

Puget Sound Dispatch.

VOL. VIII

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON TERRITORY, MONDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1879

NO. 3.

Puget Sound Dispatch.

Published every Monday morning by

BERIAH BROWN.

TERMS—\$3 a year, invariably in advance.

Official Directory.

KING COUNTY.

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

CITY OF SEATTLE.

G. JACOBS.....Mayor
E. S. OSBORNE.....Clerk
I. M. HALL.....City Attorney
J. M. BLANCHARD.....Treasurer
F. A. MINICK.....Harbor Master and Assessor
E. A. THORNBIKE.....Chief of Police

CITY COUNCILMEN.

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

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

IRVING BALLARD,

Attorney at Law.

Prosecuting Attorney Third Judicial District.

Office on Commercial street, next door to Schwabacher Bros. & Co.'s, up stairs. 11f.

S. C. HYDE,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

SEATTLE, W. T.

Office on Commercial street, west side.

O. JACOBS,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

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

H. G. STRUVE. JOHN LEARY.

STRUVE & LEARY,

Attorneys-at-Law.

SEATTLE, W. T.

Office on Commercial street, nearly opposite the office formerly occupied by McNaught & Leary.

C. H. LARRABEE. C. H. HANFORD.

LARRABEE & HANFORD.

Attorneys-at-Law.

SEATTLE, W. T.

Office in Colman's building, corner Front and Commercial Streets, up-stairs.

JAS. McNAUGHT. JOS. F. McNAUGHT.

McNAUGHT BROS.

Attorneys-at-Law.

SEATTLE, W. T.

Office on First Floor in Colman's Brick Block. Entrance on Commercial Street.

W. H. WHITE. BERIAH BROWN, JR.

WHITE & BROWN,

Attorneys-at-Law.

SEATTLE, W. T.

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

Dr. E. L. SMITH.

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

Office hours, 2 to 5 P. M.

Residence corner Mill and Commercial Sts.

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.

MUCH ASKING.—Many years ago, in the lead mines of Northern Illinois, two miners occupied either half of a double shanty. One was an habitual toper, who spent his evenings at the corner grocery and consequently desired to sleep late in the morning. The other was a Cornish "Ranter," who always arose at day-break and devoted a long time to prayer, so audible as to be heard in every part of the diggings. This was a great disturbance and annoyance to the toper, who vented his wrath upon his neighbor in terms like these—saying the expletives: "You are the meanest man living. You are bothering God for an hour every morning by asking for this, that or the other. You are mean enough to take all he has got." This incident has been recalled by the innumerable memorials of our late Legislature to Congress and the President, asking for more than they had any expectation of receiving and utterly destroying all hope of a hearing upon meritorious measures, by asking for much more than they had any right to expect. These things have no other effect than to load our Delegate with burdens calculated to impair his influence and efficiency. Modesty is a virtue which is recognized in all affairs, both human and divine.

MERITORIOUS.—The *Conier* says: The journals of both branches of the Legislative Assembly, all written up and completed, were filed in the office of the Secretary, last Saturday, a few hours after the close of the session. Much praise is due Messrs. Potter and Hughes, of the House, and Messrs. Weit and Greene, of the Council, for this punctuality. The labors of their respective desks were enormous, and to perform them so efficiently as they did and also keep their records constantly written up was highly creditable to them." This exhibits a promptitude and efficiency by the late clerks which has no precedent in the Territorial Legislature, and is in marked contrast with the dilatoriness of the clerks of the immediately preceding session.

GEN. MILROY, Indian Agent, of Olympia, has recently received from the department at Washington, papers supporting claims for damages from Indians in this Territory during the war of 1855-6. His instructions are to inquire into and ascertain the validity of such claims and then report to Washington his findings.

A "FREEZE-UP" FEARED.—Several firms of this city having orders for material to be used in road construction by the N. P. R. R. Co. on the line connecting at Ainsworth, received telegraphic instruction yesterday to ship immediately, fast freight, as there is some danger that the Columbia river will close up. The weather east of the Cascade mountains and in the northern regions through which the Columbia flows is and has been unusually cold, causing the formation of heavy ice, which will soon come down in heavy blocks or cakes, and a long blockade of the upper river is generally feared. The railroad company will hurry its freight through to Ainsworth so as to avoid delay of their work; but the loss to the people of Eastern Oregon and Washington in the delay of grain and other shipments will be large and unavoidable.—*Oregonian* 25th ult.

Canadian Justice.

Sir Francis Hincks, late Finance Minister of the Dominion and knighted by the Queen for eminent public services, has been convicted of making false returns for a banking house of which he was manager, the punishment of which is fixed by law to imprisonment in the penitentiary for a term not exceeding seven years. The *Victoria Standard* says:

It is a very strange fact that the law under which Sir Francis has just been found guilty, was framed and passed through parliament by himself, when he was Finance Minister of the Dominion. His banking law has been held as one of his proudest achievements during his long term of statesmanship. In the meantime Sir Francis is out on bail until the hearing of the argument for a new trial on the ground of misdirection by the judge. If the verdict is not set aside by a new trial, Sir Francis will lose his \$10,000 a year pension from the home government as an ex-colonial govt. Every effort will be made to set aside the verdict, not only by the friends of the venerable financier, but also by the friends of his co-directors, Messrs. R. J. Reekie, John Graul, Hugh McKay, W. W. Ogilvie, and John Rankin, whose trials are yet to follow. As they are all men of great wealth except Sir Francis, the aspect of affairs now is not pleasant for them, as, in addition to being punished criminally, they will be held responsible in civil suits for the losses of shareholders through the publication of false returns.

Chinese Slave Trade.

The proposed establishment of an independent Steam-ship line between Canton and the Sandwich Islands, by Chinese merchants exclusively, has been heralded to the world as an evidence of Chinese enterprise and intelligence as well as advancement towards a superior civilization. The *San Francisco Bulletin* says: "The real purpose of the proposed Chinese steam line from Canton to the Sandwich Islands and this port is being gradually unfolded. It is very much of the nature indicated by the *Bulletin* some time ago. It appears that Governor Hennessey of Hongkong has at length become satisfied that a slave trade, pretty nearly as atrocious as that which was once prosecuted on the west coast of Africa, is being carried on under his nose by the Chinese. The *Tokio Times* of a recent date says that bands of pirates descend on the interior villages and capture girls and boys, who are conveyed to Hongkong and there sold. This is only a branch of the large trade which deals in men, who, for advances made to their families, are transported to this country, South America, Cuba, and the Sandwich Islands, where they are disposed of in accordance with the prevailing customs, remaining nominally free where freedom is upheld, and becoming slaves for fixed periods where the standard of morality is low.

In this latter branch of the business many of our officials in China have been badly compromised. The fees that have fallen to their share have been quite sufficient to gain them over. General Grant is the last witness who has testified to this state of facts. In an interview with a reporter of the *Chicago Tribune* he declared the corruption in the Hongkong Consulate was responsible for much of the Chinese immigration, because the Consuls were so greedy for the fees that they did not carefully administer the oath regarding voluntary emigration required by law. If Governor Hennessey has begun to direct his attention to one branch of this new form of the slave trade he will in time be forced to take in the whole field. The English Government, when it becomes aware of the true facts in the case, will force him to act if he were indisposed to do so. It will never subject itself to the charge of keeping up an expensive watch to prevent the slave trade in Africa while it allowed it to go on unmolested in another form in its own dependencies in Asia.

The way for the Chinese dealers in human beings to escape complications at Hongkong would be to set up a line of their own between Canton and ports in the Pacific. The Chinese Vice Consul in this city admitted that Governor Hennessey was in some way the cause of the proposition of that nature some time ago under discussion. The reasons are now beginning to come out.

Snohomish Correspondence.

SNOHOMISH CITY, }
Nov. 24, 1879. }

EDITOR PUGET SOUND DISPATCH:

Judging that a few lines from here might be acceptable to you for publication. I will endeavor to keep you posted as to any local news of interest that may come under my notice, provided you have not already got somebody corresponding with you to the same purpose.

On Saturday last there was a Grand Ball given at the Athenaeum in honor of the Hon. H. Blackman, our late representative in the Legislature, on his return to his constituency, as a mark of respect to him as a man of ability, and in appreciation of the services rendered by him at the late session of the Legislature, at which dance the Unterrieder turned out in full force as also did a fair sprinkling of their brethren of the Republican persuasion, as a dance in this community is like poverty in its action on mankind in general, it levels all distinctions as to party or politics. The dance was a success in every sense of the word and all participating enjoyed themselves to the utmost.

Business here appears to be looking up a little and our business men appear to think that the hard times are at an end, and that we are entering upon an era of prosperity that bids fair to last. Logs, our chief product, of which we have a large stock on hand, are beginning to sell at something nearer remunerative figures than heretofore, some 2,500,000 feet having been sold within the week at a slight advance on former rates, and the indications are that the demand will once more resume its normal state, and that loggers will be able to carry on business with a fair prospect of profit hereafter. There are at present only six or seven camps running on the Snohomish river or its tributaries, but if the demand for logs should increase, we have some twenty claims all opened up and only waiting better times to be set running in full blast, which would make a great difference in the business of this place, as each camp on an average has eight men hired, besides the demand it makes for farm produce—hay, etc., of which there is a large surplus on hand this year.

There are large tracts of unimproved land for sale cheap in this county, that intending settlers would do well to come and look at, as also large bodies of Government land still vacant, of all kinds and qualities, of which information can be had by a visit to our county seat, at any time by intending settlers in this territory.

Our worthy townsmen, W. C. Baker, has had two of his children down with diphtheria, but they are now convalescent.

By the measure introduced and carried through by our indefatigable representative, the Hon. H. Blackman, appropriating one-half the Territorial tax of this county toward building a road through this county, we shall be enabled to go from the county seat to Stanwood, on the Silligumish river, in one day by road; whereas now we have to take steamer to Mukilteo and there wait to connect with another steamer, thus occupying the best part of a week to make the round trip, which ought not to be, and will not by road, take more than two or three days, besides opening up a vast tract of good arable land, in close proximity to this town, which otherwise would remain idle for want of an outlet.

I must now conclude, wishing all success to the new enterprise, the WEEKLY PUGET SOUND DISPATCH. More anon from Yours ever, NON EST.

INSTALLATION.—The officers of the new Masonic Lodge at Newcastle, will be installed this evening. There will be a considerable attendance of "brethren of the mystic tie" from Seattle.

The *New Orleans Times*, taking up the suggestion of the *Atlanta Constitution*, that the Southern Conservatives look upon General Grant as a possible candidate for president, thus taking him out of the hands of the Republicans, says:

"It is not to be denied that General Grant, coming home from a tour of foreign travel which may be described as a triumphal procession around the earth, has acquired, in addition to his past record, a distinguished prestige. His two years' absence from the country, and his reappearance on the stage amid the most striking and brilliant scenic effect, have in a wonderful manner caused the masses of the people to forget the prejudices and bitterness engendered by the strong partisanship and the undisguised absolutism that marked a portion of his official career. They recollect him now as the successful soldier, and the one American citizen whom the nations of the earth have united and delighted to honor.

"To such deserves, wherever they may be found, the idea of General Grant as president for another term is neither strange or startling; nor is it specially objectionable."

The *Times* concludes by saying that voting for Grant "would certainly be no strange thing to the Southern Democrats who voted for Herace Greeley."

The *Argus* says: "Hon. W. H. White, elected to the last Legislature as a war Democrat, from King county, has come out squarely as a Republican." Is the editor of the *Argus* aware of the provisions of the libel law, passed by the Legislature at its last session?

Now SCOTT.—A few days ago the Republicans of California entered a formal protest against allowing George Gorham to represent the party of that State in the National Committee, of which he is a regularly appointed member and secretary, on the ground that Gorham bolted the regularly nominated Republican candidates at the late State election. The Republicans of Oregon are in the same category with H. W. Scott, their member of the committee, who has committed the same offence for which Mr. Gorham's expulsion is demanded, and the clamor for his expulsion is equally pronounced. The party can ill afford to spare either of those men, and their expulsion would be a bad compliment to the Administration which tolerates Everett, Schurz and Key in the President's cabinet.

FREEZING UP.—A special to the *Portland Bee* of the 28th ult. says: Ice is forming along the banks of the Upper Columbia. The steamer Spokane is running between Wallula and Ainsworth, carrying winter supplies and iron and ties for the Northern Pacific Railroad. Unless the weather moderates navigation on the upper river will probably be closed within three or four days. The O. S. N. Co. are receiving no fast freight for beyond the Dalles, and all freight received for the Upper Columbia is accepted for at the owners' risk and subject to storage at owners' expense at any point on the line.

REDUCTION OF LUMBER PRODUCT.—A special dispatch to the *Oregonian* dated, Seattle, Nov. 28, says: "By reason of a combination recently formed at San Francisco through the Pine Lumber Manufacturing Association, looking to a reduction of the lumber product, all of the mills on the Sound will commence running on two-thirds time on Monday next, excepting the Milton mill and probably one or two others, subsidized to close down entirely for an indefinite length of time. It is asserted that the mill companies have been manufacturing lumber at an actual loss for the past year, and the combination in question was formed a year ago, but not put into effect on account of the new constitution agitation in California."

Puget Sound Dispatch.

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

Without and Within.

My coachman in the moonlight there,
Looks through the sidelight of the door;
I hear him with his brethren swear,
As I could do—but only more.

Flattening his nose against the pane,
He envies me my brilliant lot,
Breathes on his aching fists in vain,
And dooms me to a place more hot.

He sees me in to supper go,
A silken wonder by my side,
Bare arms, bare shoulders and a row
Of flounces for the door too wide.

He thinks how happy is my arm,
'Neath its white-gloved and jeweled load,
And wishes me some deadly harm,
Hearing the merry corks explode.

Meanwhile I only curse the bore,
Of hunting still the same old coon
And envy him outside the door,
In golden quiet of the moon.

The winter wind is not so cold,
As the bright smile he sees me win,
Nor the host's oldest wine so old
As our poor gabble, sour and thin.

I envy him the ungainly prance,
By which his freezing feet he warms,
And drag my lady's chains and dance
The galley slave of dreary forms.

O could he have my share of din,
And I his quiet—past a doubt,
'Twould still be one man loved within
And just another bored without.

—J. R. Lowell.

The Withered Flower.

"She is an iceberg. She is a stone; and if there is anything colder than the one, and harder than the other, Miss Alcastor is that thing."

"Bad for Miss Alcastor," said De Courcey. Then he turned, and gave a glance over the shoulder which was not toward Alice Leslie, and saw a slight girl, in a plain, black dress, who was seated under the great lamps, and in front of the piano. All the lights of the vast parlor seemed to converge toward the piano as their center, and in the midst of all the glitter and glow, and scintillant, slanting beams, was contrasted this somber figure, with a drooping grace, its white face, and large, dark eyes, sad with a profound and unutterable sadness. "Very bad for Miss Alcastor," he reiterated, adding, "but she sings well."

"And she should sing well. Is she not paid to do it? Is she not here for that purpose?"

Miss Leslie, the speaker, had the voice of a siren, and she had the face of an angel. Both of these properties she employed to emphasize words which, in the language of a certain old book, were "sharper than any two-edged sword." Edward De Courcey turned toward her now. It was the least of all little hands that lay, ungloved, upon his arm. It was the most innocent of all dimpled faces, which, through a floating haze of fair hair, lifted up eyes of timid appealing to his own. Could it be that this woman, lovely as some creation of an artist's inspired dream, could fling forth these venomous taunts?

"Miss Alcastor," the cooing voice went on, "Miss Alcastor is under ban here, as you know."

"As I do not know. Have compassion on my benighted state."

Up and down the great, bright room they walked. The dark-eyed girl at the piano was singing. It was a soft, August night. Outside, in the garden, the white, tall lilies stood up, and bowed their heads like spirits in prayer. The roses, bending lower, sent out tokens to the south wind from the heavy languors of fragrant hearts. The new moon hung out her horn over the hills. Away up the glooming mountains a forest-fire burned vivid red against the soft summer dark, and, low down, in the levels that bordered the river, a whipp'o will was singing a shrill, sorrowful cry that, throbbing on the night air, was borne up to mingle with the tones of the young girl's voice, which floated out through the open casements of Cliff House. How the two strains seem to mingle and greet one another, out there, in the tender gloom, like sentient spirits, towering above the shadowy garden-land! All this flashed in an instant across my hero's mind; for Edward De Courcey is my hero. Perhaps you divined as much. My hero, and I trust he will be yours, though candor forces from me the confession that he is not of the regulation nineteenth century heroism at all. He has never survived any incredible perils by sea or land; never committed suicide, fratricide, or any other crime; has never shot down his man in California, fought with wild beasts at Ephesus, divorced a wife or two in Indiana, or claimed to be some one other than himself. He is a young man, just past four-and-twenty, carrying his bright-haired head, Saul-like, above others; a man among men, with a strong right arm, eyes that look the world squarely in the face, and a heart brave as any knight of the Round Table, but a heart—I confide this to you—with a soft place in it for poor old women, for sick little babies, for wounded creatures of any species, and with a liability to wax tender at certain times and seasons, such as summer nights, under the blink of stars; winter gloaming, under still, soft snowfalls; dim, twilight

churches, where he would drop on his knees, beside I know not what squalor, and pray as he never did or could in the well-padded paw of the De Courcey's, in Faith Church, New York. This is the young fellow who now walks up and down, turning his footsteps to suit the pair of slippers he trips beside him, and who bends head, eyes, and ears toward Miss Leslie, as she goes along.

"We are orthodox at Cliff House," continued Miss Leslie, "and Miss Alcastor—well, she is not orthodox! Then her father did something frightful in New York, a few years ago." The voice dropped into a fear-oppressed whisper. "Defrauded some person there; and, oh, he was a terrible character, and, of course, the disgrace extends to the daughter."

"Of course," repeated De Courcey. "The iniquity of the fathers being visited on the children!"

Miss Leslie glanced quickly up. She could not tell exactly what De Courcey meant.

"But you know," she went on, after awhile, "we can have no dealings with such persons. 'From such withdraw thyself.'"

"He receiveth publicans and sinners, and eateth with them," quoted De Courcey, in reply. There was a pause.

I suppose every one remembers Cliff House. It had been commenced for a palace, and by a development only too well known in this age of financial crisis, had been metamorphosed into a hotel. Just now it was controlled by a physician, who had combined with its conduct the sanitary idea. But still it was a showy pile of roofs and gables, its towers and chimneys clear-cut against the bluest of blue skies, its lofty rooms opening on the most spacious of verandas, and its shaded paths winding through the most luxuriant of gardens. It "accommodated"—and the word in this case was no sarcasm—a hundred guests, and this season the number was full. There was the usual combination of all sorts of people. But the majority were of the intolerant character, socially and otherwise, and owing to a prejudice which had been sufficiently indicated in Miss Leslie's remarks, Miss Alcastor's way was made very hard for her.

Alice Leslie was the belle of the Cliff House. For this eminence she was indebted to her crown of golden locks and her dower of golden dollars. As to what of solid merit lay below the one, and behind the other, perhaps the less said the better. In fact, it portends nothing to the present tale.

"Ah, there she is at the organ!" said De Courcey to himself, early next morning. He had stolen into the chapel for the early prayers, which were an idiosyncrasy of Cliff House. He had subsided into a back seat, and was watching the worshippers, as they came sauntering in; men in easy morning coats, women in fresh, crisp cambric, white, or daintiest tints of lilac, green, and azure, with sundry garnishings of ribbon at throat and waist. A cheery, pleasant picture, altogether, whereof, De Courcey, all unwittingly, formed a part, leaning back after his careless fashion, the firm, lofty outlines of his face showing with cameo clearness against the dark panel background, and a wandering shaft of golden light smiting across the masses of his hair.

"There she is," and the organ notes began to rise and to throb overhead, sweet, soft notes of a strain whose plaintiveness De Courcey was all too unlearned musically to recognize as Mendelssohn. It was just then—just as Alice Leslie came tripping down the aisle, luminous in the prettiest of embroidered morning robes, that Dr. De Courcey turned and saw Miss Alcastor in her place as organist. Above her a window of stained glass poured its crimson glories down, touching her bent head, gliding to her garment's hem, and leaving her as with a lingering caress. But her face was in shadow, and by daylight it was more whitely pallid than under the evening lamps; darker, too, and sadder. Oh, so much sadder, seemed the large, glooming eyes, and by the instinct that, in his deepest heart, never failed to assert at the presence of suffering, De Courcey felt himself drawn toward this lonely creature, in her well-kept, but cheap black dress, who showed, in her very posture, her conscientiousness of being, as Miss Leslie had said, "under ban."

Prayers were over. De Courcey lingered unmoved by the smile of invitation telegraphed across to him from a certain pair of blue eyes, lingered until, as Miss Alcastor turned in her place, and proceeded to close the organ, one of the music-books fell from her hand, and dropped upon the floor. Then he sprang, picked it up, and giving it back to her, with some murmured common-places, he met a direct glance of the young girl's eyes. Never from that moment did he forget how the pathos of their mute appeal thrilled through him. "It wasn't the kind of thing to talk about," he said to a friend afterward. That hunted look, as of a creature at bay, as well as under ban; the look of eyes not wont to meet other eyes, and find them kind; a hungry look, as of a soul going out after something which it did not get; a look part tenderness, part defiance; for this was not a nature whose high spirit could humble under persecution, and return sweetness for taunts; such a look, withal, as De Courcey had never before fronted in any woman's eyes. Do you understand the impulse which caused him to throw down the music-

book, to step to her side, and take the heavy organ-lid into his own hands? His words were the most ordinary; but to the one who spoke them they had a deeper significance. "Let me help you," he said, and Miss Alcastor, never lifting her eyes, bowed her head, and sped away down the little chapel aisle, through light and over shadow, the gold and purple glories raining down their luminous showers upon her as she went: fled from him and was gone.

De Courcey closed the organ, locked it, and pocketed the key.

"Angry with me, I suppose, for speaking to her," he thought; "but angry or not, she will be obliged to come to me for her key."

She came for it that evening, and asked as a queen might.

From that hour the young organist, in her poor, black dress, became to De Courcey the central personality of the place. It was, in fact, a very unpleasant position, that of Miss Alcastor. You may think little of these persecutions. While a world is lying in wickedness; while the whole creation is groaning; while kingdoms are being rent, battles fought, and lives sacrificed; while all the tragedies of this human life are being enacted; it seems a very small thing to you, doubtless, that one young woman, here among the green hills, if being pursued to death by the dragon of a social ostracism. All the same, it was grievous to be borne; and Edward De Courcey, whose life had been one long trail of sunshine, from his soft cradle to the spring-bed of this present, was conscious of his whole chivalric soul rising up, and Miss Alcastor, an enchanted maiden, persecuted of demons, and sore tested.

"I have made a discovery," confided Miss Leslie to our friend one day. The time was the evening twilight; a gold and purple afterglow, flushing all above, and transfiguring all below. De Courcey was strolling along the garden paths, and Miss Leslie and another of her race and species had just revealed themselves to him from a Wisteria-arbor. "The discovery is this: What would you give to know the name of the man whom Miss Alcastor's father defrauded?"

"What would I give? Really, I fear I must be deplorably wanting in curiosity." De Courcey's tone was not encouraging. But that mattered little to the speaker. On she went, bending near, until her red lips nearly touched his ear.

"The name of that wretch's victim, by the oddest of coincidences, was—would you believe it? The name was—"

"De Courcey!"

Another voice had taken up the word. Another figure stepped out of the shadows of the shrubbery, and stood before them.

"Miss Alcastor!" gasped Alice Leslie.

"Yes," in a tone scarcely above a whisper. The young girl was gazing down at the blonde little lady, with steady eyes; but her face was pale as an early star flashing white against the golden sky.

"Yes," she went on, "the name was De Courcey, and he was the uncle of Mr. De Courcey here."

"What, my uncle, Van De Courcey?" said De Courcey. "Then the term victim belongs on the other side. Let me tell you, Miss Leslie," and he turned to her, "since you have thrust this name upon me, that this Van De Courcey is the individual of whose character and career our family, from old Ponce De Courcey, down to your humble servant, have least reason to felicitate ourselves. Shall we go in, Miss Alcastor?" and, turning from Miss Leslie, he offered his arm, with the profoundest obeisance to the music-teacher, and walked away with her.

"Thanks! It was very kind of you," was her only remark.

"She is cold. I believe that Alice wasn't far wrong about that," thought De Courcey.

The summer days waxed and waned; guests came and guests went to and from Cliff House; yet, meanwhile, the slight, flexible figure, in its worn black dress, the white face growing whiter, the large, sad eyes, larger and sadder, all these were making themselves more and more an abiding picture before our hero's eyes. "It was pity that begun it," he confessed, subsequently.

"Why, don't you know, if you find a kitten the victim of obloquy, you directly adopt it into your heart. Imagine me, then, rousing up in my ire to champion Miss Alcastor."

De Courcey still kept his seat in chapel near the organ. To be sure, he seldom received a word for his pains, but not infrequently his watching was rewarded by a look. Do you comprehend how this timid glance of appeal, this flash of shy eyes the next instant veiled, how it fed his hungry soul for whole days? "And yet it is only that I wish to be her friend," he told himself, and himself believed the telling. How he was undeceived, I will explain.

Then came a week when our hero was laid up in his own room with an ugly sprain. Seven days there were, long, bright days, the later summer glorifying the whole long and broad land; all the guests of the Cliff House in festive motion, and he bound down by this contumacious knee. Through the cool of still mornings, and on the sweet air of evening twilights were borne up to his ear the strains of the organ, strains of grief or gladness; wailing in saddest utterances, or mounting aloft in bursts of triumph; and these he welcomed as messages for himself. Raising himself on his couch, or dragging himself to

the door, De Courcey listened to every note, moved not, nor spoke, until the last strain had died away on the silence, then sunk back again with the murmured words, "Bless her!" Miss Leslie assuredly was not the antecedent of the pronoun personal.

"The doctor's people are going to Eagle Crag to-day. The doctor himself, and his wife, and the governess, and the children, and even the old grandmother; just a family party."

"Eagle Crag? Where is that?" asked De Courcey. And his servant replied that it was a mountain five miles south of Cliff House.

"Take a carriage to the mountain, and then go up on foot, or with ponies and donkeys."

De Courcey looked at his knee, and his look was far from complimentary to that constituent portion of himself.

"If it had been two days later, I could have gone," he muttered.

Four hours later he had gone, and the fashion of his going was on this wise. He had resolved on being present at dinner, had dressed, and was slowly dragging himself down from the last landing, when he met Will, Dr. Tracy's colored boy, rushing up to the family-rooms.

"Miss Brackett! Where's Miss Brackett?" gasped he. Miss Brackett was the oldest nurse in the house, and devoted to the aged woman. A perception of the aged woman's need flashed across De Courcey's thought as Will stammered out,—

"The doctor says she's to come this minute. She's fell off'n her horse, and kilt herself dead gwine up the crag."

"Going up the Crag? Grandmother! Well, you are crazy. Grandmother never could—"

"Tain't gran'mother, sir, that's dead. She's all right. It's Miss Alcastor."

"Miss Alcastor!" Twenty tongues made the noun an interjection; and the man went on, the words tumbling over and over one another from his trembling lips.

"Yes, she has just done killed herself; the pony he stumbled an' fell over the steepest jut o' the bank, and the guide, he let the bridle break, and he tumbled on his back, an' all four hoofs up'ard, and Miss Alcastor too, she was lyin' under him."

The next half hour in De Courcey's memory was a confused dream, as, upon the doctor's own horse, he went rushing across the country, tearing up the hills and down, trees, hedges, and fence-lines speeding away behind him, his lame leg hugging Mazappa's side, and his hand never loosening the bridle-rein, until, at a small cottage at the foot of the Crag, he flung himself to the ground.

An open gate, the door flung wide, the odor of camphor, a couch wheeled to the middle of the narrow room, bending forms, and in the midst, more than all, and the center of all, a still, white face lying among pillows scarcely more still and white.

"Dead."

De Courcey did not speak the word, save as silent tongues speak words, in extremity sore as this to throbbing hearts. He only took a step forward, kneeled beside her there, and touched with lightest touch the finger-tips of the hand which fell over the bed-side. Was it that touch, they wondered then, all who stood near by, that tenderest touch, which brought back consciousness and flushed the pallid cheeks with a quick, fleeting color? An instant, and this tinge of color was gone; but in that instant the lifted lids had revealed the dark eyes, had shown De Courcey those soft, sad orbs in all their unspeakable sweetness. If she had passed that instant out beyond his mortal clasp, De Courcey would have kept that look through all his human life, and would have been thankful for it to the end. But Miss Alcastor did not die. From that day, as she will tell you, she began to live. She, to whom the world had been little else than a battle-field for her weak but resolute strivings, she, from that hour, began to learn how good it is to live the sheltered life of a woman beloved.

"Mrs. Edward De Courcey nee Alcastor." I heard not many days ago, a dove-like voice, which had to me a ring of old times, confide to a listening ear. It was near a country-seat, in the highlands of the Hudson, and a low basket-phaeton, drawn by gray ponies, had just bowled past. It held a lady and two children.

"She is beautiful, is she not? Those are her children. The boy is four, the girl two. Mrs. De Courcey is charming," and Miss Leslie, who spoke, gazed after the vanishing carriage.

And so goes the world of change, and with it Alice Leslie and her changed social feeling.—Waverley.

A NOBLE RACE.—The natives of Beluchistan, a country on the northwestern frontier of India, are noted for their bravery, truthfulness, and chivalry towards women. An illustration of this respect for women is given by an English clergyman who traveled among the Beluchians.

I was told by Col. G— that, in time of war, the flock of an enemy (which otherwise is lawful spoil) is always respected if guarded by a woman; and you may see a flock of sheep grazing securely under the very pickets of the adversary, with no other title to immunity than the sex of its keeper. Such courtesy is quite unknown in Western warfare.

The thump-bang-whack-pound-hammer style of piano-playing has almost disappeared.

Velocipedists resemble the ages they roll along by-cycles.

The Boy-Hero of Creecy.

The English army moved rapidly forward and northward toward Calais, conquering everything on its way, till, when in the neighborhood of Creecy, the intelligence came that the French king, Philip, with an army of one hundred and twenty thousand men and all the chivalry of France, had come in between it and the sea. There was no retreat possible. Edward had but thirty thousand to oppose this great host. They were four to one. He was in a dangerous spot, also; but after a time he succeeded in getting away to a good position, and there he awaited the onset. No one will doubt that he was anxious enough, and yet what did he do? After arranging his troops in battle order, three battalions deep, he sent young Edward, his son, to the very front with a group of his finest barons to take the brunt of the terrible charge to come!

Edward made it a point of duty to keep out of the battle altogether. He was nowhere to be seen. He went into a windmill on a high near by, and watched the fight through one of the narrow windows in its upper story. He would not even put on his helmet. That was the way the father stood by his son—by showing absolute confidence in him, and denying himself all the glory that might come from a great and important battle. And the young fellow was a thousandfold nerved and strengthened by knowing that his father fully trusted in him.

I need not give the details of the battle. It is sufficient to know that the first line of the French chivalry charged with the utmost fury.

Among these was John, King of Bohemia, who with his barons and knights was not behindhand in the deadly onset; and yet this king was old and blind! He would have his stroke in the battle, and he plunged into it with his horse tied by its reins to one of his knights on either side. A plume of three ostrich feathers waved from his helmet, and the chroniclers say he laid about him well. After the battle, he and his two companions were found dead, with their horses tied together.

But although the French were brave, they were not wise. For not only had they brought on the fight with headlong energy before they were prepared, but they had allowed Edward to place himself so that the afternoon sun, then near its setting, blazed full in their eyes and faces. Edward's army fought in the shadow. The terrible English bowmen sent their cloth-yard arrows so thick and fast into the dazzled and crowded ranks of fifteen thousand Genoese archers and the intermingled men-at-arms, that the missiles filled the air like snow. The Genoese were thrown into confusion, and this spread throughout the whole French army. The French king, with some of his dukes, flew foaming over the field, trying in vain to get up in time to swell the onset upon the English front. But the onset had proved hard enough as it was. The knights around the young prince were frightened for his safety. One of them, Sir Thomas of Norwich, was sent back to Edward to ask him to come to the assistance of the prince.

"Sir Thomas," said the king, "is my son dead or unhorsed, or so wounded that he cannot help himself?"

"Not so, my lord, thank God; but he is fighting against great odds, and is like to have need of your help."

"Sir Thomas," replied the king, "return to them who sent you, and tell them from me not to send for me, whatever chance befall them, so long as my son is alive, and tell them that I bid them let the lad win his spurs; for I wish, if God so desire, that the day should be his, and the honor thereof remain to him and to those to whom I have given him in charge."

And there he stayed in the windmill till the battle was over. Soon the cry of victory reached him as the French fled in the darkness, leaving their dead strewn upon the field. Now the young prince appeared covered with all the glory that his father had coveted for him, bearing the ostrich plume which he had taken from the dead king of Bohemia. The boy rode up with his visor raised,—his face was as fair as a girl's, and glowed under a crown of golden hair. He bore his trophy aloft, and when it was placed as a knightly decoration above the crest of his helmet, he little thought that the triple tuft was to wave for more than five hundred years, even to this day, on England's front, for such it does, and that, next to the crown, there shall be no badge so proudly known as the three feathers which nod above the coronet of the Prince of Wales. Albert Edward, son of Queen Victoria, now wears it because Edward, the Prince of Wales, when still in his teens, won it at Creecy.—TREADWELL WALDEN, in *St. Nicholas*.

On High street, a boy of ten, richly dressed, sat on the steps eating an orange, and a boy with a cart-load of picked-up wood stood across the street looking at him. The contrast was very great, and a pedestrian who saw the situation said to the poor boy:

"That chap over there is pretty well fixed, isn't he?"

"Yes," was the brief reply. There was a minute of silence, and then the boy with the cart started up his load, saying—

"But I don't care a cent about it—he has to eat with a fork and say 'yes ma'am' to everybody."

In spite of total blindness, Francis Huber became "the greatest and most accurate observer of bees that ever lived," making effective use of the educated eyes of his wife and servant

The Man Who Built a Market.

Boston has added another to her before large collection of the statues of her eminent men. Last Saturday, with all proper ceremony and oratory, she dedicated the statue of Josiah Quincy, who was an eminent public servant—member of Congress, Judge of the Municipal Court, second Mayor of Boston and President of Harvard University. Mr. Quincy was Mayor from 1823 to 1828. The observances of last week naturally recalled the sagacity and prescience, if we may use the word, of one of the shrewdest public men of his day. It has been said that the establishment of the Faneuil Hall Market was at least twenty years ahead of the times. Nobody ever had this faculty of looking forward in a larger measure than Mr. Quincy. His purchases of real property, based upon what he believed to be the certain prosperity of Boston, made him one of her most opulent citizens. But the Faneuil Hall Market is the most popular memorial of his public work. It is such a market as nobody, sorely as we need it, has ever built for New York. Indeed, the Bostonians boast that there are large markets in other cities, in none of them "can be found so great a variety in kinds and qualities as in theirs." It is the result of wise provision for the future, without which no city can secure absolutely necessary conveniences, whether of buildings, streets or public grounds. It was one of the most economical of investments. It could not now be erected, except at a vastly greater expense. Yet this was only one of many municipal improvements set afoot during Mr. Quincy's administration, and of which the city is at present enjoying the benefit. Fortunate and few the cities which have such magistrates as he was! Fortunate the city which having such citizens has also the wisdom to call them to places of honor and trust!

Mr. Quincy's was a great name during the fierce political struggle of the century, from the beginning of the Federal and Democratic parties. He was himself a Federalist of the Federalists. It never for a moment mitigated his zeal that his party was in a hopeless minority. In nothing did he show his political sagacity more completely than in his early apprehension of the rising power of the slave-holding interest. He looked at the institution with the same shrewdness with which he built the market. After 1813, his public services were within his native State, which was sufficient for him. When the great struggle against slavery came, he was early in the field, old as he was, for freedom and the Union, just as in 1856 he had taken a prominent part in efforts to elect Fremont to the Presidency. Nor let it be forgotten that he was the first Judge in this country or in England to lay down the law that the publication of the truth with a good intention, and for a justifiable end, is not libelous.

In all things Mr. Quincy thought and acted with no slavish regard for present comfort or convenience. Boston will remember him as one resolutely bent upon having his own way, but also as one whose way was usually the right one.—N. Y. Tribune.

THE STRENGTH OF CALIFORNIA WINES.

"I hear that it has been decided to have nothing but native California wines at the Grant banquet in San Francisco," remarked a man in C street yesterday. "Yes; that's the idea," said half a dozen within hearing.

The first speaker was lost in reflection for several minutes, when he continued:

"It'll make trouble, sure, if they use California wines."

Every man in the group seemed to be fishing up something from his memory, and one after another they expressed their views.

"That's so," said one.

"It was five years ago," said the first speaker, "that I first tackled California champagne. I called on a lady and she opened two bottles. I drank both, all but one glass. Pretty soon I insulted the lady, beat her poodle to death with a chair, kicked a child, broke up the mirror and gas fixtures, and was dragged out of the house by the police. Next day the husband came after me with a six-shooter and demanded an explanation. I simply told him that his wife had opened some California wine. He grasped me by the hand and said no apologies were necessary."

Here every listener looked a moment at the speaker, and they all murmured in concert:

"You bet; I've been there."—N. Y. World.

One of the simplest and at the same time most effectual remedies against snoring is to place a thin, oval-shaped piece of silver or hard-rubber, between three and four inches in length and one and a half inches in width, formed so as to fit the jaws comfortably, between the lips and the gums. By this simple appliance the breath is forced through the nostrils, and, aside from being a preventative against snoring, it keeps the throat and tongue moist, instead of being dry and parched as when air is inhaled into the mouth and throat. If the mouth is kept shut, all trouble about snoring will be removed.

"Gentlemen," said a radical French mayor at a recent farmers' festival, according to the Paris Figaro, "I drink to the Republic, which to-day has made you free, and to-morrow will make you belligerent."

None are overstocked with patience.

A Father's Heroism to Screen His Son's Crime.

Not a great while since a prominent physician of Denver, Colorado, was called to attend a patient in the last stages of what appeared to be consumption, but which, upon examination, proved to be simply a wearing away of life—a decay of the energies of mind and body. Although well supplied with money, the stranger was seemingly without friends or relatives. He wrote no letters and received none. An alien to the tenderness and charities which sanctify the affections, he seemed to be drifting out of the world, in which, for him all the flowers of the heart had perished—a bleak and desolate old man, hastening out of the sunshine into the shadow of the grave. After making a thorough examination of the case, the doctor told him that although he could find no organized disease, yet he was dying.

"I know it," replied the patient.

"But have you no idea of what brought you to this plight?" inquired the interested man of science.

"It is a curious phenomena. You have heard a great deal about cases like mine—more as a visionary exaggeration of the fancy than as an actual occurrence—but strange as it may appear, I am dying, as you say—of a broken heart."

"You surprise me!"

"Yes, I surprise myself. I did not come to your health-giving climate as others do—in search of a longer lease of life—but to die in peace and alone."

"But have you no friends?" asked the doctor.

"None that I can claim. My past is sealed with the shadow of a crime, and over my nameless grave not even a memory must hover. I am already dead to all who ever knew my name."

"You say you are a criminal?" pursued the doctor.

"No, I am none. But I assume the stigma to shield another."

"And that other?"

"Was my son."

"What was the nature of the crime?"

The physician's curiosity had got the better of his prudence. The shadows of twilight were falling around them. Through the open window streamed the soft brilliance of the dying day. Clouds of amethyst and purple floated lazily on the far-off hills. But in the chamber where the fevered breath was drawn quick and short there was a hushed stillness which seemed in keeping with ghostly shadows.

"It was murder."

"And was fixed on you?"

"On me—I assumed it, and then escaped—but not to evade the vengeance of the law, but to spare to him I loved the stigma of a felon's death."

"How long ago was this?"

"Twelve years."

"And you have been a wanderer ever since?"

"Ever since!"

The feeble pulse was fluttering—the glazing eyes sheathed under waxen lids, and the shattered form was growing rigid momentarily.

"Will you tell me no more?" whispered the physician.

"It is all I have to tell!"

The next instant the man was dead. He had kept his secret and sacrificed his life in keeping it.

How to Train a Grape Vine.

One of the old questions that is ever new, is how to train a grapevine. The books will tell you all about it. Oh, yes, nothing easier. There is your renewal system and your alternate system, and Thomeny system, and dear knows how many other systems, that look so beautiful in the cuts; but when the ordinary man gets in front of a rampant vine that has had its own way in the past, he fails to see how any system will fit in. The fact is, to carry out any systematic training one must begin with a young vine and carry it through for several years. With an old vine little more can be done than to prune out the old wood and get the young wood evenly distributed over the trellis. Our strong native vines refuse to be cramped by any of the close-pruning methods, and go off in a rush of water-shoots when so hemmed in. The Delaware is one of the best to try experiments on, as it yields kindly to any treatment. Our vineyardists have been in the habit of pruning back pretty closely, leaving only three or four eyes to shoot, but of late years they are leaving on more wood. Last fall a fruit-grower from the Hudson river told us of a system in use in Ulster county which took its name from the man who first introduced it, a Mr. Kniffen. Only two wires are used on the trellis, and these are four and six feet from the ground. The vine is first carried to the top wire; then four side-shoots grown and trained to the wires for permanent arms. These are kept about two feet in length, and from them are grown the bearing shoots each year, four or five to each arm. These shoots are allowed to grow their full length and hang down towards the ground. Each fall they are pruned back to a single bud and a new set grown the next year. This system has the merit of simplicity and can be readily tested in the vineyard or with a few garden vines.—Eastern Paper.

A man in Lexington, Va., mailed a letter to a fictitious name in Japan, with a request that it be returned if not called for, and started it by the way of the Atlantic. His object was to see how long it would be in going around the world. It came back by the way of San Francisco in just 100 days.

The Fall of Ingersoll.

In his opposition to prevailing religious opinions, Colonel Ingersoll has assumed to take his stand on the ground of common sense. This was the burden of his lecture on "ghosts," his denunciation of the doctrine of "hell," and other discourses. We are sorry to see, from the platform adopted by the national liberal league, of which he was a moving spirit, that he has abandoned that ground.

The platform classes "tramps" with honest unemployed workmen, and objects to legislation to suppress the nuisance. There is no common sense in this.

It repeats the familiar nonsense of the soft-money men to the effect that "the currency of the country" is in "the hands of usurers, speculators and a banking aristocracy." There is no common sense in this.

It demands that the title to land "shall depend upon its use" and its ownership "be limited in amount for the public benefit." There is no common sense in this.

It demands that "the income of corporations" beyond "a reasonable compensation to the incorporators," shall "go to the government." There is no common sense in this.

It demands that "in our national, state and municipal legislation" the people shall pass "upon all public and important laws" directly "through their own votes, as is now done in adopting our constitutions." There is no common sense in this.

The fall of Ingersoll from common sense is one of the most melancholy spectacles of the day.—New York Evening Post.

Another Testimonial to Grant.

The Standard Soap Company have presented General Grant with an elegant box of perfumed toilet soap, especially made for him as a memento of his visit to California. The box contains a dozen cakes, several of which have a head of the General, a facsimile likeness in red and purple, running through the soap. Around the head is a wreath of flowers, inscribed on the top with the word Grant; and underneath the head is the word Grant; other cakes in the box represent an initial, the whole spelling U. S. Grant, making it a neat and acceptable gift.—S. F. Evening Post.

A well-known evangelical clergyman, on being accused of leaning toward Universalism, replied that he hoped everybody would go to Heaven; "and" said he, "there are some persons I wish were there now."

Profit, \$1,200.

"To sum it up, six long years of bed-ridden sickness, costing \$200 per year, total \$1,200—all of this expense was stopped by three bottles of Hop Bitters taken by my wife. She has done her own housework for a year since, without the loss of a day, and I want everybody to know it, for their benefit."—Ed. Register.

Turner's Regulator

Is proving such an indispensable article to those suffering from liver complaint that parties are in some cases purchasing half a dozen bottles at a time, after they have tried it. Physicians frequently prescribe the Sacred Bark which is one of the ingredients of this medicine. The advantage of using Turner's Regulator arises from the fact that its ingredients are the result of experiment and study such as few physicians could devote to a single object.

Forewarned Forearmed.

Physicians and invalids use with confidence The Kaiser Celebrated German Elixir for Consumption and throat and lung diseases. It is rich in the medicinal properties of tar, wild cherry, etc. Is rendered perfectly harmless to the youngest child. This would have proved an Angel of mercy in the household of those unhappy parents at Vallejo, Dixon, Beaver, Utah, and numerous other places, whose children were slaughtered by a quack medicine recommended by its owner to cure croup, possessing no properties calculated to cure it, but instead, a deadly drug which has slain its thousands. Be sure you get only German Elixir. The genuine bears the Prussian coat of arms and the fac-simile signature of Dr. Kaiser. Samples at all drug stores. Large size, 75 cents. CHAS. LANGLEY & CO., Wholesale Druggists, Sole Agents.

The Robertson Process

Is growing more popular every day for the reason that more and more can be extracted from mines where roasting is necessary. The simplicity and economy of this process are important, yet the fact that more gold and silver can be saved than by any other known method will sooner or later bring it into use in all mines.

C. J. Hawley & Co.

This popular and reliable house will not only fill all country orders of every description of groceries, but will fill orders for any and all description of goods needed in the household or the farm. Give particular description of goods needed and remit by Wells, Fargo & Co., or by P. O. order to 215 Sutter St., San Francisco.

Fifty Cents

In postage stamps will get the most brilliant and complete weekly newspaper in the world. The San Francisco WEEKLY CHRONICLE prints regularly 72 columns, or eight pages of news, literature and general information; also a magnificent Agricultural Department; and 50 cents will pay for it for three months, including postage, to any part of the United States.

Owners of Fine Horses

Should remember that PHOSPHATE SOAP is good for man and beast. It will cure scratches, collar galls or any kind of a sore on horses quicker than anything else. Every stable should keep a supply of PHOSPHATE SOAP on hand. Ask your druggist or grocer for it.

Sullivan's Illustrated Catalogue of Ladies' Cloaks and Suits. It is the friend of every household and a useful companion of every wife and mother, the delight of every young lady. Sent free. Sullivan's, 220 Kearny St., San Francisco.

Buy the Best.

The best photograph is always the cheapest, but at the Imperial Gallery, 71 1/2 Market street, San Francisco, you get not only the best but the lowest-priced work in the city.

Dentistry.

Go to Dr. Cochrane, 85 1/2 Market street, San Francisco, if you want first-class work at low rates. Cochrane stands at the head of his profession.

SIR ASTLEY COOPER'S VITAL RESTORATIVE, The Great English Remedy—has made more cures of nervous debility, paralysis, and such diseases as result from the errors of youth than all other medicines combined. Why will you suffer? Send to A. E. Mintie, M. D., 11 Kearny St., San Francisco, for the Restorative and be cured. Price, \$3 per bottle. Four times the quantity, \$10. Try a bottle. Dr. Mintie treats all diseases successfully.

Dr. Pierce's Extract of Smart-Weed is a compound fluid extract of smart-weed, or water-pepper, Jamaica ginger and other ingredients known to be efficacious in curing colic, diarrhoea, dysentery, bloody-flux, and kindred affections. It also breaks up colds, fevers and inflammatory attacks. Sold by druggists.

\$1,425.56 profit in 30 days. \$10 in legitimate Stock Speculations in Wall St. pays immense profits. Pamphlets explaining everything sent free. Heath & Co., Brokers, 1227 Broadway, N. Y.

\$45 will buy 1000 fine cigars at J. W. Shaffer & Co.'s, 323 Sacramento St., S. F. (No Drummers employed)

All Photographs made at the New York Gallery, No. 25 Third St., S. F. are guaranteed to be first-class. Prices to suit the times. J. H. PARKER Proprietor.

The Photograph Gallery of Wm. Shew has been removed from 115 to 523 Kearny St., San Francisco.

HALL'S PULMONARY BALSAM
PRICE 50 CTS

An Immediate and Permanent Cure for Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, Influenza, Catarrh, Loss of Voice, Incipient Consumption, and all Diseases of the Throat and Lungs. Ask for the California Pulmonary Balsam, and Take no other. Sold by all Druggists.

J. W. TUCKER & CO.
JEWELERS AND SILVERSMITHS, 131 Kearny St., San Francisco. Agents for all American, Chronograph, Swiss and English watches.

PICKLES AND FRUIT.

The purest home-made Pickles and Preserves of all kinds, put up in the good old Southern style. A liberal discount to the trade. Address, Mrs. Abbey Fisher and Husband, 569 Howard St., San Francisco.

CURE FOR CANCER.

Red Clover cures Cancer, Salt Rheum, and all other blood diseases. For references and full particulars address W. C. Needham, sole agent for Pacific Coast, P. O. box 422, San Jose, Cal.

TO FARMERS AND GRASS GROWERS.

The Green Valley Grass will yield from 10 to 12 tons of hay to the acre, and from 3,000 to 4,000 bushels of roots, good feed for all stock. For circulars and price list address **ARTHUR TAYLOR**, Watson, Aitchison Co., Missouri.

MAGIC LANTERNS AND STEREOICONS
PUBLIC SUNDAY-SCHOOL-HOME EXHIBITIONS
125-127 MARKET ST. FREE
C. T. MILLIGAN
ALL SUBJECTS FREE ONCE A WEEK

AMERICAN MACHINE AND MODEL WORKS.
Fine Special Machinery, Planing, Gear Cutting, Models of Inventions Perfected. Band Instrument, Friction Press, Sewing Machine and General Machine Repairing, etc. I. A. HEALD, 514 Commercial St., San Francisco.

Mrs. M. P. Sawtelle, M. D., GYNECOLOGIST.
Office—Thurlock Block, corner of Sutter and Kearney Sts., San Francisco. Office hours, from 11 till 3, when she will dispense and treat diseases of women. Editor and publisher of *Medical-Literary Journal*, a monthly devoted to the diffusion of medical knowledge among women. Terms, three dollars a year in advance.

CHAMPION SAFE OF THE WORLD.

Manufactured by Detroit Safe Company. A sure protection from Fire and Burglars. Sargent, Greenleaf and Yale Time Locks. Hart's Patent Emery Wheel, Benoit's Buck Skin Gloves, &c. SAM'L B. FAIG & CO., Agents, 25 New Montgomery Street, Palace Hotel, San Francisco.

Crosby

The Photographer.
914 Market St., near the Baldwin, San Fran. Send stamp for sample. Cabinet Photograph free.

In making any purchase or in writing in response to any advertisement in this paper, you will please mention the name of the paper.

WANTED, SOLICITORS,
Male and female, to take subscriptions for **The California Independent.**

Liberal commissions will be given. It is the only independent and conservative journal published on the Pacific Coast. Every family wants it. Address:

THE CALIFORNIA INDEPENDENT,
526 Montgomery St.,
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

GARDEN CITY COLLEGE
H. B. WORCESTER PRINCIPAL

San Jose, Cal. Box 490.
First-Class. Centrally located. Well equipped. Full corps of Teachers. All branches belonging to modern Business College. Send for circular.

N. CURRY & BRO
113 Sansome Street, San Francisco

SOLE AGENTS

FOR THE
Sharps Rifle Co., of Bridgeport, Conn.
FOR CALIFORNIA, OREGON, ARIZONA, NEVADA WASHINGTON TERRITORY AND IDAHO

Also, Agents for W. W. GREENER'S Celebrated Wedgwood, Chokebore, Breech-loading DOUBLE GUNS; and all kinds of GUNS, RIFLES and PISTOLS made by the Leading Manufacturers of England and America. AMMUNITION of all kinds, in quantities to suit.

THE PACIFIC,

A weekly religious and family paper. The oldest on the Pacific Coast.

Established 1851.

Subscription \$2.50 a year in Advance.

Remit to **THE PACIFIC,**
P. O. Box 2348, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

If you wish to make your hands soft buy a cake of **PHOSPHATE SOAP**, and when that is gone you will buy a dozen and recommend your friends to do the same.

Dr. Spinney & Co.

11 Kearny St., San Francisco. There are many men from thirty to sixty years of age suffering from general prostration and a weakening of the system which they can not account for. Dr. Spinney will guarantee a perfect cure in all such cases and a complete restoration of the physical and nervous system. Call or address as above. See Dr. Spinney & Co.'s new pamphlet.

CALVERT'S CARBOLIC SHEEP WASH

52 per gallon.

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

KELLY BARB WIRE.

Cheapest and best fence made. Costs only half as much as hard fence. Write for circular giving particulars. Huntington, Hopkins & Co., Agents, San Francisco and Sacramento.

JOB PRINTING OFFICE FOR SALE.

A half interest in the finest book and job printing office in one of the most prosperous and attractive localities in California may be purchased at a decided bargain, if applied for immediately. Has three presses, steam power, and is fully equipped for all classes of work, from a visiting card to a three-sheet poster. Is now paying handsomely, and will bear closest investigation. Owner is compelled to sell on account of sickness. Price of stock \$27,000. Apply to or address CARLOS WHITE, 133 Sansome St., San Francisco.

The San Francisco PUNCH

Is the most lively and the most funny illustrated paper ever published on the Pacific Coast. It has three times the circulation of any other paper published on this side of the Rocky Mountains. Subscription, one month payable in postal stamps, in advance. Sent post-paid to any part of the world. Address **W. H. HINGSTON & Co., 835 Market Street, San Francisco.**

Boots and Shoes

JOHN SULLIVAN, N. E. cor. Battery and Jackson Sts., San Francisco, offers to make to order the best French Cal Leather BOOTS, at from \$8 to \$9; California Leather Boots, \$6; Gaiters and Alexis Boots, \$5 to \$6; French Cal Oxford Ties, \$4; California \$3.50; Boys' and Children's Boots and Shoes made to order. Persons in the country ordering Boots and Shoes to the amount of Twelve Dollars or more will be allowed a reduction of four per cent, so as to make the express charges light. I sell Boots and Shoes of MY OWN MANUFACTURE ONLY. Boots and Shoes sent C. O. D. positively one price.

THE DAILY EXAMINER

Of San Francisco will be sent to subscribers, postage or express charges prepaid, at

\$7.50 per Year.

THE EXAMINER, Established in 1853, is the leading Democratic organ of the Pacific Coast, and is the City and County official Organ.

THE WEEKLY EXAMINER.

A quarto of 56 pages of reading matter, will be sent per mail or express at

\$3 per Year.

The Market Reports of the EXAMINER are of the most reliable character and persons engaged in business should give it a trial.

Both papers are conducted so as to make them welcome visitors to the home circle. All advertisements of a certain character are rigidly excluded from their columns.

Families will find under it a weekly column devoted to matters affecting

THE HOUSE AND FARM

The most valuable information. THE DAILY receives the latest

Telegraphic Dispatches,

And the WEEKLY contains the latest received and going to press.

A great struggle is before the Democracy and it behooves the Democrats of the Pacific States to make a gallant fight in the next "re-identical contest. Subscribe for the DAILY or WEEKLY EXAMINER.

W. F. MOSS, { Wm. S. MOSS & Co.,
PHILIP A. ROACH, { 523 and 535,
Geo. F. W. JOHNSON, { Washington St.

ST. GEORGE HOTEL,

Just Opened. On the European Plan. 812 Kearny Street, S. F.

(Near Old City Hall.) Meals served in first-class hotel style, of great variety and good quality, at all hours of the day, for twenty-five cents. Coffee and cake, fifteen cents; coffee and cakes ten cents. Rooms from 25 cts. to \$1.00 per night, as per size and location. Board per week, \$1.00 and Board, \$5.50 to \$7.00. TIMOTHY SARGENT, Manager

CONCORD CARRIAGES.

REMOVAL.
The Concord Carriage Repository (has removed to No. 45 New Montgomery street, next to Palace Hotel, San Francisco, where a full stock of "Concord" Buggies and Wagons, the genuine "Concord Harness" and E. M. Miller & Co.'s "Quincy, Ill." Buggies and Carriages will be constantly kept on hand. T. S. EASTMAN, Agent, 46 New Montgomery St., S. F.

PHOSPHATE SOAP costs no more than other good toilet soaps, while its medicinal qualities make it worth ten times its price to every man, woman and child.

JOHN ROGERS & SONS,

GENERAL STOCK AND SALE YARDS,

Cor. Market and Ninth sts., San Francisco.

DEALERS IN HAY AND GRAIN

AT LOWEST MARKET RATES.

John Rogers has been well known in S. F. for the last twenty-six years.

Puget Sound Dispatch.

BERIAH BROWN EDITOR.

MONDAY.....DEC. 1, 1879.

A Republican Philosopher.

Frank Pixley, of the *Argonaut*, has had large experience in mobs and lawless violence on account of political differences, and hence is prepared to take a philosophical view of such little popular eccentricities when he hears of them in other sections of our Republican heritage. Pixley belongs to the Pioneers and was in San Francisco when the first Vigilantes, a self-organized body of citizens, usurped the functions of the legal authorities, and took upon themselves the responsibility of hanging men of bad repute without the interposition of the regularly constituted officers. He was there in 1856, when the Vigilantes took forcible possession of the city, removed the regularly elected officials, assumed all the functions of local government, including the issues of life and death, tried suspected parties *ex parte* in secret council and hanged them publicly, drove from the city many reputable citizens who refused to acquiesce in their government, defied the authorities, both State and Federal, seized, imprisoned and condemned to death the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the State, and only released him to Capt. Farragut, of the Navy, when his ship was drawn up and his guns shotted, in easy range of their council room and prison. Mr. Pixley was an Abolitionist and persisted in publicly discussing the slavery question when such discussion was attended with imminent peril to life and limb in every portion of California—albeit many who assailed him then with foul missiles and fouler vituperation, subsequently took precedence of him in the leadership of the anti-slavery party, and as lawlessly assailed the freedom of discussion of their former political associates as they had previously done to the abolitionists. Mr. Pixley was a candidate for Attorney General on the first Republican State ticket which succeeded in California, in 1860, and during his term of office and before and since he championed free speech and was bitterly hostile to lawless power. He is now, as he ever has been, an ardent party Republican, but now, as heretofore, a lover of fair play. With such views and antecedents, the following reflections, which we copy from an editorial in the *Argonaut*, are but natural:

“One by one the bloody spots on the Southern shirt fade out upon explanation. They are not fast colors and will not wash. It appears that Dixon, who was born in Virginia in 1844, and who ran away to join the Confederate army, arrived in Yazoo in 1866 as a professional gambler, and presently opened a gambling house, which he gave up only a short time before he ran as an independent candidate for Sheriff, and on the stairs of which he was lately assassinated. In 1872, or 1873, he openly shot down a negro to whom he owed money. In the political campaign of 1875 he became the head of the body of regulators called ‘Dixon’s Scouts.’ From the body of one murdered victim he stole \$1,600. In January, 1876, the County Treasurer’s safe was robbed of \$50,000. The act was fastened upon Dixon by a fellow-gambler named Harrison. Dixon then killed his accuser, was tried, acquitted. Barksdale at this time was Deputy Sheriff, and during the imprisonment an enmity rose between them which culminated in Dixon’s death. It appears, however, that Dixon was getting to be regarded as too dangerous a man to be tolerated any longer, and that there was almost universal concert in his taking off.

Every intelligent man in California knows, and every candid man will publicly admit, that California can duplicate all of the worst cases of lawless violence which have been published in partisan newspapers under the head: ‘Southern Outrages,’ and ascribed to political proscription. To say nothing of the mob violence which prevailed during the war, under which the party in opposition to the civil policy of the Administration were not permitted, for the space of three years, to hold a public meeting for the discussion of public measures, events since the close of the war are abundant to make a close correspondence with the events in the South which are claimed to have largely influenced the late State elections in the North, and which were certainly used by politicians to that end, for the purpose of arraying one section of our common country against another

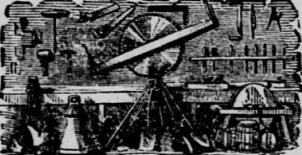
through hostile political parties. What possible political significance, as bearing upon national politics, did the killing of Dixon have which did not pertain in an equal degree to the attempted assassination of Killoch? Both grew out of matters purely local and personal. In both instances the parties in conflict had belonged to the same political party organizations at immediately preceding elections. De Young objected to Killoch running for Mayor as the candidate of a wing of the party to which they had both previously belonged, and failing to propitiate sought to intimidate him; this led to a personal quarrel which resulted in the attempted assassination which barely failed of accomplishment. The affair between Barksdale and Dixon was almost identical in all its details; and had the San Francisco affair occurred in Mississippi, it would have afforded quite as good material as the other out of which to make political capital. The case of the murder of the Yokum brothers in prison, accompanied by the most savage atrocities, in the south-eastern portion of California, a year or two ago. The two Yokums were men of property, standing and general good reputation.—They had a pending difficulty with some of their neighbors about a disputed land claim, and were also obnoxious to some on account of their avowed Southern sympathies. One of their known enemies was found dead upon the highway, shot from his horse, in the neighborhood of their ranch. The Yokums were arrested on suspicion and held in prison to answer for the murder. Pending the trial, the friends of the murdered man broke into their prison and murdered both brothers in a most barbarous and cruel manner. This duplicates the Chisholm case in all essential particulars, save that the former victims were Southern sympathers in a Northern State, and the latter a Northern sympathiser in a Southern State; and that the murderers in the former case, though well known in the community where the crime was committed, have never been arraigned and tried for the murder; while in the latter case, the supposed murderer was regularly indicted by a grand jury of the vicinage, zealously prosecuted by the Attorney for the State, fairly tried by Court, and acquitted by a jury composed of men of both political parties, including several colored citizens. All this is testified to by Colonel Woodford, sent from New York to prosecute the case.—The sole ground for complaint is the verdict of the jury, which the local authorities had no power to dictate. The Chisholm murder was the result of a standing feud. One of his well-known enemies was found murdered near Chisholm’s residence; Chisholm was arrested on suspicion, and while in prison the kinsmen of the murdered man forced the jail and killed him, a young daughter, who was with him at the time, throwing herself between her father and his assailants, received a fatal shot from which she died soon after. This is a literal statement of the facts in the case. Can any candid man explain to us the political significance of this act differing from the Yokum murder; or why the people of the South should be held more blameable for this and the killing of Dixon, than the people of California for the murder of the Yokums and the attempted assassination of a candidate for Mayor of San Francisco?

The writer of this has no party ends to serve; for nearly ten years he has taken no part in a party caucus or convention, and has been governed in his political action solely by the pledges of both political parties to civil service reform, supporting and voting for those candidates whom he believed would best serve the public interests, regardless of party. He never believed in secession as a reserved right of the States, nor justified the war declared against the General Government to that end; but he does believe that a government based upon the consent of the governed cannot, and ought not, to be maintained by force; and that municipal independence is essential to personal liberty, and therefore, as a logical corollary, he who encourages sectional strife by stirring up prejudices between the States, that the stronger may dominate the weaker, is the worst possible enemy to the Union and to our present system of popular free government, under which all powers essential to the liberties of the citizen are specifically reserved to the States.

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.

L. S. McGLURE,
SUCCESSOR TO
H. W. Rowland.
General Insurance Agent,
FIRE, MARINE, LIFE AND ACCIDENT.
Dealer in
COUNTY, CITY AND TERRITORIAL
SCRIP.
Occidental Square, Seattle, Wash. Terr’y.

F. W. WALD,
GENERAL
Hardware Headquarters.

Pocket and Table Cutlery, Razors, Etc.,
BUILDERS’ HARDWARE,
SHIP-CHANDLERY,
MECHANICS’ TOOLS,
GOLD MINERS’ OUTFITS.
F. W. WALD, Front St.

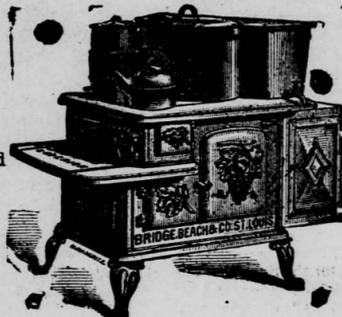
R. T. FLYNN. J. S. ANDERSON.
Flynn & Anderson.
ADELPHI SALOON.
Opposite Yesler’s Hall, Seattle

DRINK HOME BEERS
AND
Keep Money in the Country.
—AT THE—
TIVOLI BEER HALL.
ALL THE PUGET SOUND MADE BEERS KEPT CONSTANTLY ON TAP; AND NONE FROM CALIFORNIA.
The genuine Budweiser and Unheiser’s first premium St. Louis Beer always on hand.
Limberger, Swiss and other cheese constantly on hand.
A brand new pigeon-hole table has just been set up. Mill Street, Seattle, W. T.
A. HESS.

BOSS BEER
—AT THE—
BAVARIA BEER HALL
AND
Reading Room.

ALSO
Chicago Beer on tap
LUNCHES TO ORDER.
PIGEON HOLE TABLE.
Corner First and Mill Streets, Seattle.
Bow down your head, ye haughty clam,
And oysters, say your prayer,
The mouth has come the ‘R’ is in,
You’re on the bill of fare—
IN EVERY STYLE AT THE
SADDLE ROCK RESTAURANT.
COMMERCIAL STREET,
—AT—
25 Cents Per Plate.
CHAS. KIEL, Proprietor.

Waddell & Miles,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
Ranges, Cook, Parlor and Box
STOVES.



Brass Goods,
Pumps,
Copper,
Lead and
Iron Pipe,
Pipe
Fittings.

Tinware,
Japanned
and
Marbelized
Iron-ware,
K’ichen
Utensils
of all
Description.

STEAM WHISTLES, GONGS, STEAM AND WATER GAUGES, GLOBES,
**Maleable Iron Fittings, Copper smelting
Plumbing,
STEAM AND GAS FITTING.**

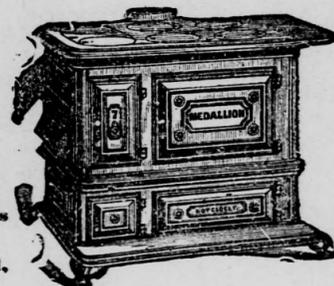
Call and examine the **FRANCONIA RANGE**; Single and Double Oven; an improvement over all others.
Agents for the celebrated **Superior Stoves**, the best sold on the Pacific Coast. All plates warranted not to crack by fire. Fire backs warranted to last five years.

ALL JOB WORK NEATLY EXECUTED, AND ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED.
MILL STREET, SEATTLE, W. T.

Hugh Mc Aleer & Co.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

STOVES, RANGES, TINWARE,



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

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

MEDALION RANGE

—AND—

BUCK STOVE.

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

H. McALEER & Co.,
Commercial Street, Seattle, W. T.

F. W. Wusthoff,

DEALER IN

GENERAL HARDWARE,



THE BEST OF
AGRICULTURAL
implements

MECHANIC’S
TOOLS.

BUILDERS HARDWARE, SHIP CHANDLERY, SHOEFINDINGS,
GUNS, RIFLES, AMMUNITION, REVOLVERS,
AND FISHING TACKLE.

Front Street, Seattle, W. T. P. O. Box 239.

Local News.

SKAGIT GOLD MINES.—These newly discovered mines, which are close upon the borders of British Columbia, are creating quite a sensation in Victoria and attracting many miners from that section.

Although the portion of the Skagit river on which the diggings now being worked are situated lies to the south of the boundary line and therefore in Washington Territory, the easiest and safest way of getting to the locality is by way of Fort Hope.

COL. W. C. SQUIRES, of Remington, Osgood & Co., of Illion, N. Y., is expected to return here within the next two weeks, with the intention of making this his permanent home.

MIDDLE IN MAINE.—We should judge from the reports we see in partisan papers, that there must be something wrong about the recent State election in Maine.

ENTERTAINMENT.—The entertainment at Squire's Opera House, on Monday evening last, given by the ladies of the Congregational Church, was a decided success.

DISTRICT COURT AT STEILACOOM.—The District Court will commence a term at Steilacoom to-day, with about thirty cases on the docket, all of which can be disposed of within the week.

OFFICIOUS STUPIDITY.—Mary Tucker, the mother of the child lately found in a vault in this city and almost miraculously restored, escaped from Providence Hospital with her child on Thursday night and took passage on the steamer for Victoria.

SISTERS' FAIR.—The Fair for the benefit of Providence Hospital, at Yealer's Hall, closed on Friday evening, with satisfactory results. The amount realized has not yet been stated, but is estimated at \$1,000, or more.

"Read our editorials." is a special notice in a cotemporary. This is presuming very largely upon the ignorance of its readers. All the editorials worth reading in that paper have been read before by thousands in the papers in which they originally appeared, and to ask anybody to read the others is only "adding insult to injury."

A MISTAKE.—Our amiable young friend of the Port Townsend Argus, in speaking of our paper in connection with "patent insider," says it is "a bases of publication which its publisher ridicules most unrelentingly when referring to others."

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

SUMMONS. In the District Court for the Third Judicial District of Washington Territory, holding terms at Seattle, for the Counties of King and Kitsap. Complaint filed in the County of King, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

North Pacific BREWERY. AUGUST NEHLICRN, PROPRIETOR. [SUCCESSOR TO M. SCHMIEG.] The Best Beer always on Hand. ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED.

Albert M. Snyder ATTORNEY FOR U. S. CLAIMANTS, COMMISSIONER OF DEADS FOR OREGON AND CALIFORNIA. NOTARY PUBLIC, COPYIST, Collector, Etc.

THREE MONTHS PAY. Officers, Soldiers and Seamen of the Mexican War have been granted three months' extra pay by Congress.

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.

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.

NEW ENGLAND HOTEL. Corner 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.

Notice to Creditors.

In the District Court of Snohomish County, Washington Territory. James P. Austin vs. His Creditors. To Renton, Smith & Co., E. Martin & Co., D. A. Jennings, et al., D. B. Jackson & Son, David Williams, Andrew Johnson, Patterson, William Whitfield, Benjamin Stretch, Elisha Cleveland, Thomas Knoph, Nelson Mitchell, J. W. Swett, Isaac Cathcart, E. C. Ferguson, W. H. Ward, Umer Stinson, H. J. Fields, J. S. Hill, William Miller, Robert Hughes, Harry Mills, Eldridge Morse, D. T. Wheeler, Joseph McLeod, Thomas Bordeaux, G. W. Austin, Joseph Johnson, The United States Government, County Treasurer of Snohomish County, and all creditors of the said James P. Austin.

S. BAXTER & CO.'S COLUMN.

S. Baxter & Co., IMPORTERS OF FOREIGN WINES AND LIQUORS.

Domestic Wines, Liquors, Cigars, And Tobacco. EXPORTERS OF Wool, Hides, Furs, Grain. Potatoes, Hops, Etc.

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

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

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

PATRONIZE DIRECT IMPORTATION —BY— HOME HOUSES. Celebrated Fair Oaks Bourbon Whiskies. UN-MEDICATED. Imported by them direct from Eastern Distilleries, thus avoiding the doctoring process of San Francisco cellars; are guaranteed pure, and offered to the trade in lots to suit, at lower prices than goods of a similar quality can be bought for elsewhere. For further particulars apply to S. BAXTER & CO., Seattle, W. T.

Fountain Beer Hall. FRONT STREET, OPPOSITE SULLIVAN'S BLOCK. FRED. GASCH . . . Proprietor. MEHLHORN'S CELEBRATED LAGER BEER On Tap. —ALSO— WEINER, BUDWEYSER, MILWAUKEE AND ST. LOUIS BEER, IN QUARTS & PINTS Always on Hand. SWISS CHEESE, SARDINES IN OIL, SARDINES IN MUSTARD, ETC. And the Finest Cigars from 5 to 12 1/2 cts

S. & W. W. R. R. SEATTLE TO RENTON —AND— NEW CASTLE.

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.

JACK LEVY. DEALER IN Meerschaum Goods Cigars, Tobacco, Etc. THEATRICAL AGENT. Grotto Cigar Stand, Occidental Square Seattle, W. T. Information given of the arrival and departure of Steamers.

SLORAH & CO.'S "BOSS" BEER!

STILL TAKES THE LEAD! 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. 1149tf

Musical Notes.

Why is it that so many of our young people who study music fail to make good musicians? I think the fault lies about equally with parents, teachers and scholars. How many teachers do we all know who, if asked to play in company, are compelled to de-line for the simple reason that they cannot play? Now it is utterly impossible for a person to teach music unless they can exemplify their teachings. I have heard people make the assertion that a person, although no player, might be a competent teacher; but it is folly to claim that the technical part of piano playing can be successfully taught by a person who knows nothing about it. A teacher who understands music can, by striking a chord, show a pupil how that chord should be struck, and do it in a minute; while a great deal of time may be used up explaining it orally and very little information be imparted. Such a teacher, we will say, takes a young girl as a pupil and starts her on an exercise to develop the fingers. The exercise is practiced one or two hours a day for perhaps three days and then dropped for a new one. The pupil is under the impression that as soon as she can strike the correct notes with sufficient rapidity the exercise is of no further use. After a few weeks of this kind of practice a "piece" must come, which to meet the ability of the pupil must be of the simplest character. This piece is learned and admired by papa and mamma; consequently others must be learned, to the neglect of exercises. The teacher furnishes the music to the pupil at a profit and does not care how many pieces are taken, and thus, through the shortsightedness of parents and teachers, the pupil is entirely ruined as a musician; for these same little pieces tend to pervert the taste for good music. The teacher is blamable for giving the "piece," the pupil for wanting it and the parents for encouraging their use.

My theory is this: Take a pupil in whom there is talent, and put him from the first under a competent and conscientious teacher. Such a teacher will keep the pupil on exercises alone until the technique is formed. It will take a good while and will be dry work, but months and even years can be profitably employed on exercises alone. When the technique is formed the pupil will be sufficiently advanced to commence the study and practice of first-class music. The best composers have written music for the use of amateurs. Beethoven's "easy sonatas," Dusseks' "sonatas," etc., are excellent music and quite easy. In learning a new piece I find it best to take it away from an instrument and study it thoroughly, noting every little expression mark and every peculiarity of the piece. Then take it to the instrument and read it over exactly as it is written, paying the very closest attention to all marks, every one of which has its use. A very common error with musicians is the habit of playing everything not marked staccato as though it was slurred. This is very wrong and very bad. When it is neither slurred or marked staccato, every note should be cut off promptly before the next one is reached, otherwise they will run in together and give the passage a careless, slouchy, slipshod sound. There are many musical terms that are synonymous if you take the dictionary for it, while there is really a considerable difference in their meaning. Thus "Una Corda" and "P" both mean softly, but the first means that the soft pedal must be employed while the latter does not. Another great defect in playing is in the way explosive chords are often played. Light octave or chord passages should be played from the wrist, the fingers striking the keys lightly and the hand bounding up perpendicularly like a rubber ball, the arm remaining perfectly still; but an explosive chord marked *ff*, with a small triangular sign over it, should be taken with the arm; strike hard with the loud pedal on; the stroke must be made as short as possible and the hands and the loud pedal instantly and simultaneously removed. The hands in leaving the keys should rise perpendicularly and with a spring. If either the hands or pedal are not removed in time it leaves the chord with a drag to it which ruins the effect. To conclude: What is necessary after talent to make a successful performer is a thorough and continual practice of such exercises as those of Czerny, Plaisly, Moscheles and Heller, which will train the fingers and form the technique; afterwards the careful study of the works of such composers as Beethoven, Chopin, Henselt and others, and the entire exclusion of trashy music. If a piece is written allegro, do not play it *mod-rato*. Study each movement and give it its proper time. When a performer has learned to master Beethoven's op. 7, Chopin's op. 40, and such music, there is a world of pleasure and enjoyment opened up. Let me recommend one brilliant and pleasing piano duet and then stop—"Radiceuse"—by Gottschalk.—*Household.*

In Rome was recently ordained a colored priest who was formerly a slave. He had suffered many indignities, and an Italian lady learning his condition and character, purchased him and gave him his freedom. He was then sent to the propaganda and his ordination is the result. His field of work is Abyssinia, where he has been sent to labor among his own people.

Even the Christian virtues do not weigh in all scales alike.

Pennsylvania Coal Fields.

The fearful loss of good material involved in mining and preparing anthracite, though greatly to be deplored, seems to be almost inevitable. The disposition of the coal in large, solid beds and highly inclined positions involves strong supports to keep the superincumbent mass from crushing and closing the avenues of the mine, and these supports must consist of heavy pillars wrought out in the solid coal itself. Some of this pillar coal is ultimately removed, but much of it is inevitably lost, especially in the larger beds, which are frequently found from twenty to sixty feet in thickness and often inclined at an angle of from forty to seventy degrees. It is estimated that not more than sixty per cent of the coal is ever taken out of the mines. That which is brought to the surface is run through a structure very properly called a "breaker," ingeniously devised for the destruction of coal. This process involves a loss of good coal equal to twenty or twenty-five per cent of the quantity mined. For the amount of coal wasted in mining (say forty per cent) and preparing (say twenty-five per cent) no one is paid; it is a dead loss to the landowner, miner and shipper. Plans for utilizing the waste coal dust or culm of anthracite collieries have been frequently suggested, but none have come into general use. The Anthracite Fuel Company at Port Ewen, on the Hudson, in 1877, used ninety per cent of coal dust and ten per cent of pitch, and made 300 tons of fuel per day, consuming 50,000 tons of culm annually. The Delaware and Hudson Company also use, at their mines, 60,000 tons per annum. They now ship all their coal down to pea sizes, and consume the culm for generating steam. If all our companies would follow this excellent example it would enable them to sell over half a million tons more coal and burn the same amount of refuse, thus earning or saving one half million dollars per annum. The Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company has recently introduced a method of burning coal dust in the furnaces of its engines, and the plan appears to meet with entire success.—*Professor Shafer.*

The Good Old Deacon.

The squibs uttered against New England deacons have little or no justification. If a tub of butter or a barrel of apples is made up of alternate layers of good and bad, it is said to be "deaconed." The epithet does not refer to the character of deacons, but an old practice of "deaconing" a hymn. Fifty or sixty years ago hymn-books were not so common as they now are. Some churches owned only two books. It was then the custom for one of the deacons to read two lines of a hymn, which the congregation sang. Other lines were read and sung in the same way, until the hymn was sung through. As a class, deacons have been the most trusted and influential men of New England villages. If a man died leaving property and a family, the deacon was made one of the executors, and the guardian of the widow and the fatherless. If the neighbors had a dispute about property, they "left it out" to the deacon. Was a son wayward, the good deacon was as frequently as the good pastor asked to "talk" with him. In the "Recollections" of an old gentleman, an anecdote is told which illustrates the character of at least one of the New England deacons of the olden time. Elisha Hawley, of Ridgefield, Conn., was a soldier of the Revolution and a deacon. He was a good man of business, but he never charged a purchase one cent more than the article was worth. The Golden Rule was his rule of life.

One day he learned that a widow had been reduced from a competency to poverty. He visited her. Fearing lest he might wound her feelings if he should offer money or charity, he said:

"Madam, I think I owed your late husband fifty dollars, and I've come to pay it to you as his legal representative."

"How was that?" asked the lady, somewhat startled.

"I will tell you. About twenty-five years ago, soon after you were married, I made furniture for your husband to the amount of two hundred dollars. I have been looking over the account, and find that I rather overcharged him in the price of some chairs,—that is, I could have afforded them at somewhat less. I have added up the interest, and here, madam, is the money."

The tears came in the widow's eyes; she half suspected the deacon had constructed the debt by willing that he had made an overcharge. What was she to do?—the money was on the table, and the deacon had left the house.

Protestantism seems to be making substantial progress in Italy. The newest indication of it is a report that a number of Catholic churches are being converted into places of evangelical worship. The Free church has, it is said, transformed into chapels the oratory of the convent of San Jacobe at Florence, and that of San Simone at Milan. The Waldensians will change in the same manner, three Catholic churches at Naples, Verona, Milan. The town council at Milan has resolved to cede to the Waldensian church the church of San Giovanni Conca, while at Rome the Waldensians are building a new chapel in the center of the city.

When is a wave like an army doctor?—When it's a sargin'.

The Hat.

In England, and particularly in London, the hat is considered a much more important part of a gentleman's attire than it is in any other portion of the world—certainly more important than here in America, where a gentleman may wear any style of hat that is not positively shabby. A silk hat is the only dress article of head-wear allowed in London, at least so far as an Englishman is concerned; for the increase of cosmopolitan feeling in London permits strangers and foreigners to enjoy a considerable degree of latitude without unpleasant comment, which would not be tolerated among Londoners. During a half-hour's stroll up and down Regent street you will notice nearly a dozen varieties of hats, manufactured in as many countries, and all of them distinctively characteristic of the various nationalities; but you will not see a representative English gentleman, who pays any attention to propriety in dress, wearing any other than the regulation silk hat of the proper height, shape and curl; though fifty years ago he could not have worn a silk hat without being considered vulgar, the beaver hat being the only one favored or allowed in fashionable circles. The slouch hat, so much admired by artists and men whose hair is allowed to grow to an uncommon length, the Derby, with either round or square crown, and any of the numerous shapes which for years past have been popular in America, are all known by the name "billy-cock," and the wearers of these styles of hats are all supposed to be Americans. In a letter written some time ago a friend stated:

"As I was coming out of the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square the other day I met a party of three gentlemen, whom I should not have hesitated to hazard something were Americans. They were very nice looking, especially the youngest—one of those handsome New York 'boys' of ours—neat as a pin, his immaculate clothing fitting him as if he had been molded in it, his shapely hands freshly gloved and carrying a handsome light walking stick. But, alas for the etiquette of London streets and clubs! he wore a slouch hat—one of those brigadier-general affairs which equals the brigadier-generals themselves in number in war times, and have never entirely lost their popularity since. Our gentlemen like them because they are convenient to wear, soft to the head, are generally becoming, and are not so quickly spoiled as the silk hat. But here they are positively not the C. T. (correct thing). It is rather curious that Americans dislike the high hat so much. I know a New York gentleman who buys a silk hat every year—to make his New Year's calls in—and never wears it again. When the next year comes around he buys another and repeats the experience. Yet when I conjure his image in my mind's eye (on every day but New Year's) I must confess I summon the vision of a rowdy in a 'billy-cock' hat. This may be due to the influence which surrounds me just now. No doubt if I were in New York again I should be shocked at the idea of connecting the word 'rowdy' with the gentleman in question, and I dare say his 'billy-cock' hat would seem all right. But I know if I were a man and came to London from New York, my first purchase would be a high silk hat. An essential canon of good breeding is to efface (outwardly, at least) a too prominent provincialism, localism, nationalism or personalism of any sort. In walking the streets, or in a drawing-room, one should not be too manifestly an American, a Frenchman, a Russian or an Englishman; one is a gentleman—that is enough."

Hats are alluded to by the earliest English authors of whom we have any knowledge, and hats, by whatever name they may have been called, have been in use from the remotest periods of human existence. When the Romans gave freedom to their slaves they bestowed upon them a hat, in token of their enfranchisement, and the hat has been ever since a symbol of freedom, except where the dictates of fashion have to be obeyed.

THE BOYS OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.—The young Princes of Wales, on board the *Bacchante*, will be treated like other officers of their ages and standing, except that they will have a private cabin under the poop. They will join the gun-room mess, the members of which will be granted a special allowance, as was the case when the Duke of Edinburgh commenced his naval career. When the *Britannia* school broke up for the holidays there were 176 cadets on board. Both Princes obtained a first-class in the examination in seamanship, which entitles them to three months sea-time, and for general good conduct obtained another three months. Several of the officers and instructors received handsome presents from the Princes as souvenirs. The young Princes will be accompanied by the naval instructor, the Rev. Mr. Dalton.

BUTTERMILK PUDDING.—Two eggs, two cups of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one teaspoonful of soda, three cups of buttermilk; stir the flour in lightly, and pour into a greased tin. Bake one hour.

CORNSTARCH CAKE.—One cup of sugar, the whites of three eggs, one-half cup of sweet milk, one-half cup of cornstarch, one cup of flour, one-half cup of butter, one half teaspoonful of soda, two-thirds teaspoonful of cream of tartar.

Intelligence Items.

Silk factories in Italy employ 120,428 women.

They are about to erect in Edinburgh a magnificent statue of John Knox.

Singing at a colored camp-meeting in Abbeville, S. C., was heard five miles.

Of the 75,668 Free-Will Baptists more than half are in New England States.

A girl has been arraigned in Cleveland, Tenn., for carrying a pistol concealed.

An early and severe winter is threatened in Europe. Hard times and high prices are ahead.

Over \$100,000 worth of slate mantels have been ordered by a London, Eng., house from a Newburg, N. Y., firm.

A memorial chapel to the Prince Imperial is to be built in Paris, about \$12,000 having been subscribed for the purpose.

For eight years the large rolling mill at Spuyten Duyvil has been closed. It now has an order for \$400,000 worth of steel rails, and work will be resumed at once.

While the late Dr. Joseph P. Thompson was pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle, that church contributed \$30,000 in a single day to equip a regiment for the war.

The British army contains 62,800 members of the Church of England, 20,872 Roman Catholics, 7,125 Presbyterians, and 3,985 Protestants of unclassified denominations.

The original order of Gen. Robert E. Lee, announcing the death of Stonewall Jackson, has been purchased by a resident of Richmond as a present for a friend in Europe. An attempt will be made to secure it for the State of Virginia.

The orators will have to drop "a nation of forty millions of inhabitants" for a new phrase. The best estimates of the census to be taken next June now are that the returns will show a population for all the States and Territories of 48,500,000.

Before leaving Japan, Gen. Grant and Mrs. Grant each planted a tree near the Toshgu Temple, in Tokio. The Japs have placed monumental stones by the side of the trees, respectively inscribed: "Grant's Hinoki" and "Mrs. Grant's Giyokuran."

There are coal mines in Germany in which the phenomenon of subterranean waters having a regular ebb and flow has been observed. The scientific academies of Vienna and Berlin are studying it, and look for valuable additions to our knowledge of the earth's interior.

Furney's Progress says there are women who make a business of going from watering-place to watering-place, at the close of the season, and buying at less than half cost the cast-off clothing of the belles of society. This they take to the great cities and easily sell at a good profit.

A German medical writer, in a work published in 1877, says that there are but two authentic cases known of five children being born at one birth. A third case is now reported from Kettwig on the Rhine. The children were well formed, though very small; but they lived only one hour.

In the course of a few years the old expression "not worth a red cent" will have lost its force, for a specimen of the antique copper coin alluded to will be likely to be valued at a good many dollars. It was a very common piece of money for upwards of sixty years, having made its first appearance from the mint in 1792, but it is now fast disappearing from circulation.

Driving a Bargain.

Here is a story constructed on the same principle as the one that told of how a man got the three youngest turkeys in a group of six by telling the market man he was a b-b-boarding house k-keeper and wanted three of his t-t-toughest turkeys, and when they were selected the stutterm walked off with the other three. The following yarn is from a French paper:

M. C., having broken an indispensable article of porcelain, goes to the dealer from whom he had purchased the set to endeavor to replace it.

"Have you any objections to breaking up a set?" he says. "I bought one from you last week, and one piece is smashed. It was like this. How much'll you take for that sugar-bowl there, without the cover?"

"Well, the price is fifteen francs with the cover, but I'll let you have the bowl by itself for fourteen. You see, the cover doesn't amount to much—in point of fact I may say it is worthless—but it would look absurd not to make some deduction, so I'll knock off one franc for the cover."

"What—one franc only? Surely the cover must be worth more than one franc."

"No, sir; in reality it isn't worth more than half a franc, but seeing it's yours I'll call it a franc and let you have the bowl for fourteen."

"Why, by Jove, what an ass I've been! It wasn't the bowl that my wife told me was broken—it was the cover. How funny of me—how stupid! It isn't the bowl I want—it's the cover. Here is your one franc—don't mind wrapping it up."

(Vanishes into the infinite azure of the street.)

Wood, of the New York *Sun*, got the title of the "Great American Condenser" by knocking one of the ps out of pepper. No newspaper man will ever knock 'em out of coffee.

Detroit Currency.

John Smith can go to Scotland from England for \$10. It costs Queen Victoria \$10,000.

Paul Boyton is getting on swimmingly on his new book of travels—of swims, rather.

If you want to go in first-class society in Cincinnati, you mustn't call it tuberose, but "tu-ba-ro-se."

It is the easiest thing in the world to nail a political lie. All you've got to do is to tell a bigger one.

"And so do the spiders and the flies and the ants," is the newest way of saying something awful funny.

Spotted Tail, the Indian chief, figures that white man's whisky has killed more Indians than white men's bullets.

It is said that Blaine never forgets a face, especially the face of a Democrat who breaks him down in one of his speeches.

English editors meet and jaw and fight and wipe their bloody noses on the nearest picket-fence, the same as Americans.

Fulness of eye sometimes denotes language, and again it denotes that the owner called some one a liar and a horse-thief.

All the newspapers having now published Prof. Wise's obituary, it is time for the old gent to swim ashore or come out of the woods.

A New Jersey paper says that there are lots of slivers on the wrong side of human nature, while the right side is planed down and sand-papered.

It is a current bard who sings, "I sat alone with my conscience." Two to one, says the *Albany Journal*, he never had less fun in all his born days.

Blair Co., Pa., didn't pay for its grave-yard, and the sheriff offers it for sale. Nice chance for a young doctor to get the foundation for a start in life.

The Boston druggist who put up laudanum for tincture of rhubarb was busy telling a friend a funny story, but a verdict for \$5,000 damages sobered him up.

Most young men are not satisfied with chalking their billiard-cues, but when through with the game are anxious to have the saloon-keeper chalk down the indebtedness.

If it takes all the United States to suppress one tribe of Indians, how many United States would it take to break up a country dance after all the fellows begin to feel good?

Another Child Marriage.

Miss Jennie Hartman, of Santa Barbara, aged 12 years, was married last week to William Den, the bride's parents consenting to the union.

The above item was handed us by a friendly M. D., who smiled as he did it, knowing full well that the little *Journal* had a sensitive nerve that would thrill with quick pain at the thought of one so young being so cruelly sacrificed; one who might be so fair, if allowed to grow to womanly grace and perfection, being robbed of all life's loveliness, and that, too, by the consent of her parents. Society sanctions the crime; the law binds the fetters; religion makes no wail, and the medical profession, whose ignorance has beguiled the people into this sin of early marriages of girls, are as silent as the entombed dead. If girls completed their growth a few years sooner than boys, they would every one of them die sooner, and it does not require much scientific quibbling to prove this fact, nor a fathomless depth of wisdom either. Any fool might learn it in an hour, though but ten years old, and had not the misfortune to have been born of a child-mother so that his brain was like soft wax that it could not receive or hold an impression. He would see that the animals about his feet, and the birds above his head, have their allotted time to live, and that there is no sex distinction marking the time of their demise.

Why don't some one of the profession, from out the giddy elevation of high authority, speak in thunder-tones to the women below; their mothers—the mothers of men. Say to them, that it takes as many years to bring your daughters to full-rounded womanhood as it does your sons to perfect physical symmetry and manly strength; and for either to marry before their complete maturity is to ruin themselves and destroy the race. Physicians might do this with perfect assurance that the thunder-tones falling so great a distance upon the tympanum could not possibly cause any disastrous results.—*S. F. Medico-Literary Journal.*

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes protests forcibly against any movement tending to break up the ancient King's Chapel Burying-Ground in Boston. He writes to the special committee of the City Council: "My maternal ancestors of two generations and many of my family connections have rested, hitherto undisturbed, in the tomb marked No. 1 King's Chapel Cemetery. I say my ancestors—I mean their bodies, which is all we can cover with our tombstones. And yet not all; for affection and remembrances universally held sacred follow them to what we fondly suppose is to be their last resting-place, and make its dust holy for those who loved them. These are sentiments, but they are sentiments which the poor savages whom our ancestors displaced, were human enough to cherish. When did a North American Indian ever fail to respect the bones of his ancestors? I ask the same for these of mine, and that no step may be taken which is likely to lead to their ejection."

Wit and Humor.

MaJame Oyster is now having her fall opening.

When a corner loafer dies in Tennessee, the newspaper says—"Another old landmark gone."

A paper advertises for sale a pew which "commands a view of nearly the whole congregation."

A Chicago ladder-maker ran away with another man's wife a few weeks ago. Pass him around.

This was what a dentist, who seized a victim's molar, once said: "Piece-ably if I can, force-ly if I must."

Married ladies will please look up their husbands. Fanny Davenport is coming.—[Buffalo Express.

The shrewd old granger who wants a lot of land broken up now gets up a plowing match for a prize of \$5.

The man who invented the gas meter has achieved the nearest approach to perpetual motion that we will ever see.

Americans are not allowed the privilege of suffrage in the Arctic regions. At least nobody has ever gotten to the poles.

"Doctor, examine my tongue," said a good woman, "and tell me what it needs." "It needs rest," replied the doctor.

"By their fruits shall ye know them" was written long before the small boy carried home apples in the legs of his trousers.—[New York Express.

The report is without foundation that the limberger cheese factories in this country are not making a cent.—[Steuenville Sunday Chronicle.

One reason, says the Detroit Free Press, why children like their mother the best is because she rarely can find the bootjack until after the occasion has passed away.

A lady told her little son, who was teasing for something to eat, to wait until breakfast. With a tear in his eye, he burst out: "I jest honestly sometimes think you're a stepmother!"

A very weak tenor in Dublin singing feebly caused one of the gods to shout to an acquaintance across the gallery, "Corney, what noise is that?" "Bedad," said Corney, "I believe it's the gas whistlin' in the pipe."

EASY ENOUGH.—The Rome Sentinel has an article on "How to Detect Ripe Watermelons." That's easily done, says the Boston Post. You eat the melon, and if it doesn't give you a grip like a Free Mason it is ripe.

In these piping days of peace there is room for only one more pad. The heart, lungs, liver, kidneys and throat having been padded, somebody should bring out the mouth-pad with the motto: "Stick up and shut up."

Bridget (to caller). "Will ye kape still a minnit while I look at ye? No, missis hain't to home. She told me, if a woman come with a wart on the ind av a red nose to say she wusn't at home; an' there's no mistakin' that wart."

"Is this sweet engaged?" asked a young fellow of a young lady in a car. And he said it so handsomely, and with such evident admiration, that she took her bonnet-box off the seat, and let him sit beside her. And—but we anticipate.

"What did you do then?" asked Colonel George, after badgering a witness in the Lowell railroad case, at Salem. "I went to the rescue, like a lawyer—a man's pocket-book," replied the witness, and the retort was enjoyed all around.

A woman who was having her first introduction to the telephone was told by the operator to place the instrument to her ear and listen to the words the wire would speak to her. "And now," she said in all innocence, "shall I talk with the other ear?"

"This," said the dentist, "is my office."

"And that?" inquired a visitor, pointing to the apartment where stood a tooth-pulling chair.

"Ah, that," replied the proprietor—"that is my drawing-room."

THE PARSON.—"I'm very sorry to hear, Mrs. Brown, that you were present, last night, at a Plymouth Brethren's tea-meeting. I have often told you that these doctrines are highly erroneous." Mrs. Brown.—"Erron'ous sir, their doctrine may be; but their cake, with Sultany raisins, is excellent!"

Old Lady.—"Boy, boy, isn't this very dangerous?" Boy.—"Werry dangerous indeed, marm; there was a lady a ridin' up here last year and the donkey fell and the lady were chucked over the cliff and killed." Old Lady.—"Good gracious! Was the donkey killed too?" Boy.—"No, marm; that's the werry donkey."—[Fun.

A small boy with a big cent in his hand stood before a Michigan Avenue grocery for a long time yesterday before making up his mind to enter. When asked what he desired, he inquired:

"If a boy should come here and get trusted for a stick of gum, how much would it be?"

"One cent," was the reply.

"And if a boy should come here with the cash, how much would it be?"

"Just the same."

"Then I guess I'll get trusted," quietly replied the financier as he slipped the cent down into his pocket.—[Detroit Free Press.

Housewives who buy scales and re-weigh their packages from the grocery will have the satisfaction of learning from the grocer that their scales are not within a mile of being correct.

The Question of the Schools.

When a man of sense prepares to take a journey he does not fill his trunk with a little shabby linen and a great many cheap scarf-pins and sleazy embroidered slippers. On the contrary, he packs in reasonable compass a goodly number of serviceable garments in excellent repair, and goes forth neat, wholesome, and of an equal mind, appropriately fitted for his journey and his work.

This man goes on his journey and his children stay behind, for the famous public school of their ward or district demands their presence, and the absent father's orders are strict; they must be prepared for the greater journey of life and its business. Week after week their young heads are stuffed with a little information on a great number of subjects—astronomy, physiology, drawing, vocal music, German, natural philosophy, grammar, etymology—in short, plenty of cheap scarf-pins and slippers. The sturdy, every-day needs of serviceable arithmetic (not glib memorized sets of figures), of accurate and brightly intelligent reading, of easy writing and correct speech, fare badly among such a host of studies. They are brushed over hastily and by rote, like all the others, and shabby enough they are as they are packed away among the scarf-pins for that long and busy journey. The precise and intimate knowledge of common branches without which no man can be decently equipped for work of any sort, is discarded for what Mr. Charles Francis Adams aptly calls "vener and sham."

The experiment of "smatter" has been sufficiently tried in the American public schools. It is a sort of decorative art of which we have had a great deal too much. There is in most of our cities a vast school expenditure to little purpose. While the Tribune has no mind to preach economy in this direction, it has a reasonable desire to see all this money used with common sense and honest discretion. There is something too much of drawing and vocal music, of ology, about the school course. The frantic enthusiasm about drawing which animated school boards and superintendents several years ago is getting cooler and cooler; in many places the number of drawing teachers has been reduced, and a pitiful effort is made to train the regular teachers to the work. This enthusiasm unfortunately has cost a great deal of money, and the chief practical result has been that a number of stiff drawings were exhibited at the Centennial celebration in Philadelphia. Whatever good in the way of handwork this study in our schools has accomplished, could have been brought about in a wiser way. The "training of the eye" and "cultivation of the tastes" so much talked about by some of the people who make their living by teaching drawing in these schools, have, in all truth and sadness, never yet been discerned. To use the language of common sense, this is trash. The training to read with intelligence and appreciative understanding one famous masterpiece of the English language would be worth in the way of cultivation a thousand of these drawing lessons.

Possibly one pupil in five hundred has some impulse given to his hand in drawing which may make him in after-life a better mechanic. The other 499 have meanwhile acquired no deftness which will assist them on the farm, in the counting-room, or in the kitchen. Why should all these be wrongly busied for the sake of one? It is not unlikely that the solution of the much-discussed problem of industrial education lies in the establishment of well-equipped and thoroughly-taught free technical schools in every city and large town. The cutting off of the superfluous which now only lead to "vener and sham" would save large sums which could be put to no better use. To these schools could be sent those children who by natural bent would belong therein. There is no danger but that sufficient time could be found both for an improved public-school course and a technical school course. That changes are on the way to be made in nearly every State. As our readers are aware, the door is ajar in the Boston primary schools—in that Boston which, having tried all the "new ideas" in education, is now settling upon that most excellent one, the "Quincy plan." Hereafter the little people of that great city are to be "taught," instead of being made to memorize and gabble by platoons. They are to acquire, not a glittering varnish, but a nimble intelligence which will take them out into the world in good case, and give to their minds the same comfort and readiness which stout and well-fitting clothes give to their bodies.—N. Y. Tribune.

It was a very wet summer; the rain had poured down incessantly for some weeks; and the hope of the husbandman had well-nigh failed. A Highland minister mounted the pulpit and began to wrestle most powerfully with the Lord in prayer. A transient blink of sunshine inspired the pious man with holy confidence, and he felt conscious of being the favorite of heaven—when lo! on a sudden, the heavens were darkened, the thunder roared, and the impetuous torrent seemed to threaten a second deluge. Unable to restrain his vexation, the disappointed preacher cried out, in a transport of holy rage—"Weel, weel, pelt on, good Lord, and spoil all the poor folk's corn, as you did last year—you'll hae muckle mense by your handywork!"

Breaking Colts.

Colts, says the National Live Stock Journal, should be halter-broken when following the mare; it helps to subdue them, and supercedes the necessity of breaking them over again when grown up. "Once broken always broken" is an axiom as old as the art of breeding. It is advisable to break them to harness at two and one-half or three years old. They will receive no injury from careful usage in light vehicles. The most practical mode of subduing wild colts is to hitch them up with a well-broken horse, and teach them, by example, to perform service.

The first step is to bit the colt—to make him bridle wise. This is accomplished by checking up the head with the biting bridle. They may be turned into the yard to run at large, taking care that their heads are not left strained up more than one hour at a time. The head should be let down often to give the neck rest. It will prevent their contracting a coarse, unpleasant hog mouth. After they become accustomed to the bit they should be driven in harness, without any load, for several days till they yield implicit obedience to the bit, and obey with alacrity the word of command. They will become comparatively broken by the simple process of suppling the neck, and teaching them to stop and go forward at the will of the driver. They will seldom offer any resistance when hitched to the vehicle. Patience and perseverance will accomplish wonders in horseflesh. Intelligent instruction improves the disposition and develops the speed and endurance of colts—essential qualities in the roadster. The more good qualities developed when young, the greater will be the merits of the recipients. Those subjects that will do the most work in the least time are the most profitable to the owner. It costs no more to keep or raise the fast worker than it does the slow mongrel. The former will perform twice the service of the latter. The best are the cheapest to wear out; besides there is pleasure in using a superior animal.

Colts should be broken to harness before they get so strong as to control the driver. They are not perfectly developed for hard work before they are five years old. Gentle usage at light work for one or two years will bring them into submission. They will become accustomed to different kinds of service, and the force of habit will make them kind and trustworthy. When broken under the law of kindness—they are not naturally vicious; they are made so by ignorant or brutal drivers. Incompetent trainers make balky horses. They use too much brute force without reason or common sense. They appeal to the lowest passions, in place of intelligent instruction. Reason is better than force to govern the horse—kindness is the weapon to subdue the wild colt. This humane law removes terror, and secures the confidence of the colt in his driver; and so long as that confidence is not abused, he will yield implicit obedience to the word of command. When the wild colt is trained under the law of force, he becomes terror-stricken with fear, and fights back to relieve himself from oppression; and, having the advantage of superior strength, often triumphs over his trainer, and contracts the vice of rebellion. This vice lives on to be interred with his bones.

HEAVIEST, TALLEST, AND OLDEST MEN.—The tallest men of whom record is made were a German named Hans Bar and a Hungarian soldier, name not given, who lived several centuries ago, each of them being eleven feet high; their weight is not known. The heaviest man of whom record is made was Miles Darden, the Tennessee giant, who was seven and one-half feet high, and weighed over one thousand pounds; he died in 1857. Daniel Lambert, the English "mass of flesh," was five feet and eleven inches in height, and weighed seven hundred and thirty-nine pounds. In 1565 there was buried at Bengal, India, a man named Ungua, who claimed to be three-hundred and fifty years of age. The oldest person who died during the present century was a Frenchman in Paris, named Jean Golembeski, who was one hundred and twenty-six years old. A man named David Kurnison died in Chicago in 1851, who claimed to be one hundred and sixteen years old.—Chicago Journal.

An experienced dairyman states that he considers the critical point in the process of churning, in order to make good butter, is just when the butter and buttermilk begin to separate. Two or three gallons of cold strong brine added to the churning at this moment, he claims, wonderfully facilitates the process, and improves the condition of the butter; the warmer the cream the more brine is needed and the more important this part of the work. He also suggests that only brine should be used in washing the butter.

ZANZIBAR'S MONARCH.—The Sultan of Zanzibar is getting very civilized. He has practically suppressed the slave trade, and with a determined hand. He gives dinner parties in a European fashion, with music from an excellent band, decorated menus and all sorts of luxuries. His Highness drives out in a carriage and four, with six outriders in carpet and gold.

ASIATIC CHOLERA, CHOLERA MORBUS, Summer Complaint, Colic, Sour Stomach, Diarrhea, and all Affections of the Bowels, incident to either children or adults, are cured at once by Dr. Jayne's Cathartic Balsam. It allays the irritation and calms the action of the stomach, and being pleasant to the taste, is an acceptable remedy to the youngest in the family.

SEND 50 CENTS In Postage Stamps, Coin or Postal Order, and get the SAN FRANCISCO Weekly Chronicle. FOR THREE MONTHS.

Encouraged by an enormous and increasing subscription list, and with unsurpassed facilities, the WEEKLY CHRONICLE has been enlarged from a 64-column paper to a paper of 72 columns, and price reduced to \$2 00 per year, and in connection with the change the price has been reduced materially, making this the CHEAPEST, LARGEST and BEST weekly publication in the United States, if not in the world. It is the

Great Family Paper for the Farmer, Miner and Merchant Of the Pacific Coast. It contains eight large pages, clearly printed with new type and on new presses, with nine long columns to the page. It is a complete mirror of the passing events of the world, as well as a library of literature, amusement and knowledge.

AN AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT Is one of its leading features, which is under the management of a gentleman thoroughly qualified for the position by education, experience and long residence on the coast. As a medium of agricultural information it has no superior. For freshness of news, editorial ability, literary excellence and artistic arrangement, it challenges competition. It supplies the intellectual wants of all—the Farmer, the Laborer, the Artisan, the Merchant, the Miner, the Old and the Young. The price of this unrivaled paper has been reduced to \$2 per year, payable in advance, which includes postage.

CLUB RATES. A club of three subscribers one year, \$1 75 each; a club of five subscribers, one year, \$1 60 each; a club of ten subscribers, one year, \$1 50 each. This includes postage. Send for a specimen copy. All postmasters are authorized to receive subscriptions. Send money by postal order, registered letter or by express, addressed to CHAS. DE YOUNG & CO., San Francisco.

GILHAM'S GREEN HOOF AND HEALING OINTMENT For Collar Galls, Harness Galls, Saddle Galls, Burns, Scalds, Bruises, Old and Recent Wounds, Brittle Hoofs, Fever in Feet, Founder, Sand Cracks, Quarter Cracks, Scratches or Grease. For Cuts, Burns and all Flesh Wounds on Human Flesh. This Ointment has no equal. It is the only Ointment in the United States that ever received a medal. For sale and recommended by all Traders, Druggists and Harness Makers. Main & Winchester, 214 and 216 Battery St., S. F., Wholesale Agents.

PHOSPHATE SOAP It is an old proverb that an ounce of preventive is better than a pound of cure. Twenty-five cents invested in a cake of PHOSPHATE SOAP will save hundreds of dollars in doctors' bills. It acts as a constant disinfectant, preventing Salt Rheum and other skin diseases. No salve or ointment can heal a wound or sore of any kind. Every educated physician will tell you that nature alone can do this. PHOSPHATE SOAP, by its cleansing, soothing and purifying qualities, gives nature a chance to act freely. Thousands of articles are palmed off on the public which have no genuine merit, but PHOSPHATE SOAP is the result of modern discoveries of celebrated chemists.

PAPER HANGINGS! G. W. CLARK. Importer of Fine French, English and American Paper Hangings. The Newest Productions of the Leading Manufacturers constantly arriving.

Window Shades. Dealer in all kinds of Shade Material and Trimmings. Agent for the Self-Adjusting Spring Shade Rollers. The manufacture of fine Gold-band and Elegant Decorative Shades for Private Residences a specialty. GEO. W. CLARK, 645 Market St., San Francisco.

W. DAVIS, MANUFACTURER OF Horse COLLARS, Harness, Whips, LASHES AND SADDLES OF ALL KINDS. Wholesale and Retail dealer in Leather, Saddlery, Hardware, Horse Blankets, Robes, Sponges, Horse Brushes, etc. Send for catalogue. 421 Market St., Near First Street, San Francisco.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE CITY ARGUS. PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY. It is the brightest, spiciest and liveliest paper published on the coast, and the Leading Weekly of the Metropolis. All the leading sensations, portraits of prominent persons, pictures of eventful occurrences, etc. \$3 00 per year, postpaid. Extra inducements offered to postmasters and others to canvass for subscriptions. Sample copies free. Address, THE ARGUS PUBLISHING CO., 405 Kearny Street, - - - San Francisco.

THE GOLDEN ERA. The Oldest, Ablest and best family paper on the Pacific Coast. ONLY THREE DOLLARS PER YEAR. J. M. BASSETT, Editor and Proprietor, SAN FRANCISCO.

PACIFIC WATER CURE AND Eclectic Health Institute, NORTHWEST CORNER 7th AND L STS. SACRAMENTO, CAL. Being fully prepared to treat all forms of disease on the latest and most scientific principles, together with good rooms and board, we with confidence ask for public patronage. For further particulars address H. F. CLAYTON, M. D., Proprietor.

GLADDING, McBEAN & CO. MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IRON STONE SEWER PIPE.

CHIMNEY PIPE & TOPS VASES FLOWER POTS, FIRE BRICKS, &c. 213, 1310 - 1312, MARKET ST. S.F. MANUFACTORY AT LINCOLN, CAL. SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.

P. N. P. Co., (new series) No. 89 INTERNATIONAL HOTEL, 824 and 826 Kearny St., San Francisco. \$1 25 and \$1 50 PER DAY. H. C. PATRIDGE, PROPRIETOR. Two Concord Coaches, with the name of the Hotel on, will always be in waiting at the landing to convey passengers to the Hotel free. Be sure you get into the right Coach; if you do not, they will charge you.

TESTIMONIALS: SAN JOSE, September 24, 1879. To the Standard Soap Co.—Gentlemen: It affords me pleasure to say to the public that I have used and prescribed your PHOSPHATE SOAP as a remedy in various forms of cutaneous diseases with the happiest results. I am of the opinion that it is the mildest and most perfect detergent that can be used, either for cleansing the skin and leaving it soft and healthy, or for removing the fetor and corroding influences of sores and ulcerations. I should be sorry to be without it in shaving my face or making my toilet, to say nothing of my good opinion of its remedial qualities. A. J. SPENCER, M. D.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 19, 1897. Standard Soap Co.—Gentlemen: The ladies of my household, four in number, unite with me in pronouncing your PHOSPHATE SOAP the best ever tried for toilet use. It is noticeable that while it readily removes impurities from the skin, it also leaves undisturbed the natural oil so essential to the health. It is not too strong language to say that we are delighted with it. C. M. SAWTELLE, M. D., 120 Capp street.

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

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

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

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

Mall and Telegraph.

WASHINGTON, November 17.—Supreme Court decisions: No. 53, Charles W. Kirkland, plaintiff in error, vs. Leonard L. Hotchkiss in error, to Supreme Court of Errors, Litchfield county, Conn. The question presented by this case is whether the plaintiff in error, a citizen of Connecticut, can be rightfully taxed by that State, under its laws, upon certain bonds offered by him, but held in the city of Chicago, and secured by deeds of trust on real estate located in that city. The Supreme Court of Errors of Connecticut held that the assessments of which plaintiff in error complained were in conformity to the State laws, and that the laws did not infringe on any of the complainant's Constitutional rights. The Court sustains the view taken by the lower tribunal, and holds that the locality of the debt, for the purpose of taxation, is not affected by the fact that it is secured by mortgage upon real estate situated in Illinois. Upon the question of State tax on foreign-held bonds it was held (15 Wall, 323) that the debt has its situs at the creditors' residence, and that it is for the State to determine whether it shall be taxed. The discretion of the State, in this respect, is not, in the opinion of this Court, an objection to supervision or control of the Federal Government in any of its departments, for the reason that such taxation violates no provision of the Federal Constitution. The judgment of the Supreme Court of Errors of Connecticut is affirmed with costs.

Supreme Court.—David A. Cowell, plaintiff in error, vs. the Colorado Springs Company, in error, to Supreme Court of Colorado. This was an action in ejectment brought by the Colorado Springs Company against Cowell, to recover possession of certain lands sold to him by that corporation, upon the ground that the grantee had violated a condition of the deed, providing that liquor should never be sold on the premises, upon penalty of a reversion of the title to the grantee. This Court affirms the judgment of the Court below, that the condition of the deed was a proper and valid one, and that upon its violation the grantee had the right to treat the estate as restored, and to bring an action for ejectment. Judgment affirmed with costs. Opinion by Justice Field.

Under the provisions of the Federal trade-mark law, which the Supreme Court yesterday pronounced unconstitutional, about 3000 trade-marks have been registered at the Post office, and about 200 applications for registry are now pending.

NEW YORK, Nov. 24.—A dispatch from Washington says Gen. Grant in a letter to Admiral Anson, acknowledges the receipt of a letter from the Admiral in regard to the mission of Thomas De Franco, representative of the Nicaraguan government, who has come to this country to aid in the formation of a company to construct the Nicaraguan canal. Grant says he will be in Philadelphia on the 10th of December, where he would be pleased to meet De Franco and exchange views upon the object of his visit. There is considerable speculation as to whether Gen. Grant will immediately accept the task of organizing the company. It is said the salary proposed is \$25,000 a year, until the canal is in working order, when it is agreed to increase it to \$50,000.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 9.—Alex. H. Stephens is here, and Speaker Randall, Joe Blackburn, Garfield, and Frye are expected. Alex. H. Stephens thinks that the Democrats have learned a lesson that will be of value to them in the coming session. At the last session they followed Thurman and Blackburn into wild political legislation, neglecting the counsels of Bayard and other leaders of wisdom and experience, and they are now suffering the penalty of their foolishness. He opposed the Thurman-Blackburn plan of wiping out the war legislation at the outset, as he knew it would awaken the old loyal feeling of the North, and he is glad for the future of the Democracy that the penalty came in time to allow a correction to be made before the Presidential year. Mr. Stephens does not believe, with most people, that the next session of Congress will be long and stormy. He thinks that the legitimate legislative business only will be attended to, and that there will be an early ad-

journalment. He hopes that the majority of the Democrats in Congress will suppress any attempts to sacrifice duty and decency for the sake of political capital, and thinks the people of the United States will applaud the party which behaves itself the best. Mr. Stephens does not believe it safe for the Democrats to renominate Tilden next year. He is too smirched from the last campaign. He is for Hancock or Bayard.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 19.—The printing of the detailed estimates for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1881, has been completed. The estimates of the amounts required for expenditure under the war department aggregate \$29,351,794 for the military establishment, and \$7,557,834 for public works of various kinds, including about \$5,000,000 for river and harbor improvements, \$1,000,000 for sea coast fortifications, \$744,000 for building in and around Washington, and \$657,000 for the arsenal. The cost of the naval establishment is estimated at \$24,509,148. The estimates for the Indian service foot up \$4,992,845; for foreign intercourse, \$1,185,135; for salaries and expenses of collectors of internal revenue, \$4,075,000; for expenses of mints and assay offices, \$1,209,810; for salaries and expenses of the treasury department proper, \$2,661,372; for the interior department proper, \$2,146,774; for deficit in postal revenues, \$7,715,000; for construction of new light-houses, beacons, and for signals, \$674,000; for new government buildings throughout the country, \$2,247,000; for judicial salaries and expenses of courts, \$3,250,000; for pensions, \$32,044,000; for the salaries and expenses of the two houses of congress, about \$2,800,000; for salaries of president and vice-president and expenses of the executive office, \$97,464; for expenses of the tenth census, \$2,750,000. The grand aggregate of the estimate is \$136,347,129. The total amount appropriated by congress for the current fiscal year was \$162,404,648, which includes \$25,000,000 for arrears of pensions and about \$13,000,000 for the District of Columbia. No estimates for either of these purposes are submitted in the book of estimates this year.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 25.—A man named Resenzweig committed suicide probably by poisoning, at the Mermaid Baths, at North Beach, this afternoon. He obtained a room and bathing clothing, and went into the water a few minutes. Mr. Mohair, the proprietor, saw his body floating in the water. It was immediately taken out and every effort at restoration made. A strong smell of laudanum came from the nostrils, and it is supposed that he had taken the drug. In his pocket were found letters from several stock brokers, calling upon him for more "mud" by to-morrow at 11 o'clock. He was a boot and shoe dealer on Dupont street.

DEBUQUE, Iowa, Nov. 6.—The pickpockets did an unprecedented business at the Grant reception in Galena yesterday. Watches were taken by the dozen, and pocket-books by the score. Dubuque furnished a full quota of victims. Among the heaviest losers were: D. W. Parker, a \$225 watch and chain, presented to him by the employees of the Illinois Central Railroad; C. C. Leckie, \$240 in money; Sheriff Ferring, a valuable gold watch; Judge Pollock, gold watch; John Ballou, watch; T. Colinghan, \$220 in cash, and dozens of others, who lost from \$5 up to \$50. Marshal Deckert went to Galena to-day to ferret out the thieves if possible. Mr. Parker offers \$100 reward for the return of his watch. Six arrests were made in Freeport and two in Galena this afternoon.

BELLILOSE LAWYERS.—A disgraceful scene was witnessed at 10:30 A. M. yesterday in the Third District Courtroom, Oakland, Judge McKee presiding. The suit in ejectment of Caroline E. Dwinelle vs. Herma Bendell was called and John W. Dwinelle, counsel for plaintiff, asked for a continuance. Judge Tyler, of Alameda, counsel for defendant, opposed the continuance and insisted on going to trial. In the course of his sarcastic remarks Tyler said that Mrs. Dwinelle had brought suits that would, if they prevailed, eject every property-owner on the Encinal "That's a lie!" exclaimed Dwinelle, who was seated in a chair near the opposing counsel. "Don't you call me a liar!" retorted Tyler, and in his rage struck Dwinelle with his clenched

fist, knocking the gentleman from his seat to the floor, and following up the attack, struck and kicked the prostrate form until stopped by the interference of Curtis Lindley, of Livermore. Judge McKee fined each of the parties \$50 and adjourned the Court until this morning, remarking that it was a novel way to secure a continuance, but at the same time a very effective one.—Chronicle 20th.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 24.—The huge steam ferry boat Solano, designed for service between Benicia and Martinez on the Sacramento went up to Benicia today, having on board a large party of railroad people and others. The trial trip was a complete success. The Solano will carry an entire train at a single trip, being provided with four lines of track, aggregating 1700 feet in length.

In the municipal criminal court to-day, Judge Blake denied a motion to quash the indictment against Chas. DeYoung on the ground that the jury had not the legal number of members. The defense noted an exception.

SAN BERNARDINO, Nov. 25.—There was quite a little stir here last night among the boys of our town. A young man by the name of Louis Herman has been soliciting subscribers for books for A. L. Bancroft & Co., of San Francisco, and has been making himself very obnoxious to the business community of our town by inquiring into everybody's business; and the young men thinking it about time to stop such nonsense, caught him last night about 9 o'clock and rode him on a rail for a distance of a mile to the outskirts of the town and told him never to return again. Although it is reported that he has returned this morning, the boys say they will give him another dose to-night if he does not leave.

FATAL SEQUAL TO A FEUD IN SONOMA COUNTY.—Saturday night at a blue ribbon meeting at Forestville, about seventy persons were present, Wirt Travis and his sister, Miss Georgie Travis, met J. G. Hill in the hall. The two passed out, and soon Wirt Travis and his brother John returned. John went up to Hill and struck him. They clinched and both drew pistols. Wirt then fired at Hill, the ball striking him in the back part of the skull, ranging through the brain and lodging in the bones of the face. Hill lived fifteen hours. Four shots were exchanged. A boy, Hamilton Little, was wounded in the knee, but it is not known who did it. The coroner's jury charge Wirt with intent to murder. Miss Travis shot twice at Hill August 31st, for which she was brought before the Grand Jury, but no bill was found. The feud between Travis and Hill was caused by alleged slanderous remarks made by Hill about Miss Travis. Hill's funeral took place at Forestville Monday.

GEORGE C. GORHAM'S EXPULSION FROM THE NATIONAL REPUBLICAN COMMITTEE DEMANDED.—At a meeting of the Republican State Central Committee, held a few days since, a protest against George C. Gorham, representing California in the National Republican Committee, was passed. The following dispatch was accordingly forwarded to the President and Secretary of the National Republican Committee: "The Republican State Central Committee of California, in the name and on behalf of the Republican party thereof, earnestly protest against George C. Gorham representing the Republican party on the National Committee, he having abandoned the Republican party in the late campaign and advocated the success of the Democratic ticket. The Republican party asks that his place on the Committee be declared vacant and a representative Republican appointed in his stead."

Of the fifty senators entitled to seats in the next Iowa legislature, seven are classed as democrats, two as greenbackers, and forty-one as republicans. Of the one hundred members of the house, thirteen are recorded as democrats, and four, including Duncombe, as greenbackers, leaving the republicans in that branch of the general assembly only eighty-seven.

General Grant seems to have made an Omaha *News* reporter his confidant. The *News* says: "Gen. Grant, in conversation with a *News* reporter between Cheyenne and Omaha, stated emphatically that if Cornell were elected he would not be a candidate for president."

STETSON & POST. SEATTLE PLANING MILLS.

MANUFACTURERS OF ALL KINDS OF

ROUGH AND DRESSED LUMBER

Rustic, Flooring, Casings, Gutters, Packing Boxes, Sashes, Doors, Blinds, Shutters and Wood Finish of Every Description.

SEASONED LUMBER OF ALL KINDS CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

WEEKLY

Puget Sound Dispatch.

BERIAH BROWN, Publisher.

VOLUME 8, NUMBER 1

SEATTLE, WASH. TERR.Y.

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

BRIEFS,

AND EVERY DESCRIPTION OF

LEGAL BLANKS

At a Slight Advance on SAN FRANCISCO PRICES.

OFFICE - - - Corner Commercial and Washington Street