

Puget Sound Dispatch.

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NO. 7.

Puget Sound Dispatch.

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LARRABEE & HANFORD.

Attorneys-at-Law.

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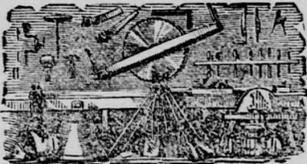
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The genuine Budweiser and Heineker's first premium St. Louis Beer always on hand. Limberger, Swiss and other cheese constantly on hand.

A brand new pigeon-hole table has just been set up. Mill Street, Seattle, W. T.

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—AT THE—

BAVARIA BEER HALL

AND

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ALSO

Chicago Beer on tap

LUNCHES TO ORDER.

PIGEON HOLE TABLE.

Corner First and Mill Streets, Seattle.

SUMMONS.

Devillo P. Ballard, Plaintiff, vs. Mary A. Ballard, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of Third Judicial District, W. T., holding terms at the city of Seattle. Complaint filed in the county of King.

The United States of America to Mary A. Ballard, Defendant:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint on file in the above entitled cause within twenty days after the day of service of this summons, (exclusive of the day of service) if served within the county of King, or if served out of said county and within said judicial district within thirty days; or if served in any other judicial district within the Territory, within forty days from the day of service; and if served by publication, within sixty days after the date of this summons; or judgment by default will be taken against you according to the prayer of the complainant. Said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of divorce against you on the grounds of abandonment for more than one year.

Witness the Honorable Roger S. Greene, Judge of said District Court, with the seal thereof affixed at Seattle, this

17th day of December, A. D. 1879.

JAMES SEAVEY, Clerk.

By JAMES P. LUDLOW, Deputy.

J. R. LEWIS, Attorney.

Snohomish Correspondence.

SNOHOMISH CITY, }
Dec. 26, 1879. }

EDITOR PUGET SOUND DISPATCH:

The masquerade ball given by the Pacific Base Ball Club, on Christmas Eve, was a grand success both financially and socially and it was certainly not the fault of the managers of the ball if all present did not enjoy themselves to their hearts content. Many of the characters were well sustained, and great was the surprise manifested when the time for unmasking came, as the most intimate friends had failed to recognize each other. The Club cleared quite a handsome sum over and above all expenses, which sum is to be donated to the purpose of putting the ball grounds in the best possible shape for the ensuing season's campaign, and they intend to make it the best ball grounds in the Territory. The steamer Nellie did not arrive till the morning after the ball, so that those who were coming on her with the expectation of participating in the festivities were disappointed, but the boys have concluded that a dance should be given for their benefit on Christmas night, which was done, and notwithstanding that the masquerade did not terminate till four in the morning of Christmas day, there was quite a large attendance and it was a very enjoyable affair throughout.

The genial host of the Snohomish Exchange, Mr. I. Cathcart, had quite an adventure on a late trip he made from town to his logging camp some five miles from here. When about a mile from his camp he was confronted on the trail by a large cougar who seemed disposed to contest the right of way and the quarters being too close to admit of any equivocating on Mr. Cathcart's part, he drew his revolver, and when in the act of firing, through some cause, the cylinder dropped out, and whether through fear on the part of the cougar or for some other reason best known to himself the brute skulked away, much to the relief of Mr. Cathcart, who found the position anything but agreeable.

At a regular communication of Centennial Lodge, No. 25, A. F. and A. M., the following named officers were elected for the ensuing Masonic year: E. Blackman, W. M.; W. Whitfield, S. W., and W. W. Howard, J. W.

I will now conclude by wishing you and yours a happy New Year, and many of them. Yours as ever, NON EST.

Gen. Jeff. C. Davis.

We take the liberty of making the following extract from a private letter from Gen. Joseph Lane to the editor, dated Roseburg, Oregon, December 22, 1879:

"I have with pleasure read your notice of the appointment to the army of Gen. Jeff. C. Davis; of his valuable services, and of his death. As his friend, I thank you for the truthful and kind manner you have treated his memory. I cannot forget the noble and gallant conduct of Sergeant Davis at the battle of Buenavista. He was born a soldier, (not made.) He was then Orderly Sergeant of Capt. Gibson's company, 3rd Indiana Regiment. Capt. Gibson was a good officer and brave man, but, unfortunately, was quite sick and unable to be on his feet at the time the battle was fought. I had long before that noticed the quiet, prompt and soldier-like bearing and manner in which this young Sergeant discharged his duty. Then he was perhaps 18 years old, quite boyish in appearance, but a man in battle. His company went into battle in fine style, but ere long the commissioned officers of his company fell, killed or wounded, and the command of the company devolved for a time upon the then young Davis, and no man upon the battle-field behaved with more cool courage than did he. Soon after the battle, I wrote to President Polk, set forth the prompt and gallant conduct of young Davis, and recom-

mended him for appointment in the regular army. The rest you know. From the time I left Taylor's line to join Gen. Scott, I did not see Gen. Davis, (the little Sergeant of Buenavista,) until I met him in this town not long after he had terminated the Modoc war. His estimable wife was with him when I met them. She is the daughter of Dr. Athon, of Indianapolis, a most worthy man and skillful physician and surgeon. He dressed my wounds at Buenavista. * * *

Truly your friend,

JOSEPH LANE.

The New Metropolis.

The Puget Sound Express gives the prospectus of a new railroad organization, of which John Salter is President and J. L. McDonald Secretary, which is designed for a grand railroad system, with Steilacoom for the centre, connecting with every part of the Union. Sincerely wishing for the success of the enterprise, we give the projectors the benefit of the publication of the following concluding paragraphs of their manifesto:

* Steilacoom City is the prospective metropolis on Puget Sound. Securely located on a plain incline above the Dardanelles—high table lands commanding the Narrows, on which frowning batteries for miles may baffle and sink hostile armadas; with a long stretch of clean, level shore line, fringed with safe anchorage, where the ships of Tarshus might moor securely; supplemented by broad romantic prairies, dotted with minor lakes, bordered with locust, oak and pine trees—a natural park, affording desirable summer resorts, as demonstrated by Capt. Ainsworth and others. In scenic views, Steilacoom stands peerless! In the foreground silvery arms of the sea—Henderson's Bay, Balsh's Passage, and the ship channel dotted with Anderson, McNeil, Fox and smaller islets. The distant Mount Olympus scars high in the region of clouds, clad in eternal sleet. As seen in a clear sky, its turreted crests glittering in the sun glade, appear like huge pyramids of frosted silver—"a thing of beauty," captivating thinking minds in contemplating a scene so grand. Steilacoom City forms a nucleus wherein are planted deep the germs of enduring civilization. The poor boy's college—the free school—is available to all, and "the school master is abroad;" the young idea is taught to shoot. Christian temples are convenient, wherein the consolations of religion are inculcated. A tree press—the Puget Sound Express—is issued weekly, and is earnestly appreciated. In this cool, sequestered vale of life, ague or fevers find no refuge—the diphtheria, so fatal in neighboring settlements, finds no victims here.

I thus located and protected, Steilacoom City indicates the prospective commercial metropolis of this North-west. On a radius of 2000 miles we tap Chicago and St. Louis; Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore, lie within 3000 miles. Transit from New York to Shanghai is reduced 1500 miles via Puget Sound, than by the California route—one hundred hours of steaming are thus saved! A broad temperate plateau, regular sounding, a broad entrance, placid waters, a grand haven available in all seasons to prudent navigators; quick passages, low premiums on marine risks, unite in demonstrating Steilacoom City the future Emorium of Oriental Commerce. In view of our superiority, geographical position, topography, scenery and latent resources, we extend friendly greetings to the rest of mankind! Energetic men of brains and cash, with their household goods, are most welcome here. From the foggy coast of Acadia, the rock-bound shores of New England, the frigid shores of the northern lakes, the rich prairies of the west, the broad savannahs of the south, the islands of the sea, and the uttermost parts of the earth,

"Come along, come along, don't be alarmed. For Uncle Sam is rich enough to give us all a farm."

Mexican Veterans.

The following letters will explain themselves:

INDIANAPOLIS, Dec. 1, 1878.

Gen. Joseph Lane—DEAR SIR: You are invited to attend a meeting of the association of the veterans of the Mexican war, of the State of Indiana, to be held at the city of Indianapolis, in the Supreme court room (corner of Washington and Tennessee streets), on Thursday, January 8, 1880. Try and be present and bring any veterans you may know. Please have your local paper publish this notice.

By order, M. D. MASON, President.

ED. L. PALMER, Secretary.

ROSEBURG, Or., Dec. 16, 1879.

GENTLEMEN: I have the pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of your card inviting me to attend a meeting of the association of the veterans of the Mexican war, of the State of Indiana, to be held at the city of Indianapolis, on Thursday, Jan. 8, 1880; and to bring any veterans I may know. I thank you for the kind invitation you have been pleased to extend to me and other old veterans of my acquaintance; there are but very few of us in this State, and with one or two exceptions, they are old, infirm and poor. I am unable to accept your invitation and I deeply regret it, for I well know that there will not upon any other occasion be as many of the old veterans together as will meet on the forthcoming occasion; and yet I am compelled to forego this last opportunity that I shall have of meeting my old companions in arms, to whom I am strongly attached. I saw and witnessed their good and soldier-like bearing under all circumstances, and especially their gallant conduct upon many a battle field, and the gratification that it would afford one to meet them again in life would be greater and above any other earthly pleasure that could be conferred upon me; but I cannot meet you or them. I have not the money to bring me to Indianapolis and back to my home. I have little hope of Congress allowing us a pension; we seem to be ignored, although our services secured to our great country all of California, Nevada, Utah and New Mexico; an empire of itself, and to our country worth more than money, and yet the remaining few of us can hardly expect a pension. Well, my friends, we will not very long need that little that is so justly due us from our government; we served her faithfully, honestly, intelligently and gallantly, and under all circumstances did our duty and if Congress will not recognize us we must do as best we can without its aid.

My dear sirs, you will please accept my kindest wishes and earnest prayers for the health, prosperity and contentment of yourselves, of the association, and all old veterans of the Mexican war. I am with much respect, your old friend and obedient servant.

JOSEPH LANE.

To Gen. D. Mason, President; Ed. L. Palmer, Secretary, Veteran Association.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 19.—The time for opening the new route from this city east by way of Benicia has been definitely fixed for the 28th of the present month. Overland trains will leave San Francisco at 11 o'clock in the morning, making the passage of the Sierra Nevadas in the day time, instead of the night as has been done ever since the construction of the road. The new route will shorten the distance from that now used by sixty-five miles, and is the most direct and practicable route possible. It will remain the established line of overland travel.

APPOINTED COMMISSIONER.—Governor Thayer just appointed L. P. McCarty, publisher of the Statistician, honorary Commissioner of the Board of Immigration of the State of Oregon, to reside in the City of New York, where he will shortly take up his permanent residence. The appointment will, we feel assured, prove an excellent one.—Oregonian, 22d.

Zuget Sound Dispatch.

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

The Sparrow.

I'm only a little sparrow,
A bird of low degree;
My life is of little value,
Yet there's a One who cares for me.
I have no barn nor storehouse,
I neither sow nor reap;
God gives me a sparrow's portion,
But never a seed to keep.
I know there are many sparrows—
All over the world we are found—
But our Heavenly Father knoweth
When one of us falls to the ground.
Though small, we are never forgotten;
Though weak, we are never afraid;
For we know there is One who keepeth
The life of the creature He made.
I fly through the thickest forest,
I light on many a spray;
I have no chart nor compass,
Yet I never lose my way.
And I fold my wings at twilight,
Wherever I happen to be,
For the Father is always watching,
And no harm can come to me.

Nora Chreeman.

A fresh young Irish voice rang out in merry song, a voice like a bird's, it was so full of trills and quiverings. 'Twas the beauty of an Irish face which was raised laughingly to Lord Kilderm's. 'Twas a pair of the bluest of Irish blue eyes which looked up to his as the sweet young voice continued,—"So you are going away, Lord Kilderm?"

Lord Kilderm looked down into those blue eyes with a gaze of passionate longing. Had he not looked into them with passionate longing ever since he met this wild young Irish beauty, Nora Chreeman, three months before? Had he not begged with passionate longing, the joy of looking forever in those same blue eyes? But never so much as a word of love had little Nora's rosy-lipped lips ever given him.

He looked at her now with dark eyes alight with such intense love as to startle even the laughing girl who had caused that love. He did not reply to her question, and before she could ask it again she felt herself encircled by a strong arm and pressed close to Lord Kilderm's heart. She could hear it beat with overpowering love for her as she lay there on his breast, lay there with such an exquisite sense of joy as to fairly conquer her—and Nora Chreeman was not easily conquered; but she owned it to herself with a sort of gasp—she loved him. But she would never let him know it, she thought, never, so long as she lived.

With this thought she struggled free from his fond arms, and stood a little way off, looking at him with mischievous eyes.

"Little Nora do you love me? I could have sworn it a moment ago, looking into your precious face. You will be my wife, little one?" he questioned eagerly.

She laughed a low, little laugh, in which a close observer might have detected a ring of bitterness.

"Love you? Nora Chreeman love you?" Again the silvery laugh floated forth. "What would Lord Kilderm's haughty and aristocratic parents say if they knew that their idolized son and heir was asking a humble little Irish girl to be his wife?"

Ah! So this is the reason she evaded him so long, Lord Kilderm said to himself. He would try and overcome that objection, although he knew every word the girl uttered was true. He could picture to himself his dainty mother's horror, his father's anger, if they knew the true state of affairs. But he would risk his father's anger ten times over if he could, by doing so, claim Nora Chreeman as his own.

"I care not what they would think," he answered, daringly. "Am I not my own master? Only say you will marry me, darling, and they may think what they may."

But the blue eyes never softened, the little feet did not come a step nearer; instead, they retreated farther away.

"I fully appreciate the honor, my lord, but decline becoming Lady Kilderm," she replied in a mocking voice. "And by the way it is nearly three o'clock, and I ought to have been home an hour ago."

She picked up her pretty straw hat, now covered with wild flowers, as she spoke, and, shaking the flowers from her hair, and smoothing the wrinkles from her plain white dress, she turned to go.

"Nora, you will not leave me without one word of hope? Remember, I shall not see you again till I can get away from London, which will be a month at the very shortest," he implored, pleadingly.

"Then I advise you not to come and see me again, as, once for all, Lord Kilderm, I will never be your wife," in a tone of firm decision. "Forget me!" she said, with sudden earnestness.

"Go back to London, and marry some proudly-reared and nobly-born lady whom your parents have chosen for you, and I prophesy that in a week you will have forgotten Nora Chreeman."

"I could not forget you, little Nora, and, by Heaven! you shall be mine, I swear it! Those sweet lips shall yet say you love me."

She picked up her hat which had again fallen to the ground, and with a laughing "Time will tell, Lord Kil-

derm!" she was off over the fields, her taunting laugh floating back to where Lord Kilderm leaned gloomily against the trunk of the tree under which they both had been standing. He must go to London to-morrow, and leave these lovely Irish hills and dales and his fair Irish love behind him, and his heart rebelled hotly.

Little did Nora Chreeman know how near the truth her remark about his marrying some one of his own rank came. He thought now of all his parents' hopes and plans, laid upon his marriage to Lady Laura Belmont, a reigning London belle, and whose estate joined that of their own. He knew his father's heart was fixed upon this marriage, and he began to think he might as well marry Lady Laura, since he could not have the one true love of his heart.

And so next day he was whirled away to London, and reached home just in time to greet Lady Laura Belmont, who had been calling on his mother, and was making her adieu just as he arrived. When Lady Laura was gone, and his mother had languidly expressed her joy at his return, she said to him, with a little more animation than she generally used,—

"And now, Audley, do pay a little more attention to Laura Belmont, and try to come to an understanding with her, as you have been away from her side too long already. It is a wonder some one has not carried off the prize which you might claim as your own if you would but say the word."

He did not tell her he had said the "word" to a little girl away in Ireland, but instead made an impatient gesture as he went to dress; for to-night he was to attend Lady Laura and his mother to the opera, his mother having gained a reluctant consent from him, and with a sigh he resigned himself to fate. Away in the little Irish village in which was her home, Nora Chreeman sat in her chamber, with her head leaning on her hand, which rested on the sill of the open window. The scent of many flowers floated up to her as she sat there, thinking of those happy moments spent with Lord Kilderm. She gave him up bravely, but she found it much harder to bear than she thought. But Nora Chreeman knew, and she knew rightly, too, that she could never have been happy as Lord Kilderm's wife. Happy in his love she might have been; but she knew too well his aristocratic parents would never have opened their doors to one of so humble birth as hers, no matter how much of a lady she might be; and she was a lady to the ends of her finger-tips; for had not Lord Kilderm told her time and again, that she was as much of a lady as any of the proud dames who swept through his mother's drawing-room in silks and velvets? But although of honest, respectable parentage, Nora had no blue blood in her veins, and she knew full well that she never could have reconciled her mind that she had been the cause of Audley Kilderm's separation from his parents. She knew if Lord Kilderm had been sure of her love for him he would never have left her till she consented to become his, and so she had resolved never to let him know how wholly her heart was his.

There was a pitiful little droop about the corners of her sweet mouth since Lord Kilderm left her, and she performed her tasks with a patient heart, and in a manner devoid of all the old, laughing way which characterized her before she ever saw Lord Kilderm.

Lord Kilderm was holding Lady Laura Belmont's fan, opera-glass, and divers other articles belonging to that fashionable young lady, in a private box at the opera, and looking with languid interest on the scene being enacted on the stage below. The play was Faust, and although every one was raving about Marguerite's beauty and exquisite acting, his thoughts were far away in a little Irish village. He could endure it no longer, and, although Nora had, that day, bidden him not to come again, he was going to see her once more; once again to plead for her love, once again to look in her dear eyes, and if she refused, then—why, then, and a look of utter misery came into his handsome dark eyes, he would ask Lady Laura to be his wife before the season was over. He might as well make some one happy, for he knew Laura Belmont did not look upon him with unfavorable eyes; and since they all wished it, if Nora Chreeman would not marry him, why he—

"Lord Kilderm, this is the third time I have spoken to you without receiving a reply. What are you dreaming of?"

Lady Laura's voice broke in upon his reverie. He gave a sudden start, and then put his absorbing thoughts out of his mind, and was devoted attention to Laura Belmont for the rest of the evening.

Probably if he had never seen the beautiful face of Nora Chreeman he might have loved Laura Belmont; he liked her very much as it was, for although Laura Belmont had turned half the heads of London with her lovely blonde beauty, under her satins beat one of the truest and best of hearts.

The next day Lord Kilderm told his valet to prepare for a run over to Ireland, and that he should not need his services, all of which information the valet received with a smile, thinking of that other run over to Ireland, and had his own suspicions why his master did not need him. But what his valet thought did not trouble Lord Kilderm, and he hastened away to the train which would take him to his little love among the Irish hills, and his eyes sud-

denly grew misty with a tender light as he thought of the future meeting.

Lord Kilderm lifted the latch of the vine-covered gate which led up the path to the flower-covered cottage where Nora Chreeman lived. There was a curious stillness around the place which for a moment made his heart stop beating as a sudden thought flashed through his brain. How odd there was no fresh Irish voice trilling sparkling Irish songs as in days of yore! As the remembrance of those days came back to him he forgot all else, and mounted the steps and knocked with a light heart. Nora's aunt opened the door—Nora's aunt, who had ever had a kindly regard for Lord Kilderm. She guessed the reason of his coming, and, thinking what was in store for him, there came into her eyes a look of pity, and sorrow as she greeted him.

"He caught the look, and cried out,—
"Nora! she is well?" And then his thoughts above the stillness of the place came back to him, and he gasped out, "She is not dead?"

"No," Nora's aunt replied; "but she has been very ill, and I am afraid—"
She could go no further, as the tears came and blinded her eyes and choked her utterance.

"Take me to her!" hurriedly said Lord Kilderm. And she led him to the room where Nora Chreeman lay dying, and, softly shutting the door, left them alone.

Audley Kilderm crossed the room to meet Nora Chreeman's blue eyes, the blue eyes he loved so well; and as he looked into them his heart gave a great throb, for he knew at last that Nora Chreeman loved him. He forgot that the knowledge of that love would never do him any good; forgot that she would never carol Irish melodies for him again; forgot everything except his own great love, and that his love was returned, he clasped her unresistingly to his heart.

She closed her eyes wearily as a tired child who had found rest, and a look of peace came over her face while she smiled up into his eyes.

"My darling, my darling!" he murmured, and for a moment Nora Chreeman wished she had never sent him away from her; but she put the thought resolutely away, for she knew it was best as it was, best she should die, although it was so hard, just as she had found her one great joy.

At last Lord Kilderm remembered she would never be ought to him in this world, and he buried his head in his arms and sobbed like a child.

"No, Audley," and Nora lifted his head and smoothed back his hair with her wan little hands, "it is better so. I never could have lived and been your wife, knowing your parents' wishes. I thought I could get over my love after awhile, but I was never very strong, and one day I caught a heavy cold, and I never seemed to get my strength back after that. But, love, we will meet over there, where all is right. Kiss me, Audley, once more, I am so weary." And as Lord Kilderm pressed one last lingering kiss upon the dewy lips, Nora Chreeman's head drooped on his shoulder, and she was at rest.

The Countess of Kilderm wondered what kept her son, Lord Audley, abroad so long—wondered why he could not come home and settle down as he should do, and impatiently tapped her dainty, slipped foot as she thought of her son's waywardness. He had been traveling for the past two years, writing home occasionally, but never saying a word of return. She often wondered what made him go off on such an extended tour so very suddenly. If he would only come home now, at once, all might yet be well. Lady Laura had never married and everything might yet turn out as she had hoped it would two years ago, before Lord Kilderm took that absurd and unnecessary trip abroad, and—

The door opened quickly and her long-absent son crossed the room and tenderly kissed her. She looked at him fondly, for, in spite of her worldliness, the Countess of Kilderm was very fond of her son.

Lord Kilderm was welcomed by society with open arms as one of the best catches of the season. He soon fell into his old way; but he was never quite the same man again.

He met Lady Laura many times in society, and at last the marriage upon which his mother's heart was fixed took place.

Although Lord Kilderm has now one of the most beautiful wives in England, who is good as well as beautiful, his thoughts often wander to Irish hills, and he sees two Irish blue eyes, and hears a sweet Irish voice caroling songs for him.—*Waverley.*

EMPEROR WILLIAM'S MOTHER.—The German Emperor still tenderly cherishes the memory of his mother, the lovely Queen Louisa. The rooms which she occupied in the Castle of Konigsberg are by his special desire kept religiously in nearly the same order in which she left them, and are reserved for his private use. When Louisa took refuge with her children, after the battle of Jena, in a mill on her way to Konigsberg, she wrote on a windowpane with the diamond in her ring, the touching line in which Goethe speaks of the eating of bread with tears. The glass bearing the inscription was long cherished by the family of the miller, until he, in dying, bequeathed it to the Emperor.

"This is my plaything," say the children; "that sunny seat is mine." This is the beginning and exemplification of the selfishness and all the usurpation of the world.

Charming Birds.

We learn from a correspondent that there resides in the vicinity of Harrisburg, an out-of-the-way place in Hancock county, about three miles west of Mount Blanchard, a very remarkable child, only five years old, who seems to have the power to charm birds at will. Her mother first noticed this strange fascination that the child possesses about a year ago. The little girl was out playing in the dooryard among a bevy of snow-birds, and when she would speak to them they would come and light upon her, twittering with the utmost glee. On taking them in her hands and stroking them, the birds, instead of trying to get away from their fair captive, seemed to be highly pleased, and when let loose would fly away a short distance and immediately return to the child again. She then took several of them into the house to show her mother, who, thinking she might hurt them, took the birds and put them out doors, but no sooner was the door opened, than the birds flew into the room and lit upon the girl's head and began to chirp. The birds remained about the premises all winter, flying to the little girl whenever the door was opened. The parents of this remarkable child became alarmed, believing that this strange power was an ill omen, and that much-dreaded visitor, death, was about to visit their home. But death did not come, and during last summer the child had numerous pets from the birds. The child handles the birds so gently that a humming bird, once in her hand, does not fail to return.

This winter a bevy of birds have kept her company, and she plays with them for hours at a time. Every morning the birds fly to her window and leave only when the sun sinks in the west.

There is nothing peculiar about the child's personal appearance except her wonderful magnetic eyes, which sparkle like diamonds. The parents of this little girl are poor, superstitious people, and have been reticent about the matter until lately, fearing that some great calamity was about to befall them.

Blunt Men.

"You'll like him if you can get along with him," said Digby, speaking of the man whom he had thought of hiring for a clergyman—"if you can put up with his rough ways. He is a plain, blunt man—perhaps too blunt—but he means well."

We tried Mr. Blunt, and we had enough of him; and since that time we have had but one opinion of so-called blunt men,—we mean your men who blurt out their thoughts without regard to time or place. The Lord deliver us from them! We want none of them. They may speak the truth, but they produce only evil. Having no sensibility of their own, they care not for it in others. Electricity is vivifying and life-supporting,—without it, in our bleak December, we should shiver and die,—but when it comes with a thunderbolt, it is death. Heat is generous and glorious; but we don't want a bar of red-hot iron dropped upon our head. The rain, when it comes in gentle drops, is gladsome and refreshing; but the tempest we do not covet.

And so in, the intercourse of life, we need to have our faults pointed out, and our errors exposed; but it can be done in Christian kindness and sympathy,—the story of our sin can be told with tenderness and good-will, and the chiding can be administered without harshness. We don't want sledge-hammer admonition, nor do we like that our dream of peace—mistaken though it be—should be broken by an icy shower-bath. In short, we don't like these coarse-grained, blunt men.

Not Known.

A public dinner occasion at Harvard when Mr. Everett was President of that University immortalized a well-known pun in the toast, "The name of our distinguished President—fame follows where Everett goes." In one case, at least, Everett's fame did not follow fast enough to catch up with him. At some festive gathering in New York not long ago one of the speakers told this amusing story of the great scholar and statesman:

He was one of the passengers in a loaded stage running out of Concord. When they came to the cross-roads, a young lady came out and desired to go. There was no room. Having arrived at an age that would make such an offer graceful and proper, he offered to take her on his knee. She thanked him and accepted. They conversed during the trip, and when he neared his destination he thought he would astonish his fair burden by letting her know what distinguished knee had sustained her. He told her as modestly as he could that he was Mr. Everett—Edward Everett.

"Uh!" said the sweet creature, "you be! Be you one of them men from Salem?"

She had never heard his name! It was the last time during life that he tried to impress a stranger by announcing his name.

This ignorance of the eminent men—especially literary men—illustrating the proverb about the "prophet in his own country," is laughably common. Going to visit Longfellow the other day a friend inquired of a Cambridge car-driver where the poet lived.

"What Longfellow the grocer?"
"No, Longfellow the poet."
"I dunno nothin' about him."

Velvet cloaks will again be worn.

Streets of London.

The stores are not, for the most part, disfigured by glaring signs. There are signs, but they are comparatively few and small and inoffensive; and of flag-staffs and transparencies and other rag-fair appurtenances, there are none. This is one characteristic of London streets that makes walking through them a pleasant and soothing process. And this unmarrying modesty of outward show involves no inconvenience. It is the stranger's own fault if he cannot find any shop to which he wishes to go. But there is one peculiarity of London streets which is somewhat embarrassing to a stranger; they are not, the long ones at least, numbered regularly from end to end, with the odd numbers on one side and the even on the other, but irregularly and in sections; the sections being those parts of the street which run through certain quarters; and the same street has different names in different quarters. The quarter in which a house or shop stands is generally named, as well as the street itself. This produces those double designations which strike us in London addresses; for example, "Bedford street, Covent Garden;" "Wellington street, Strand;" and even "Bond street, Regent street." The complication makes no difficulty when once you are used to it; and it has a picturesqueness and individuality which seems to me far preferable to the right-angled and numerical street arrangement, which rules off a city in square blocks, and numbers the houses in one block 100, those in the next 200, and so on. There is a certain piquant interest in such designations as Black Swan without Temple Bar, The Golden Ball in St. Paul's Churchyard, the Queen's Head against St. Dunstan's Church, or the King's Arms in Little Britain.

A Novel Institution.

There exists in Denmark a singular institution, established mainly for the benefit of the daughters of the nobility. When a man of wealth is blessed by the birth of a daughter he causes her to be enrolled at this institution, paying a very small sum, with a fixed annual payment of a moderate amount. When the young girl reaches the age of twenty-one she not only finds herself in possession of a very nice little income, but she has a right to occupy and enjoy a fine apartment, well furnished, in an elegant house, with parks and gardens, and her companions will be ladies, young or old, who are members of the association. It is not obligatory upon a member to reside longer at the chateau or more frequently than suits her convenience. If the father dies and the young girl is unprotected she has an asylum at once, even if the subsequent annual subscriptions are not liquidated, and when she attains her majority her annual income commences. If she should die or contract marriage her interest in the association passes to the general fund. If she should be married when she is twenty all that is paid in by her father accrues to the association, and it is this source of income that enables the institution to demand only a small annual subscription, which renders it easy for a father to meet the demand, with the assurance that if his daughter cannot be married without a marriage portion, she will at least be in the enjoyment of a comfortable home for life. This institution has been prosperous at Copenhagen for sixty years. The features of the plan are somewhat singular, and not adapted to this country in some particulars, but the plan of commencing with the birth of a daughter to provide for the old age of the infant is rather commendable. It is life insurance to the very letter.

A Votary on His Travels.

The toils of the superstitious to win religious merit show a faith and patience worth of a better cause. The (East) *Indian Pioneer* gives an example in the following incident, given on the recent return of some British officers from Afghanistan:

Scene—the wildest part of the Khyber, with barren rocks towering on all sides; an English officer riding along, escorted by a motley company of Maliks and tribes-men all armed to the teeth; more armed Afreedees in the middle distance; a weary, lonely figure, toiling on the dusty road in huge black boots, face burned a brick-red and fringed by a scanty, sandy beard. The figure is clad in a thick wadded garment, and has a bundle on his back.

"Halt! Who are you?"
"A Turkestani."
"Where are your comrades?"
"I am alone."
"Where are you going?"
"To Mecca."
"How will you get there?"
"God will help."
"Peace be with you."
"And with you."

The figure moves off, and the armed circle breaks up. This poor devotee had tramped hundreds of miles through hills and valleys, swarming with cut-throats, secure in his simple faith which had led him to leave distant Turkestan in quest of the still more distant Mecca.

OAT MEAL.—To each cup of coarse oat-meal have four of cold water and one teaspoon of salt; put this in an earthen saucepan and let it simmer slowly for an hour; stir it often, as it burns very easily. Should an early breakfast be required, this can be cooked the day before and warmed again, as it can not be cooked quickly.

Fringes are very wide.

Fashion Sprays.

The new head trimmings cost \$10 and \$15 a yard.
Breton lace cuffs are worn with close coat sleeves.

One of the newest brown shades is the color of mahogany.

Tulips and lotus flowers are used for trimming evening toilets.

Plaid silk and woolen goods are used for trimming plain materials.

Tortoise shell and coral can be imitated perfectly in celluloid for combs or jewelry.

A woman's dress ought to give a certain clue to her individual taste and character.

Shirred waists are much worn, and shirring is used in the belts and sleeves of blouse waists.

Gold filigree rings in very pretty patterns are used to fasten the wide bonnet strings of soft silk.

New lingerie is of colored percale, lined with white and embroidered in colors matching the colors in the percale.

A new trimming velvet is of tan color, with irregular spots of dark brown in it, and is appropriately called tiger velvet.

Handkerchiefs are much worn at the neck; they are of palm-leaf design, in rich Persian colors, and are tied in sailor knots.

Crochet lace in shaded wool is used to border embroidered ties. It is also used as an edge for house socks and flannel skirts.

The leaves of the sumacs, in their autumn tints of claret, crimson and gold, are fine material for bouquets or wall adornment.

Eugenie, the French milliner, has engaged a Japanese workwoman, who makes wonderful bands and crowns of feathers and flowers.

Some of the New York shopkeepers advertise an opening of an "exposition." One of them has had a "pageantry of head-gear"inery for sale.

Damask materials are in favor as a foundation for embroidery. The design of the damask is simply carried out in the silk, and the work is very easy.

Fringes are not to be discarded this winter. On the contrary, the richest varieties are to be employed, in combination with satin, for the garniture of a skirt.

With pink and white costumes black is much used with the accessories; as, for instance, a black fan, black mits and black velvet sash may be used with these dresses.

The new styles in jewelry all show a prevailing love for the antique, and pins, ear-rings, bracelets and necklaces are copied from the old Greek and Roman models.

Bracelets are worn of point duchesse and other fine real laces. A band of lace encircles the arm, with a simulated clasp in a double French bow, a butterfly or a blossom.

English women give large pieces of worsted-work out to their friends to do as remembrances for them. They then collect them together and make into rugs and carpets.

Golden Business Rules.

1. Never, under any circumstances, assume a responsibility that you can avoid consistently with your duty to yourself and others.

2. Base all your actions upon a principle of right; preserve your integrity of character, and in doing this never reckon on the cost.

3. Remember that self-interest is more likely to warp your judgment than all other circumstances combined; therefore, look well to your duty, when your interest is concerned.

4. Never make money at the expense of your reputation.

5. Be neither lavish nor niggardly. Of the two, avoid the latter. A mean man is universally despised, but public favor is a stepping-stone to preferment; therefore, generous feelings should be cultivated.

6. Say but little; think much, and do more.

7. Let your expenses be such as to leave a balance in your pocket. Ready money is a friend in need.

8. Avoid borrowing and lending.

9. Wine drinking and cigar smoking are bad habits; they impair the health and pocket, and lead to a waste of time.

10. Never relate your misfortune, and never grieve over what you cannot prevent.

11. Cultivate promptness in deciding upon matters that come before you; there are few objects more disagreeable and vexatious than an undecided, vacillating man. Consider thoughtfully, but decide promptly.

12. Never break a business engagement of any kind, if it is possible to meet it. Let nothing cause you to become careless of business etiquette, integrity and promptitude.

13. Let truth and an unwavering faith in God underlie all your motives and actions.

The magnitude of the loss of the government by frauds in postage stamps is suggested by the discovery that the Assistant Postmaster at Pittsfield, Mass., secured \$1,090 in a single year by peeling off fresh stamps from the letters dropped into his office and putting canceled ones in their place.

Our acts make or mar us—we are the children of our own deeds.

Intelligence Items.

The legal tender notes outstanding on December 1st, amounted to \$346,681,016.

The internal revenue for the current fiscal year is estimated at \$115,000,000, being an increase of \$2,000,000.

Potassium salts have been used for some time in Austria as a manure, and have yielded, so far, better results than any other artificial manures.

The Gladstone boom has begun in Scotland. The election for Mid-Lothian will be the most notable political event of the day in Great Britain.

Kosuth lately signed an agreement with a publishing company at Pesth to issue all his essays, memoirs and letters since 1859 supposed to be of general interest.

The law of Congress reducing the tax upon tobacco and snuff resulted in a loss of \$7,000,000 to the revenue last year without the consumers deriving one cent advance. This was the net gain to the trade.

Only three thousand women registered for voting in Boston for school officers, notwithstanding the fact that the law forbids the smoking of tobacco by the men at the polls during the forenoon of the day of election.

Ten years ago the United States imported more than \$500,000 worth of stationery, and exported only about \$4,000 worth. During the past year stationery imports have footed up only to the value of \$125,000 while stationery exports have exceeded \$1,200,000 in value.

The Boston Police Commissioners, in whom is vested the power of licensing shows in that city, have decided to permit no performance by children. The case at issue was that of a juvenile "Uncle Tom's Cabin" company. A Massachusetts statute authorizes such a prohibition.

A curious experiment was made with cats recently in Lutich, Germany. Thirty-seven of them were put into bags and taken several miles into the country, where they were released. Within three hours the first cat had found its way home, and before twenty-four hours had elapsed, every one of the others had returned.

Seventy-four pupils are educated at the Sam. Houston Normal School at Huntsville, Texas, free of charge, to become teachers in the public schools. The Legislature has appropriated \$14,000 of the school fund for this purpose, and the Peabody fund gave \$6,000 more, making \$20,000 a year for the great and beneficent work.

The increase of twenty per cent in the mail matter handled on the postal cars during the last fiscal year, shows forcibly the growth of the country. The large increase in the registration of packages is also gratifying, since it must proceed chiefly from commercial traffic between the large cities and the interior.—N. Y. Tribune.

Josh Billings' Philosophy.

Coming events always cast a certain cloud of dread before them. The moment previous to the lion's coming out of his den is a more nervous time than after he comes out, and stands fully confessed.

The grate majority of mankind can guess at things classier than they can get at them enny other way.

There iz considerable originality floating around, but a class examination of it proves that it ain't truth at the very best; it only seems to be a novel jest.

We luv the most what we kan protect; our wives and children are notable instances of this.

Mi dear child, don't phool around a lie; if yu eskape without gitting hurt yu hain't got nothing to brag about.

There iz a time in the history of all writers when they think they are poets and kan write poetry, the wise ones soon let go of this delushun, but menny a phool iz hanging onto it still.

I hav but little faith in the honesty of enny excentricity. I never hav seen one yet that waz remarkable enuff to be noticed but what had been cultivated.

Altho ennything may look gloomy at the start, don't let us forgit that it iz allwuss the last six inches that wins the race.

I do all mi writing where the surroundings are the most forbidding—in a garret or barn, for instance—to go out where natur iz reveling in all her grander and buty, and set down coolly and undertake to write would be an impossibility for me, a sakrilege.

I hav been accused ov sumtimes repeating myself. This probably iz true, but if the things are worthy ov it, i ain't sorry mutch.

Mi philosophy teaches me to take things just as they cum, and not try to hang onto them when they git red dy to go.

I spent the fust 20 years ov mi life in dreams and vagrancy; the second 20 i devoted to making money and a reputashun, and missed both; the third 20 i hav given to moral spekulashuns, the result ov which iz simply this: I kan prove a great deal more now bi mi faith than i kan bi mi rezon.

After i hav gazed at a magnificent monument in sum cemetery for a reasonable length ov time, i am sordid enuff to ask myself this question: "I wonder how mutch this kost?"

If yu eskpekt to be remembered after yu are ded, yu hav got to remember others while yu are living.

Broad, soft Scotch ribbons in basket plaids are much used as artistic coils for lining felt bonnets.

At the Expense of Others.

The shirk thrives upon the industry of his fellows. When any particularly unpleasant task is to be accomplished the shirk is very busy about things that are necessary to be done, to be sure, but not virtually essential to the issue in hand. The feminine shirk will occupy herself with arranging the parlor, with dusting the dining room, with pruning the house plants, with "tidying" up [the kitchen, while her "esteemed cotemporary" plunges into the thickest of the work, washes the dishes, scrubs the floor, trims the lamps, blackens the stove, and performs the drudgery that nobody likes to perform but which somebody must do. The feminine shirk has perhaps a "weak back" or a "delicate stomach" or a "sensitive nature," or an unconquerable aversion to certain things; she must sleep late in the morning, and therefore somebody else must get the breakfast; she cannot be round on her feet longer than just such a time; and so her self-sacrificing mother and sister fill the gap, and bear the burden which she so coolly shifts to their shoulders. The domestic masculine shirk contrives a way to be absent just when unpleasant tasks must be done, or he sits quietly at his ease and utterly ignores them. But he can always tell just how a thing should be done, and point out improvements in the methods of others. When the masculine shirk happens to be the head of the family, woe betide his unfortunate wife. Either she must make up his deficiencies or let them entail wretchedness and suffering upon the whole family. If she can make them up she is the chief sufferer, and becomes the early victim of overwork and excessive care. The essential nature of every shirk, masculine and feminine, domestic, social or civil, is unmitigated selfishness. This should not be encouraged if justice is to be done. The mother who permits her daughters to array themselves in fine clothes and sit in the parlor at fancy work while she drudges in the kitchen does them no less than herself an irreparable injury, and the daughters who permit themselves such indulgence are utterly incapable of making good wives and mothers, and of this let all young men take note.

Diving for Amber.

The labor required is of the severest kind. The costume of the diver is as follows: A woolen garment covers the entire body. This is again encompassed by an India rubber dress, made in one piece, but differing in shape from the old-fashioned diving-dress, and allowing the diver to lie at full length. The helmet also is of a novel construction. Firmly fastened to it, and resting on the shoulders, is a small air-chest, made of sheet-iron. This chest is connected with the air-pump in the boat above by an India-rubber tubing, forty feet long, and with the diver's lungs by another India-rubber tube, the mouth-piece of which is held by the diver between his teeth; the whole apparatus being scientifically arranged so as to admit a sufficient supply of pure air from above, and means of exit for the expired breath. The helmet is provided with three openings, covered with glass, and protected by wire, for the use of the eyes and mouth. When this contrivance has been screwed on to the person of the divers, a rope tied his waist, and half a hundred of lead attached to his feet, shoulders, and helmet, he is ready for his plunge. Down, fathoms deep, he descends into the amber world. He stays there—maybe for five hours at a time—hooking, dragging, tearing the amber from its bed with his heavy two-pronged fork. Often it resists his utmost efforts. However cold the weather may be, these men of iron strength will come up from their submarine labor, streaming with perspiration. The overseer stands in the boat to receive the amber from their pockets. In case he should wish to ascend before the usual time, the diver has to close his mouth and breath five or six times through his nostrils, by this means filling the apparatus with air, which will bring him to the surface without other assistance. The diving boats are manned by eight men each—two divers, two pairs of men who work the air-pumps alternately, with their eyes fixed on a dial-plate, by which the supply of air is nicely regulated; one man to hold the safety rope attached round the diver's body and haul him up at the slightest sign from below, and the overseer.

Who Caught the Biggest Fish — The Princess Louise captured a twenty-eight pound salmon at Indian House Pond, somewhere near Quebec, and did it all alone by herself, the Marquis, who was in her canoe with her, touching neither rod nor reel, giving no directions, and not even venturing to hurrah after the deed was done, for fear of a misconstruction of his enthusiasm. This was doing very well indeed, and the Princess is entitled to a great deal of praise. We believe, by the way, that the trout caught by Mrs. Hayes on the Adirondacks last summer weighed twenty-nine and three-quarter pounds, and was secured while William Wheeler was a couple of miles away and sound asleep. But the Princess' fish was a very pretty little fish for all that.—Buffalo Express.

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

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.

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.

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.

Ladies who wish to make the skin look beautiful and natural should use PHOSPHATE SOAP.

TESTIMONIALS:

SAN JOSE, September 21, 1879.

To the Standard Soap Co.—Gentlemen:

It affords me pleasure to say to the public that I have used and pronounced 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.

OAKLAND, CAL., Aug. 1, 1879.

Standard Soap Co.—Gentlemen:

We have been giving your PHOSPHATE SOAP a pretty fair trial, and we like it the best of any soap for toilet use that we have found on this Coast. We have little doubt that it will meet with universal favor. MRS. R. R. JOHNSTON,
1016 Kirkham street.

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.

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 powers. Call or address as above. See Dr. Spinney & Co.'s new pamphlet. See Advt. in S. F. Chronicle.

Contested Elections.

The result of the official canvass in Maine, whereby the apparent popular vote has been reversed by the canvassers, giving the Democrats a majority in the Legislature to which a large majority of Republicans were returned, has created nearly as much discussion and excitement as did the "counting in" of Mr. Hayes as President, when there was a popular majority of a quarter of a million of votes cast for his opponent. This Maine matter presents no new phase of party politics. There are abundant precedents, even in Maine, for the acts of the canvassers in this instance, though never before on so large a scale. An intelligent gentleman, long a resident of Maine, who never acted with the Democratic party, tells us that to his knowledge on frequent occasions Democrats were ruled out upon precisely the same technicalities that are now turned against Republicans, and that this was done as often as it was deemed necessary to maintain Republican party ascendancy in the State Legislature. Our informant says he always protested against that practice, and then predicted that it would eventually return to plague the inventors; and it has. Far be it from us to attempt to justify the act by these precedents. We cannot too strongly condemn any attempt to defeat the popular will, unmistakably expressed, through the ignorance or design of the custodians of the ballot-boxes. But let no party man lay the flattering unction to his soul that his party is guiltless of this wrong. It is one of the most common and most disgraceful features of party politics in this country. In nine cases out of ten of contested seats in Congress or State Legislatures, the law and the testimony is made to succumb to the higher law of party necessity, which implies an utter disregard for the sanctities of an official oath. At the Congressional session of 1879-80, after over two months balloting the Republicans got the organization of the House. Immediately thereafter seven defeated Republicans appeared to contest the seats held by seven Democrats; and all the contestants were successful except Mr. Dodge, who contested the seat of Dan Sickles and backed out of the contest before it was brought to an issue. Among the contestants was Dillon, (since Judge,) who contested the seat of Estabrook, Democratic Delegate for Nebraska. On the Committee on Elections was a former class-mate and old friend of Estabrook's, then a leading Republican member. Not caring to mention the name of the gentleman, we will call him M. One evening, while the contest was pending, the two friends met casually at our room and the matter came up. Estabrook commenced saying: "Now M., you know, as a legal proposition"— When M. impatiently interrupted him by exclaiming: "Law be hanged! You know, Estabrook, that law has nothing to do with this question. It is simply a question of power. We mean to turn you out if we have votes enough to do it. You would do the same by me under like circumstances if your party had the power; the Democrats always did it, and we don't intend to give them another chance if we can prevent it." We had been an active party politician for many years at that time, but we confess that this was a revelation shocking to our unsophisticated understanding. We have since learned that they all do it. "More's the pity."

In the highest tribunal ever organized in the land; called under the sanction of the three co-ordinate branches of the Supreme Government—Executive, Legislative and Judicial; composed of a choice selection of five of the most distinguished statesmen and jurists from each branch of the Legislative and five from the Judicial department, to pass upon the most important question which had ever been submitted to the determination of any organized body of men, involving a disorganization of the government and the peril of civil war, we find the same party rule dominating all other considerations. Every issue in that body was determined by a strict party vote—8 Republicans to 7 Democrats—and the most remarkable phase of the matter was, that the Repub-

licans by their votes maintained the doctrine of State sovereignty in its most comprehensive sense, while the Democrats as persistently declared for Federal supremacy. The Great Seal of the State is final and cannot be questioned by the Federal powers, said the old advocates of Federal supremacy. It is the right and the duty of the Federal Government to review and if necessary reverse the action of a State government in matters exclusively within the jurisdiction of the latter, was the declaration of the old Democrats on that Board, with whom state sovereignty had been the cherished tenet throughout their public career.—The high position which they occupied, and the solemn trust committed to their discretion, was subordinated to party. Justice Bradley, the only member of the commission who gave a logical and satisfactory reason for his decision, has been the object of more adverse criticism and party spite than any member who had nothing better to offer for his decision than that he voted with his party. The strict application of state sovereignty doctrine lost the Democracy a President, and the Republican party won a victory over a large popular majority, only by endorsing that doctrine. Democrats stultify their professions by disputing the title under which Mr. Hayes holds the Presidency. Republicans betray a gross inconsistency in accepting and enjoying the Presidency through a manifest fraud perpetrated under the Great Seal of Louisiana, made available only by a recognition of state sovereignty, and now invoke the Federal power thus acquired to invade the sovereignty of Maine under the pretext of correcting a fraud of a like nature. When political parties subordinate principles to party success in every department of the Government, there is no element of misrule more threatening to the perpetuity of popular institutions—first anarchy and then absolutism.

Congressional Aid.

The right of Congress to appropriate money out of the public treasury for any improvement exclusively within the jurisdiction of a State, is a constructive, not a specific right. The right to grant subsidies of either public lands, monies or credits to private corporations, or to invest such corporations with any exclusive privileges in any State, or any common Territory of the United States outside of the District of Columbia, for any purpose whatever, is neither an express, implied or constructive right within the scope of the constitutional powers delegated to Congress; it is a downright usurpation, practised and tolerated by log-rolling combinations in Congress for a division of the spoils, comprising latitudinarians, strict constructionists, and time servers who seek their own promotion by exhibitions of zeal for their constituents, regardless of the principles involved. If there is any portion of the Union to which the General Government has even the implied right to extend its aid for purposes of internal improvement, it is the Territories which are held in ward and the citizens thereof deprived of their inalienable right of self government under the clause of the constitution which vests in Congress the power to "make needful rules and regulation for the disposal of territory and other property" belonging to the United States; the last clause having always been construed by Congress as embracing the citizens of the Territories, cattle subject to taxation without representation. As the custodians of the common property of the United States in the Territories, Congress might reasonably encourage settlement, enhance the value of the public domain, and promote general prosperity. That has never been done in the case of this Territory, because it has no vote in Congress to exchange with other Senators and members for a share in the spoils which are bountifully distributed among those who have the power to take them.

Since Oregon was admitted into the Union, leaving that portion of Oregon Territory now embraced in Washington Territory out, that State has received from Congress five or six large grants of public lands and millions of dollars of public money for purposes of internal improvements, while Washington, the special ward of the Government, with immensely greater commercial resources demanding the fostering care of the Government, has never received a grant of an acre of land or a dollar in money for its own exclusive benefit, though hav-

ing a greater extent of sea-board, more natural harbors, more miles of navigable rivers within and upon its borders, a broader area of coal-fields and iron beds, the largest and best body of lumber and ship-building timber, and the greatest agricultural capacity of any State or Territory in the Union. While millions upon millions of the people's acres and the people's money have been lavished upon private corporators and used mainly for purposes of private speculation and oppression, the settlers upon the public domain in Washington Territory have been left to their own resources; though their own resources have not been left to them, their masters acting upon the idea that—

Enough for the rabble to know of their lords, is what the dim light of taxation affords.

The tonnage engaged in the commerce of Puget Sound is more than that employed on the Columbia, which drains Oregon, Eastern Washington and Northern Idaho. The commerce of Puget Sound has been built up by the unaided efforts of the settlers; that of the Columbia river has been constantly under Government patronage. The only railroad which has contributed to the commerce of Puget Sound was built by the people of Seattle without any aid or concession from Congress.

Our Delegate succeeded by persistent solicitation in getting an order for the survey of the Skagit river and an estimate of the cost of clearing out the jams near the mouth of the same. The survey was made and the cost estimated—if we remember correctly—at \$20,000, but no appropriation was made for that purpose. Half a dozen loggers clubbed together, and by their own labor, aided by contributions of supplies to the amount of a few hundred dollars, cleared out those jams and opened the river to steamboat navigation for 70 miles through a section before inaccessible full as rich as that bordering upon the Willamette river, upon the improvement of which Congress expends tens of thousands of dollars annually. With the opening of the Skagit gold mines the travel and traffic on that river will greatly exceed that of the Willamette, and yet Congress refuses to reimburse the poor men who opened it to navigation. Are these things right towards citizens of the United States deprived of a voice in the Government?

PUGET SOUND EXPRESS.—This paper which has lain dormant since the death of Mr. Julius Dickens has been revived by S. L. Maxwell, the founder of the *Intelligencer*, of this city. Mr. Maxwell is a first class printer and a very careful and industrious compiler of news. He made the *Intelligencer* a valuable property, which he surrendered to bear a dying wife to a more genial climate, where she ended her days. We hope his new venture will be as successful as he deserves, which will be ample for his wants. The paper is published weekly at Steilacoom, Pierce county.

BOOTS & SHOES.

H. Jones,

Manufacturer of and wholesale and retail dealer in

Boots & Shoes,

Has removed his sale and manufacturing rooms to the

"VANITY FAIR" BUILDING

On OCCIDENTAL SQUARE, where he keeps on hand manufactures to order every article in his line of the

VERY BEST QUALITY,

—AT—

Reasonable Prices

His old customers need no assurance of fair dealing.

HO, FOR THE SKAGIT!

Every one intending going to the mines will do well to secure a pair of those

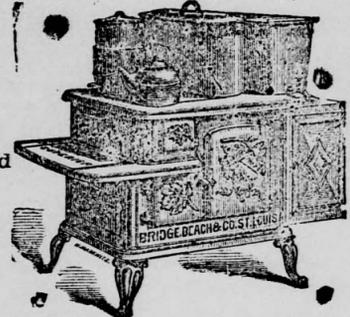
FIRST-CLASS BOOTS

Manufactured especially for that use Warranted the best in the market.

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,
Kitchen
Utensils
of all
Descriptions.

STEAM WHISTLES, GONGS, STEAM AND WATER GAUGES, GLOBE

**Maleable Iron Fittings, Copper Smithing,
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.

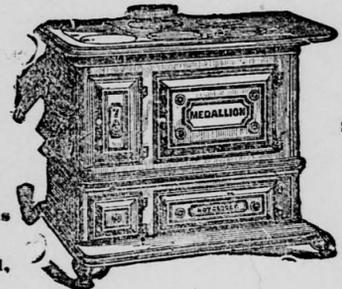
ALL JOB WORK NEATLY EXECUTED, AND ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED.

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.

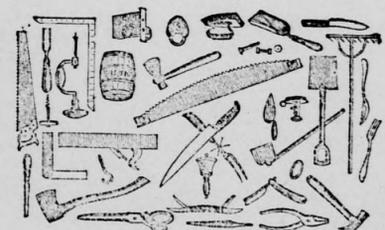
H. MCALEER & Co.,
Commercial Street, Seattle, W. T.

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.

A New Way to the Mines.

Every thing relating to the Skagit gold mines and the way of getting to them is now a matter of intense interest to every body in this community.

WHATCOM, Dec. 15, 1879.

DEAR SIR:—The newly discovered gold and silver mines, near the head waters of the Skagit river, and the best route to get there for man and beast, appears to be the topic and question of the day.

Very respectfully yours, H. ROEDER.

FIDALGO, Dec. 6, 1879.

CAPT. ROEDER: Dear Sir:—Yours of the 3d is at hand. In reply I will say in regard to the old boundary trail, I am satisfied that it is the most practical route to the mines for pack animals, and I do not think it would be much of a job to reopen it, as it passes through a country where there is not much wind to blow down trees and the trail was traveled so much it would be easy to follow, and any of the old Chilliwach Indians know the trail well.

After you strike the Skagit the country is open and good traveling. If that trail is opened the man that gets a charter for a ferry across the lake will make a good thing out of it.

THE WEATHER.—During the early part of last week we had the coldest weather of the last four years.

1873—Dec, 12th, 17°. 1874—Jan. 22d, 26°. 1875—Jan. 13th; at 4 P. M. heavy wind attaining velocity of thirty miles an hour; navigation on the Columbia and Willamette entirely closed by ice; 14th, 3°. This is the lowest temperature on record in the office.

1876—Jan. 23d, 20°. 1877—Feb. 10th, 25°. 1878—Jan. 2d, 18°. The weather has been moderating since Thursday, and the thermometer now stands at 40 degrees above zero.

XMAS.—The great Christmas Festival was more generally observed by the various Christian denominations in this city this year than ever before.

REWARD OF MERIT.—A number of gentlemen interested in the defeat of the "Local Option" bill, which came very near passing the Territorial Legislature at its last session, made Hon. William H. White a Xmas present of a fine gold watch bearing the inscription: "Presented to Hon. W. H. White by his Anti-Local Option Friends, Seattle, W. T., Xmas, 1879."

LIGHT HOUSE KEEPER.—Dr. J. S. Maggs, of this city, has received and accepted the appointment of head keeper of the Point No Point Light House.

L. P. SMITH & SON, SULLIVAN'S BLOCK, FRONT ST., SEATTLE, W. T. Watch-Makers AND JEWELLERS. DEALERS IN WATCHES, JEWELLERY, SILVERWARE & CLOCKS.

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

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

Notice.—In the Probate Court of King County, Washington Territory. In the matter of the Estate of Polly P. Holly, deceased.

North Pacific BREWERY. AUGUST MEHLHORN, PROPRIETOR. [SUCCESSOR TO M. SCHEMIG.] 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. PREEMPTION ENTRIES MADE AND HOMESTEAD FINAL PROOF TAKEN FOR SETTLERS, CONVEYANCING DONE, LOANS NEGOTIATED. THREE MONTHS PAY. Officers, Soldiers and Seamen of the Mexican War have been granted three months' extra pay by Congress.

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.

NEW ENGLAND HOTEL. Corner Commercial and Main Streets SEATTLE, W. T.

THE NEW ENGLAND 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.

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

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

PATRONIZE "BOSS" BEER! DIRECT IMPORTATION —BY— HOME HOUSES. We are the sole agents for the Pacific Coast of the Celebrated Fair Oaks Bourbon Whiskies.

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

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. n149tf

The Cake Walk.

See gwine to tell de story fur you folks as wasn't dah,
Ob de glittah an' de glory an' de graace beyond compah;
De rooms war flushed wid fashion, like a garden ob delight,
Wid sunflowahs an' peonies an' cabbage roses bright;
In view ob all beholdahs, in a cornah stood de prize,
Wid frostwork an' wid icings to 'chant de rolling eyes—
De cake for which de couples was dere lubly forms to swing;
An' somewhere in de middle ob dat cake a golden ring,
To hoop de chahmin' fingham ob de empress ob de walk,
Whose prance was gwine to dust de eyes ob all dat toed de chalk.
De 'testants fell in ordal: at de norf end ob de hall;
De gazahs hedged de open track; a hush fell ober all;
An' den, as music's 'laptuous swell rolled up aroun' de roof;
De d'rectah waved his sceptah fur de shakin' ob de hoof,
De fust was Rufus Rider wid Sue Whiting on his ahm,
An' de way dey engineered dere heels made all de capet walm;
But his strut war like a turkey's, an' her's not quite de go,
An' bofe retiahd, 'refr ob praise, as Julius Caesar Snow,
Wid Seraphina Waterby, came swimmin' down de aisle—
Upon dere bre's a peck ob flowahs, upon dere lips a smile.
A buz ob 'spressed 'miration chased dere trail untill, too late,
Jule tried de "Brunnel hist," an' frew his gal all out ob gait.
Oh, Jinks! de look she gub him, an' de way she huffed aside,
As, arter dem, serene, an' wid de last Parisian glide,
Scop Brown an' Mand Pilaster, all de boahds wid joy did take,
So 'scrushatin' dat 'twar said dey'd shubly scoop de cake.
So, couple arter couple showed alon' de gleamin' lists
Dere South Fifth Avenue repos, an' Rue de Thompson twists,
Dere dangle-tails, an' wriggle hoops, an' all de latest shins,
Whar shingle-sole wid gooseneck arch in hahmony combines,
But Lor! dat wunt'nuffia de pow'ful 'citemen' when
Yous truly tuk de ambl'ingroun' wid Miss Eugenia Wren,
I only had to feel her wris' agin my bosom fon' To make me skim de capet like de drake upon de pon',
My pins war spry as crickets an' my gunboats light as ahn,
Only to watch de heabenly step ob dat fair creakah dah,
Wid one eye on de spellboun' frouns, an' one upon de cake,
She seesawd down de middle wid de bounces in her wake,
Jis' sim'lar to a steamtug dat leabs a trail behin',
An', when, at las' she rested, wid her shouldah lunched in mine,
An' ducked her face behin' her fan to hide de happy tears,
You'd 'tought de house had burstid wid de ringing shouts an' cheahs.
De votes war tuk—de cake war ours—we sliced it dar an' den—
Out drapped de ring, to deok de han' ob Miss Eugenia Wren.
An' as I rubbed it on, she tuk my buttonhole bokay,
An' snuffed it 'fore dem all to show her 'pre- ciation gay.
Oh, den dar war de 'citemen'! some jumped upon de cheahs,
Some histed up umbrellahs fur to shed de raining teahs!
An' fine'ly closed wid blaze an' bluster an' de bangin' ob de ban!
Oh, Lor! dar nubber were sich times in all dis happy lan'!
I'd radder be de hero ob a cake walk sich as dat,
Dan de proudest Juke dat ebber wore a diamond fur hat!

Trial of James Stephens.

About the year 1858, a young man named Bell arrived in this country from the north of Ireland, ostensibly on a visit to his sisters, Misses Sophia and Fanny Bell, who had previously lived under the roof of James Stephens, the husband of their aunt. James Stephens was employed in the car factory of the celebrated car builder, John Stephenson, and lived with his wife and the two Misses Bells, in a tenement house, the rear windows of which looked into the workshop. Stephens was a Methodist, and bore an excellent character. Mr. Stephenson was also a Methodist, and had a very high opinion of his employe. Mrs. Stephens died after a protracted illness leaving one little daughter about six or seven years old named Isabella, and familiarly called Bella.

Shortly after the death of Mrs. Stephens, the girls moved from under the roof of her late husband, and began house-keeping for themselves. They then wrote home for their brother, who came, as above stated.

The young man was by no means as steady as the president of a temperance society, and he and Mr. Stephens had several quarrels, when at length young Bell shot at Mr. Stephens, who had him arrested and taken before a magis- trate. The formal charge of shooting with intent to kill was made by Stephens, and the young man was about

to be committed, when, to the astonish- ment of every one, he said:

"It is no wonder that I shot at him, your honor, for he murdered his wife—my aunt—by poison."

This turned the tables completely. Stephens was arrested, and placed in the toms, while young Bell was released on bail.

The body of the deceased woman was exhumed, and the stomach and intestines were removed and given to Professor R. Ogden Doremus, the celebrated chemist, for analysis. The professor, assisted by Dr. Buck, a former pupil, took the whole body and boiled it, and by various tests, found sufficient arsenic in the body to produce death. In his testimony the professor stated that the whole process was most disgusting and indeed sickening. The boards of the coffin, the glass jars in which the stomach, &c., were put, the earth from the grave &c., were all tested, but no arsenic was found in anything but the body.

An inquest was held before the celebrated Coroner Connery, and a verdict of willful murder was rendered against Stephens, the principal witnesses against him being young Bell and his sisters. When the coroner made out his committal, Stephens said to him: "You have not given me fair play, and I will maintain that even in the shadow of the gallows."

The Grand Jury shortly after met and a true bill was found against James Stephens. A day or two after the in- quest the writer was coming from the Express office in Park Row, and as he neared the City Hall he was hailed. On looking to see from whom the voice came he perceived young Bell, who began to talk to him about the case, but as the young man appeared to have been drinking he did not encourage him much. Bell clung to him, how- ever, and as they passed a place in Chatham street the young man said: "There's where I bought the pistol, powder, and balls."

"Then you meant to shoot him?" queried the writer.

"Unquestionably I did," he replied, "for he poisoned my aunt."

At his earnest entreaties, and more to get rid of him than for any other purpose, the writer went with him to his sisters' apartments. They were two very good looking and well educated, modest young women. The elder, Sophia, was about twenty-two years old; the younger, Fanny, only seven- teen, and decidedly handsome.

The trial of Stephens took place before the late Judge Roosevelt in the Court of Oyer and Terminer. Nelson J. Waterbury, then District Attorney, and Chauncey Shaffer were the prose- cuting counsel, while the prisoner was defended by Stephen B. Cushing, ex- State Attorney-General, and John W. Ashmead, a lawyer from Philadelphia, then practicing in New York. The principal witnesses against Stephens were the two Misses Bell, and, of course, Dr. Doremus. Sophia's testimony was very bitter indeed. She swore that during the illness of Mrs. Stephens, her husband would allow no one but himself to attend on her; that he had arranged a code of signals, which were to be displayed whenever he was wanted to give her her medicine; and that he sprinkled some "white stuff" on oranges, which were sliced and placed on a saucer for the sick woman, who often complained that she thought her life was in danger, as, after getting her medicine, she always felt a burning pain in her stomach; also, that once her sister Fanny ate some of the oranges, and was soon after seized with a fit of vomiting, and continued sick for some days. She also swore that on one Sunday he came home from church before the services had concluded, bringing with him a bottle of liquor, of which he wished her to partake. She refused to drink, and he then attempted im- proper liberties. When his wife died, he asked her to marry him, remarking that there was "no obstacle now." It was noticed, however, that when swear- ing to this a second time, she used the word "impediment," and not "obsta- cle." My own impression at the time was that this looked odd; because, in such a case, the word would have so impressed itself on a person's mind as not to call for the use of a synonym. She, of course, refused to marry him; and, believing that it looked bad for her to be under the same roof with him, she and her sister left him, and then wrote home to their brother; tell- ing him the whole story, and asking him to come out. Her story in its es- sential (except with regard to the im- proper liberties he attempted), was corroborated by Fanny.

At this time Sophia was engaged to be married to a widower, named Samuel Cauldwell, to whom she was after- ward married. He then kept a small dry goods store, and still keeps one on Third avenue. He is likewise a real estate agent. He was very attentive to the sisters at the time, and always accompanied them to and from the court- room.

When I last saw them, about ten years ago, Fanny was attending in the store, but was still unmarried.

Mr. John Stephenson, for the defense gave Stephens an excellent character, and plainly stated his disbelief in the latter's guilt. His wife thought so much of him, that her last words were: "Good-by, my dear husband; we will meet in heaven!"

Mr. Stephenson, however, tried to reflect on the character of the Bell girls by saying that, at a picnic, he thought they did not act very modestly; that he saw them kissing, and such like.

"Didn't you kiss some ladies there?" asked Chauncey Shaffer.

"No, sir," was the indignant reply; "it is not a characteristic of mine."

The writer felt somewhat embittered against this gentleman at the time, be- lieving that he was trying to raise a prejudice against two unprotected girls; but he was afterward compelled to change his opinion. He found Mr. Stephenson was idolized by his work- men, and that he was a noble, imple- cable, good man. He believed implic- itly in Stephens' innocence, and does so to this day.

A sister of Stephens', whose married name I forgot, swore that she pur- chased arsenic to poison rats, which used to make great havoc among her provisions, and especially her butter, which she kept in the cellar. Her daugh- ter, a girl of twenty, corroborated her.

Officers were sent to examine the place, who, on their return, testified that the cellar floor was flooded with water, and that no provisions could be kept therein.

But the most affecting scene was yet to come. After a few words in private between counsel, Mr. Ashmead called out:

"Bella, my child, take the stand!"

A beautiful, fair-haired child of seven stepped from beside her father (Stephens), where she had sat during the greater portion of the trial, appar- ently bewildered at what was going on. She was conducted to the witness-stand, and the Bible handed to her.

The judge said: "Surely, you're not going to swear this child!"

Little Bella was questioned, and gave satisfactory answers as to her religious training and her knowledge of the nature of an oath. But it was still thought improper to swear her, and her simple statement was taken.

Counsel asked:—"Do you recollect last year when your cousin, Fanny Bell, was taken ill?"

Bella—"Yes, sir" (very promptly). Q—"What did she eat to make her sick, do you remember, dear?"

A—"Cold cabbage" (equally prompt.)

A few more questions were asked and answered, showing that Fanny vomited and complained of pains immediately after eating the cabbage. She was then turned over to the prosecuting counsel.

Chauncey Shaffer asked but one question, while the silence in the crowded court room was painful, and men strained their necks to catch the answer. The question was:

"Bella, my dear, who told you to say all this?"

A—"My aunt, sir!"

"My God!" exclaimed a voice near the reporter's table, "she has put the rope round her father's neck."

I raised my head from my notes, which, I am not ashamed to say, were blistered with tears I in vain tried to repress. Behind me were strong men sobbing. Even the counsel for the people, as well as for the prisoner, used their pocket-handkerchiefs to hide their feelings. I looked at Stephens, I looked at his sister, and at his niece, her daughter. They were all deathly pale, and the judge, who tried also to repress his feelings, thought it a good time to take a recess, which was accordingly ordered.

The judge had prepared a written charge, which he read. It gave a full history of the Bell family, their arrival in this country, Stephens and his wife, her illness, &c., and then pro- ceeded to analyze the testimony. The case was then given to the jury.

The jury was not out an extraordinary length of time, and returned with a verdict of "Guilty of Murder." At that period there was no "Murder in the Second Degree."

The homicides were "Murder" and four degrees of manslaughter. Mr. Waterbury immediately moved for sen- tence.

Mr. Ashmead rose and said: "May it please your honor, there's a certain decency to be observed—"

Judge Roosevelt—"The learned counsel need not speak. I shall not pass sentence now."

The day appointed for the sentence arrived. Stephens had nothing to say "why sentence should not be passed."

Judge Roosevelt read a long introduc- tory address, and pronounced sentence of death, concluding thus: "And may the God of mercy, in whose hands are the issues of life and death, and who knows the secrets of all hearts, grant you in the next world, that mercy which you cannot hope for in this."

Counselor Ashmead (after a few words in private with the prisoner) said:

"Your honor, the condemned man wishes to say a few words."

Judge Roosevelt—"He has had his opportunity."

The crowd soon dispersed, and Stephens' little daughter said, while tears ran down the cheeks of those who re- mained:

"Papa, let us go home now. See!—all the people are going. Come home!" Stephens was hung. His last words, answer to an urgent appeal from the minister who attended him, were:

"I am innocent! Redeemer, save me!"

His little daughter did not long sur- vive him. She died of grief, and was buried beside him in Greenwood.

I omitted to state that Dr. Doremus read his testimony which he illustrated by diagrams. It evinced great skill and science, but counsel for the defense said: "I hope you are not going to hang a man in order that science may triumph."

After little Bella said, in answer to

Chauncey Schaffer, that her aunt told her what to say, I sought the woman out and questioned her. "They did not give the child fair play," said she. "We were talking of the sickness of Fanny, when the little one said: 'Oh, I remember Cousin Fanny got sick after she ate some cold cabbage.' He then questioned and got a very straightfor- ward history from her. And I certainly did say: 'Well, mind you tell the same story in court.'"

Mr. Waterbury moved that Stephens' sister and her daughter ought to be ar- rested for perjury, but the judge denied the motion.—O'D REPORTER, in N. Y. Weekly.

Generous Ruskin.

Between thirty and thirty-five Ruskin met and was delighted with a very pretty and graceful young woman of social position and nice culture. I should say he had fallen in love with her, were he not of so peculiar a physical temperament. He admired her sufficiently to ask her to be his wife, and she, appreciating his gifts and scholarship, and flattered by the preference of so distinguished a man, ac- cepted his offer. He questioned her, it is reported, as to the nature of her affection; expressed the hope that it was spiritual rather than emotional, mainly Platonic in character, as he confessed his own to be. As may be inferred, she answered in the affirma- tive, and doubtless believed very firmly every word she uttered. It would be strange, indeed, if any woman should imagine or allow herself to be less ethereal of sentiment than any man on the planet. With the mutual understanding that theirs was to be a union of minds, they were married.

They seemed to get on pleasantly for a few months—at least it seemed so to the husband, absorbed as usual in study and writing. He greatly ad- mired her beauty—he probably re- garded her more as a picture or a statue than a woman—and never wearied of praising it. Desirous to have her portrait taken, he chose his friend Millais, who, with Holman Hunt, Charles Collins, Dante Russell and others, formed and still form the pre-Raphaelite school, to transfer her fea- tures to canvas. She gave the painter a number of sittings, and the husband was so much concerned in the work that he sometimes watched its progress. Millais, as is well known, is handsome and winning—he was espe- cially so when young, he is barely fifty now; and was drawn at once to the young and lovely wife of his friend, an attraction that seems to have been reciprocated. In plain parlance, Millais and Mrs. Ruskin fell head over heels, or heels over head if you like, in love with one another, without the least intent on their part. Ruskin himself is said to have perceived the fact, al- though the lovers had not been in the slightest indiscreet or conventional, or even to have intimated one to the other the conditions of their hearts. The author of *Modern Painters* is as gener- ous as he is chivalrous. He did not, as ordinary men would have done, fly into a jealous rage, nor did he have a scene with his wife. He told her gently what he had perceived and as- sured her of his continued friendship and esteem, and of his earnest desire to promote her happiness at any price.

She turned crimson at the words, as if they had been a revelation to her own soul, which in part they may have been. She could not believe the thing possible at first—the surprises of the heart are usually overwhelming—but very soon she acknowledged the truth, and the painter did likewise. The critic condemned himself for dullness in thinking a Platonic marriage natural or satisfactory, and announced his will- ingness, yea gladness, to assist the pair to a felicity they were obviously fitted for. Instead of putting any obstacle in the way, he would remove the only one to their love and happiness—him- self—and he kept his word faithfully.

Under this peculiar circumstance there was not much trouble in obtaining a divorce. The matter was managed privately, without any scandal, and in due time Mrs. Ruskin, who was, be- came Mrs. Millais who is. They have proved to be from all accounts a most harmonious couple and they are as much to one another to-day as they were during the honeymoon. More- over, Ruskin continues to be the warm friend of both, visiting them regularly and sharing in a reflected manner in their happiness—a fact which demon- strates the largeness and nobility of Ruskin's nature. Millais' famous pic- ture—it has been engraved and is very common—"The Huguenot Lovers," is declared to be, as respects the young woman, almost a faithful portrait of the artist's wife, and the alleged fact has added not a little to its popularity.—London Letter.

The *Athenaeum* thinks that Thackeray is the only novelist of his time whose popularity is steadily increasing. It says: "It is as a painter of his own times, a painter who had no rival in his own day, that Thackeray will be remem- bered, and time will make of these wonderful novels true historical ro- mances. They will live as vivid pic- tures of English society in the first half of the nineteenth century." His popularity is traced to the mixture of half-hearted pessimism and real opti- mism to be found in his writings.

Drop Cakes.—One cup of butter, two of granulated sugar, one of milk, four of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder, flavor with vanilla. Drop in the tins by spoonfuls.

Picturesque Scenes in Atlanta.

On Monday you may see tall, straight negro girls marching through the street carrying enormous bundles of soiled clothes upon their heads; or a man with a great stack of home-made, un- painted and splint-bottomed chairs, out from among the white legs and rungs of which his black visage peers curi- ously; or urchins under baskets of flowers poised like crowns. Troops of little black boys, bare-footed, bare- headed, and ragged "to a degree," as a certain English novelist is fond of expressing it, go about carrying bags in which they gather up rags in a manner wholly different from the New York *chiffonniers*. At certain corners stand farmers in scant clothing of homespun, and the most bucolic of manners, waiting for some one to buy for a dollar, or even half a dollar, the little load of wood piled up on the center of a home-made wagon so di- minutive that two men could walk away with the whole affair, while a third carried the mule under his arm. It is great fun, too, to go to the post-office after the arrival of the noon mails from the North. The office closes its win- dows, although it is in the middle of the day, and devotes itself to the task of distribution. Meanwhile, a crowd accumulates—mostly the rabble who get a letter about once in four weeks, but mixed up of all sorts—and amuse themselves by making remarks not always complimentary to the rule of the office, or stand patiently in line until the window opens. This delay in a post-office which supports the deliv- ery system looks like a "relic," but everybody has time enough in Georgia.

On certain days you will hear the beating of triangles, and have your attention attracted to the red flag of the curb stone auctioneer whose volubility will be heard above the din of traffic. These out-of-door auctions are always amusing, and the crowd of negroes, "poor whites," and loungers that they gather afford an interesting study to the lover of physiognomy. It is like a bit of the Bowery or Chatham Street turned out of doors; but the articles sold are more miscellaneous and wretched. You may buy worn-out stoves and tables, second-hand bacon, muddy croquet sets, rubber hose of one kind and cotton hose of quite another; canary birds, hat racks, baby carriages, old fruit jars, clothing, bath tubs, straw sun bonnets and hats, squirrel cages, carpets, books, bedclothes made "befoh de wab," sweet oil, saws, crockery, iron garden settees, ice-cream freezers, sad- dles, window-sashes—everything out of time and miserable, from a pair of snuffers to a horse and wagon alive and harnessed.—ERNEST INGERSOLL, in *Harper's Magazine*.

Cosmetics.

Doctors, and chemists, and phys- iologists, all unite in saying that there is but one proper cosmetic,—pure soap and water. Even scented soap is ob- jectionable, unless the smell of an un- healthy skin is to be hidden. The *Medical Examiner* says: "Complexion is dependent on the quality and quantity of the blood in the skin, and the condition of the cells of the skin, through which the blood is seen.

"The way to insure having a proper quantity of healthy blood in the skin is to rise early, to be much in the open air, especially during the hours of sun- light, to avoid over heated, artificial- ly-lighted, unventilated rooms, and to retire early to rest.

"To keep the cells which protect the surface of the skin in a healthy state, all that is necessary is to wash the sur- face of the body with soap and water only, or, in the case of some delicate skins, which the alkali of most soaps irritates, with water alone.

"Whoever will attend to these direc- tions will do all that can be done to preserve, as all ought to try and pre- serve, their skins in the most healthy and therefore beautiful condition.

"It cannot be too strongly asserted that no cosmetic, wash, enamel, powder, paste or lotion, can ever subvert the natural process of waste and repair which is ever taking place in our bodies, and which is part of a general law observed throughout animate na- ture, that every cell has a limited period of existence, equally as have all bodies composed of such cells."

SYRIAN WOMEN.—One of the deepest convictions in the mind of an Arab is that any man is immeasurably superior to any woman. The rejoicing over the birth of a son is only equalled by the grief with which a daughter is received into the world. The unfortunate female infant is despised; but the heir to the desert freedom welcomed with demon- strations of joy which know no bounds. But where there is only a baby girl, she is nothing but a girl any- how. Her brothers will beat her and curse her; her father will abuse his wife for having a girl baby; and when she grows up, if she marries, she will be beaten by her husband, and have to drag out a slave's life, and know nothing more than the cattle or the don- keys. Boys are trained to abuse and oppress their sisters, and girls are taught that such treatment is the only kind they have a right to expect. The women carry the burdens, and part of their daily work is to bring water for the household uses.

It is all very well for a man to boast of his family and hold himself aloof because his grandfather was up in the world, but it is better to be reasonably modest about it, because some one may possibly remember that it was a rope which held him up.

Leisure Hours.

In Muscatine, a few days since, one of the female school teachers died. She was buried yesterday afternoon, and two of the public schools were closed in order to attend the funeral.

We believe in play time for the children. Of course the last farewell to one of their teachers, perhaps one who was very dear to them (for two schools were closed—that means something), is by no means play.

It is not contended that our children study too much, but that they study too steadily. Their working periods are too long. Teachers of great experience will bear witness that children—especially the younger class—learn more rapidly and accurately when they learn but little at a time.

There is a certain school which holds its sessions from nine to eleven; and from half-past eleven until two. In the matter of learning it is a perfect success. After the school is closed, the children have time to enjoy themselves by daylight.

A Striking Story.

In the old cemetery at New Haven we used to be shown a tomb of enormously heavy stones,—the grave of a man who planned it for himself, in defiance of the Angel of the Resurrection. Whether his impious challenge has ever been met by such a silent rebuke as the one here recorded, we cannot say.

SCRAP PUDDING.—Put the scraps of bread-crust and crumbs into a bowl, with sufficient milk to cover them. Cover with saucapan lid, or a plate, and put into the oven to soak for about half an hour.

FISH CAKES.—One pint bowl salt codfish, picked very fine, two pint bowls of whole, raw peeled potatoes; put together in cold water and boil till the potatoes are thoroughly cooked.

Sweet Messengers.

Who has not been worried almost to distraction by letters? Who has not passed through the ordeal of waiting for letters which never come, of hoping against hope? To some, letters are sweet messengers, speaking of "home" and absent friends, and as soon as the contents are devoured the reply is sent instantaneously.

COAL OIL.—The remark has often been made, lately, that coal oil is getting to be very poor in quality. And since last winter there has been a noticeable deterioration in our illuminating agent—kerosene.

Mines and Miners. Are of little value unless the receipts exceed the expenditures. The Robertson Process enables parties to make money in mines where they could not otherwise pay expenses.

The True Lady.

THE TRUE LADY.—The lady does not lose caste because she makes her own clothes, and is obliged to economize. "A lady is a woman who clearly understands and consistently practices, the refinements of a highly-civilized existence; and the most real distinction between a lady and a woman who is not a lady, is that one is more civilized than the other, and more determined to preserve the habits of a high civilization, both in her own person and in all those over whom she has authority.

Bow-Legs.—Mothers who desire to see their children physically upright should attend to this suggestion: Bow-legs and knock-knees are among the commonest deformities of humanity, and a Manchester (England) physician, Dr. Compton, attributes the first-mentioned distortion to a habit some youngsters delight in, of rubbing the sole of one foot against that of the other; some will go to sleep with the soles together.

He has found that when one leg has been bowed inward more than the other, the patient has always slept on one side, and the uppermost member has been the most deformed. Here the preventive is to pad the inside of the knees, so as to keep them apart, and let the limbs grow freely their own way.

A very young reporter in Cincinnati writes: "Marriage, to woman, is the most important event of her life. In consenting to become a wife, she deliberately gives up her family—brothers, sisters, father and mother." The boy will learn better when he gets a little further on in life.

THE SOCIAL CRITIC.—If you would have any friends at all, don't set yourself up for a critic. If you don't like any one's nose, or object to any one's chin, do not put your feelings into words. If any one's manners do not please you, remember your own. People are not all made to suit one taste; recollect that. Take things as you find them, unless you can alter them.

If you are fishing for a good reputation you had better bait your hook with good deeds.

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CONCORD CARRIAGES. REMOVAL. The Concord Carriage Repository has removed to No. 46 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.

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Mail and Telegraph.

Mail Contracts.

NEW YORK, Dec. 11.—The *Times* Washington special says of the Star mail routes: In 1878, the department, after advertisement, awarded to V. W. Parker the route from Vinita, in Indian Territory, to Las Vegas, in New Mexico, a distance of 725 miles, the service to be performed once a week, and the distance to be made in ten days. The price was \$6,330 per annum, so that in 240 hours the mail had to be carried at the rate of three miles per hour. This route was sublet in July, 1878, to J. W. Parker, and on November 9, 1878, two trips a week were ordered, and the pay was raised to \$12,660 per year. December 23, 1878, the speed was increased to four and one-half miles per hour, or seven days running time, and \$34,846 per annum additional was allowed. Again, in the same month, for serving the mail to six small offices situated a short distance from the regular route, an extra amount of \$1,527 was allowed. Subsequently the order of November 9th was changed, and \$15,715 a year instead of \$12,660 was allowed, and then the order of December 23d, allowing \$34,846 was changed, and \$40,429 a year was allowed for increased speed. Again the distance was claimed to be 810 miles instead of 725, and more days' running time was allowed, and the service was increased to seven times a week, and \$86,052 additional allowed per annum. Thus this contract was worked up and nursed from \$6,330, bid at the regular competitive letting, till it now costs about \$150,000 a year.

Another instance. The next case is that of the route from Rock Creek to Echeta, Wyoming Territory, a distance of 370 miles, which was regularly let in 1878 to G. M. McDonough, the service to be performed three times a week, for \$11,767 per annum. The distance was reduced in July, 1878, to 331 miles, to be run in 190 hours, or one and eight-tenths miles per hour, and the price was made \$10,500 a year. McDonough failed and his sureties were allowed to take his place, but they too failed, whereupon Patrick & Brown were given the contract, and an additional trip added, making four trips per week, and \$14,000 additional was allowed, making \$24,500 per year. Then the rate of speed was increased from one and eight-tenths miles per hour to three and six-tenths miles per hour, the distance to be run in 95 hours, and \$64,251 was allowed, making the total cost \$88,751 per year. Patrick, who is one of the firm of Patrick & Brown, operating this route, is the same person sent to Oregon, in 1876, by the Tilden managers to buy the Electoral vote of Oregon. His partner, Brown, was formally clerk in the Postoffice Department, and a few years ago found it convenient to visit Canada about the time he was wanted as a witness by the Congressional Committee.

In both of the cases mentioned above the entire distance is through a sparsely settled country, a great portion of that in the Indian Territory being parallel with the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad, and all the important mail matter, it is presumed, goes by the mail route. If these two cases are a fair illustration of how Star routes are run, it is not surprising that such a large deficiency in the appropriation is required for this branch of the mail service before the end of the second quarter of the present fiscal year.

Immense Cattle Ranches in Oregon.

We have come, unexpectedly, upon Dr. Glenn's Oregon ranch, about which so much was said during the recent campaign. It is a stock ranch, and covers an area of seventy-five miles long by twenty miles wide. If it were not, Dr. Glenn, you know, would have nothing to do with it. The Doctor has never seen the ranche, however, and probably never will. He has a partner, Peter French, who stays at the ranch and runs the business. Mr. French was not at home, being absent in Portland on some government business, but we were taken in by his majordomo or overseer, and kindly and hospitably entertained. There are two ranches on the range, the P. ranch here in the valley, and the Diamond ranch—so called from the brands used—some twenty-five miles further on in the valley of Keiger creek. The streams and valley are so similar that a description

of one is a description of both. The streams rise on the west side of Stein mountain and flow in a northwesterly course, and sinking or spreading into broad marshes go to contribute the waters of lakes Malheur and Harney. The valleys are thirty or forty miles long, and from six to twelve miles wide. The soil is wonderfully fertile, the climate is not excessive, and fine grain and vegetables are produced in abundance, every year, and of the best quality. The gently sloping hills are covered with bunch grass, and the wild grass of the valley will produce a ton and a half of hay to the acre. Here are rich and beautiful homes for 500 families, with ample stock range for all. Glenn and French hold this vast body of land by the right of undisturbed possession. We were told by his book keeper that no part of the immense tract of land over which their 25,000 head of cattle roam has ever passed any kind of title. It is true it would be a little unsafe for a single settler to go into this country and attempt to homestead, for all such are treated as interlopers, and quickly invited to emigrate. One man went and filed a homestead on the stock ranch of one Wallace in Warner valley, and before he had time to put up his cabin, Wallace took down his Winchester and shot him dead, and the stock men in the vicinity will tell you that Wallace is a "perfect gentleman." Nothing was ever done in the matter. All these large tracts of land are held by bluster and braggadocio, and it strikes me as being a piece of unparalleled impudence for one or two men to spread themselves out over two or three hundred square miles of God's free heritage and attempt by threats and blows to keep out the thousands of honest industrious men who are seeking for homes and employment. These lands are, nearly all of them, subject to pre-emption and homestead entry, and men of nerve and pluck will come here and take it, and the time is not far distant when these rich and beautiful valleys will be thickly populated and covered with happy and prosperous homes.—*Corr. Colusa Sun.*

CHICAGO, Dec. 19.—A *Utica* special gives an interview with Seymour. The reporter asked him if he would accept the Democratic nomination for President if such a course seemed necessary for the party's success? He said: "As for myself I do not think there is a general disposition to nominate me, nor do I think it wise to do so for various reasons. I should not be a strong candidate, and what I have said to numerous invitations to make addresses upon political or other subjects would, of itself, be a good reason why I should not be elected even if nominated. While my name was spoken of, I do not consider it anything more than one of the speculations of the day, in time of political uncertainty. In the face of what I have said it is absurd to suppose I shall be nominated. I have no idea that I shall be nominated by any convention for President. I should be guilty of self complacency, which would be ridiculous if I thought a great party were anxious to make me their candidate against my wishes. Even in that impossible event, I should do my friends a very great wrong if I should go on a ticket with the knowledge that I was the wrong man in the position."

NEW YORK, Dec. 21.—The *Herald* devotes a page to Edison's triumph in the electric illumination, giving a full and accurate account of his work from its inception to its completion, with illustrated diagrams. The *Herald* says that the first public exhibition of Edison's long looked for electric light will take place on New Year's Eve at Menlo Park. The new light, incredible as it may appear, is produced from a little piece of paper, a tiny strip of paper that a breath would blow away. Through this little strip of paper is passed an electric current, and the result is a bright, beautiful mellow light.

"But paper instantly burns even under the trifling heat of a tallow candle," exclaimed the sceptic, "and how then can it withstand the fierce heat of an electric current?"

"Very true; but Edison makes the little piece of paper more infusible than platinum, more durable than granite, and this involves no complicated process. The paper is merely baked in an oven until all its elements have passed away except its carbon framework. The latter is then placed in a glass globe connected with wires leading to an electricity-pro-

ducing machine, and the air exhausted from the globe. Then the apparatus is ready to give out a light that produces no deleterious gas, no smoke, no offensive odor; a light without flame, without danger, requiring no matches to ignite, giving out but little heat, vitiating no air and free from all flickering, a light that is a little globe of sun-shine; and this light the inventor claims can be produced cheaper than that from the cheapest oil. The inventor finds that the electricity can be regulated with entire reliability at a central station just as the pressure of gas is now regulated. The entire cost of constructing the lamp is not more than 25 cents.

"How Long Have I to Live?"

It is not every one who asks himself this question, because, strangely enough, it is the belief of most persons that their lives will be exceptionally lengthy. However, life assurance companies are aware of the credulous weakness of those whose lives they assure, and have therefore compiled numerous tables of expectancy of life for their own guidance, which are carefully referred to before a policy is granted.

The following is one of their well authenticated tables in use among London assurance companies, showing the average length of life at various ages. In the first column we have the present ages of persons of average health, and in the second column we are enabled to peep, as it were, behind the scenes of the assurance office, and gather from their table the number of years they will give us to live. This table has been the result of careful calculation, and seldom proves misleading. Of course sudden and premature deaths, as well as lives unusually extended, occasionally occur, but this is a table of the average expectancy of life of ordinary men or women:

Age.	More	Years	to Live.
1	"	"	39
10	"	"	51
20	"	"	41
30	"	"	34
40	"	"	28
50	"	"	21
60	"	"	14
70	"	"	9
80	"	"	4

Our readers will easily gather from the above tabulated statement the number of years to which their lives, according to the law of averages, may reasonably be expected to extend.

LONDON, Dec. 22.—Parnell will visit and deliver addresses in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, and probably several other cities. His purpose is not only to arouse an interest in the political condition of Ireland, but to secure financial aid for the relief of the thousands of poor peasantry who otherwise must suffer terribly during the winter. Parnell has received pressing invitations to extend his journey to the Pacific Coast, but will be unable to do so owing to the pressing nature of his engagements at home.

Advices received by the State Department show that the commerce of Japan with the United States exceeds that with all other countries.

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. Henry Westphall, Plaintiff, vs. J. Oppenheimer and S. Oppenheimer, defendants. No. 2185.

The United States of America send Greeting:

To J. Oppenheimer, one of the above named defendants: You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you and S. Oppenheimer by the above named plaintiff, in the District Court of the Third Judicial District of the Territory of Washington holding terms at the City of Seattle, in the County of King, for the Counties of King and Kitsap, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within sixty days from the date hereof, or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of the complaint.

The said action is brought to recover a judgment against you and S. Oppenheimer for the sum of five hundred dollars, with interest thereon from July 11th, 1878, at one per cent. per month, on a promissory note, of which the following is a copy.

"500 00. Portland, Oregon, July 11th, 1877
Two years after date, for value received, I promise to pay Henry Westphall, or order, five hundred dollars in gold coin of the United States, with interest in like gold coin from date, at the rate of one per cent. per month until paid.

(Signed) J. Oppenheimer."
Indorsed on back "S. Oppenheimer", and "Int. one year, \$60, paid."

Witness the Honorable Roger S. L. S. Green, Judge of said District Court and the seal thereof this 20th day of November, A. D. 1879.

JAMES SEAVEY, Clerk,
By JAMES P. LUDLOW, Deputy.
WHITE & BROWN, Attys. for Plff.

STETSON & POST.

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WEEKLY

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VOLUME 8, NUMBER 1.

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