

# Puget Sound Dispatch.

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46.

## Puget Sound Dispatch.

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**BERIAH BROWN.**

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A finely finished Club-Room in the rear for patrons. Give us a call, we solicit your patronage.  
EVERSHAM & DILLON.

**ELECTIONEERING STORY.**—Mr. S. C. Harris, Republican candidate for Auditor, is, we are informed, engaged in privately circulating the story that Judge Burke, in his presence, raised his hand and made oath that he would never, under any circumstances, vote for a Republican. Those who personally know Judge Burke will give no credence to this story. He has been elected Judge of Probate twice by Republican votes, and at every election in this county there has been a large interchange of votes; Republicans voting for Democratic candidates and Democrats voting for Republican candidates. When Judge Jacobs was first a candidate, he received over 200 Democratic votes in this county; giving him 440 majority, where Judge McFadden received 178 majority two years before. At the same election Capt. Hill was elected Treasurer and Mr. Wyckoff elected Sheriff by Democratic votes, without which they would both have been defeated. At the same election Mr. Booth was elected Auditor by Republican and Democratic votes combined. Two years ago the same candidates were elected, together with Judge Burke, the Democratic candidates by Republican votes and the Republican candidates by Democratic votes. Mr. Brents, at the same election, received the votes of many Democrats, including the editor of this paper, upon the question of platform, on which he now stands as the candidate of the other side.

If "Vane" proposes to risk the chances of his election by tying to Brents, he is the last person who should urge his own claims upon a strictly party issue. It will call public attention to the fact that two years ago, after having been defeated for a nomination in convention, he announced himself, in a published card, as an "independent candidate" and bolter, and had to be propitiated. It was understood that he would have repeated that experiment this year if Slorah had been nominated. The young man has many personal friends in both political parties, but will not add to his friends by assailing the personal integrity of Judge Burke in behalf of Brents.

"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."

The above was penned by the venerable Beriah Brown, on his return from the Kalama Convention which nominated Mr. Burke. "Tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true."—*Puget Sound Mail.*

The above extract was put in type before Mr. Brown went to the Kalama Convention, and describes exactly what occurred in the Republican Convention, to which it alluded. The nomination of Mr. Burke was spontaneous, and not the result of any act of his or rival candidates. All of which was in marked contrast with the nomination of Mr. Brents.

The tier of States which stretches from Rhode Island to the Mississippi at St. Louis contains the controlling States of the Union in population and in matter of commerce, agriculture and finance. According to the recent census these States contain twenty millions out of the fifty millions of our entire population. If, therefore, Senator Conkling talks about a solid North he will talk of the States between Rhode Island and the Mississippi at St. Louis. How "solid" they were for the Republican party will appear from their votes for President in 1876 as given in the official table of the "American Almanac" prepared by the Librarian of Congress:

	Democratic.	Republican.
Connecticut.....	61,934	59,034
New York.....	521,949	489,207
New Jersey.....	115,962	103,417
Pennsylvania.....	366,158	384,122
Ohio.....	323,182	330,698
Indiana.....	213,526	208,232
Illinois.....	258,601	278,232
Total.....	1,861,312	1,852,821

These commonwealths, which gave a Democratic majority at the last President-

tial election on their popular vote, may be expected, under the most recent advices, to cast their 115 electoral votes for Hancock and English. (With these statistics of 1876 and with such presages for 1880, how impudent is the claim of Republican journals and orators that the North is "solid" for Garfield and Arthur—or for sectionalism and keeping alive the embers of civil strife? When General Hancock is elected President by these 115 electoral votes added to the 138 electoral votes of what these same stalwarts call the "solid South," who will dare dispute his claim to be called a Union President? No man of sense, when to these States are added the 24 electoral votes for Hancock of Maine, New Hampshire, Colorado, Nevada and California, leaving only 92 electoral votes for Garfield and Arthur!—*N. Y. World.*

### Michael Davitt's Speech.

The San Francisco Bulletin of the 24th ult. says: The Grand Opera House was crowded last night, the farewell address of Michael Davitt being the attraction.

He began by speaking of the sympathy on this coast for the Irish sufferers. He said he would go back to Ireland and say there is a branch of the National Land League on the Pacific coast in full sympathy with them, and this will give them courage to live through the winter. It is the wish of the Irish people to make the civilized world the arbiters between them and landlords. The application of the land laws in England are different from those in Ireland. The landlords in England and Scotland live on their estates and expend money for their improvement, and share in the expenses. The Irish landlords never make any improvements in the property, the tenants do it all.—The speaker cited an instance in which the rent of the land had been raised 700 per cent on account of the improvements made by tenants. He quoted the opinions of Englishmen and of the English Press. Lord John Russell wrote that "England had made Ireland the most wretched country in the world." The London Times said in an article, "The Irish landlords are the cut-purses of Ireland and the name of Irish landlord has become a stench in the nostrils of the people of the world."

On the other hand, Lord Annesley, the owner of 40,000 acres, wrote to Parliament during the agitation, that as a rule, there is no country where the tenants are treated with more justice, or have so much to be grateful for as in Ireland.—The speaker read a lease given by Lord Annesley, in which he reserved all rights in mines, sand, gravel, timber and streams, and exclusive right to all game, wild fowl and fish thereon, and exclusive right to said Earl, assigns, etc., to enter upon, shoot, hunt, sport and course, and to search for, dig, cut and take away from said premises, to make or drain water-courses and mill races, and to use all banks of streams for leaving dredgings thereon, and to make and close roads at pleasure through said farm.

During the last famine the landlords did not give one cent to a relief fund to assist their starving tenants. He told how a widow 84 years of age, with six children and her sister-in-law, were driven from a place she had held for sixty years, because she was unable to pay rent for two years. They remained in the open air for eight days and nights, until their neighbors put them back in their house. It was finally arranged that she should stay if half the rent was paid, and this amount was collected. A tax of one-fourth the value of sea-weed has been placed upon it. The people waded out into the ocean and gather it.

The speaker next cited a case in which a man had been evicted from his farm because his brother, living on another farm, had not paid his rent of £10, owing to the expenses of the illness of his children. "Exterminate the landlords!" is the cry of our people. Some other instances of cruelty were recited. The

people want no half-way system, and demand the total abolition of landlords.

Some critics say, why do not they leave Ireland and come to America? We have a land of our own, and if we emigrate en masse from our native soil we would deserve the contempt of the world. The 500,000 tenants must win as against the 10,000 landlords. Though many have left there are still thousands of Irishmen in Ireland that will remain and hold a firm grip on their native soil. We believe that men have a right to live in the land of their birth. Every member of the Irish Land League, and every man who has influence with the Irish will be in Ireland in November, and we will see whether or not the people will have to emigrate en masse, or the landlords.—They had been told to look to Parliament for relief. Now they would look to themselves. They will compel the British Parliament to do them justice.

The speaker reviewed some of the victories of the Land League, and said he thought the end of it would be that the \$60,000,000 annually taken from Ireland by landlords would remain in the country, and population increase and prosperity return.

### A Girl's Remarkable Dream.

About thirty years ago a drover by the name of Young came down from Wheeling, gathering up stock for the Eastern market. He left Summerfield, a little hamlet among the hills and started on the way to Sarahsville just as darkness was setting in. He never was heard of more. His friends in Wheeling did not expect him home for several weeks. He was a bachelor, and had no near relatives. Something of a search was made for him a few weeks after he rode out into the darkness on his way to Sarahsville, but in vain. The story of his disappearance was told over and over again among the people of the region, until it passed into history. Twenty years after the disappearance of the drover, the daughter of a prominent citizen of the county, living near Sarahsville, had a singular dream. It seemed to her that she was at a familiar point on the main road leading from her home to Summerfield. It was night, and a storm was threatening. The inky darkness was ever and anon illuminated by the most vivid flashes of lightning. In some way she was impressed with the idea that she was expected to watch attentively all that passed before her. She had not long to wait. Presently, one of the flashes of light revealed a horseman slowly wending his way up the hill. An instant later a second flash she discovered a man approaching from the rear with stealthy tread. The next flash revealed the horseman lying upon the ground, and the man whom she had before seen approaching was holding the horse by the bridle and hastily rifling the dead man. Becoming more and more interested, she closely followed the movements of the robber and murderer, and saw him go to a familiar stump and carefully deposit the saddle and the bridle and saddlebags of the murdered man in the large hollow opening within. Just as this work was finished the murderer seemed to turn upon her suddenly, and in a flash of light she recognized the features and form of her father. Half dead with fright, she awoke, and did not close her eyes in sleep again that night. Bright and early the next day she visited the scene of her dream, and with a sharp stick dug in the decayed rubbish in the interior of the old stump. She was so thoroughly impressed with the reality of what she had seen that she could not fail to do this. What was her surprise on excavating only a few inches beneath the surface to find a rusty styrrup and an old buckle or two. The horrified girl kept her terrible suspicion to herself, but it weighed so upon her mind that her constitution was soon undermined, and at the age of 19 she was thrown into quick consumption and died. Before she passed away, however, she related her dream and suspicion, and re-

marked that some one must be punished for the horrible crime, and she could no longer live with the belief so strong upon her that her father was an unpunished murderer. Of course, nothing was ever done in the way of proceedings against the respectable citizen thus thrown under a cloud of suspicion by his daughter's dream. There was nothing in the way of evidence that could be brought to bear on the case.—*Corr. N. Y. Times.*

O. R. & N. Co. & N. P. R. Co.—In his first annual report Mr. Villard, President of the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company, says the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad "will, by mutual agreement, be extended from the confluence of the Columbia and Snake rivers to a junction at Wallula with the main line" of the Oregon Railway and Navigation Co. From other sources the information is obtained that mutual understandings and agreements have been entered into between the two companies, whereby the Northern Pacific Railroad Co. give up all idea of building an independent road down the Columbia; that they will pay the O. R. and N. Co. an agreed rate per mile for hauling their cars over the Columbia division; that the N. P. R. Co. are going to push the construction of their line over the Cascade mountains via the Natchess pass; that this road will leave the main line somewhere in the vicinity of Ritzville. How much of this is rumor we have no means of determining, but we are much inclined to believe it is all true.—*Walla Walla Union.*

HOW FAR A PRINTER'S HAND TRAVELS. A Russian statistician has amused himself calculating the distance traveled in a year by the hand of a printer. He takes the principle that a skillful compositor, working ten hours a day, allowing for distribution and correction, sets up 12,000 letters. In counting the year at 300 working days, he makes then a total of 3,600,000 letters. Consequently the distance from the case to the stick and from the stick to the case being estimated at two feet, making in all 7,200,000 feet, there being 23,500 feet in a geographical mile, so that the distance made in a year under these conditions by a printer's hand is in the neighborhood of 300 miles, or a mile a day.

A Convention of the voters of Cowlitz county, W. T., irrespective of party was held at Kalama on Friday, the 24th ult., and the following ticket placed in nomination: County Commissioners, G. P. Gray, J. W. Copeland, O. Bullock; Sheriff, J. B. Stone; Auditor, H. Holt; Assessor, J. Henderson; Treasurer, S. Vestal; Probate Judge, R. F. Green; School Superintendent, Miss P. McMillan; Coroner, J. Walsh; Surveyor, G. Abernethy; for joint Councilman for Clarke, Cowlitz and Wahkiakum, J. G. Megler, of Wahkiakum; for joint Representatives for Cowlitz, Lewis, Pacific and Wahkiakum, A. Catlin, of Cowlitz county, and A. Olsen, of Pacific county.

HUNTING—General Sherman, with his usual good sense, has caused the following order to be issued: "The attention of the Secretary of War and the General of the Army has been called to the practice, at some Military Posts, of giving officers 'leave of absence,' for the purpose of hunting. As such absence, beyond a period of 24 hours, must be charged as leave of absence, and in this way tend to discourage hunting, which in many ways is so advantageous to the service by familiarizing officers and men with the country, and preparing them for efficient service, the General of the Army, with the approval of the Secretary of War, directs that hereafter, permission to hunt be not considered a leave of absence, or charged as such, if the officer, on his return to his station, files with his commanding officer a certificate that his absence has been employed in hunting, and furnishes as complete a description of the country passed over as circumstances will permit."

## Puget Sound Dispatch.

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

### Brutus Receiving Cassius.

Brutus—Since I have been whittled against  
Caesar  
I have not slept a wink, so help me!  
Between the acting of a dreadful thing  
And the first motion, all the interim  
Is like a phantasma, or a hideous dream;  
The genius and the mortal instruments  
Are then in council; and the state of man,  
Like to a little kingdom, suffers  
The nature of an insurrection.  
Ah! then 'tis we find our consolation  
In a little gin and sugar.  
Enter Lucius.  
Lucius—Sir, 'tis Cassius at the door,  
Brutus—Sure 'tis not the man after the wa-  
ter rent?  
Lucius—'Tis Cassius, my lord.  
Brutus—Sure 'tis not the butcher?  
That bass-born who stands in the market  
And sells liver?  
Lucius—'I'm sure 'tis Cassius.  
Brutus—Swear 'tis not the butcher.  
Lucius—Swear 'tis Cassius.  
Brutus—Come he alone?  
Lucius—No, there are more with him.  
They have their faces buried in their cloaks  
That by no means may I discover them  
By any mark or favor.  
Brutus—Let them enter!  
They are the faction! Oh, conspiracy  
Shamest thou to show thy dangerous head by  
night  
When evils are most free—when the State  
Central  
Committee hies from house to house  
Fixing voters against election day!  
Oh, then, by day where wilt thou find  
A cavern dark enough to mask  
Thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspir-  
acy;  
Hide it in smiles and soft flattery  
Like a map peddler!

—Petroleum World.

### Terrible Experience.

While in the harbor of Valparaiso, aboard the sloop-of-war Virago, one of our midshipmen touched me on the shoulder and informed me that Lieutenant Randolph wanted to see me.  
"I have heard that you was something of a naturalist, Starbuck," said the officer, smiling.  
"No, sir," I replied; "no naturalist, although I take interest in—"  
"Oh, well, never mind," quoth the lieutenant. "You have seen our diving-bell?"  
I answered "Yes," when the lieutenant informed me that he wanted me to go down under the sea with our boat-swain, Randolph, formerly a pearl diver, to look for a curious fish which, on the day previous, had been pierced and killed with a pike. In form, the fish resembled a serpent, was about thirty inches in length, and had upon both sides of its neck a pair of singular appendages, something like wings. Its most striking peculiarity, however, was one eye, of a greenish color, situated on the top of its head. On being struck with the pike the creature had rolled over, apparently dying, and then dove out of sight.  
"I think," continued the lieutenant, "that such a curiosity is worth obtaining, and I have picked you out to go with Randolph, believing that you are interested in natural history. Besides, I will pay you a guinea if you will go."  
My mouth watered; bottles of aqua-vivante, and the black eyes of pretty Chilean damsels, danced before my mind. I bowed acquiescence, and went away to make preparations.  
The diving-bell soon was on deck, ready to be hoisted and swung over the side. The instrument was a little damaged, but neither Randolph nor I anticipated danger.  
We were presently in our places, singing out "All right!" when the bell began to descend.  
Down, down, down—lower and lower. We glanced round us on all sides, but as yet saw nothing of the strange fish. Curious-looking specimens of the finny tribe, however, greeted us in many directions. We could see the sword-fish dart past with its long, protruding, bone weapon; the globe-fish, the balloon-fish, and the spiteful-looking shark, swept through the green waters, almost brushing our bell with tails and fins.  
"How singular!" I ejaculated. "Like a vision of the delirium tremens, as I have heard that disease described."  
"Don't talk of the delirium tremens, here!" growled Randolph, with a dissatisfied air. "Grog is too scarce, do you see, for that. Tants is tants everywhere, but blow me if they don't somehow seem to have dwindled mighty small about Virago."  
Now we hung suspended in mid-sea. The air had become somewhat impure, so we opened the stop-cock and let it out, feeling, a moment after, a fresh supply, sent down to us through the India-rubber "pipe" or hose secured into the top of the bell. Randolph was about touching the signal-cord to intimate our desire to be lowered still further, when we felt a sudden jerk, felt the bell going down faster than we had anticipated, and to our horror, realized that the rope by which the instrument was suspended had parted from the hook to which it was attached.  
Away went the "pipe" at the same moment, and we only saved ourselves from instant destruction by stopping up the aperture thus left in the top with a thick handkerchief. Otherwise, the water beneath, no longer meeting the resistance of the air, that element

escaping, must have filled the bell in a brief space.

We heard the water roaring and gurgling round us as we descended; our descent, however, became each instant slower, until finally the resistance of the confined air in the bell kept us suspended about two feet above the bottom of the sea.

The air of our floating prison had by this time become almost unbearable, not only from its being so densely compressed, but also from long confinement.

Terror-stricken we glanced at each other. The eyes of Randolph, protruding from his head, looked blood-shot and tinged with a strange green color, while his dusky skin seemed to shrink like shriveled parchment. The most startling change in his appearance was the sudden apparently superannuated look of his visage. A man of fifty, he seemed at least thirty years older.

Presently his teeth began to rattle in his head, his form was bent almost double, he threw his arms round him in agony as if clutching at something.

How horribly useless this pantomime seemed to me! He wanted fresh air—to clutch at air! What a mockery!

"Starbuck," he presently gasped, "I—I—wouldn't know you. You look to be fifty! You and I are a-dying. God have mercy on us! What shall we do?" I could only stare at him, stupid with despair.

The air in the bell became more and more stifling. The boatswain flew to my side, and squeezed me in mad agony, until my bones felt as if they would crack.

"Air! air! air!" he shrieked in my ear. I endeavored to speak, but only a hoarse rattling in my throat obeyed my will. My brain began to whirl. I gasped hard for breath. A terrible oppression was upon my lungs. The boat-swain had now released me. I staggered against the side of our prison; my senses gradually seemed deserting me.

Through one of the glass bases in the instrument, Randolph now pointed out to me a huge shark, which, with red, glowing eyes, peered down upon us, as if anticipating our fate, and considering how it should get at us.

Gradually, however, the eyes of the monster seemed to my confused sight, to my whirling brain, to mingle with the water; to vanish in a dark, red, misty cloud, that floated up all around the bell. My head now felt as if it would burst; it sank upon my shoulder. Terribly oppressed, I fell upon my knees, and would have fallen altogether but for the boatswain, who now held me.

"Star-Star-buck, dying!" were the words faintly reverberating upon my brain. Then all began to grow dark around me, and I knew that I was losing consciousness. My name was again shrieked into my ear. With a superhuman effort I half raised myself and looked around me, feeling like one groping in the dark. Bewildered, full of the most agonizing pain, I became aware that something was swaying up and down before my sight; up and down in the red mist cloud, mingling with the water. I made another effort—a great effort to comprehend what it was, this swaying thing, and I at last did so; understood that it was a hook attached to the end of a rope, lowered to us from the Virago, so far above!

"Starbuck!" gasped the boatswain, "I will dash open the lens—this was of glass—in the top of the bell; then you stand by to hook it on the inside!"  
I just managed to hear the words, and they strengthened me with wild hope, although I was still so bewildered that I could scarcely now see the swaying hook. The boatswain's arm was before my eyes. With one powerful blow of his huge fist, dealt with the remains of his great strength, he shattered the lens.

There was a great roaring sound like thunder; it was the upward rushing of the water into the bell as the air escaped.

There was no time to lose. I thrust my arm through the aperture and drew in the hook, quickly attaching it to the top of the inside of the instrument.

The next moment the water came bubbling over the head of the boatswain and myself and that was the last I remembered of what transpired in the bell.

When I recovered my senses I found myself in the steerage, with the ship's doctor bending over me.

"A narrow escape," were his first words.

"Where is Randolph?" I exclaimed.  
"Here," answered a feeble voice, and rising, I beheld the boatswain in a bunk under me.

"He had a narrower escape than you had," said the doctor. "The thumb of the right hand was bitten off by a shark, which made a spring for it just as we pulled you two into the cutter, after the diving-bell was hauled to the surface."

The shark, I doubted not, was the same one I had seen on the outside of the bell while under water.

"You may both feel very thankful for your safety," continued the doctor; "and, by the way, here is your guinea," putting a gold piece into my hand, and giving another to the boatswain, "which the lieutenant charged me to give you on your recovery."

Both Randolph and I thought the guinea a hard-earned one, although we had not succeeded in finding the wonderful fish.

Fairbault, Minn., boasts of having the oldest mare in the country. She is said to be forty-six years old, and a descendant of Justik Morgan.

### The Dismal Swamp.

A Virginia paper tells some things which are not generally known about the Dismal Swamp. It is not a vast bog sunk low in the ground, into which the drainage of the surrounding country flows. On the contrary, it is above the level ground some fifteen or twenty feet, as was demonstrated by actual surveys. Instead of being a receptacle into which rivers and streams empty and flow, it is in reality an immense reservoir that, in its vast, sponge-like bulk, gathers the waters that fall from the heavens and pours them into the five different rivers which flow onward to the sea. Any one would imagine that the Dismal was a veritable charnel-house that spreads its miasmas throughout the country. On the contrary, it is the healthiest place on the American continent. The swamp is entirely of green timber. There is absolutely no decomposed wood; one sees trees lying around the forests and swamps. The two principal woods that grow in the place are the juniper and cypress, which never rot. They fall prone on the ground like other trees, but instead of the wood decomposing it turns into peat, and lies indissoluble by air or water for ages, perfectly sound. There is nothing in the swamp to create miasma; no rising of the tides and decomposition of rank vegetables; no marshes exposed to the burning rays of the sun. All is fresh and sweet, and the air is laden with as sweet odors as the fragrant woods in May, when the fragrance of the flowers mingles with the pungent scent of the pine and dogwood. In the ante-bellum days all planters were anxious to hire their slaves to shingle-makers in the swamp on account of its healthfulness. Mr. Reddick, a well-known contractor, says he worked a gang of fifty hands for fifteen years in the Dismal, getting shingles, and in all that time there was not a single case of ague and fever. I have seen numerous affidavits of overseers and agents who have lived in the swamp their whole lifetime, and they never knew a death caused by miasma or a solitary instance of ague and fever. The air is pure and sweet, and the water, tinged to a faint wine hue by the juniper, is as potent a medical drink as is to be found at the famous watering-places of the Virginia mountain spas. It is often used by vessels going on a foreign cruise, on account of its healthful properties, and also because it keeps fresh and clear for years. It is a strong and invigorating tonic, with a pleasant taste.

### Modern Society.

Mrs. Howe's discourse on "Modern Society," at the Concord School of Philosophy, calls up anew the query why literary people always look with discontent on the pageant of the fashionable world. Their worryment is not reciprocated. Fifth Avenue drives by with four-in-hand and does not stop to expostulate with Bohemia for preferring steeds of another color, the pale horses of the imagination. Dives sallies forth resplendent in ermine and diamonds, but allows no shade of displeasure to cross his brow because Scholasticus occupies yonder height compassing the entire earth and heaven with his brilliant abstractions. The philosopher glories in the treasure-house of truth to which he holds the universal master-key; the poet rejoices in the empyrean of beauty to which he ascends at will like his own skylark; the scientist has nature's endless labyrinth of wonders which an eternity would be too short to explore—all unite in exalting their respective resources as the *Summum bonum*, the highest good of existence. Why are they not content with their superiority? Why should they enjoy their ideas the less because others can babble gaily by the hour without a single idea? Why should they be uneasy in their blanket because others find supreme bliss in the latest new mode from Paris? Why should they be disquieted under their thatched roof because their neighbor indulges a fancy for marble? Why should they fret in their free simplicity because others find occupation in cumbersome pomp and circumstance? Why, in short, should they not recognize the fact that variety is nature's delight, that in the great world-plan the bubble is wrought with as perfect art as the star, and nonsense holds a patent from the same divine source as sense.—*Home Journal*.

### Railroad Earnings.

*Poor's Manual* shows that the aggregate gross earnings of all the railroads from which reports have been received, covering some 84,000 miles, reached in 1879 the enormous sum of \$529,000,000 in round numbers, which are the largest railroad earnings ever reported, even exceeding those of 1873. The percentage of increase over 1878 was eight per cent. The charges for moving freight, however, have been reduced during the year in an almost equal ratio to the increase in earnings. The reduction in rates on the New York Central, Erie, and Pennsylvania roads alone amounted to over \$9,000,000, or fifty per cent more than the increased earnings which have accrued to the companies. Which simply means that the public has gained just that amount in the reduced prices it has had to pay for every article transported; while these three roads, for doing the work which a year ago would have netted them \$16,000,000 above the earnings of the previous year, have a gain of only \$6,000,000 to show for it.

Man legislates—woman orates.

### A Fashionable Woman's Prayer.

Strengthen my husband, and may his faith and his money hold out to the last.

Draw the lamb's wool of unsuspecting twilight over his eyes, that flirtation may look to him like victories, and that my bills may strengthen his pride in me.

Bless, oh fortune! my crimps, rats and frizzles, and let thy glory shine on my paint and powder.

Enable the poor to shift for themselves, and save me from all missionary beggars.

Shed the light of thy countenance on my camel's hair shawl, my lavender silk, my point lace, and my necklace of diamonds, and keep the moth out of my sables, I beseech thee, oh fortune!

When I walk out before the gaze of vulgar men, regulate my wiggle and add new grace to my gait.

When I bow myself to worship, grant that I may do it with ravishing elegance, and preserve unto the last the lily white of my flesh and the taper of my fingers,

Destroy mine enemies with the gall of jealousy, and eat up with the teeth of envy all those who gaze at my style.

Save me from wrinkles, and foster my plumpers.

Fill both my eyes, oh fortune! with the plaintive poison of infatuation, that I may lay out my victims—the men—as numb as images graven.

Let the lily and the rose strive together on my cheek, and may my neck swim like a goose on the bosom of crystal water.

Enable me, oh fortune! to wear shoes still a little smaller, and save me from corns and bunions.

Bless Fanny, my lap-dog, and rain down hail-stones of destruction on those who shall hurt a hair of Hector, my kitten.

Smile, oh fortune! most sweetly upon Dick, my canary, and watch with the fondness of a spirit over my two lily-white mice with red eyes.

### The Romantic Young Man.

"Sophie Sparkle," the lively Saratoga correspondent, thus "takes off" the romantic young man of the springs:

"Our romantic youth always comes into the dining-room with a novel of huge dimensions in his hand. He looks at nobody as he enters, but takes his seat and at once plunges deeply into the novel. He is so absorbed with his reading that he seems to begrudge a spare moment to give the necessary order for his meal. The waiter, when given, never fails to make the waiter grin, in that broad, suggestive manner peculiar to the African race. This morning the eccentric individual ordered one egg and a plate of cake for his breakfast, after a spasmodic effort to look up a moment from his novel. The waiter immediately rushed off in despair to interview the head-waiter. The head-waiter shook his head in a positive manner, then both waiters grinned, showing their white teeth to the utmost advantage, and the young man's waiter returned to say that they did not have cake for breakfast. The young man looked up in a half-dazed sort of a way, as though he had all the woes of some modern Juliet upon his brain, but gave no further order and plunged again into his novel. The waiter brought back the egg and put it before the young man upon the table. Fully fifteen minutes elapsed before he glanced up from his book. Then he looked at the egg as though half astounded to see it there, ate it up in two mouthfuls, took up his book and rashed hastily out of the dining-room, only to seat himself upon the piazza and to dive deeply into its pages again. Now, what is to be thought of a young man who comes to Saratoga, pays six dollars a day for his board, and behaves in such an unheard-of-manner? The only solution possible to his strange conduct appears to be that this unfortunate youth is deeply in love!"

WHY WE EAT OYSTERS RAW.—Dr. William Roberts says: "The oyster is almost the only animal substance which we eat habitually, and by preference, in the raw or uncooked state; and it is interesting to know that there is a sound physiological reason at the bottom of this preference. The fawn-colored mass which constitutes the dainty of the oyster is its liver, and this is little less than a heap of glycogen. Associated with the glycogen, but withheld from actual contact with it during life, is its appropriate digestive ferment—the hepatic diastase. The mere crushing of the dainty between the teeth brings these two bodies together, and the glycogen is at once digested without other help by its own diastase. The oyster in the uncooked state, or merely warmed, is, in fact, self-digestive. But the advantage of this provision is wholly lost by cooking; for the heat employed immediately destroys the associated ferment, and a cooked oyster has to be digested, like any other food, by the eater's own digestive powers.

An urgent appeal comes from Ooroomiah, Persia, for relief to the starving. The famine is increasing in severity. Hundreds are dying daily in and around Ooroomiah for lack of food. Their dead bodies lie unheeded in the streets, and are devoured by famished dogs. Mothers, maddened by hunger, have been discovered eating their own children. The horrible accounts which come from Persia must awaken the sympathies of Americans, who have enough and to spare.

### Wit and Humor.

New Saw.—It is a wise fly that knows the difference between oleomargarine and butter.

A Western paper heads the marriage of a bachelor of fifty-seven years, "Another Old Landmark Gone."

The "next" pupil, who spelled chimney correctly, was told by his teacher to go up one—but he didn't want to.

Lady—"But they have no smell!" Dealer (aside)—"That's strange, when I just sprinkled 'em with cologne. Guess she must be deaf in the nose."

Wagmore—"Now, girls, what queen of antiquity surpassed even Titania in her fondness for donkeys?—You give it up? Why, Dido, of course, for she fell in love with any ass—Æneas; don't you see?"

A wit, in speaking of an ill-mannered judge, said there was but one thing to which he was ever polite enough to bow.

"What is that?" asked a friend.  
"Necessity," was the reply.

"The Germans are a frugal people," says an American writer, after visiting the Berlin opera-house. "As soon as the opera was over, the man in front took wads of cotton from his pocket, and stopped up his ears to save the music he had paid for."

"What do you mean by humbugging, madam?" asked an ugly barrister of an old lady he was cross-examining. "I don't know as I can exactly say, sir; but if a lady was to say that you're a handsome man, that would be what I'd call humbugging."

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

Dean Stanley is reported as having invited Renan to occupy the pulpit in Westminster Abbey. This reminds us of Mrs. Partington's church views. She was asked where she went to church. "Oh, it's no difference to me—any church where the Gospel is dispensed with."

Papa—(to Mabel, who has been to a juvenile party). "Did any one pay you any attention, Mab?"

Mabel—"I don't know."

Papa—"I mean did any one talk to you or dance with you?"

Mabel—"Well, there was a little boy who made faces at me."

School-teacher (to little boy, whose father is a grocer)—"Now, Johnny, if your father has a barrel of whisky containing forty gallons, and one-fourth of it leaks out, how many gallons does he lose?"

Johnny—"He don't lose none. He fills it up again right off."

First Yokel—"What be thee doing, James?"

Second Ditto—Nothing. What be you?"

First Ditto—"Minding the children."

Second Ditto—"Where be they?"

First Ditto—"Danged if I know."

A speculator consulted a physician, who told him, "Your feverish life is thoroughly dangerous. If you continue it another year, at the end you will be no more of this world." "Ah!" cried the patient, "if I could only be sure, what an operation I would make! I would insure my life for a million."

Miss Flirtington—"Yes, I like the place very much, Major; you have such a jolly set of men down here."

The Major—"Yes, awfully jolly. You'd better steel your heart, Miss Flirtington, in case of accidents."

Miss F.—"Well, while I'm about it, Major, I'd rather steal somebody else's, don't you know?"

What a monotonous life it must have been in Eden, without those cheering anhorisms that now everywhere brighten up the landscape, making every rock, tree and fence to blossom out into such gratuitous advice as "Purify your Blood!" "Chew Spherical Fine-out!" "Consumption can be Cured!" etc., etc.—[Boston Transcript.

The following naive promise was offered as an irresistible temptation to a fair young maid: "I thank you," said she to her suitor, "but I can't leave home. I am a widow's only darling; no husband can ever equal my parent in kindness."

"She is kind," replied the wooer; "but be my wife, and we will all live together, and see if I don't beat your mother!"

Just before visiting the menagerie, Johnny had a passage at arms with the young aunt who assisted at his toilet, and with whom he fell into a rage. Arrived at the menagerie, Johnny was immensely interested by a strange foreign animal with a long, lithe body. "What animal is that, mamma?" he asked. "It is called an ant eater, my son." After a long silence: "Mamma, can't we bring Aunt Mary here some day?"

A bachelor uncle, to whom his niece applied for advice on the question of choosing between two suitors, one of whom was rich and the other poor—the latter, of course, being the most ardent, as the favorite lover—sententiously replied: "My dear, the question being stripped of all illusory elements, your choice simply lies between love and beef. Now love is an idea, while beef is a reality. Love you can live without, but beef you must have. Therefore, make sure of your beef."

### The Seven Sleepers by the Loire

The Seven Sleepers are said to have come as pilgrims from the far East—Syria, according to the usual version—that they might receive the blessing of St. Martin. They found the Saint passing most of his time in a small cavern. They occupied one near it. One day they received from St. Martin the eucharist, and presently fell asleep. There was no appearance of death; they remained in a breathless, motionless slumber for weeks, months; and then, though there was no decay, it was thought right to lay them in hollow rock tombs. And here I was shown the seven graves cut in the floor. Each is shaped somewhat like all the old Templars' tombs. At the door of the grotto there was a tomb of great antiquity, covered by a stone slab which left a hole at one corner. Looking through this, I perceived a skeleton which had no coffin. It is not improbable, therefore, that these graves have been repeatedly used for hermits of special sanctity. After they passed from their living to their literal burial, these saintly solitaries have often for the first time begun to exercise influence upon men. Legends take root in their graves, floating fables adopt them as fathers, and so ultimately they rise again as myths, their bones are distributed as charms, and they enter upon a more real existence than when they dwelt above the sod as if they were already beneath it.

On the ceiling of the Seven Sleepers' Grot, when I saw it in the summer of 1878, there were still discernible the fading splendors of the sky and heavenly bodies with which it had been decorated. But whoever may slumber, Time and Nature sleep not. The front of the chapel has been designed by M. l'Abbe Brisacier, in accordance with a structure which existed in the same place in the eleventh century. During the severe winter which preceded, the ceiling of the cave had fallen—as it fell twice before (in the eleventh and again in the seventeenth century)—and of all the interior decorations I could now discover only a lily, a star, a faint tinge of blue sky. These decorations had been copied from the earliest ages. The fall of this roof and removal of the debris laid bare a large number of bones, some of which were in such a position as to be almost of geological interest. It looks as if so early as the tenth century, perhaps, the place was regarded as a sacred one for burial. The catastrophe brought out the fact that the ingenious Abbe Brisacier, of Tours, had about the same time discovered in the Episcopal archives the names of the Seven Sleepers. These names will now be connected with seven figures, which will have to be evolved from somebody's inner consciousness, on seven stained windows now being made for the little chapel which has been built. The names, which have been kindly sent me by the Abbe Brisacier, are Clemens, Primus, Lactus, Theodorus, Cyriandus, Godantius, and Innocentius.

Yon great gateway of Marmontier, from which Urban II. preached the crusade, and so earned such saintship as the nineteenth-century Vatican can recognize, is a noble piece of architecture, but it has beneath its turret an obelisk, recently sealed, down which human victims were hurled to a depth not yet fathomed; there are two westward towers also that are graceful; but it was the place of execution when the lords of Marmontier were the judges, and they seem even now studded with human heads. The glory of this, the oldest and most aristocratic convent in Northern Europe, after all, hovers about these grottoes, where Gattien and Martin and dear St. Patrick passed much of their time. Over the graves of these ancient saints and of the Sleepers there is a fragrance of fresh roses and breath of the myrtle, and the hymn of the nuns in their church sings to my ear:

"We are such stuff  
As dreams are made of; and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep."

The abess, who just now left me to linger here a little, was very careful to say that the Seven Sleepers were buried only because really dead. She manifested a naive anxiety that it should not be understood that they had been buried alive, and at the same time that the preservative power of St. Martin's water should not suffer discredit. She was sweetly unconscious that the Seven were traceable back to those who slumber at Apehus, to the Seven Churches, to the Pleiades, to man's earliest dream concerning the periodicity of those celestial fires that go and return. Their pictured lusters fade from the ceiling where they watched over these Eastern pilgrims, but they shine in the eyes of the sisters at Marmontier—eyes they have organized, to which dreams are the only realities.—M. D. CONWAY, in *Harper's Magazine*.

A monthly published in New York, called *The South*, says: Many people hoped, when the two great national conventions had concluded their work, that the present Presidential campaign would be an unexciting one, as best likely to promote the honor and welfare of the country. All our great scandals of the last fifteen years seem to be coming to the surface again, however; and this is a state of affairs not promising for political moderation or common honor. The foreshadowings indicate coming revelations which no man of any party can rejoice in.

Beware of desperate steps—the darkest sky, live till to-morrow, will have passed away.—COWPER.

### The North Carolina Cherokees.

Our friends found "the Nation" hidden in isolated huts in the thickets among the ravines of the Soco and Ownoluftha hills. These Cherokees number about fifteen hundred souls, and were said to have ten thousand acres under cultivation. But there was no sign of a village, nor school, no gathering place of any kind; the grass was knee-deep before the door of the little church which they had built years ago. Not far from it is the grave of six hundred warriors buried centuries ago. They still bury their dead under great heaps of stones. The universal lethargy of these drowsing mountains has probably fallen too heavily on these savages for them to be civilized; yet, oddly enough, they are only mountaineers who want to be wakened out of their sleep. They crowded out of every hut about the mules of the travelers, begging, not for money, but for teachers. These strangers were the "North" to them, and the North to the Indians, as to the blacks of the South, is a great magician, who can give money, life—what it will. "My people," said Enola, the preacher, "have lived in these hills since before the white men came to the country, and have asked for nothing but schools; but they have never got them." The tribe are wretchedly poor; swindlers found the red man as easy a prey in North Carolina as in the West, and it is only since 1875 that they have obtained possession of the land on which they have lived for more than five hundred years.

Crossing one of the heights, the doctor came upon old Oosoweh, the conjurer, lying flat on his stomach. He had marked out lines on the muddy ground, and was driving in bits of ash roots here and there. He did not look up as they halted.

"There he has all the countries of the world," said the interpreter, a nimble young Indian lad. "Where he drives in a peg, it rains; where he takes it out, the sun shines."

Mr. Morley laughed. "Who would expect to find humbuggery on the top of these mountains?" he said, throwing a quarter to the wizard. The old man's reddish eye glared vindictively at him a moment, then he turned back to his pegs; but he did not look at the money.

"Now he will send you a storm," said the interpreter.

"Nonsense. This drought is going to last for a week."

But before they had reached the bottom of the next chasm the clouds did actually gather, and a heavy rain began to fall. The shadows of the mountains lay like night over the valley, and the steep clayey trail became so slippery that even the sure-footed mules slid and staggered on the edge of the precipice.—REBECCA HARDING DAVIS, in *Harper's Magazine*.

### The First Chinese Tramp.

The first Chinese tramp ever seen in this section visited Utica to-day. He came from the West. There was an unmistakable celestial air about him, pigtail and all, but the pack fastened to the stick carried on his shoulder betokened the tramp. When the heathen first attracted the attention he was endeavoring to run the blockade at the depot gate. He had no ticket, and Mr. Moyer declined to admit him to the depot yard inclosure.

"Where is your ticket?" asked the gatekeeper.

"No foolee Chinese."

"But you can't pass through unless you have a ticket."

"No foolee Chinese."

Officer Evans was summoned, to prevent the celestial from breaking the barricade at the gate. "Where do you want to go?" asked the officer.

"No foolee Chinese."

William Dunn came to the rescue. When he asked the almond-eyed man whether he had any money, the reply was:

"No foolee Chinese."

The officials experienced considerable trouble with him, and as a train bound East was standing in the yard, Mr. Vanderheyden bought a ticket to Frankfort and tendered it to the Mongolian. He declined to receive it, shaking his head and chuckling:

"No foolee Chinese."

Appearance indicated that the foreigner had paddled on foot over the railroad ties from some far western city, and after consultation with Superintendent Priest, the Mongolian was permitted to resume his pedestrianism on the line of the Central. He scooted through the depot gate in triumph, struck a bee-line East, and made off like a carrier-pigeon, simply remarking:

"No foolee Chinese!"

And they didn't.—*Utica Observer*.

Dr. Schliemann is a short, bald-headed, round-faced German, speaking with a thick nasal voice, as if his eyeglasses pinched his nose too hard, and quite fast except when he attempts to repeat Homer, at which time he stutters and stammers and "backs up" in a way that recalls the school-boy. Mrs. Schliemann is a Greek of exceedingly pleasant features and graceful manners. She is so artless and unassuming that one is tempted to think that she always led a quiet home-life, a belief soon dissipated by seeing her admirable skill in entertaining a large circle at once.

On a tramp—rags.—*Boston Transcript*.

### The Torpedo in Warfare.

The particulars concerning the destruction of the Chilean transport *Loa* in Callao bay, are intensely interesting. The event will take its place among the historical records of the naval operations of the world. To the immediate combatants it was relatively as important, and as novel, as the operations of the Monitor and Merrimac iron-clads opposite Norfolk, in Chesapeake bay. It appears that a Peruvian officer, on procuring a suitable launch, put a torpedo into it, and over this he placed a false bottom resting on springs and kept down by the weight of the cargo. He then loaded it with a choice assortment of fruits, vegetables and fowls, and towing it out toward the blockading squadron before daylight set it adrift. All day long that launch floated about, but toward 5 in the evening, fearing it would fall into neutral hands, a boat was sent out to bring it back. The *Loa*, seeing a man from shore making toward the neutral vessels, caught sight of the launch and turned toward it. The *Loa* lowered two boats to fetch in the prize, and it was brought alongside and the discharging commenced. As the weight in the launch was diminished the machinery in connection with the torpedo was set free, and in a moment 300 pounds of dynamite were exploded. The *Loa* was almost lifted out of the water, and appeared enveloped in a mass of flame, which resolved itself into dense clouds of smoke. When this cleared away the vessel seemed not to have suffered, but suddenly she went down by the stern and disappeared. The dispatch giving the particulars says:

"The Chilean blockading vessels were too far away to give assistance, but the ships of war of non-combatants quickly lowered boats and picked up about forty persons who were struggling in the water, of whom it is probable many will die. At least one hundred and fifty men perished. The only officers saved are the second commander, who is wounded, the doctor, and one engineer. Every house in Callao was shaken to its foundation by the explosion, and every ship in the bay shivered as by a fearful earthquake. The Peruvians say the Chileans, in the darkness which preceded the dawn of the 10th of last April, sent in a torpedo launch with the intention of blowing up the Union, whose officers and men were ignorant of the enemy being within hundreds of miles of them. Had the Union gone down, her two hundred men would have perished, as have those of the *Loa*, by a secret blow."

From these particulars, and from the experience of other nations in the use of the torpedo in naval warfare, and recent experiments in this country, it is apparent that impenetrable iron-clads and heavy ordnance will not be the chief reliance of the future. The torpedo seems destined to play the most important part in naval battles. As the great wooden frigates, which once ruled the sea, and sank whole fleets with their tremendous broadsides, had to give way before the iron-clad and its mammoth guns, so will the latter have to yield the supremacy, at least in part, to the torpedo, whose deadly power is concealed from view, and like an invisible besom of destruction, hurls death and annihilation when least expected, or under circumstances that cannot be avoided. War will soon become so deadly and so terrible in all its aspects, that international interests will some day unite for its total abolition. In this view of the case, the torpedo is the agent, the forerunner of the Universal Peace Society.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

### Ladies Betting on the Races.

One lady, however, made a lucky hit yesterday. She laid a wager with a gentleman friend, of a new suit of clothes for him, against a pair of diamond ear-rings for herself. The lady won the wager. Being a prudent and expeditious woman, she went that very day to a first-class jeweler in Saratoga, selected a pair of solitaire ear-drops worth \$2,000, and sent the bill to the gentleman who lost this bet. Like a true knight of chivalry, he paid the bill, and the ear-drops glitter beautifully in the lady's pretty ears, under the electric light of the Grand Union, while she tells the story of how easily she won them.

With young ladies, boxes of twelve-button gloves, bon-bons, a bric-a-brac against boxes of cigars, hats and neckties, slippers embroidered by their own fair hands, are the usual wagers. If the young lady loses, she never thinks of paying. If she wins—woe to the unlucky youth who is not prompt in redeeming his bet. Ladies have small betting books bound in Russia leather, and with their monograms in gold upon the covers. But, after all, it seems in better taste for ladies to be content with seeing the races, if they will, and leave all wagers to the other sex.—*Saratoga Cor. New York News*.

It may serve as a comfort to us in all our calamities and afflictions that he that loses anything and gets wisdom by it is a gainer by the loss.—L'ESTRANGE.

At a recent farmers' meeting a speaker gave a receipt for making farming pay, as follows: "Have but one business, and get up in the morning and see to it yourself."

With every anguish of our earthly part the spirit's sight grows clearer; this was meant when Jesus touched the blind man's lids with clay.—*Lovell*.

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FOR California, Oregon, Arizona, Nevada, Washington Territory and Idaho. Also agents for W. Green & Co.'s Celebrated Wedgecut, Cross-bore, Breech-loading Double guns; and all kinds of Guns, Rifles and Pistols made by the Leading Manufacturers of England and America. A full assortment of all kinds in quantities to suit.

Democratic Ticket.

For Delegate to Congress,

THOMAS BURKE.

For Brigadier General,

JAMES McAULIFF.

For Adjutant General,

FRANK GUTTENBERG.

For Quartermaster General,

J. W. BOMER.

For Commissary General,

JAMES M. HUNT.

For Prosecuting Attorney, 3d District,

WILLIAM R. ANDREWS.

For Board of Equalization, 3d District

E. D. WARBASS.

By order of Territorial Committee,

J. A. KUHN,

44-6w.

Chairman.

DEMOCRATIC AND People's Ticket FOR KING COUNTY.

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..."

For Councilman,

WILLIAM PICKERING.

For House of Representatives,

LUKE McREDMOND,

Dr. A. S. HUGHES.

For Joint Representative with Kitsap,

D. K. HOWARD.

For Auditor,

ROBERT L. THORNE,

For Treasurer,

GEORGE F. FRYE.

For Sheriff,

JOHN T. JORDAN.

For Probate Judge,

HENRY E. HATHAWAY.

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,

42-8w

Chairman.

Our County Ticket.

The kind of devils spoken of in Scripture as those which could only be cast out by long fasting and prayer, are of like character of the rings and combinations which are formed and crystallized by long occupation and use of public offices. They become by practice adepts in political intrigue and skilled in the art of playing upon the popular sentiment and arousing popular sympathy, and can only be dislodged by persistent and vigorous action.

mented with recognition of the fact that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." At present our people seem to take it for granted that our ticket will be elected and the machine ticket rejected simply upon the merits of the matter in issue. That is a great mistake. Without organized, systematic and earnest work, from now till the day of election, we may as well make up our minds to two years more of ring rule in our county affairs, with all the demoralizing consequences of a demoralizing system of local politics. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

Don't Forget It.

For the ordinary purposes of a Delegate in Congress—who has no vote upon any measure—it is of little consequence what his political sentiments or party affiliations are at home, if he has the ability of a statesman and the address of a gentleman, which qualifications are a guarantee that he will not make himself offensive by meddling with party matters in which he has no voice or vote. But upon the question of the admission of a State into the Union, under the discretionary power of Congress, at a time when the admission of a Representative and two Senators additional may possibly change the political complexion of either branch of Congress, it is a matter of the first importance that the Delegate should not only be in political affiliation with the dominant party in Congress, but that a majority of his constituents should be in like position. That is the common sense of the thing. The election of a Democratic Delegate is not conclusive of a Democratic majority in the Territory without a Democratic majority in the Territorial Legislature to back him. The two together would present an indisputable case; one Democratic and the other Republican divides the issue. Do not forget this when casting your votes for Delegate and members of the Legislature. The admission of a State with a less population than would entitle it to a Representative is discretionary with Congress. Though a majority of the States, since the first thirteen, were admitted on a less population than that of Washington, no party majority in Congress has ever admitted a State of adverse politics on such terms. If, therefore, the people of Washington desire to throw off their colonial vassalage and carpet-bag rule and become free citizens of an independent State, their only present hope rests in the election of a Democratic Delegate and Territorial Legislature. The Democrats hold the Senate for the next two sessions certain; and if, by any chance, the Republicans should recapture the House and elect the President, a Democratic Delegate would be no detriment to the Territory, if he had sense enough to abjure offensive party politics, which every Delegate from a Territory who is not a natural born idiot will do. Judge Jacobs, who is a most pronounced Republican, scrupulously abstained from any party act or utterance while in Washington, and was consequently highly respected by all parties as a faithful and conscientious agent of the people of his Territory. Mr. Brents has literally done nothing else during his first session than to put himself on record as a narrow and bigoted partisan, whereby he has made himself an object of contempt to the sensible men of all parties. The people of the Territory can certainly lose nothing by a change.

Sectional Prejudice.

When a party appeals to false issues and sectional prejudice to promote success, it must have lost faith in the justice of its cause or the personal merits of its candidate. The Walla Walla Union, the home organ of Mr. Brents, makes such an appeal to the voters of Eastern Washington in the following terms: "We have reached a point in the political history of Washington Territory when the Eastern part must assert its power, and by uniting on its home candidate show to the Western portion that when the nominee of the Republican party—a party that, with one exception, has triumphed in every campaign in the Territory since 1863—is a resident of Eastern Washington, they must support him. Let Eastern Washington unite to elect Mr. Brents, who was nominated, almost unanimously, on the first ballot, by the largest Republican Convention ever held in the Territory. Puget Sounders want a lesson. Let us give them one."

Mr. Brents' platform favors the abolition of tribal relations and the admission of Indians to citizenship. "Pie-biter" evidently regards that part of the platform as an accomplished fact, for such

an appeal accompanied by such a threat, could only be properly addressed to Siwash—certainly not to free white citizens of a united commonwealth. What possible antagonism or cause for jealousy can there be between Eastern and Western Washington; that is, between those who are sincerely laboring for the common Territory? The only rival we have, the competitor which is striving to promote sectional distrust for the purpose of diverting a portion of our trade to its own ports, is Oregon, and the Union is manifestly the representative of that interest. What every man upon Puget Sound is striving for; what every man east of the Cascades who has any pride in our Commonwealth desires, is a closer alliance between the two sections by railroad connections, combining the commercial, agricultural and manufacturing interests within our own borders, which, with our unrivalled resources, would make this the most prosperous State in the Union, giving to the East a convenient home market for its immense products, and to the West a market for its inexhaustible supplies of coal, lumber and iron, all of which would redound to our common prosperity and make us one people by the strong ties of common interests. This is exactly what the Union seeks to prevent, in the interest of Oregon and its transportation monopolies, by inciting jealousy and stirring up strife between the East and the West.

The Convention which nominated Mr. Burke was in perfect harmony. Every delegate from the East was in favor of a candidate from the Sound. The delegates from the West unanimously conceded to the East the naming of the candidate. The delegates from the East named Burke without a dissenting voice, and he was nominated by acclamation. He was emphatically the chosen candidate of the East. No man will vote against him on sectional grounds, unless said voter has a personal interest in keeping Eastern Washington tributary to Portland. No one in Western Washington will vote for Burke but with the conviction that he will best represent the interests of the whole Territory, and many will vote against him with that conviction, for the sake of party.

AN ASTUTE ATTORNEY.—Mr. White relates a circumstance which occurred in Court several years ago, between Mr. Brents and himself, which illustrates the astuteness of Brents. A man of property had been convicted of manslaughter and sentenced to the penitentiary. The statutes of the Territory provided that the family of the murdered man might be awarded judgment against the murderer in amount not exceeding five thousand dollars. In this case Mr. Brents brought suit in behalf of the widow and children of the murdered man against his slayer, and employed Judge Dennison to assist him in the prosecution. The defendant sent for Mr. White and proposed to retain him for his defence. After examining the testimony upon which the man was convicted, Mr. White advised him not to waste any money in defending the suit; his case was utterly hopeless. But upon his urgent pleading, Mr. White undertook the case with only the bare possibility of getting a reduction of the maximum damages. The facts were all admitted and the case submitted to the jury to award the amount of judgment. Judge Dennison made an eloquent appeal in behalf of the widow and orphans which drew tears from the jurymen and left Mr. White nothing to hope. But he was bound to say something, and he told the jury that whatever judgment they awarded the Attorneys would get it all. "No!" exclaimed Brents, "we are only to get half!" With that clue White had an easy thing of it. He excited the indignation of the jury by denouncing the disreputable practice of prosecuting suits for contingent fees, and convinced them that \$250 was an ample fee for the services of the Attorneys in that case. Upon that basis and Brent's admission, the jury gave the plaintiff a verdict for \$500. By his criminal stupidity Brents damaged his own case to the amount of \$4,500.—Is not that a lively oracle to be sent to Washington as our Attorney, where he has already done us great damage by his stupidity of speech and acts?

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.—The voters should remember that two of the County Commissioners cannot be elected from one election precinct. The law prescribes that the three Commissioners for each county shall be elected from different precincts. If two from one precinct

should receive the highest number of votes, only the highest of the two can be counted.

A Splendid Convass.

We hear from various points in Oregon where Col. Larrabee has spoken, that he has made a splendid convass, though the leading Democratic organ of the State has apparently ignored the fact. The Albany Democrat of the 21st says:

"Col. C. H. Larrabee met his appointments at the various towns in Linn last week; and was invariably greeted with good audiences. He spoke at Harrisburg, Brownsville, Scio and Albany, and everywhere he left a good impression and unquestionably made votes for Hancock. The Colonel is not one of your voluble, cataract-roaring, Fourth of July orators—all sound and fury—but is one of the most careful, pains taking, deliberative, logical speakers, we ever listened to. He possesses a peculiar pleasing manner, and his speeches are of the candid, argumentative, matter-of-fact sort that cannot fail to hold the attention and challenge the respect of his hearers. There is no rant about him. He gets down to facts and figures, making careful analysis and logical deductions from palpable facts of record and history, and leaves no gap behind for the admission of prowling enemies. In dealing with Garfield he quoted only from Republican authority to show up his iniquities, while he supported the Democratic claim to ascendancy by marshalling arrays of facts to prove that it is pre-eminently a party worthy of all trust and confidence."

The Colonel will have a grand reception at Portland to-day, after which he will speak at various places in Eastern Oregon, and at Walla Walla on the 21st, Townsend on the 30th of October. Vancouver, 23d; Seattle, 27th, and Port

RALLY FOR THE STATE OF WASHINGTON!

JUDGE BURKE,

Democratic Candidate for Delegate to Congress,

W. R. ANDREWS, ESQ., Democratic Candidate for District Attorney in the Third District,

HON. W. H. WHITE, And others will address the people at the following times and places, viz:

- Port Madison, Monday, Sept. 27, at 12 m.
Seattle, Monday, Sept. 27, at 7 1/2 p. m.
Lopez, Tuesday, Sept. 28, at 12 m.
Friday Harbor, Tuesday, Sept. 28, at 7 p. m.
New Dungeness, Wednesday, Sept. 29, at 2 p. m.
Port Discovery, Wednesday, Sept. 29, at 7 p. m.
Chimacum, Thursday, Sept. 30, at 1 p. m.
Port Ludlow, Thursday, Sept. 30, at 7 p. m.
Seabeck, Friday, Oct. 1, at 12 m.
Port Gamble, Friday, Oct. 1, at 7 p. m.
Stanwood, Saturday, Oct. 2, at 10 a. m.
Coupeville, Saturday, Oct. 2, at 3 p. m.
Utsalady, Saturday, Oct. 2, at 7 p. m.
Puyallup, Monday, Oct. 4, at 1 p. m.
New Tacoma, Monday, Oct. 4, at 7 p. m.
Steilacoom, Tuesday, Oct. 5, at 1 p. m.
Olympia, Tuesday, Oct. 5, at 7 1/2 p. m.
By order of the Territorial Central Committee, 45-2w J. A. KUHN, Chairman.

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.

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. CRATER & F. G. BART, Proprietors

S. & W. W. R. R.

SEATTLE TO RENTON

—AND—

NEWCASTLE.

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

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

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

PONY SALOON.

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

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

L. P. SMITH & SON, SULLIVAN'S BLOCK,

FRONT ST., SEATTLE, W. T.

Watch-Makers —AND— JEWELLERS.

DEALERS IN WATCHES, JEWELLERY SILVERWARE & CLOCKS. Notarial and other seals made to order.

SLORAH & CO'S

"BOSS" BEER!

STILL TAKES THE LEAD!

NEW ENGLAND HOTEL.

Cor. Commercial and Main Streets, SEATTLE, W. T.

THE NEW ENGLAND

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

European Plan

Can be had at moderate prices.

— IT IS —

The Best Hotel in the City.

L. C. HARMON, Proprietor's.

For Tacoma, Steilacoom & Olympia

THE STANCH AND SEAWORTHY STEAMER

ZEPHYR--

W. R. BALLARD, Master.

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

WILL LEAVE SEATTLE EVERY Wednesday and Friday mornings at 7 A. M. and Sunday at 6 P. M., connecting with the Railroad at Tacoma. nft149

Democratic Ticket.

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By order of Democratic County Committee of King County, W. H. WHITE, Chairman. 42-5w

Suspended.

The publication of the DISPATCH is suspended until further notice. It is due to my friends to explain the circumstances which caused this unexpected suspension and thus forestal false reports which are liable to be circulated in reference thereto.

all but two of whom were prominent Republicans, purchased the material, giving their joint note for the same payable in one year, and leased the same to me with the privilege of purchasing by payment of the note with accrued interest. At the time I entered into possession of the property, I was negotiating with a practical printer who was willing to advance the money for the purchase, and take a partnership in the publication and job office.

When I agreed to purchase the material, I had no expectation of paying for it out of the proceeds of the office without the aid of a business partner, and that object having been defeated through the carelessness or design of Mr. White, my next resource was the sale of real estate, for which there has been no sale during the past year.

For the ordinary purposes of a Delegate in Congress—who has no vote upon any measure—it is of little consequence what his political sentiments or party affiliations are at home, if he has the ability of a statesman and the address of a gentleman, which qualifications are a guarantee that he will not make himself offensive by meddling with party matters in which he has no voice or vote.

Our County Ticket.

The kind of devils spoken of in Scripture as those which could only be cast out by long fasting and prayer, are of like character of the rings and combinations which are formed and crystalized by

long occupation and use of public offices. They become by practice adepts in political intrigue and skilled in the art of plying upon the popular sentiment and arousing popular sympathy, and can only be dislodged by persistent and vigorous action. We have such a combination to meet in this county—tireless and unscrupulous, fruitful in expedients, expert in sophistry and amply supplied with the resources which control the mercenary and indifferent, of which every community has an abundant supply.

Don't Forget It.

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by any chance, the Republicans should recapture the House and elect the President, a Democratic Delegate would be no detriment to the Territory, if he had sense enough to abjure offensive party politics, which every Delegate from a Territory who is not a natural born idiot will do.

A Rousing Meeting.

By far the largest political meeting ever held in Seattle assembled at Yesler's Hall on last Monday evening. The hall and stage were packed to their utmost capacity and the windows removed so that the hundreds upon the outside who were unable to gain admission could hear the speakers.

William R. Andrews, Prosecuting Attorney, first addressed the meeting, explaining forcibly and logically his reasons for voting for Democratic candidates for the first time in his life, and why his Republican friends, who had the real interests of the Territory more at heart than a mere party triumph, should do the same.

Judge Burke followed in a speech of an hour and a half in duration, which fully sustained his reputation as a profound thinker and accomplished orator, and was listened to with wrapped attention by the crowded audience, uninterrupted by anything but the occasional spontaneous applause which testified to his power to interest and convince.

W. H. White, Esq., addressed the meeting in one of his happiest moods, in that inimitable style for which he is famous. The manner in which he showed up poor Brents and his backers brought down the house again and again in roars of applause. The contrast between the two candidates which he presented was very damaging to the pretensions of Brents.

The meeting was in every respect abundantly satisfactory to the friends of Judge Burke, and greatly exceeded their anticipations both in numbers and results.

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AN ASTUTE ATTORNEY.—Mr. White relates a circumstance which occurred in Court several years ago, between Mr. Brents and himself, which illustrates the astuteness of Brents. A man of property had been convicted of manslaughter and sentenced to the penitentiary. The statutes of the Territory provided that the family of the murdered man might be awarded judgment against the murderer in amount not exceeding five thousand dollars.

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able plaintiff, contingent fees, \$250 was an amount of the Attorneys in that basis and Brent's admission, gave the plaintiff a verdict for \$500. his criminal stupidity Brents damaged his own case to the amount of \$4,500.—Is not that a lively oracle to be sent to Washington as our Attorney, where he has already done us great damage by his stupidity of speech and acts?

ELECTIONEERING STORY.—Mr. S. C. Harris, Republican candidate for Auditor, is, we are informed, engaged in privately circulating the story that Judge Burke, in his presence, raised his hand and made oath that he would never, under any circumstances, vote for a Republican. Those who personally know Judge Burke will give no credence to this story. He has been elected Judge of Probate twice by Republican votes, and at every election in this county there has been a large interchange of votes; Republicans voting for Democratic candidates and Democrats voting for Republican candidates.

If "Vane" proposes to risk the chances of his election by tying to Brents, he is the last person who should urge his own claims upon a strictly party issue. It will call public attention to the fact that two years ago, after having been defeated for a nomination in convention, he announced himself, in a published card, as an "independent candidate" and bolter, and had to be propitiated. It was understood, that he would have repeated that experiment this year if Slorah had been nominated.

## Puget Sound Dispatch.

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

### My Jewels.

Opal, sard and amethyst,  
At ev'ntide the message came;  
The opal, with its heart of flame  
And veil of snow we missed.

The wonder of the heavenly place,  
The greatness of its mystery known,  
The glory of its immaculate throne,  
All shone on the rosy face.

As when she was, and in the strife,  
The yearning and the tremulous fears,  
And all the passionate works of years,  
That overbrimmed this life.

Great heart of flame thy light we missed;  
Yet wide the gain as wide the loss;  
The world grew regal through the cross;  
And the day came that binds my gems  
In rarest of rare diamonds;  
Pearl, opal, sard and amethyst.

—E. L. M.

### Pat's First German Lesson.

King Frederick William of Prussia, the father of Frederick the Great, had a craze for recruiting his body-guard with the tallest men that could be found, and had agents at work in every country, who often gave very high prices for the giants whom they found. One seven-foot man who was sent to the King from England by the Prussian ambassador there, received a bounty of nearly seven thousand dollars, which was a good deal more than the ambassador's own salary, and the bargain proved a bad one, after all, for this expensive giant was so weak in the knees that he had to be discharged as useless a year later.

A very strange sight it was, this brigade of giants; for although their uniforms were all alike, their faces were as different as could well be. In one place you would see a dark, hook-nosed, wild-looking Arab, beside a red-whiskered Irishman, and in another a ruddy Dane, with fair hair and clear blue eyes, shoulder to shoulder with a woolly-headed negro, black as any coal. Indeed, some of the battalions were checkered black and white like a chess-board. Moor and Persian alternating with German and Swede. But, queer as they looked, the King was never tired of parading and admiring them, till he knew the face of every soldier in the guard as well as if it had been his own.

Now it happened that one morning a Prussian recruiting-sergeant, who was hanging round London in search of tall recruits for Frederick William's Life-Guard, had his attention attracted by a great crowd in one of the principal streets. And when he came up to it, he was very glad he had come; for in the middle of it was just the thing he had been looking for—the tallest man he had ever seen in his life.

The crowd might well stare, for this man stood nearly a head and shoulders above them all, and ragged as he was, looked a very handsome fellow. His head was covered with a tangle of thick yellow hair, and his broad shoulders and huge limbs showed that his strength equaled his size; while, by his mellow Tipperary accent, and the merry twinkle in the corner of his eye, anybody would have known him at once for an Irishman.

Just at this time, however, poor Pat had little enough cause for merriment. He had come over to find work, and (as his tattered clothes bore witness) had found none; and he was already down to his last shilling, without any idea how to earn another.

But help was nearer to him than he imagined. In a moment the recruiting-sergeant had elbowed his way through the crowd, and laid his hand familiarly upon the young giant's ragged sleeve.

"Come with me, my brave lad," said he, in quite a friendly tone. "I'm a soldier myself, and I can't see a comrade in distress without helping him."

"But Oim not a soldier," rejoined the Irishman, with a wondering look.

"Aren't you?" cried the sergeant, pretending to be quite surprised. "Well, I'm sure anybody that looked at you would take you for a soldier; and if you're not one, you ought to be. But we can talk about that by-and-by; come and have some breakfast, to begin with."

Pat did not wait to be asked twice, and soon showed that he had an appetite in proportion to his inches. When breakfast was over, the sergeant at once proceeded to business.

"I'll tell you what, my fine fellow," said he, "if you're thinking of turning soldier, you'll hardly find a better service than ours. Our King gives high bounties to his Lifeguardsmen, and I'm sure he wouldn't think two thousand dollars a bit too much for a strapping fellow like you. What do you say? will you come with me and get plenty of money, or will you stay here and starve?"

"Faix, that choice is aisyly made," answered the young Irishman, laughing. "Av ye mane what ye say, Pat O'Flannigan's the boy for ye!"

"All right," said the sergeant; "but, by-the-by, can you speak German, my lad? for if you can't, the King won't give you so much."

Poor Paddy's face clouded over as suddenly as it had brightened.

"Well, no matter," rejoined the sergeant, encouragingly; "three sentences will be quite enough, and you can soon learn them. Whenever the King sees a new face in the ranks, his first question is always, 'How old are you?' To that you'll answer, 'Twenty-seven years.' Then he'll ask how long you've been in the service, and you'll tell him, 'Three weeks.' Lastly, he'll inquire whether you're provided with clothes and rations, and you'll say 'Both.'"

"Shure, thin, I think my mimory will hold that much larnin'," said Pat, with a grin. "I'm yer man, Mister Sergeant."

On the way to Berlin—which was a pretty long journey in those days—Pat had plenty of time to learn his "three German sentences," which he soon articulated correctly enough. Unfortunately, he never thought of learning the questions to which these were the answers; so when he got to his journey's end, all the German he knew was "Twenty-seven years," "Three weeks," "Both."

Our hero speedily mastered his drill, and about three weeks after his arrival appeared on parade for the first time. As the sergeant had foretold, the King, seeing a new face, halted and beckoned O'Flannigan to him. Paddy stepped forward and presented arms; but unluckily for him, Frederick William happened to take the second question first.

"I haven't seen you before," said he; "how long have you been in the service?"

"Twenty-seven years," answered Pat promptly, taking it for granted that the King was asking his age.

"Twenty-seven years!" echoed Frederick William, staring. "Non-sense! I should have known your face if you'd been here a week. Besides," he added, looking at him again, "you're far too young for that. What's your age?"

"Three weeks," said O'Flannigan.

The King turned purple with rage, thinking the man was making fun of him.

"Am I or you a fool?" roared he at the top of his voice.

"Both," replied Pat, without the slightest hesitation.

For a moment the King really looked as if he were going to burst, and all the other soldiers trembled in their boots.

"Seize this fellow!" he howled, shaking his fist furiously. "Off with him to the guard-house! I'll teach him to talk that way to me!"

Away went Paddy under arrest, very much to his own amazement. But an officer of the Guard, who was a great favorite with the King, guessed at once how the case really stood. Getting leave to speak to the prisoner, he soon drew the whole story from him, and hurried off instantly to tell it to the King.

Frederick William laughed at it for a long time, and at once gave orders to set Paddy at liberty. But from that time forth, whenever Pat told the story to his friends, he never failed to add:

"So ye see, me boys, that honey-cy's the best policy, and that if ye pretend to know a thing whin ye don't it's a mighty big scrape ye'll be after gettin' into it!"

### Lucinda and Leonidas.

Before the train left Bay City, yesterday morning, for Detroit, a woman nearly six feet tall and having a complexion like a fresh-burned brick entered the depot, followed by a dog almost as big as a yearling calf. Having purchased a ticket, the woman stood beside the train until the conductor came along, when she tied off with:

"You have been panted out to me as the boss of this train."

"Yes'm," was his modest reply.

"Well, I'm going to Detroit fur the old man."

"Yes."

"And this dog is going along with me. He goes where I go every time in the year."

"Yes; he can go down in the baggage-car."

"Not any, he can't! That's what I stopped you for. This 'ere dog is going long in this 'ere train, and nowhere else!"

"The rules of the road—"

"Rules be hanged! My old man can be banged around by everybody, and he never demands his rights; but Lucinda hain't Thomas—not by a jugful!"

"Madame, let me—"

"I don't want no clawing off!" she interrupted, as she peeled a pair of black mittens off her big red hands. "I'm going and the dog's going, and what I want to know is whether you want to raise a row on the cars or have it right now and here?"

The conductor looked the dog over and was about to shake his head, when the woman began nuzzling her bonnet, and quietly remarked:

"I s'pose, being as I am a woman, it would be no more than fair for the dog to sail in with me. Come here, Leonidas!"

"M'dame," replied the conductor, as he felt a shiver go up his legs, "take your dog and get aboard."

### Servants' Fees in Europe.

A petty but endless trouble of the traveler in Europe for the first time is the matter of gratuities. You give a trifle all the time to every one who does you the least service. Even for an apparently friendly word of information on the street you are expected to pay in this way. In England it is "a tip"; in France, the *pour-boire*; in Italy, *buono mano*, the good hand; in Germany it is *trunkgeld*, trunk money. It is not much money in any one instance, but foots up pretty well after an active day's work. The practical trouble, however, is to know what to give. The inhabitants and the servants themselves know exactly what they are entitled to, for it is a matter of right, just as much as any other charge, although the amount is never fixed or published in any written form for the information of strangers. They must learn it by experience.

We, as a rule, to whom the European measures are new, give too much. Englishmen of rank and wealth complain that Americans raise the cost of travel wherever they go.

For the gratuity of cab-drivers, waiters at restaurants, etc., the recognized European usage is in England one penny for every shilling spent in fare or at the table, and in France or Italy two sous for every franc spent. This rule dispenses of a large portion of the cases.

For porters, twopence in England and two sous on the Continent for every piece of luggage handled, if it is only to carry it across a pavement. An umbrella or a shawl is a piece as well as a trunk. The driver of an omnibus, cab or *fiacre*, as a point of etiquette and out of professional consideration for the porters, will refuse to touch a piece of luggage himself, even to lift it from three feet away into his vehicle.

Visiting at private houses of the upper classes in England, the servants expect their tips in gold coin if your stay is over a day or two! The smallest English gold coin is a ten shilling piece—\$2.50. You "see" the footman, who attends your bed-room; the maid, if you have ladies, who serves their chambers; the butler, who has charge of the dining-room and force of waiters; the keeper, if you hunt; the groom you use, if you ride, or the head of the stables if there are several, and generally any servant that you specially use. You will soon learn how to grade these fees according to the rank of the servant and the length of your visit.

On first-class ocean steamers the gratuities are much analogous to those in a gentleman's house. The steward who waits on you at the table, and the one who attends your stateroom, will each expect a fee in gold—ten shillings (\$2.50) at least—from a single passenger; and \$5 if you have bath-brought into your room every morning, are particular about having your wines warmed or iced, or, in short, use the servants up to their full capacity. When the passage is \$60 to \$75 or less, these fees are less—about one-half of the figures above. The "boots" also look to be remembered, about one-half the amount given the steward.

The expense of this gratuity business in ordinary travel is in general rather exaggerated. The sums given are very small, and you get a great deal for them—a willing, perfect, kindly service which you do not get in our country at all. To the traveler the custom is an annoyance rather than a burden.

The usage degrades and demoralizes and unmans him who takes the veil, or gift, or tip, or bounty, or whatever you please to call it; yet a great portion of the people of Great Britain and Europe do receive their wages in this way, look for it, and feel no humiliation in the transaction. You can scarcely insult anybody across the water by offering them anything, no matter what appears to be his or their official position. I have given a shilling in London to uniformed policemen, and a franc in Paris to magnificent-looking hotel managers. A Philadelphia acquaintance in London had several hundred dollars brought to him from his banking-house, one of the largest there, by a clerk of the establishment, and the nattily-dressed young gentleman asked for a shilling for his services. Imagine the consequence of offering ten cents to a conductor or an American railway who had shown you to your seat in the car and given you information as to when to get out; yet this is done all over England every day, and the uniformed and respectable-looking guardians around stickily till he gets his sixpence.

**SCHEMES FOR CROSSING THE ENGLISH CHANNEL.**—The proposed channel tunnel between England and France seems likely to be built. One shaft has been sunk to the required depth, and it is asserted that in eighteen months at least two and a half miles will have been bored under the channel, and that the work will be completed in four years, probably, by boring from each end. There are evidently, however, contingencies, such as a break in the rock, which may destroy the whole enterprise. Meanwhile, another bold scheme for crossing the channel, contemplated a line of steel tubes 16 feet in diameter, ballasted so as to make it weigh 1½ tons to the foot less than the water displaced, and held at a depth of thirty-five feet below the surface, so as not to impede navigation, by being anchored by chains to caissons sunk to the bottom. Through this floating tunnel of 10 miles or so it is proposed that railway trains shall pass.

The greatest man living may stand in need of the meanest as much as the meanest does of him.—T. FULLER.

### How the Prince Imperial Died.

Brigadier-General Sir Evelyn Wood, who accompanied the ex-Empress Eugenie to Zululand, has sent to the papers a description of the death of the Prince Imperial, collected from the independent narratives of eighteen of the Zulus who participated in the attack upon the Prince's party, and showing that the attacking party numbered forty, twelve of whom followed the Prince, and eight being immediately concerned in his death. The Zulus, having nearly surrounded the Prince's party, fired, and rushed on them as they were mounting. The Prince, not having succeeded in mounting, ran alongside his horse until it broke away. The Prince followed the horse into the donga, until, being closely pressed by his pursuers, he turned upon them—in the words of the Zulus—"like a lion at bay." Being struck by an assegai inside the left shoulder, he rushed at the nearest opponent, who fled. Another Zulu then fired at the Prince, when only ten yards from him. The Prince fired his pistol and faced his rapidly-increasing foes, until, menaced from his right and rear, and struck by another assegai, he regained the level on which he had first stood in the donga, where he was speedily surrounded. He seized an assegai which had been thrown at him—in struggling with his terrified horse his sword had fallen from its scabbard—and thus defended himself against seven or eight Zulus, who state they did not dare to close in on him until he sank exhausted on his hips. The above facts were elicited from the Zulus, who were examined separately on the scene of the attack. It may be remarked that this is the first correct description of the affair that has yet been published.

### The Floating Hospital.

"Oh, mamma, isn't Mr. St. John a good, kind man," said a little eight-year-old girl on the Floating Hospital to her mother, "to give this excursion to the poor people who can't pay to go on the water?"

"Yes, indeed, my dear," said the mother, with a quiet smile. She looked like a refined woman who had "seen better days."

"I hope I'll see him some day, and tell him how much I thank him," continued the little one.

"I hope not for a long time," said the mother, still smiling, though a tear came to her eye.

"Why not, mamma?" But the mother made no answer.

This little conversation was overheard amid the throng of nearly one thousand sick and feeble mothers and children who were taken into the lower bay the other day for fresh air. These excursions of the Floating Hospital of St. John's Guild are given on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays of each week. Tickets are given by physicians to those poor mothers who have sick little ones, if the disease from which they are suffering is not a contagious one. An abundance of good food and pure milk is furnished to all. It is marvellous to watch the change that spreads over wan faces as the fresh air instills new life into many wasted bodies.—*Harper's.*

**A QUIANT HOTEL.**—It is somewhat remarkable that a steamboat that never leaves the land should yet be crowded with passengers. Such, however, is the case of the Minnehaha, on Lake George. This "staunch and favorite" steamer ought to have been called "Prometheus," for it is chained to a rock and the vultures from the great cities feed on it. The engine, boiler, etc., have been taken away, and the Minnehaha is now a floating summer boarding-house. All the former berths are utilized as bedrooms, and the empty paddle-boxes make cool and comfortable parlor-chambers. A similar, but more private nautical boarding-house, is on the beach at Long Island. This is a wrecked vessel that lies high and dry on the sand. The members of the New York Tile Club swooped down upon the wreck and fitted it up for a summer residence! Last year they decorated a canal boat and went up the Hudson and along a canal from Troy.

**THE FIRST DUEL IN THE UNITED STATES.**—The first duel in the United States was fought at Plymouth, Mass., on the 18th of June, 1621, between Edward Doty and Edward Leicester, two servants, both of whom were wounded. For this outrage they were sentenced to the punishment of having their heads and feet tied together, and of lying thus for twenty-four hours without food or drink. After suffering, however, in that painful posture an hour, at their master's intercession and their humble request, with the promise of amendment, they were released by the Governor. *Portland (Me.) Press.*

The early riser has always an hour or two in hand, which the late bird loses and can never find, search as diligently as he may. Things which begin well for the most part go on well; and the punctuality and order, the method and exactness, of a house where the day begins betimes, and the morning does not inaugurate a scramble, make half the pleasantness of domestic life.

As they were about to hang an Irishman in London, one of his friends who had come to witness the ceremony cried: "I always told you you would come to this!" "And you always lied! I have not come—I was brought!"

### Work vs. Poverty.

In a Prussian roadside inn, one hot summer's day, several men were smoking and drinking. The room was dirty and uncared for, and the men, who looked quite in keeping with it, were railing at the way in which Providence did her work, and contrasting the luxury and idleness of the rich with the misery and hardships of the poor.

During the conversation a stranger, a young man, came in to eat his bread and cheese while his team rested in the shade before the inn. For a time he listened silently to the talk, and then joined in, saying, "You must strike!"

"Strike against what?" asked the peasants.

"Against poverty!" answered the young man; "and the weapon with which to strike is work."

"Well said! Sensibly spoken!" laughed the peasants.

"It would have been well for me had I always been as sensible," continued the stranger, "but I used to be an idle rogue. I was strong and healthy, but I wouldn't work, and if now and then I was obliged to do anything, I was off at once to the alehouse, and like lightning the money was out, and the bradury was in. I went from place to place—that means, that everywhere I was turned away, for no master wants a loafer about. I'd soon had enough of farm service, and then I went about to fairs and public houses as a fiddler. Wherever any one would hear me, I scraped my violin, but with all my scraping I was never able to get a whole shirt to my back. Soon I grew tired of music and then tried begging. I went up and down the country, but most doors were shut in my face. People said a healthy young fellow like I was ought to work. That enraged me. I grumbled that God had not made me a rich man, and I was envious of all who were better off than myself. I would have liked to turn the world upside down that I might have been able to lord it over the rich. One day I went into an inn, sat down in a corner, and began muttering my begging speeches. At a table not far from me sat a gentleman (he is, as I afterwards heard, a writer of books); he kept glancing at me and I kept glancing at him, for I thought he would be sure to give me good news, and so he did. I'm spending it still."

"What was it?" asked the men, who had listened attentively.

"He came up to me and asked me about my early life. I told him I had been a farm servant, and sent from place to place—in short, told him everything. He listened quietly, shook his head, and at last said, 'Show me your hands!' Astonished, I held out my hands; he examined them all over, pushed up my shirt-sleeves, and again shook his head.

"What powerful hands! What strength there must be in those arms!" he said. My lad you must join in the war."

"In what war? I ask d."

"In a war against your misery!" he exclaimed in a loud voice. "You fool you imagine you are poor—poor with such hands! What a mad ideal! He only is poor who is sick in body or in mind. You are healthy in body and in mind. Good heavens! with such hands, poor! Set your wits to work, and reflect upon the treasure God has given you in your strong, healthy limbs. Recover your senses and march forward in the war."

"Bravo! That was very good," laughed the peasants.

"And so I joined in the war," continued the young man. "I looked for a place, and now I am a farm servant as before—nothing better and no richer; but I am content and industrious, and I have served the same master these five years, and shall stay with him until one of us dies."

### Excursion to Mount Vesuvius.

A correspondent writes from Naples: "Excursionists have no added to their summer trips a visit to the summit of Vesuvius. Cheap trains have been arranged, and from Rome and elsewhere crowds come to run up the cone. One night recently it was brilliantly lit up with electric lights which dazzled all the bay, while from the crater, which is in a state of partial eruption, flames were shot up as if in resentment at the puny efforts of its rival. The exhibition continued till dawn. It is expected that these visits will be repeated during the summer, and, leaving Rome in the middle of the day of Saturday, much may be done by the visitors before they get back to business on Monday morning. Vesuvius can be scaled on the night after their arrival. Then, on Sunday, excursion steamers will take them to Sorrento and on to the Blue Grotto of Capri for the price of about 40 cents, while another will carry off a portion of the crowd to Procida and Ischia, returning in ample time for the night train to Rome. Thirty years ago realities such as these would have been ridiculed as dreams. There are fifteen electric lights used for these night trips, each equal to about forty gaslights, the fulgurance being extraordinary, but far eclipsed by that of the streams of lava, which can be seen and traced as they course majestically down the mountain. A thousand objects of interest which in the olden time have fascinated the traveler have been missed; but who cares for them? The mountain has been scaled, and that is enough to talk about. Vesuvius will, however, some day or other, have the last word." It is stated that an eruption commenced on July 25th.

**Local News.**

**A Rousing Meeting.**

By far the largest political meeting ever held in Seattle assembled at Yesler's Hall on last Monday evening. The hall and stage were packed to their utmost capacity and the windows removed so that the hundreds upon the outside who were unable to gain admission could hear the speakers. The meeting was presided over by A. M. Snyder, Esq., backed by a large number of Vice Presidents, a considerable portion of whom were some of the most respectable and influential Republicans in the county, who consented to have their names publicly enrolled as supporters of Judge Burke for Delegate to Congress.

William R. Andrews, the nominee for Prosecuting Attorney, first addressed the meeting, explaining forcibly and logically his reasons for voting for Democratic candidates for the first time in his life, and why his Republican friends, who had the real interests of the Territory more at heart than a mere party triumph, should do the same. The speaker is one of our own boys, of home growth and culture, and his remarks were listened to with manifest surprise and satisfaction by many who had known him from childhood and had not before learned to appreciate his manly qualities and vigorous intellect. He discussed, in well chosen words and finished sentences, general issues entirely free from offensive personalities, not once alluding to the fact of his own candidacy. Those who appreciate true worth and manly dignity will not forget it on election day.

Judge Burke followed in a speech of an hour and a half in duration, which fully sustained his reputation as a profound thinker and accomplished orator, and was listened to with wrapped attention by the crowded audience, uninterrupted by anything but the occasional spontaneous applause which testified to his power to interest and convince. He spoke only of those matters which were of common interest to all, entirely free from party bias, and only alluded to his opponent in the most courteous terms.—All who listened to the speech free from party prejudice could but be impressed with the conviction that in sending Judge Burke to Washington as our agent we would have a man whose ability and deportment would command respect and influence with men of all parties. We need not repeat any of the arguments which nearly all of our readers have either heard or will have opportunity of hearing during the canvass.

W. H. White, Esq., addressed the meeting in one of his happiest moods, in that imitable style for which he is famous. The manner in which he showed up poor Brents and his backers brought down the house again and again in roars of applause. The contrast between the two candidates which he presented was very damaging to the pretensions of Brents.

The meeting was in every respect abundantly satisfactory to the friends of Judge Burke, and greatly exceeded their anticipations both in numbers and results.

**THE PRESIDENT'S MOVEMENTS.**—President Hayes and suite arrived at Portland on Thursday evening last and had a grand reception on Friday. President Hayes stated to the committee that he would be at their service until Saturday afternoon. On Saturday afternoon he expected to visit Vancouver and remain over Sunday as the guest of Gen. Howard. Monday morning the party will start up the Columbia and proceed to Walla Walla.—Returning to this city, the President and party will visit Puget Sound. They expect to return to Portland in time to take the steamer sailing for San Francisco on the 15th of October.

**DISTINGUISHED VISITOR.**—The Earl of Airhe, a British peer, head of the Scotch Banking House and Railway Company, of Oregon, arrived in this city on Thursday last, accompanied by Messrs. Reid and James B. Montgomery. The visit was purely of a business character, relating to negotiations with the Seattle & Walla Walla Railroad Co. The party went out over the railroad to Newcastle, and returning took the Friday evening boat to Tacoma on their return to Portland. The old Earl, who is counted among the most wealthy of the Scotch Lords, did not at all meet the popular

idea of a British nobleman. He was the plainest and most unpretentious gentleman of the party; a quiet, unobtrusive old man, of a genial and companionable nature, readily accepting the companionship and affiliating with the poorest upon the same terms as with the richest of those whom he met, seeking general information from all and returning the courtesy. If his Lordship would stay in this country and become naturalized, he would make a very popular candidate for the Legislature.

**THE CALIFORNIAN.**—The State of California has furnished a larger and more valuable share of authors and contributors to the current literature of the day, than any other section of the Union; and after several failures has succeeded in establishing a magazine which is fully equal to the oldest and best publications of that character upon the Atlantic side of the continent, and to the general readers upon this coast, much more attractive and instructive than any Eastern magazine. The magazine is now an established fact. Subscription price—\$4 per annum. Address—The Californian, 202 Sansome street, San Francisco.

**RAILROAD SURVEY.**—A correspondent of the Ogden Junction writing from Brigham city, Sept. 10th, says: "Mr. Wolcott and party are now encamped at Bingham Station preparatory to commencing a survey for the Oregon branch of the U. P. R. R., the said road to occupy the present Utah and Northern grade from Ogden to Bingham, thence branch off through Curlew valley to Snake river, reaching the latter stream near the mouth of Goose creek. Thence the line will go down Snake river to the mouth of Burnt river to Baker city. There are about fifteen men in the party and the expedition will be out as long as the work can be prosecuted, making a permanent location of the future line of the road. Several preliminary lines have already been run, two parties having been occupied all last season in the work. Mr. Wolcott is chief of the present party; R. J. Moscrip, first assistant; A. M. Lovis, transitman; Henry Garratt, leveler; C. W. Howes, topographer, and ten assistants, including fieldmen, teamsters, etc.

**Gen. W. S. Rosecrans**, now of San Francisco, is the President of the "Blue and Gray Hancock Central Legion," and the Democratic candidate for Congress in the San Francisco Congressional district.

**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.

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FRESH DAILY,

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**Fresh and Salt Meats**  
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**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 Hen-

nessy 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.

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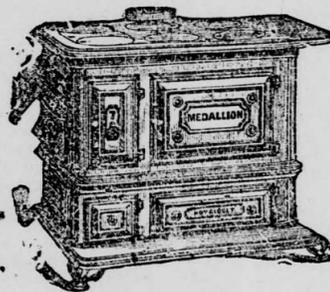
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Fitting,  
Sheet Lead,

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Rustic, Flooring, Casings, Gutters, Packing Boxes.

Sashes, Doors, Blinds, Shutters and doors

Finish of Every Description.

SEASONED LUMBER OF ALL KINDS CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

### Content.

Sweet are the thoughts that savor of content;  
The quiet mind is richer than a crown.  
Sweet are the nights in ceaseless slumber  
spent;  
The poor estate scorns fortune's angry  
frown.  
Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep  
such bliss,  
Beggars enjoy, when princes oft do miss.  
The homely house that harbors quiet rest,  
The cottage that affords no pride nor care,  
The rean, that grees with country music  
best,  
The sweet consort of mirth's and music's  
fare.  
Obscured life sets down a type of bliss;  
A mind content both crown and kingdom is.  
—ROBERT GREEN, 1888

### Caught.

Softly falls the summer moonlight  
On the tranquil ocean tides,  
Where a boat with youth and maiden  
O'er the water lightly rides.  
Hushed by nature's solemn silence,  
Whispers he in accents low,  
"Let us float through life together,  
Though the tide be ebb or flow."  
And she answers, breathing music  
Like a low breeze through the pines,  
"Yes, dear, if you'll only let me  
Hold, as now, the rudder lines."  
—HARVARD CRIMSON.

### In the Morning.

The herald in the east proclaims the morn—  
The coming of another nutried day;  
And as I look along the opening way  
And think that I may drop a sharpened thorn  
Beside my path, or roses to adorn  
Its beauty, with a throbbing heart I say:  
"How can I carry beauty through this day?  
How can I blunt the sharp point of the thorn?"  
"Be pure in thought," a still, small voice  
replies.  
"Pure thought begets right action; when  
there lies  
Hidden within the chambers of the mind  
One grain of foul impurity, we find  
Instead of beauty ashes in our train,  
And piercing thorns to fill some life with  
pain."  
—W. N. BURR.

### Queer Notions About the Moon.

An interesting relic of a primeval superstition of the Aryan race survives in the fanciful conception that the lunar spots are not meaningless specks, but representations of human beings. Every one, says Mr. Baring Gould, knows that the moon is inhabited by a man with a bundle of sticks on his back, who has been exiled thither for many centuries, and who is so far off that he is beyond the reach of death. Dante calls him Cain; Chaucer speaks of him as undergoing punishment up there for theft, and gives him a thorn bush to carry; whereas Shakespeare, whilst assigning to him the thorn load, by way of compensation allows him a dog for his companion. From general account, however, his offense seems not to have been stealing, but Sabbath-breaking—an idea derived from the old Testament. Like the man mentioned in the Book of Numbers, he was caught gathering sticks on a Sunday, and for this act of disobedience, and as an example to mankind, was condemned to reside forever in the moon, with his bundle on his back. A further legend identifies him with the figure of Isaac in the act of carrying a bundle of sticks for his sacrifice; while the Jews have a Talmudical story that Jacob is in the moon, and they believe that his face is occasionally visible. This belief in the moon-man is found in most countries, and under a variety of forms. Thus the Swedish peasantry explain the lunar spots as representing a boy and girl bearing a pail of water between them, whom the moon once kidnapped and carried up to heaven—a legend existing also in Icelandic mythology. According to one German tale, a man and a woman stand in the moon—the man, because he strayed brambles and thorns on the church path, so as to hinder people from attending mass on Sunday morning; the woman, because she made butter on that day. The woman carries her butter tub, and the man his bundle of thorns. The Dutch myth is that the unhappy man was caught stealing vegetables. The natives of Ceylon, instead of a man, have placed a hare in the moon, and it is reported to have got there in the following manner: Their great deity Buddha, when a hermit on earth, lost himself one day in a forest. After wandering about in great distress, he met a hare, who thus addressed him: "It is in my power to extricate you from your difficulty: take the path on your left hand, and it will lead you out of the forest." "I am greatly obliged to you," said Buddha, "but unfortunately I am very poor and very hungry, and have nothing to offer you in reward for your kindness." "If you are hungry," returned the hare, "I am again at your service. Make a fire, kill me, roast me, and eat me." Buddha made the fire, and the hare at once jumped into it, where he has remained ever since. The Chinese represent the moon by a rabbit pounding rice in a mortar. Their mythological moon Jui-ho is figured by a beautiful young woman with a double sphere behind her head and a rabbit at her feet. If the nursery rhyme is to be credited, the man in the moon once visited this earth, and took a fancy to

some pea-porridge, which he was in such a hurry to devour that he scalded his mouth:

"The man in the moon  
Came tumbling down,  
And asked his way to Norwich;"

but whether he ever reached his destination we are not told. An Australian legend says that originally the moon was a native cat, who fell in love with some one else's wife, and was driven away to wander ever since. Among the Esquimaux the sun is a maiden, and the moon is her brother; and the Khasias of the Himalaya say that the moon falls every month in love with his mother-in-law, who throws ashes in his face, whence his spots. The tribes of the Malay Peninsula believe that the moon is a woman, and the stars are her children; whereas in South America there is a legend that the moon is a man, and the sun is his wife.

One of the superstitions associated with the moon is its supposed influence in healing certain diseases. In the south of England the May new moon is said to have a share in curing scrofulous complaints. An interesting case is related of a man residing near Chichester who twice traveled into Dorsetshire with different members of his family to place them under a "cunning man" residing there. His charms were only potent in the month of May. He further required his patients to have their eyes fixed upon the new May moon while they received from his hands boxes of ointment made from herbs gathered when the moon was full. On one occasion as many as two hundred persons waited to be charmed. In Staffordshire a remedy for whooping cough consists in taking out the child to let it see the new moon, at the same time rubbing its stomach and repeating the following invocation:

"What I see, may it increase;  
What I feel may it decrease;  
In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen."

In Cornwall the club-moss, if properly gathered, is considered "good against all diseases of the eyes." The gathering is regarded as a mystery, and if any man ventures to write the secret, the virtues of the moss avail him no more. In spite of this, however, some one has boldly revealed to us this wonderful secret, the mystery of which, to quote his own words, is this: "On the third day of the moon, when the thin crescent is seen for the first time, show it the knife with which the moss is to be cut, and say,

"As Christ healed the issue of blood,  
Do thou cut what thou cuttest for good."

At sundown, having carefully washed the hands, the club-moss is to be cut kneeling. It is to be carefully wrapped in a fine linen cloth, and subsequently boiled in some water taken from the spring nearest to its place of growth. This may be used as a fomentation, or the club-moss may be made into an ointment with butter made from the milk of a new cow. In Devonshire the hair and nails should always be cut during the waning of the moon, and persons troubled with corns are recommended to cut them after the moon has been at its full.

When the moon's horns appear to point upward, it is said by the weather-wise to be like a boat, and in many parts there is an idea that when it is thus situated there will be no rain—a superstition which George Eliot describes in Adam Bede: "It 'ud ha' been better luck if they'd ha' buried him i' the forenoon, when the rain was fallin'; there's no likelihood of a drop now. An' the moon lies like a boat there. That's a sure sign of fair weather." According to sailors, when the moon is in this position it denotes fine weather, for, to use their phrase, "You might hang your hat upon it." In Liverpool, however, it is considered a sign of foul weather, as the moon is low considered to be like a basin full of water about to fall. The Scotch proverb expressive of the same fancy inculcates the following admonition:

"The honey moon is on her back;  
Mend your shoes and sort your thack."

Whenever a planet or large star is seen near the moon it is said by seafaring men to prognosticate boisterous weather, for, to make use of their term, "A big star is dogging the moon." "Some years ago," says a correspondent of *Notes and Queries*, "a fisherman of Torquay told me, after a violent gale, that he had foreseen the storm, as he had observed one star ahead of the moon towing her, and another astern chasing her."

The moon's eclipse has been from the earliest times held as ominous, and hence just as unlucky for lawful enterprises as suitable for evil designs. The Romans supposed it resulted from the influence of magical charms, to counteract which they had recourse to the sound of brazen implements of all kinds. Shakespeare, too, in the Tempest (Act V., scene 1), mentions the notion of witches being able to influence the moon by their incantations:

"His mother was a witch; and one so strong  
That could control the moon."

The Chinese believe that during eclipses of the sun and moon these celestial bodies are attacked by a great serpent—to drive away which they strike their gongs or brazen drums—an opinion shared also by the Turks. Brand quotes an old authority, who says that in former times the Irish and Welsh, during eclipses, ran about beating kettles and pans, thinking that their clamor might be available in assisting the higher orbs.—*Harper's Weekly*.

### Our Egyptian Obelisk.

As quickly as the best engineering skill of the country can accomplish it, there will be placed in position, as an addition to the Egyptian antiquities in our Central Park, a remarkable gift and proof of good will from the Old World to the New. The history of this treasure antedates the Christian Era. The history of its coming here began only in 1877. Many Americans whom we have not space to mention here have interested themselves in it.

We owe the gift to the good will for America and the love of learning and progress of the late sagacious Khedive of Egypt, Ismail Pasha, and his equally sagacious and friendly son and successor, Temfik Pasha. We owe its safe arrival here to the intelligent zeal, wisdom and engineering genius of Lieutenant-Commander, Henry M. Gorringe, of the United States Navy, who sailed on his difficult mission, from this port, August 26, 1879, and returned to port July 19, with the treasure safe in the hold of the Dessouk, an iron steamship bought in Egypt for the purpose of the transportation. The expense of the removal of the monolith from Egypt to America is understood to be borne by William H. Vanderbilt.

This gift of the Khedives to New York, through the American government, is one of the two needles of Cleopatra that stood for centuries on the shores of the Levant, near the city of Alexandria, and that for centuries before guarded the doors of the Temple of the Setting Sun at Heliopolis. Its mate, which had fallen from its pedestal in Alexandria, was granted to England in 1819, but only received there in 1878, through the efforts and personal sacrifices of Professor Erasmus Wilson. The present obelisk, according to the Greek and Latin inscriptions on its base, was built by Engineer Pontia, at the order of Barbarus, Prefect of Egypt, in the eighth year of Augustus Caesar's reign, or twenty-two years before the beginning of the Christian Era. It was erroneously believed to have been removed from Heliopolis to Alexandria, in the time of Cleopatra, and hence it was called "Cleopatra's Needle." The monolith itself is sixty-nine feet long, seven feet eight inches square at the base and five feet square at the top. Its massive foundation stones, all of which have been brought, will give it a considerably greater height when in position, than the length of the needle itself. The remarkable emblems found engraved upon the stones forming its base have excited the interest of Masons throughout the world.

The site for its location, which has been selected, is in Central Park, in the neighborhood of Fifth Avenue and the new Metropolitan Museum of Art building, where is already a rich store of Egyptian antiquities. The work of getting it into place is already in progress; but it is a work which cannot be hurried, and it will not be surprising if weeks stretch into months before it is completed. When that time comes we have an enduring archaeological ornament of which we may well be proud, a perpetual lesson in granite and a link between the new civilization and the New World, and the Old World and all the civilizations of the past.—*The (N. Y.) South*.

The United States is likely to have as large a surplus of wheat as Europe can possibly absorb. The estimates of our crop vary from 470,000,000 to 500,000,000 bushels. With favorable weather the vast crop now harvesting in the West will reach the latter figure. Our home consumption of wheat is rapidly increasing with the growth of population and the advent of better times. When the times are hard, wheat flour is not so extensively used, but with the revival of business always comes a largely increased demand. White bread and good times go together. The stock of wheat held in Europe is low, and, even with the good crops there, it is likely that, to keep the reserve in hand adequate to all contingencies, many millions of bushels will have to be imported from America.

A tame woodcock is an object of much interest now in Jefferson Market, it having been supposed hitherto that the bird could not live in captivity. Dick is a large and handsome bird, about five months old. When first captured he was put into a small conservatory, with but little hope of rearing him. An ingenious way of serving him his favorite dish of worms, so that he could "bore" for them in marshy earth, proved a great success, and ere long Dick forgot his captivity. He has been put into a large cage, is now quite tame, and well accustomed to the many spectators who watch his movements. His appetite is voracious, requiring at least a pint of worms daily.

In this scientific age, when everything is analyzed, and anatomized, and tabulated, there is a tendency to talk of knowledge as a power to which all things are subject. But the maxim that knowledge is power is true only where knowledge is the main thing wanted. There are higher things than knowledge in the world—there are living energies; and in the moral world, certainly, it is not knowledge, but aspiration, that is the moving power, and the wing of aspiration is prayer. Where aspiration is wanting, the soul creeps; it cannot fly; it is at best a caged bird, curiously busy in counting and classifying the bars of its own confinement.—*BLACKIE*.

A shooer thing—a woman chasing a hen.

### A Criticism of English Girls.

Why cannot English girls be taught to move, walk, stand and even laugh? Even if they manage to enter a room with ease and self-possession, they lack that gift of grace that, when it is not natural, can be very well imitated by training. As to "standing at ease," not one Englishwoman in fifty can do it. They are given to resting their weight on one foot, and then transferring it to the other. A little training would show them that it is much less fatiguing, and incomparably more graceful, to balance the weight equally upon both. It would not then be necessary to wear the head upon one side, as though they had brought out some one else in mistake. As to laughing, how seldom, except on the stage, do we hear a really musical laugh. Some girls make dreadful grimaces when they laugh. A little education in the art would not make their laughter artificial, and they would surely enjoy it all the more if they could realize that they might indulge in mirth without making themselves look so very ugly, as is occasionally the case. It runs in families sometimes to distort the countenance in laughter. I know a family who laugh a great deal. Their eyes always shut up when they do so, and it is the funniest thing when one dines with them, and something amusing is said, to look around the table and see exactly the same distortion on every face. There is not an eye left in the family. Three sisters whom I know show half an inch of pale pink gum when they laugh. In their presence, like Wendell Holmes, one "never dares to be as funny as one can," for fear of seeing this appalling triple vision of gums. A little training in childhood would make their laughter a pleasant thing to look at, for they have all pretty little square teeth, very white and even.—*London Truth*.

### Camping Out.

It is a wonderful and strange experience, says Lord Dunraven, to lie out under the stars in the solemn, silent darkness of the forest, to watch the constellations rise and set, to lie there gazing up through the branches of the grand old trees, which have seen another race dwell beneath their boughs and pass away, whose age makes the little fretful life of man seem insignificantly small; gazing up at planet after planet, sun beyond sun, into the profundity of space, till this tiny speck in the universe, this little earth, with all its discontent and discord, its wrangling races, its murmuring millions of men, dwindles into nothing, and the mind looks out so far beyond, that it falls back stunned with the vastness of the vision which looms overwhelmingly before it. The earth sleeps. A silence that can be felt has fallen over the woods. The stars begin to fade. A softer and stronger light wells up and flows over the scene as the broad moon slowly floats above the tree-tops, shining white upon the birch-trees, throwing into black shadow the somber pines, dimly lighting up the barren, and revealing grotesque ghost-like forms of stunted fir and gray rock. The tree trunks stand out distinct in the lessening gloom; the dark pine boughs overhead seem to stoop caressingly toward you. Amid a stillness that is terrifying man is not afraid. Surrounded by a majesty that is appalling, he shrinks not, nor is he dismayed. In a scene of utter loneliness he feels himself not to be alone. A sense of companionship, a sensation of satisfaction, creep over him. He feels at once with nature, at rest in her strong protecting arms.

**DESICCATED YOLKS OF EGGS.**—In Austria alone the albumen of seventy million eggs is annually consumed, whilst the yolks of but a comparatively small number of these are employed in dressing leather, the rest, until recently, having been thrown away. At Podgorze at present they are converted, without the admixture of any foreign ingredients, by evaporation in vacuo, into a yellowish mass, of fine flavor and an agreeable odor, which will keep in a cool and dry place for years. It dissolves on shaking with water, and can then be used for culinary purposes like fresh eggs. Analyses by Professor Moser show that nothing nutritious is lost by the desiccation. A large tablespoonful of the powder is fully equivalent in all respects, when stirred into soup or milk, to the fresh yolk of one egg. The convenience of such a preparation in winter, and for provisioning vessels, forts, expeditions to uncultivated regions, public hospitals, and so forth, suggests its extensive use.

Ernest Renan physically and physiognomically made on an observer, when first seen, much the same impression that Daniel Webster did. He has the same look of massive architecture about him; seems a moving edifice, with high forehead for its tower; but that impression is overlaid when one has come to know the depths and byways of his face, the subtle lights and shades that play about his eye and mouth, and has listened to his flexible voice as it passes through the entire range of expression needed for his humor, pathos, acumen and dramatic force—for he possesses all those powers, and they are under superlative culture. He is an indefatigable worker.

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

### Intelligence Items.

The population of Oregon was 90,000 in 1870. In 1880 it is 170,000.  
The law of New Jersey allows no Governor to serve for two successive terms.  
The population of Kansas is now over a million. In 1870 it was only 364,390.  
The real and personal property of Philadelphia, subject to taxation, is listed at \$543,669,129.  
General Grant has refused the presidency of the Las Vegas Mining Company, of New Mexico.  
An effort is being made to direct German emigration from the United States to European Turkey.  
The Chicago *Railway Age* says that "railway" is fast becoming as much an American word as "railroad."  
No one of the distinguished people who officially took part in Queen Victoria's coronation forty-two years ago is alive excepting herself.  
Fifty cents per word will hereafter be the charge for ocean cable telegrams between New York and England and France.  
Out of the 11,002 children in the Milwaukee public schools, 7,914 are studying German. The population of the city is largely German.  
An Ohio thief used a wagon with a crooked wheel to draw away stolen wool, and the constables caught him by following the eccentric track.  
During last month 13,000 emigrants sailed from Liverpool for the United States, being 3,000 more than during the same month last year.  
The public lands held by the government in the respective States and Territories for military reservations, amount to nearly 3,000,000 acres.  
The construction force engaged on the extension of the Northern Pacific Railroad west of the Missouri will complete the grading to the Yellowstone early in October.  
The Atlantic steamers in the last four months took 20,000 cabin passengers to England. At an average expenditure of \$750 apiece, a low average, this makes \$15,000,000 spent abroad by tourists.  
Mr. James Caird, the English authority on breadstuffs, says Great Britain can no longer compete with American grain growers, and he advises English farmers to turn their attention to some other crop.  
The latest news in the electric field is the reported invention of a method of applying electricity as a motive power on elevated railways. It is claimed that it will entirely banish all noise, smoke, dripping coal-oil, flying cinders—the disagreeable attendants of the present arrangement.  
The highest mountain on earth, so far as known, is no longer Mount Everest in the Himalaya, measuring 29,002 feet, but Mount Hercules, in the center of New Guinea, which measures 32,768 feet. It was discovered by Captain J. A. Lawson, who mounted it to a height of 25,314 feet, when he had to return, the air being too rare.  
The brilliancy of the planet Jupiter will be greater in October than it has been for many years past. The large red spot on his disk which made its appearance in 1878, and which is a puzzle to astronomers, is still visible, and a host of telescopes throughout the country are directed to this object of interest.  
A man and his wife, located near one of the New York ferries, sells at retail from seventy-five to eighty watermelons a day, slicing them in eighths and selling each slice for five cents. They seem to have happily struck on the idea that everybody likes to eat watermelons, but that very few persons will buy a whole one and lug it off. The melons cost about ten cents each, and are sold for forty cents.  
Some of the cigarettes which are smoked to so large an extent are said to be dangerous articles. One of them, being analyzed, was found to be strongly impregnated with opium, while the so-called rice-paper in which it was wrapped was ordinary paper whitened with arsenic. These poisons create in the smoker the habit of using opium without being aware of it, and its craving can only be satisfied by an incessant use of cigarettes.  
**A SQUARE TRADE.**—Sitting on a piazza overlooking Buzzard's Bay, the other afternoon, the landlord told us the following story of Yankee cuteness. "When I kept a country store," said mine host, "an old farmer came in one day to make a butter trade. He had a lot of fresh butter and I asked him how much he wanted a pound for it. 'Fourteen cents,' he answered. 'Well, I'll take it just as it stands,' was the reply, and he put it down cellar without further comment. He then ordered a lot of goods—flour, sugar, and so forth, that he wanted to take home with him and asked me how much they would come to. I figured up and found that they amounted to about \$2 more than the price of the butter. This seemed to annoy him, and after heming and hawing a good deal, he said: 'Well now Cap'n, suppose that butter was sixteen cents a pound what would it foot up?' I told him a trifle over what he owed me. 'Well, then,' answered he, as he put the groceries into his wagon, 'I reckon we'll have to call it a square trade.'"  
The census shows a population in Vermont of 334,455, a gain of 80,904 since 1870.

### Questions About Canning.

In the June number of the *Agriculturalist* is an article on the canning of berries, etc. The writer says: "Put the fruit in hot and seal at once." I have been informed that the canning houses let the steam and hot air escape before sealing. (1) Will you inform me if there is any work giving the particulars concerning the canning of meats, fruits and vegetables, as practiced by canning establishments? (2) Will tomatoes put up in glass jars keep as well as in tin cans? My impression is that the action of the light through the glass impairs the tomatoes.

Reply. (1) This question arises from confounding the two terms canning and bottling. We have used these terms as meaning the same thing, but, properly, canning should be applied only to the process of putting up fruit in tin cans. Our people first became acquainted with fruit preserved at the factories in cans, and afterwards, when in domestic operations glass vessels were used for fruits, they were still called canned fruits, though put up in bottles. When a word gets into common use, it is very difficult to change it, though its application, as in this case, may not be precisely accurate. In factories the fruit is put into the cans, which have covers sealed on; these are then heated in a vat of water, or by steam, and the fruit cooked in the cans. A small hole is then punched in the tin—not so much to let out the steam as to let out the air; this hole is then closed by a drop of solder. When bottles are used the case is entirely different; the fruit is first cooked, and put hot into the bottles with its syrup. If the fruit is filled in carefully, and the syrup fills all the spaces among the fruit, and if the bottle is well filled, there is no chance for air and no steam to let off.

(2) We know of no treatise on the subject, except the old French one, now useless. Factory experience would be of but little use in the family, and if one wishes to go into canning as a business, he could easily obtain a competent foreman by advertising. We know of no information upon preserving fruits so full as is contained in the back volumes of the *Agriculturalist*.

### Bachelor House-Keeping.

I suppose everybody knows what "grass-widow" means—a woman living temporarily absent from her husband. I can think of no corresponding term to apply to a man in like condition, unless it is "grass-widower." I know of one who is just setting up his cabin on a northwestern prairie, prepared for a summer campaign of "breaking" prairie sod. A boy of fourteen is with him as "chief cook and bottle washer." I feel a deep interest in their work, particularly in the house-keeping. The boy's success or failure in cooking, washing, etc., will bring credit to his mother—and that's me. I have lately heard the father inquire anxiously concerning his capabilities—"Do you know how to cook oat meal?" "Can you make such graham bread as this?" "Does he understand the knack of making dried apples eatable?" "You know how mamma seasons the macaroni, don't you?" etc. Both are very fond of milk, and if they get a cow, or find good milk for sale close at hand, the cooking and eating business will be simplified. Milk goes well with almost everything that our folks eat, as we never use pickles, and vinegar very seldom. To make sure of cooking the oatmeal, cracked wheat, rice and hominy, properly, they have taken along a steamer made after the farina-kettle plan. They are directed to use one part oat meal, rice or hominy, or cracked wheat, to four parts of cold water in the inner kettle with plenty of water to keep up boiling in the outer one.

To secure good graham bread, they have provided the best of graham flour and the dried "National Yeast Cakes." The cook will set a thin sponge at night, with half a yeast cake, and flour and warm water enough to make a large dripping-pan loaf (all they can bake at one time in their oven), and in the morning he will add sugar and graham flour until he has a stiff batter well beaten. This will be turned into the buttered bread-pan without kneading, allowed to rise quite light and then baked. It is pretty sure to be good every time, for the same cook has gone through the same movements many a time, simply helping his mother, but unconsciously educating himself to be a great help to his father in this emergency, and possibly to himself later in life.—*FAITH ROCHES-TER, in American Agriculturalist.*

**HORSERADISH SAUCE.**—Two teaspoonfuls of made mustard, two of white sugar, half a teaspoonful of salt and a gill of vinegar; mix and pour over grated horseradish. This is excellent with beef.

**SPICED CURRANTS.**—Six pounds currants or gooseberries, five pounds sugar, half a pint of vinegar; spices, cloves and cinnamon; boil until thick.

**SPICED CURRANTS.**—Six quarts currants, one pint vinegar, three pounds sugar, one tablespoonful of cinnamon, one of allspice, one of cloves, one of nutmeg; cook one hour; keep in cool place tightly covered.

**HORSERADISH SAUCE.**—Grate very fine a stick of horseradish; with two tablespoonfuls of it mix a tablespoonful of salt and four tablespoonfuls of cream; stir briskly and add by degrees a wineglass of vinegar.

### Idle Money in England.

According to the English Statist there is a plethora of money in England. The money put away, quite idle, seeking an investment, is supposed to be something like \$1,000,000,000, or nearly three years of the revenue. "Old stockings and tea-pots" are gorged, and will not hold an additional sovereign. The trouble with those who have the money, and who want to invest it safely, is that all the sound securities have been taken up, and can only be bought at a large advance, and four-per-cent investments are apparently unobtainable. For the last four years there has been in England an era of retrenchment. If people could not earn money by curtailing their expenses, they seem to have made both ends meet, with a trifle over to their credit. The total accumulations made up by small amounts is, then, enormous. During this period of saving your Englishman has been suspicious. The condition of Europe has not been comfortable. Even now it is quite questionable whether continental matters are any more placid in character. There has been such an outcry about poor investments made in land that something has happened in England which is quite abnormal of its kind. With increased capital begging an investment, land in certain parts of England has absolutely lessened in price. In the southern and eastern counties, where there are large expanses of good agricultural land, and no great cities near them, property can be had, for ready money, at a reduction of twenty per cent on normal prices. But matters never can remain as they are. Capital in some respects resembles water. Lock up the money or dam the waters, the result is pretty much the same, for both in time will break bounds. An era of speculation does invariably commence after a period of retrenchment. It never has been otherwise, and whether in imprudent England or imprudent America, it is always sure to happen. Because people have eaten less, bought fewer clothes or books, traveled less, gone less frequently to the theater, they have saved money. But the quota of bread and beef, of gloves, coats, and gowns, of readable volumes, consumed in any ten years is about the same, increased, of course, by augmentation of population. The world will have its blow out after a while, and make up in the last three years of a decade for the pinchings of the first seven.—*N. Y. Times.*

### The "Rise in Prices" in Paris.

Even dresses have advanced in price within the last few years. Time was when you could buy charming and stylish costumes for young girls at \$7 and \$8 each in the spring, and from \$10 to \$15 for the winter. Such purchases would be impossible now at these prices. The Bon Marche used to offer elaborate and well-made dresses of embroidered batiste for \$16, gotten up to order. Now a very ordinary costume in wash-materials costs there \$18. Silks have advanced in price, while deteriorating in quality. It is no longer possible, as it once was, to find a fairly good dressmaker who will make up one's own material for \$10 and \$12 a dress. Board has risen at the small boarding-houses as well as at the large hotels. It is not possible now to obtain even tolerable accommodation under ten francs (\$2) a day. Time was when seven or eight francs was all that was demanded for a small but fairly comfortable room and plain, wholesome, abundant fare. All that has followed the first class dinner for five francs, and other institutions of the Paris of the past, into the realms of the impossible. And in spite of all the new houses that are being erected in every direction, rents have risen fearfully, and are still rising. A good apartment with three bed-rooms, in a central location, was formerly to be had for about \$600 a year. Now the same style of dwelling is unattainable under \$800 to \$2,000.

Meats have risen from three to five cents on the pound, those being the Exhibition prices from which there is no receding. It is impossible now to buy a good-sized chicken under from \$1.80 to \$2. A shad costs nearly, if not quite, as much in shad season as does the fowl aforesaid.

So, in view of all these exactions and extortions, it is no wonder that the American colony is growing "small by degrees and beautifully less," so that its existence will some day become one of the Parisian traditions of the past.—*Philadelphia Telegraph.*

There is an immense spring on the West Doleres, about six miles from Rico. The basin is about twenty-five feet in diameter and in the morning is always full of water, but in the evening it is perfectly dry and empty. The water is cold and apparently of good quality, and the basin gradually fills to overflowing when it slowly recedes, effervescing violently all the time.—*Rico (Col.) News.*

**AT THE EXPENSE OF THE BAR.**—President Seguir never spared the lawyers in his court, and some of his remarks concerning them were quite in the savage vein of Czar Peter. When the docket was being called one day one case was named where neither advocate was present. "Go on with the case," said the president, gleefully; "now we have a chance of getting at the truth!"

**ANSWERED THEIR PURPOSE.**—A tall man having rallied his friend on the shortness of his legs, the friend replied: "My legs reach the ground; what more can yours do?"

**Franco Power Cobbe, the Honorable Secretary of "The Society for Protection of Animals from Vivisection,"** of London, writing of vivisection in England, and of the Society's work, says: "Our experience has convinced nearly all of us that it is utterly hopeless to obtain any effectual protection from the cruel atrocities for a helpless creature once left to the mercies of a physiologist or his torture-troop; and we have therefore, as a Society, adopted the principle of demanding the absolute prohibition of vivisection. We shall not obtain our object this year, or perhaps next year, but we are bound to win at last. Your information concerning the extent to which vivisection is carried for demonstration in America is a dreadful revelation to me.

The American Ophthalmological Society, or eye doctors, held a meeting at Newport.

### 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, 1889.  
**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. 168 Kirkham St. FORT VERDE, Arizona, Dec. 14, 1887.  
**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 ever since until I used PHOSPHATE SOAP.  
CORPORAL DENNIS BURKE, Twelfth Infantry, SAN FRANCISCO, November 27, 1879.  
**STANDARD SOAP COMPANY—GENTS:** After a number of trials of Soaps, I have learned that the PHOSPHATE is certainly the very best for shaving. I thank you for its introduction. JAMES P. ARTHUR.

### The Greatest in the World.

Without a question, Buffalo, N. Y., can boast of the largest and most complete private Sanitarium in the world. The Invalids' Hotel was founded by Dr. R. V. Pierce, who has represented his district as State Senator and in Congress, and is known throughout the United States as the originator of Dr. Pierce's Family Medicines, and who has also become widely celebrated in the treatment of chronic diseases. The erection of this mammoth home for invalids was made necessary by the large number of afflicted who flocked to Buffalo from all parts of the United States to consult Dr. Pierce and the eminent medical gentlemen associated with him as the faculty of this celebrated institution. The establishment is said to have cost nearly a half million of dollars, and is furnished with every appliance and facility for the care of chronic ailments. A correspondingly large branch institution is located in London, England. The whole concern is owned and operated by the World's Dispensary Medical Association, of which the original Dr. Pierce is President—his brother, an uncle, and other eminent medical gentlemen taking part in the treatment of cases. In treating cases that are not at all confined to the narrow limits of prescribing the justly celebrated remedies Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, Pleasant Purgative Pellets, or any other set remedies, however good, but have resort to the whole range of the *Materia Medica*, as well as to Turkish and other baths, Swedish movements and other approved remedies and methods of cure.

### Scientific Success.

An American College of physicians once offered a reward for any authenticated case of genuine diabetes which had been entirely cured. The offer remained open for several years, and was then withdrawn. Were it in force now, it could instantly be secured by the proprietors of Warner's Safe Diabetes Cure, for several remarkable recoveries have since come to the notice of the writer. Diabetes is a most deceitful disease, and seldom makes itself felt except by its results. Any readers who are suffering from ill-health and do not know the cause should not delay, as it may be at the cost of life, which Warner's Safe Diabetes Cure is guaranteed to save.

### CONTINENTAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.

**North American Insurance Co. and Other Life Insurance Companies in Liquidation.**

Mr. James Munsell, Jr., 215 Sansome St., San Francisco, is prepared to collect unpaid dividends from said companies, and to file claims and collect dividends on policies which have not yet been presented or filed with Receivers of Companies in liquidations. It is important that parties having such policies should communicate at once with Mr. Munsell.

The economical city housewife carefully searches her husband's vest pocket for cloves, in anticipation of the fruit spicing and pickling time.

### Two Organs.

Regulate first the stomach, second the liver, especially the first, so as to perform their functions perfectly, and you will remove at least nineteen-twentieths of all the ills that mankind is heir to, in this or any other climate. Hop Bitters is the only thing that will give perfectly healthy, natural action to these organs.

### 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 all particulars address John A. Robertson, the patentee, P. O. box 552, Oakland, Cal.

### Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich.

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

### Furniture.

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

Appetite, flesh, color, strength and vigor—If you covet these, take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which will confer them upon you in rapid succession.

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. 28 Third St., S. F., are guaranteed to be first-class. Prices to suit the times. J. H. PATRICK & 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 an obstructed state of the system, it is incomparably the best curative agent.

**TROPIC-FRUIT LAXATIVE** is put up in bronzed tin boxes only. Price, 50 Cents. Forward 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.

**A LADY** being in possession of a simple but infallible recipe for beautifying the complexion will send it on application to Mrs. C. Harlowe, 90 Taylor St., Newport, Ky.

National Surgical Institute (Western Division), 319 Bush St., S. F. Devoted to the treatment of Cripples, Piles, Fistula, &c. Send for circulars.

**GARLAND'S VEGETABLE COUGH** is the most effective remedy for all Coughs and Lung Complaints. For sale by all druggists.

### W-S.

CALIFORNIA BUCK OR GOAT GLOVES, cheapest and best. W. Shires, 506 Market St., San Francisco. Send for price list.

**MONTGOMERY'S Temperance Hotel.** 227 and 229 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.

P. N. P. Co. (new series) No. 132

### FRANCIS SMITH & CO.

MANUFACTURERS OF

### Sheet Iron Pipe

No. 130 Beale Street, San Francisco. Iron cast, punched and formed, for making pipe on ground where required. All kinds of pipe supplied for making pipe. Estimates given when required. Are prepared for coating all sizes of pipes with a composition of coal tar and asphaltum.

### Grand Hotel

NOT CLOSED!

BUT REFURNISHED AND REPAINTED throughout, continues a First-Class Hotel. Rooms, with Board, \$3. Suites of Rooms, with Board \$4 to \$12. Rooms, without Board, \$1 per day and upwards. Monthly contracts made at office.

S. F. THORN, BUSINESS MANAGER GRAND HOTEL, San Francisco, Cal.

### SAFES.

**TWO SPLENDID NEW SAFES** FOR sale. Weight, 3,300 pounds each, with burglar-proof chest and the best locks. These safes are first-class in every respect, but the owner obtained them in the way of trade and will sell them below the regular price. Call on or address, Carlos White, 320 Sansome St., San Francisco.

JACKSON'S LIGHT WEIGHT HORSEPOWER

Jackson's Agricultural Machine Works and Foundry, Sixth and Bluxome Sts., near Southern Pacific Railroad, San Francisco. For circulars and further information, address as above.

BYRON JACKSON, Proprietor.

**DO NOT FAIL** to send for our Price List for 1889. FREE to any address upon application. Contains descriptions of everything required for personal or family use, with over 1,200 illustrations. We sell all goods at wholesale prices in quantities to suit the purchaser. The only institution in America who make this their special business. Address, MONTGOMERY WARD & CO., 227 & 229 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

### F. W. SPENCER

### Pianoforte Company.

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

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

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

### GEO. W. SHREVE,

214 Bush St., San Francisco.

### Importer and Jobber

### GUNS, PISTOLS,

FISHING TACKLE

And Sportsmen's Goods.

### CARRIAGES.

H. M. BLACK & CO., Carriage Makers, 74 and 76 New Montgomery Street, one block from the Palace Hotel, San Francisco.

All kinds of Spring and Through-Brace Wagons, Express Wagons, Stages, Sods and Butcher Wagons, Groceries, Livery and Surveyor's Wagons, etc.

**WAGONS and Carriages** Of every description made to order. Genuine imported Wagons constantly on hand and for sale. Orders from the country promptly attended to.

### W. R. ALLEN & CO.,

761 Market St., S. F. **GARDEN HOSE,** BEST QUALITY AND LOWEST PRICE. Brass Cocks and Valves For Water and Steam. **IRON PIPE AND FITTINGS.** Send for price lists.

### PHOSPHATE SOAP



If your wife is in the habit of using cosmetics of any kind, advise her to give up the pernicious practice, as the most harmless face powders obstruct the pores of the skin and sooner or later injure the complexion, while PHOSPHATE SOAP removes all impurities and assists nature in developing a natural, healthy and beautiful skin.

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.

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

### TESTIMONIALS:

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, one of intole Pruritus, the other of both great relief. Its emollient properties. Respectfully, W. A. DOUGLASS, 126 O'Farrell St. SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 27, 1889.

I have tried your PHOSPHATE SOAP, and have no hesitation in saying that it is the best toilet soap ever used. My wife has used it and is of the same opinion. I have paid as high as fifty cents per cake for an article in every respect inferior to what you sell for twenty-five cents. HENRY H. LYNCH, 515 Haigh street. SAN FRANCISCO, July 10, 1889.

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. SAN FRANCISCO, July 10, 1889.

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. P. Medical Literary Journal.

OAKLAND, CAL., Aug. 1, 1879. 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.

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

**GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY,** is a certain cure for Nervous Prostration and all the evil effects of youthful follies and excess. DR. MINTIE will agree to forfeit Five Hundred Dollars for a case of this kind the Vital Restorative will not cure. Price, \$3 a bottle; four times the quantity, \$10. Sent to any address. Confidentially, by Dr. A. K. MINTIE, 101 Kearny St., San Francisco. Send for pamphlet.

**WALSTLEY COOPER'S VITAL RESTORATIVE**

is a certain cure for Nervous Prostration and all the evil effects of youthful follies and excess. DR. MINTIE will agree to forfeit Five Hundred Dollars for a case of this kind the Vital Restorative will not cure. Price, \$3 a bottle; four times the quantity, \$10. Sent to any address. Confidentially, by Dr. A. K. MINTIE, 101 Kearny St., San Francisco. Send for pamphlet.

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**WALSTLEY COOPER'S VITAL RESTORATIVE**

## Mall and Telegraph.

NEW YORK, Sept. 25.—In reply to Theodore Cooke, of Cincinnati, asking for an authoritative declaration with reference to rebel claims, Gen. Hancock writes:

GOVERNOR'S ISLAND, N. Y. Sept. 30.  
To Theodore Cooke, Esq.—DEAR SIR:—Your letter of 20th is received. I regret that you are disturbed about that bug bear "southern war claims." People cannot be misled by it to suppose that "rebel claims" or claims in the interest of persons who were in the rebellion in any way or in any degree countenanced. The imputation of disloyalty such as used to be made against Democrats even when they were in arms defending the country, so far as it touches me, I denounce. The government can never pay a debt or grant a pension or reward of any sort for waging war against its own existence; nor could I be induced to approve or encourage payment of such debt, pension or reward. Nobody expects or wants such unnatural action. To propose it would insult the intelligence and honor of our people. When rebellion was crushed so was the heresy of secession forever. It is a thing of the dead past. We move forward not backward. If I were President I would veto all legislation which might come before me providing for consideration or payment of claims of any kind for losses or damages by persons who were in rebellion, whether pardoned or not. In relation to Union war claims, the government's obligations to its defenders come first. They are lasting and sacred. The public laws of civilized nations do not in general recognize claims for injuries to property resulting from operations of war. Nevertheless our government has treated with great indulgence claims for losses and damages suffered by Union men from the military operations of the war of the Nation; but as hostilities were closed more than fifteen years ago, claims of that nature, now mostly in the hands of brokers or persons other than the original sufferers, are becoming stale and, in my judgement, might fairly be considered as barred by lapse of time, and if hereafter entertained at all, should be subjected to the strictest scrutiny. Yours very truly,  
W. S. HANCOCK.

SANTA BARBARA, Sept. 25.—Within the last few days the *Evening Press* has contained articles reflecting severely on Clarence Gray, lately nominated by the Republican County Convention for District Attorney. On publication of the first article, Gray threatened Theodore Glancy, editor of the *Press* with violence if he continued his attacks. The *Press* last evening returned to the attack. Today Gray met Glancy, and after a tirade of abuse drew a revolver and fired. The ball passed through his right wrist and his abdomen penetrating the abdominal cavity and emerging above the left hip. Gray was arrested and released on \$5000 bail. Glancy is resting quiet, and some hopes are entertained of his recovery.

LATER.—Mr. Glancy, who was shot Saturday, died at 9 o'clock this morning. His last words were: "Tell my friends that I die like a man, die for principle, and would not go back on it now if I could."

CHICAGO, Sept. 20.—Yesterday's work by the Liberal League consisted of listening to some very liberal and intolerant speeches and in the expulsion of R. E. Spencer, who was Chairman of the Committee of Future Work, and who, when Robert Ingersoll resigned, led the minority in opposition to the extreme Free Lovers and Spiritualistic branch, in favor of more reputable planks in the platform. His crowning offense was the offer of the following satirical resolution:

Resolved, That the National Liberal League, auxiliary Leagues and kindred organizations, are recommended to consider the propriety and wisdom of allowing the National Congress of Liberal Leagues to denounce all the people and powers that be; that said Congress shall be empowered to go at once to work to remedy all the evils and bury all the ills of the world, according to their very liberal peculiar ideas respecting the same. Spencer was promptly denounced. He thereupon stirred up a hornet's nest still more interesting by offering the following resolution:

Resolved, That the Fourth Congress of the National Liberal League be commended to the consideration of auxiliary Leagues and kindred organizations the

propriety and wisdom of turning the management and control of the organization over to the religious sect of Spiritualists and the squad of avowed and practical Free-Lovers.

The excitement grew very demonstrative, and he was forthwith expelled by an almost unanimous vote. In private conversation he afterwards said he was fully cognizant of the infamous and abominable things practiced by those who seemed to be in the majority in the League. He was glad to get out of it. The remaining hours of the session were spent in denouncing the expelled member and Ingersoll's religion, and in advertising their various books. The whole session so far has been noisy, garrulous, blasphemous and erratic.

NEW YORK, Sept. 30.—The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Northern Pacific Railroad was held to-day and the following were elected Directors to serve one year: Frederick Billings, Chas. B. Wright, Benj. P. Cheney, Johnson Livingston, Jos. Dilworth, Joseph D. Potts, Alexander Mitchell, Hugh McCulloch, Ashbell H. Barney, Wm. R. Garrison, Henry E. Johnson, Robert Harris and James B. Williams. Resolutions were adopted requesting and advising the Directors to provide as early as in their judgment prudent for the construction, completion and equipment of the company's railroad from the western terminus on the Montreal river to Puget Sound, and for that purpose to use and employ all the resources of the company as far as required and to execute such mortgage or mortgages on the whole or any parts of the line of constructed road and lands granted by Congress appertaining thereto as shall seem to the Board of Directors best calculated to accomplish the early completion of the enterprise. The newly elected Directors organized by electing Frederick Billings, President; Samuel Wilkeson, Secretary; Robert Belknap, Treasurer, and George Gray, General Counsel.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 20.—General Walker, Superintendent of Census, has replied to a letter of Confederate General Anderson, who returned to General Walker his sword captured from him during the war at Reames' station. General Walker cordially thanked General Anderson for his generosity and thoughtfulness, and said that he would prize the weapon all the more because of its history since the war.

NEW YORK, Aug. 20.—Dr. Tanner has had all his teeth drawn. Dr. Gunn says he will stay here until his dentist provides a new set, then he will visit his father in Litchfield, Ohio, and return to this city and begin his lectures. It will be remembered that the first complaint he uttered after the termination of the fast was that his jaws were sore.—Well, the enormous eating he did, and constant use of his jaws after their languid use, made his gums sore.

While he was fasting the gums shrank from the teeth, and when he began to use his jaws the motion loosened the gums and at the same time loosened his teeth; hence the teeth pulling and a new set of teeth. The doctor accepted one of the invitations he had to dine on Coney Island, and after sitting down at Paul Barer's and eating a luncheon of clam chowder and bluefish and drinking a bottle of Bass' ale, he went over the fish, tongue, bread and potatoes, and drank another bottle of ale. His weight is up to 155 pounds. When he began to fast it was 157½.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 28.—At the afternoon session of the Presbyterian alliance, Rev. Principal Kinross, of Sydney, read a paper on "The Condition of Religion in New South Wales." He stated that of the total population of that colony, about 700,000, not a tenth are Presbyterians, and not a third attend any place of public worship. He described the school system as one that is unsectarian, but not exactly secular, portions of the Scriptures being committed to the teachers to instruct the pupils in. No pupil whose parents object is compelled to attend that instruction.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 28.—General Williamson, Commissioner of the General Land office, has called a Convention of Surveyor Generals of all Western States and Territories to meet in Salt Lake City, Utah, on the 5th of October. The object of this meeting is to discuss the present method of making surveys, with a view of instituting certain reforms tending to

secure better and more permanent work under present laws. The subject of mineral surveys and monuments will receive special attention at the meeting.

## North Pacific BREWERY.

AUGUST MEHLHORN, 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 Quarter Master General.

A Commissary General.

An Adjutant General.

A Prosecuting Attorney for the Second Judicial District.

A Prosecuting Attorney for the Third Judicial District.

A Member of the Board of Equalization for the First Judicial District.

A Member of the Board of Equalization for the Second Judicial District.

A Member of the Board of Equalization for the Third Judicial District.

Members of both branches of the Legislative Assembly.

And all County and Precinct officers required by the laws of said Territory.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the Great Seal of the Territory to be affixed, at Olympia, this 21st 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.

## Albert M. Snyder

ATTORNEY FOR U. S. CLAIMANTS,

COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS FOR OREGON AND CALIFORNIA.

NOTARY PUBLIC, COPYIST, Collector, Etc.

PREEMPTION ENTRIES MADE AND HOMESTEAD FINAL PROOF TAKEN FOR SETTLERS.

CONVEYANCING DONE, LOANS NEGOTIATED.

THREE MONTHS PAY.

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

Soldiers' Additional Homesteads.

Every soldier, sailor or marine who served for not less than 90 days in the Army or Navy of the United States "during the recent rebellion," and who was honorably discharged, if he has entered less than 160 acres of land under the provisions of the homestead law, is entitled to a certificate from the General Land Office, recognizing the right of the party to make additional entry to make up the full 160 acres. These claims are assignable by the use of two powers of attorney, and can be located on any surveyed land that is subject to original Homestead entry. That is, any surveyed lands 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, \$2.75 per acre; 40 acre piece, \$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

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.

TERMS - - - \$3 00 PER YEAR

INvariably IN ADVANCE.

THE JOB DEPARTMENT CONTAINS

A SPLENDID ASSORTMENT

—OF—

FIRST-CLASS MATERIAL

And we are prepared to do all Descriptions of

Commercial and Legal Printing.

—SUCH AS—

Posters, Dodgers, Circulars,

Programmes, Cards, Note Heads,

Letter Heads, Bill Heads, Tag, Etc.

BRIEFS,

AND EVERY DESCRIPTION OF

LEGAL BLANKS,

At Slight Advance on SAN FRANCISCO PRICES.

OFFICE, - - - Corner Commercial and Washington Streets.