portion of Northern Africa, now a sandy desert, was once a fertile country, and well populated, as we know from ruins and tombs that are still standing in what is now a vast desert of sand—an effect brought about by the wholesale destruction of trees and the neglect to replace them by replanting. Numerous instances might also be referred to of like effects in certain parts of Europe, where now, however, rigorous laws are enforced for the preservation of forests, by compelling the replanting of trees to repair the consequences of cutting them down for timber, and also to other parts of the world, where upon what were once extensive fertile tracts nothing now remains but sandy desolation.

Prosperous, fertile and wonderfully productive as our own country now is, if this wholesale destruction of trees is permitted to go on without any measures to compel replanting, the like results will follow here, and in some parts will be more rapid than in others. Our national government is now directing inquiry in this subject, but our State governments, so far as I know, have done nothing; and yet it is by them chiefly that proper laws should be enacted and enforced to prevent what may ultimately prove a great national calamity.

**WOMEN IN PARLIAMENT.**—It is recorded that among the persons returned to the Parliament of 1861 (35, Edward III.) were "Marie, Comtesse de Norfolk; Alianor, Comtesse de Ormond; Philippa, Comtesse March; Agnes, Comtesse de Pembroke, and Catherine, Comtesse de Athol." In the preceding year, also, there had been writs tested at Roynton, on April 5, issued to divers earls, bishops and to four abbesses, requiring their attendance at Westminster on the morrow of the Trinity for the purpose of treating of an aid to make the king's eldest son a knight, etc. It does not appear, however, that any ladies ever actually took their seats in Parliament by virtue of these summons; but there are numerous instances on record of both squires and knights having sat in the House of Lords in right of their wives.

The New Zealand newspapers notice an amusing instance of the manner in which colonial railway trains are sometimes stopped. The engine-driver, noticing a lady waving her hand at a siding where the train was not timed to stop, as if she wished to get on board, stopped the train, only to discover that the lady wanted to know if any passenger had change for a \$1 note.

Some of the residents of Le Sueur, Minn., believing a spiritual medium's prediction of a tornado, dug holes in the ground for refuge, and spent the whole of an unusually calm day in them. Then they blew up the medium.

### Slang.

Have you not noticed how that tidal wave of evil seems to be sweeping over our land? An evil spirit has entered into the hearts of our people, and finding them swept and garnished has taken up its abode there. We speak particularly of the use of such words as those most commonly known among the ignorant classes and bar-room frequenters, and known by the name of "slang." The use of such speech is regarded as something to be proud of and admired, and the young man or girl that lacks this important accomplishment is not considered to have the proper "dash" or "go." According to our dictionary, the definition of the word slang is "vulgar, unmeaning language," that is mostly originated in low places, and with pot-house men, and has frequently double meanings which, were they known to the young speaker, would cause deep shame instead of careless laughter. In the times when we were young, wit had a high niche in the temple of literature and fashion, but now we must en content ourselves with brass instead of gold. Boys and girls, do not fall into this fearful habit! Do not let your souls be caught with this shaft, scattered by the evil eye. Beware of talking slang even in jest! We knew a girl once, a fine, pure-minded, honorable girl, with a strict sense of truth and rectitude, who began by repeating, in jest, words she had heard a comrade use, and at which she had been shocked at the time. Alas for the little foxes that are allowed to enter the vineyard! from simply repeating she soon became an expert. I know also a young man whose conversation is partly unintelligible from words with obscure meanings, and which he considers as being witty and "up to the times." Are these indeed the signs of the times? "O tempora! O mores!" We have heard somewhere, but do not remember the precise words, that the evil one went forth one day to fish for men's souls. Many he caught with some alluring sin held out as bait, but he made particularly merry when he found that he caught many more with an empty hook which represented bad words and curses, for

"Oh hip, hip, hurrah!" said he, "These bite for the love of me."

The war cry of the army of tramps—to alms.

### Reliable Testimony.

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

OAKLAND, CAL., April 5, 1880.  
**STANDARD SOAP COMPANY**—Gents: Some two or three months ago, I had a boy about two years old that had suffered for a year with a severe eruption on the head and face, caused by teething. The child was in such misery that it would often be awakened out of sleep by the severe itching. He would then scratch his head and face until the blood ran from the scabs. We tried everything we could find, but nothing seemed to give any permanent relief until we tried PHOSPHATE SOAP. Before we had used one cake, the child's head and face were entirely healed, and there has been no appearance of the disease since.

MICHAEL KANE, No. 166 Kirkham St.  
FORT VERDE, Arizona, Dec. 12, 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 sore eyelids which was caused by the alkali dust in Idaho Territory, in 1877, and have been sore ever since until I used PHOSPHATE SOAP.

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.

### A Remarkable Circumstance.

Mr. W. E. Sanford, of Holley, N. Y., became afflicted a few years since with a most terrible inflammation in the lower portion of his body. He did all that thought could suggest to remove it, even submitting to a most painful surgical operation. At last when death was longed for and seemed near, he began (against the wishes of his friends) taking Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, and is today a strong man and in perfect health. Any readers who may question this remarkable assertion can address him at Holley, N. Y., and ascertain for themselves.

### Twenty Years a Sufferer.

DR. R. V. PIERCE:  
*Dear Sir*—Twenty years ago I was shipwrecked on the Atlantic ocean, and the cold and exposure caused a large abscess to form on each leg, which kept continually discharging. After spending hundreds of dollars, with no benefit, I was persuaded to try your Golden Medical Discovery, and now, in less than three months after taking the first bottle, I am thankful to say I am completely cured, and for the first time in ten years can put my left heel to the ground.

I am, sir, yours respectfully,  
WILLIAM RYDER,  
87 Jefferson street, Buffalo, N. Y.

The height of politeness is passing round upon the opposite side of a lady, when walking with her, in order not to step upon her shadow.

### Father is Getting Well.

My daughters say, "How much better father is since he used Hop Bitters." He is getting well after his long suffering from a disease declared incurable, and we are so glad that he used your Bitters.—*A Lady of Rochester, N. Y.*

### Furniture.

New and second-hand at auction prices. H. Schellhaas, 11th St., Odd Fellows' Building, Oakland, Cal. Country orders promptly attended to.

When you feel a cough or bronchial affection creeping on the lungs, take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and cure it before it becomes incurable.

### 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.

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 No. 23 Third St., S. F., are guaranteed to be first-class. Prices to suit the times. J. H. PETERS & Co.



### UNLIKE PILLS

And the usual Purgatives, Is Pleasant to Take.

And will prove at once the most potent and harmless System Renovator and Cleanser that has yet been brought to public notice. For Constipation, Biliousness, Headache, Piles, and all disorders arising from a clogged system, it is incomparably the best cathartic extant.

TROPIC-FRUIT LAXATIVE is put up in browned tin boxes only. Price, 60 Cents. Procure Descriptive Pamphlet from your druggist, or address the proprietor.

J. E. HETHERINGTON,  
New York or San Francisco.

### ELECTRIC BELTS

Bands and Appliances, for the cure of Nervous, Chronic and Special Diseases, can be procured from the PULVERMACHER GALVANIC CO., 513 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. Send for Free Pamphlet and The Electric Review, containing full particulars. Avoid bogus appliances of every description claiming electric qualities.

**GARLAND'S VEGETABLE COUGH**  
Drops, the greatest known remedy for all Throat and Lung Complaints. For sale by all druggists.

### MOULDERS WANTED

—AT THE—  
RISDON IRON WORKS  
San Francisco.

### W-S.

CALIFORNIA BUCK OR GOAT  
Gloves, cheapest and best. W. S. Sillars, 206 Market St., San Francisco. Send for price list.

**MONTGOMERY'S Temperance Hotel.**  
27 and 29 Second St., S. F. Board and Room per day, 75c to \$1; per week \$4 to \$5. Six meal tickets, \$1. Baggage to and from the Hotel free.

National Surgical Institute (Western Division), 219 Bush St., S. F. Devoted to the treatment of Croup, Piles, Fistula, &c. Send for circulars.

**RO**  
Read's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure  
This is a safe and reliable remedy for all cases of Bright's Disease, Gravel, Catarrh of the Bladder, Hematuria, Stricture, Gleet, Gonorrhoea, and all other diseases of the Urinary Organs. It is sold by all druggists and dealers in medicine. Price, 50 Cents per bottle. Sent by mail on receipt of the price.

### WARNER'S SAFE REMEDY FOR KIDNEY & LIVER CURE

A vegetable preparation and the only sure remedy in the world for Bright's Disease, Gravel, Catarrh of the Bladder, Hematuria, Stricture, Gleet, Gonorrhoea, and all other diseases of the Urinary Organs. It is sold by all druggists and dealers in medicine. Price, 50 Cents per bottle. Sent by mail on receipt of the price.

Testimonials of the highest order in proof of these statements.  
For the cure of Diabetes, call for Warner's Safe Diabetes Cure.  
For the cure of Bright's and the other diseases of the Urinary Organs, call for Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure.

### WARNER'S SAFE REMEDIES ARE SOLD BY DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE EVERYWHERE.

H. H. WARNER & CO.,  
Proprietors,  
Rochester, N. Y.  
Send for Pamphlet and Testimonials.

Ask your druggist for it. Sold by all wholesale drugists in San Francisco, Sacramento and Portland.

### EGGLESTON'S ELASTIC TRUSS

This is a Pad differing from all others, in cap-shape, with Self-Adjusting Ball in center, adapts itself to all positions of the body, while the BALL in the cap PRESSES BACK THE INTES-TINES JUST AS A PERSON WOULD WITH HIS HANDS. It is a great relief to the sufferer. It is easy, durable and cheap. Sent by mail. Circulars free.  
Eggleston Truss Co., Chicago, Ill.

### SAN FRANCISCO SHOPPING

**MISS E. BROWN WILL PURCHASE,**  
at reasonable rates, goods of any description required for the household, ranch or store, at lowest cash prices. Samples sent on receipt of postage. Address,  
MISS E. BROWN,  
CARE CARLOS WHITE,  
P. O. Box 2305, San Francisco.

### GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY

Is a certain cure for Nervous Debility, and all the evil effects of youthful follies and excesses. DR. MENTIE will agree to forfeit FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS for a case of this kind the Vital Restorative (under his special advice and treatment) will not cure. Price, \$3 a bottle; four times the quantity. Sent by mail on receipt of the price. Address, Centennially, by A. E. MINTIE, M. D., 11 Kearny St., San Francisco. Send for pamphlet.

### CALVERT'S CARBOLIC SHEEP WASH

25 per gallon.  
T. W. JACKSON, San Francisco, Sole Agent for the Pacific Coast.

### PHOSPHATE SOAP



THE BEST soap for toilet use ever manufactured. BEST because it contains all the excellencies of the most expensive foreign or American soaps without their defects. BEST because it combines strength with delicacy in such a way that its strong detergent action does not injure the skin. BEST because it is the result of years of study and experiment in the soap manufacturing business, assisted by modern chemical discoveries. BEST because it contains ingredients beneficial to the skin, which unite chemically with the soap in such a manner as to increase its saponaceous qualities. Every chemist familiar with soap manufacture knows that some ingredients which are in themselves beneficial to the skin cannot be saponified; some are partially neutralized, while others injure the quality of the soap. There are soaps in the market which are to some extent beneficial to the skin, but they are inferior articles for toilet use. PHOSPHATE SOAP is the ONLY article offered to the public which combines all the best elements of toilet soap with medical ingredients beneficial to the skin.

For chapped hands the constant use of PHOSPHATE SOAP will be recommended by all who give it one fair trial.

### TESTIMONIALS:

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 27, 1879.  
Gentlemen:  
I received a package of your soap (Phosphate Soap) and it gives me great pleasure to testify as to its superior excellence. As a toilet soap I have never seen anything to surpass it. It also possesses superior remedial qualities. I have used it in two cases of obstinate skin disease, one of intolerable Pruritus, the other an Eczema. Both great relief was obtained. Excellent properties are remarkable.  
DOUGLASS, M. D.,  
126 O'Farrell St.,  
and Soap Company.

Standard Soap Co.—Gentlemen:  
I have tried your soap, and have found it is the best I ever used. My wife and I are of the same opinion. We 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 14, 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.

We have used the PHOSPHATE SOAP in our practice, for cleaning indolent ulcers, and also skin diseases, pimples and eruptions of the face, so often seen in the young of both sexes, and can heartily recommend it to the public as the most remedial of the kind that we have ever used.  
F. Medico-Literary Journal

OAKLAND, CAL., Aug. 1, 1879.  
Standard Soap Co.—Gentlemen:  
We have been giving your PHOSPHATE SOAP a pretty fair trial, and we like it the best of any soap for toilet use that we have found on this Coast. We have little doubt that it will meet with universal favor. MRS. R. R. JOHNSTON,  
1016 Kirkham street.

Ladies who wish to make the skin look beautiful and natural should use PHOSPHATE SOAP. The genuine merits of PHOSPHATE SOAP and persistent advertising will force every druggist, groceryman and general dealer to order it by the gross sooner or later. Ask for it in every store. The retail price is 25 cents per cake. We wish to sell it only at wholesale, but in case you cannot find it we will send a nice box of three cakes by mail, postage paid, on receipt of 85 cents in stamps.  
**STANDARD SOAP CO.**  
204 Sacramento St., N. F.

**Mall and Telegraph.**

**Democratic Territorial Convention.**

The Democratic Convention for Washington Territory met at Kalama on the 15th. The Convention was called to order by a Delegate. Judge J. D. Mix, of Walla Walla, was chosen temporary Chairman; J. B. Reavis, of Goldendale, Secretary, and C. D. Emery, of Seattle, assistant Secretary. The following Delegates were appointed a Committee on Credentials: R. V. Chadd, of Yakima; N. Ostrander, of Thurston; W. B. Crow, of Columbia; Wm. Collins, of Skamania, and Frank J. Parker, of Walla Walla.

**PERMANENT ORGANIZATION.**

The Committee on Credentials reported the following Delegates as entitled to seats:

Chehalis—W D Milroy by W D Baker proxy, W D Baker.

Clallam—Wm Payne by J A Kuhn proxy.

Clarke—B F Shaw, Bachmeyer, A Marble, by Arthur Dillon proxy, A Dillon, George W Hart, by B F Shaw proxy, James Bybee.

Columbia—W D Crow, J K Rutherford, R P Steen and J H Long by W D Crow proxy, J M Hunt, M A Baker, J W Sweezer and J K Kennedy by J M Hunt proxy.

Cowlitz—C C Bozarth, Wm Jackson, C Catlin.

Island—Robert C Hill, Walter Crockett by R C Hill proxy.

Jefferson—Dr H C Wiliston by A Kuhn proxy, H L Blanchard by A Kuhn proxy J A Kuhn.

King—Beriah Brown, W H White, S W Russell, Hillory Butler, U M Rasin, Frank Doran by W C Smith proxy, Martin McAndrews, C D Emery.

Klickitat—J B Landrum, W W Holcomb, H Dustin, J B Reavis.

Lewis—H Miles, W West, W Guess.

Mason—J Latham, Thos G Marshall.

Pierce—S Judson, F Clark, D B Hanna, S H Alger, A Farquharson by Judson proxy.

San Juan—E D Warbass, Jos Bridges, by H F Whitener proxy.

Skamania—W Whitfield, M H Frost.

Thurston—J P Judson, N Ostrander, Frank Doran, J B Chibberg, J W Bomer, Samuel Deyenport.

Wahkiakum—Wm Collins.

Walla Walla—M Smythe, S Berg, D Wright by M Smythe proxy, J Browns by M Smythe proxy, Marcus Oppenheimer by M Smythe proxy.

Whatcom—Jas B LaDu.

Walla Walla—N T Caton, J D Mix, O P Lacy by N T Caton proxy, T J Perkins by James Whelan Mark Eyans by J D Mix proxy, Fran k J Parker, John Tracy by F J Parker proxy, A G Lloyd by J D Mix proxy.

White of King, moved that the temporary officers be declared the permanent ones.

The following Committee on Order of Business and Resolutions, was appointed: W. H. White, of King, N. T. Caton of Walla Walla, J. P. Judson of Olympia, J. B. Landrum of Klickitat and J. A. Kuhn of Jefferson. They reported the following as the

**ORDER OF BUSINESS.**

1. Nomination of a candidate for Delegate to Congress.
2. One Brigadier General.
3. One Adjutant General.
4. One Quartermaster General.
5. One Commissary General.
6. Report of District nominations.
7. Appointment of Territorial Central Committee.
8. Miscellaneous.
9. Adjournment.

Adopted.

White, of King, read the following resolutions, which were adopted amid much enthusiasm:

Resolved, That we endorse the nomination of the Soldier-Satesman, Winfield Scott Hancock, and his worthy compeer, W. H. English, their letters of acceptance, and the Platform of the Convention that nominated them.

2--We are in favor of a speedy admis-

sion of the Territory of Washington into the Union as a State, and to that end we will lend our united efforts.

3d. We are opposed to the present policy in the management of the Indian tribes which has been forced upon the country by the Republican party, and our Delegate in Congress is especially instructed to use his influence to change this policy for the better.

**NOMINATIONS.**

Clark, of Pierce, presented Judge Thos. Burke, of Seattle, as Delegate to Congress. The nomination was warmly seconded by White of Seattle and Caton of Walla Walla. No other names were presented, and Mr. Burke was nominated by acclamation.

Following are the nominations for other Territorial officers—all by acclamation.

Brigadier General—James McCauley, of Walla Walla.

Adjutant General—Frank Guttenberg, of King.

Quartermaster General—J. W. Bomer, of Thurston.

Commissary General—James M. Hunt, of Columbia.

White of King, moved that Judge J. A. Kuhn of Port Townsend be elected Chairman of the Territorial Central Committee; carried unanimously.

Beriah Brown offered the following, which was adopted:

Resolved, That the Central Committee be instructed to specify, in the call for the next Territorial Convention, that no proxies will be admitted and no Delegates permitted to represent a District of which he is not a citizen.

Kuhn of Jefferson offered the following, which was adopted:

WHEREAS, The Democracy of the Territory of Washington has maintained its organization for years against the power of successive Republican Administrations and Federal patronage, and

WHEREAS, The population of our Territory has increased to such a number that our admission as a State cannot be much longer delayed and it is of vital importance that our organization be made as perfect as possible, but without recognition by the National Democratic party such an organization is impossible, therefore be it

Resolved, That a committee of three be appointed by this Convention to communicate with the National Democratic Committee and to represent our wants and ask that we hereafter be properly recognized.

Adopted with the amendment that the Central Committee shall constitute the committee called for by the resolution.

A resolution thanking the Oregon Northern Pacific Railroad for favors extended, was passed.

**CENTRAL COMMITTEE.**

The following gentlemen were chosen by the Delegates from the several Judicial Districts, as a Territorial Central Committee:

- J. A. Kuhn of Jefferson, Chairman.
- R. V. Chadd of Yakima, Secretary.
- G. O. Kelly of Pierce.
- Henry Miles of Lewis.
- J. D. Mix of Walla Walla.
- J. Hoover of Whitman.
- R. P. Steen of Columbia.
- Mark Evans of Walla Walla.
- Jas. LaDu of Cowlitz.
- B. F. Shaw of Clarke.
- M. J. McElroy of Whatcom.
- Hillory Butler of King.
- Robert C. Hill of Island.

**OTHER NOMINATIONS.**

Board of Equalization—1st District, H. L. Caples of Columbia; 2d District, N. Ostrander of Thurston; 3d District, E. D. Warbass of San Juan.

Prosecuting Attorneys—2d District, Hiram Dustin of Klickitat; 3d District, W. R. Andrews of LaConner.

**JOINT COUNCILMEN.**

Walla Walla, Whitman and Columbia, N. T. Caton, of Walla Walla. Stevens, Spokane and Yakima—Wm. Biggam, of Spokane.

Pierce, Chehalis and Pacific—George O. Kelly.

Thurston and Lewis—J. P. Judson.

**JOINT REPRESENTATIVES.**

Walla Walla and Whitman—Jacob Hoover of Whitman.

Spokane and Stevens—John Hoffstadter, of Stevens.

No other nominations for Councilmen or Representatives were made, or if they were such nominations were concealed from the Secretary.

The newly elected Central Committee held a meeting on board the boat, appointed sub-committees from their own number, and laid out plans for this fall's campaign.

The Committee will attempt to arrange for a joint discussion.

The Prince and Princess of Wales and their children attended the performance of American Minstrels, at Her Majesty's theatre, and enjoyed the performance greatly.

**North Pacific**

**BREWERY.**

AUGUST MEHLICORN, PROPRIETOR.

[SUCCESSOR TO M. SCHMIEG.]

The Best Beer always on Hand.

ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED.

**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.

R. T. FLYNN.

J. S. ANDERSON.

**FLYNN & ANDERSON.**

**ADELPHI**

**SALOON.**

Opposite Yesler's Hall, Seattle:

**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 Quartermaster 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.

L. S.

**Albert M. Snyder**

ATTORNEY FOR U. S. CLAIMANTS,

COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS FOR OREGON AND CALIFORNIA.

NOTARY PUBLIC, COPYIST,

Collector, Etc.

PREEMPT ON ENTRIES MADE AND HOMESTEAD FINAL PROOF TAKEN FOR SETTLERS,

CONVEYANCING DONE, LOANS NEGOTIATED.

THREE MONTHS PAY.

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

Soldiers' Additional Homesteads.

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

PENSIONS FOR OLD AND LATE WARS.

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

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

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

Office—Mill Street, next Post Office.

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

WEEKLY

**Puget Sound Dispatch.**

BERIAH BROWN, Publisher.

VOLUME 8, NUMBER 1.

SEATTLE, WASH. TERR'Y.

This Journal is now in its Eighth Volume and, as heretofore, is devoted to the material prosperity of the Country in which it is located.

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LEGAL BLANKS,

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