

# Puget Sound Dispatch.

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NO. 10.

## Puget Sound Dispatch.

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**BERIAH BROWN.**  
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#### Dr. E. L. SMITH.

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

Office hours, 2 to 5 P. M.

Residence corner Mill and Commercial Sts.

### DENTISTRY.

DR. J. C. GRASSE, DENTIST. OFFICE over L. P. Smith & Son's Jewellery Store, Sullivan's Block, Seattle. Also Agent for Chickering & Son's celebrated Pianos.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 18.—It is reported that the President will appoint Eli Murray, of Louisville, Governor of Utah. Emery's friends will ask the President to delay the appointment twenty-four hours. Murray's selection is said to have been made by Hayes himself, against the wishes of every Cabinet officer. Murray is known as the "handsome man of Kentucky." He was recently removed from his position as Marshal of Kentucky.

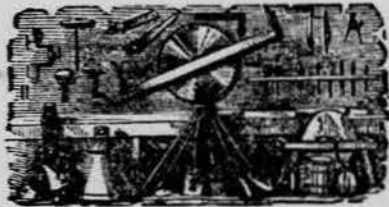
The policy of the Interior department, in negotiation with the Ute delegation now in Washington, appears to be one of delay, based upon the consideration that in case of their failure to secure the surrender of prisoners, etc., the troops will have to operate, and that it is not advisable to undertake campaigning before spring sets in. It is not unlikely, therefore, that the Indians' visit will be prolonged some time, in which event they will not be hurried to give their final answer, although no pains were spared to press upon them daily the absolute necessity, in their own interest, of complying with the Government's demand.

Thus far Ouray has not been allowed to tell his side of the story, relating to the Utes troubles, except to Government officials. It is reported that he keenly feels the injustice with which he is being treated, and complains that he has not been allowed to talk with a single person whom he could look upon as a friend. It is also reported that Ouray and his people are determined not to be banished from Colorado. It is said that Ouray declares himself that if this great Government is not able or willing to protect him and his people in their rights, they will try to protect themselves. This of course does not apply to the White river Utes who Ouray admits have forfeited their rights under the treaty.

### F. W. WALD,

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Hardware Headquarters.



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### SUMMONS.

Derville 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.

### Charged with Murder.

The San Francisco Chronicle of the 12, inst. publishes the following particulars of a murder in Iowa which it is claimed was perpetrated by Ward, recently arrested near Vancouver, an account of which appeared in the columns of the Bee:

The circumstances of the crime with which Ward is charged are given by the accused himself, and though he denies the deed, he claims to be conversant with the facts of the case, which he gleaned from several newspaper accounts of the finding of the body of the missing man after fourteen months lapse of time. Ward says that his age is 42 years, and that he is the father of seven children. He was born in Marion, Linn county, Iowa, where he continuously resided until 1870. Since reaching man's estate, and, in fact, for years previous, he was a tiller of the soil, and by industry and frugality acquired means sufficient to purchase a farm in his native town. In this place lived a man named Con Haggerty, a farm hand, who at divers times loaned Ward various amounts until the aggregate reached \$1,000. Haggerty resided with Ward for several years until September, 1878, when he suddenly and mysteriously disappeared. A search was instituted by Haggerty's relatives and friends for traces of him, but it proved fruitless. In June, 1879, Ward left his native place, and giving instructions to his wife to dispose of the farm and afterwards follow him, he with his mother and two brothers came to this coast and went to Washington Territory, where he took up a homestead in Clark county, about 14 miles above Vancouver. Some four months ago his wife disposed of the farm and followed him, with her children to Washington Territory. Shortly after their departure, Haggerty's brother resumed the search for him, and this time Ward's farm was hunted over, and alongside of one of the barns a dead body with the skull crushed in was exhumed, and was recognized as the missing man. Suspicion pointed at once to Ward as the murderer, and his whereabouts being known, the papers necessary for his extradition were at once made out and L. B. Peet dispatched to take him into custody. Ward was found on his homestead and arrested and locked up in jail at Vancouver, where he was kept 33 days and then brought to this city. Ward denies any personal knowledge of the murder, and says that he could have no motive for committing it, and he feels certain that he can explain away the suspicion at present resting upon him when he reaches his destination.

### Instantly Killed.

A most distressing accident occurred yesterday forenoon about nine o'clock at Druck's saw mill, which is located some five miles above Vancouver, on the Washington Territory side of the Columbia, resulting in the instant death of a young man named George Druck, son of the proprietor of the mill. Substantially, the particulars of this deplorable affair are as follows:

At the time of the severe wind storm of the 9th, a portion of the flume was carried away. The part which remained was in such a shaky condition as to threaten the mill. Mr. Druck, the proprietor, determined to remove the danger by tearing down the flume and building a new one. Yesterday morning several men commenced the work of tearing down the flume. A rope was fastened to the timber, and a portion of the structure torn down. As the timber and plank came down, it loosened a heavy piece of the frame which hung evenly balanced. The rope could not be unfastened until the timber was removed, so young Druck took an axe and went down into the ravine to cut away some of the props. He had not made a dozen strokes before the heavy piece of timber was thrown from its balance and toppled over. Those

who were watching, realized in an instant the great danger of the young man, and shouted, at the top of their voices, for him to look out. He glanced up and perceived to his horror that the timber was descending. He sprang aside to escape what seemed a certain doom. One foot caught and he fell forward, striking heavily against a log. At the same instant the dislodged timber from above came down with a "thud," and striking young Druck on the head, crushed the skull to a jelly, producing death instantly. Those who witnessed the horrible accident were riveted to the spot for an instant, scarcely realizing what had occurred. The mangled and lifeless remains of the hapless young man were extricated from the wreck and removed to his home. His parents are overwhelmed with grief over the heartrending bereavement. The age of the deceased was 17 years.

### Pacific Coast Fish.

The Smithsonian Institute lately appointed Professor D. S. Jordan, one of the highest authorities in the United States on ichthyology, to visit the Pacific Coast and make a complete collection of every species and variety of fish found near the shores of our bays, rivers and lakes. Professor Jordan arrived on Monday and left the following day for San Diego, where the investigation will commence. From San Diego his work will be extended to every bay and harbor as far north as the northern boundary of Washington Territory. It is supposed that it will take a year or more to complete the work of collection. He will also, as far as possible, obtain statistics of the annual catch of food fish. It is very desirable that fishermen should save specimens of all strange or rare fish that are not used for food. His work is important, not only scientifically, but because it may disclose new fishery grounds and new varieties of food fish, and therefore add to the industries of the State. We ask with confidence that our fishermen will render him every assistance in procuring specimens and in giving him information as to all the known fishery grounds of our shores. The fish of the Atlantic coast and Gulf of Mexico are supposed to be nearly all described.—When Professor Jordan shall have completed his examinations and collection on this coast an approximately exhaustive description can be made of all the fish in the United States.—S. F. Bulletin, Jan. 2.

### Of Illustrious Family Line.

Colonel Wade Hampton, jr., died of hematuria, at his plantation on Lake Washington, Mississippi, a few days ago. This malady is a destructive phase of malarial fever, and is peculiar to the lowlands of Mississippi. It rarely yields to medical treatment, and is quite as fatal as yellow fever. Col. Wade Hampton, jr., was the fifth of the name, and with the death of his father the name will die out. He was but recently married, and leaves no children. His great-grandfather was Col. Wm. Campbell of King's Mountain fame, who married the daughter of Patrick Henry. From this union sprang a numerous and influential progeny. His mother was a sister of Hon. W. C. Preston, the "silver-voiced orator" of South Carolina, and his aunts were Mrs. Governor McDowell, of Virginia; Mrs. Governor Floyd and Mrs. General Carrington, of the same State, and Mrs. R. I. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, all women distinguished for a lofty and graceful presence. Colonel Wade Hampton acted as aide-de-camp to Gen. Joseph E. Johnson during the late war, who was very much attached to him. He served with credit in the Mississippi Legislature, and was a prosperous planter in that State. He had but lately married a daughter of ex-Senator Phelan, deceased, formerly of Mississippi, but at the time of his death a citizen of Mem-

phis. The death of Colonel Hampton will be a severe blow to Senator Hampton, who, in his infirm health, depended very much on his son.

A correspondent in the Walla Walla Union signing himself "Lawyer," makes the following sensible suggestions:

Lawyers in Oregon and here are making appeals from the judgement of courts to the judgements of people at large on questions of law. They, by this, show that they think that the people at large will assume the character of an appellate court. If the people assume this position they can do so only upon the prior assumption that they are better judges of law than the courts. If the people are better judges of law than the courts, then courts should be abolished and all questions of law decided by general meetings of the people. Of course if the courts are abolished the profession of law will be annihilated and the lawyer lose his vocation. This is the plain and logical consequence of the people at large assuming to be better judges of questions of law than the courts. Do these attorneys wish such a result? Does any sane man wish to leave his right to life, liberty and property to the judgment of mass meetings? That these lawyers, by the very attempt to make such an appeal, exhibit their own inability to follow premises to their logical result, must be plain to any man of common sense.

### Great Men of the Past.

General Robert Toombs has just been interviewed by a newspaper man, and given his notions of the more distinguished men with whom he was associated in Congress. He said: "All in all, Mr. Webster was the greatest man I ever knew. Not the most eloquent, but the greatest. As a regulator of men, Clay was his superior, and on occasions Clay was as eloquent as man could well be. Calhoun was the greatest logician I ever knew. It may seem strange, but the most eloquent men I ever heard were Yankees—Choate and Prentiss. They were incomparable. Prentiss was the most eloquent, probably, but Choate was the debater. I saw Choate and Webster pitted once, and to Webster's discomfiture. In those days our Statesmen were much better scholars than they are now. There was less general education, but higher special education. The greatest Southerner I ever knew, and probably the greatest man ever produced by the South, was McDuffie, and the most eloquent Southerner, W. C. Preston. Randolph was a remarkable man, but depended more upon his eccentric unique manner than upon his real greatness. W. L. Yancey was emphatically a first-class talker."

DUBLIN, Jan. 20.—An appeal of the Mansion committee of the United States, says: It is now admitted that the distress is of acute and exceptional character and certain to involve actual starvation if extensive aid be not promptly and liberally forthcoming. The distress daily increases in area and intensity, and is almost impossible to avert, until next harvest, absolute famine in very many places. This central committee distributes its relief through local committees, of which the clergy of all denominations in a district rich and poor, and law and medical officers, must be members, and requires that relief be given only in kind and not in money.

THERE is in the British museum an old volume of bound pamphlets presented by King George III., in which is the following passage: "A drunkard is the annoyance of modesty, the trouble of civility, the spoil of wealth, the distraction of reason. He is the brewer's agent, the tavern and alehouse benefactor, beggar's companion, the constable's trouble. He is his wife's woe, his children's sorrow, his neighbor's scorn, his own shame. In summer he is a tub of awail, a spirit of sleep, a picture of a beast and a monster of a man."



## Puget Sound Dispatch.

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

### Thus the Years Go By.

A tear, a smile,  
From joy awhile  
To turn away and sigh;  
To suffer loss,  
To bear the cross—  
Tis thus the years go by.

Advance, retreat,  
Success, defeat;  
To hide from human eye  
Our wounds and pain  
Till cured again—  
Tis thus the years go by.

Long hours of strife,  
And bitter life;  
Taen, hids from smile and sigh,  
Unbroken calm,  
Palm laid to palm—  
Tis thus the years go by.

—B. E. WELLS, N. Y. Tribune.

### Gold and Gilt.

#### CHAPTER I.

IN EARLY SPRING.

She was a very pretty girl, and she knew it, and did her best in an innocent sort of way, to let other people know it; and she could not help thinking, as she walked along the Feltham road, that keeping company with Tom Dawlish—who was just a plain, honest, hard-working young fellow—was rather a waste of time, and that marrying him would be altogether throwing herself away.

Her reflections came to an end at the door of Messrs. Bradbury's office, and she walked in, wholly intent on the bill she had to pay. A smart-looking young man received the money; and when the receipt was made out, and she turned to go, she found that the shower which had threatened for some time was coming down with a vengeance.

"Oh, dear!" she said, "and I've no umbrella."

"Wait here a few minutes miss; it will soon be over," said the smart young man; and then, having accepted his offer of shelter, Mary found herself after a minute or two thinking that he was "a very nice-looking young gentleman," (as she after described him to the cook,) and that he had beautiful hair—it was so nicely curled—and he had a little dark mustache, and wore such a pretty blue necktie; oh! he was very nice looking indeed.

"Are you Mrs. Poole's sister?" he asked, after a few minutes' conversation. Mary flushed as she replied truthfully—for she was far too good a girl even to equivocate—that she was not such a distinguished individual, but only the housemaid and chambermaid combined. And then he asked what her name was; and with another blush she told him that it was Clara, but Mrs. Poole said it was too fine a name for a servant, and so called her Mary.

"I shall call you Clara," he said—"shall I?" he added with an appealing glance. Mary felt her heart beat faster; something seemed to tell her that her destiny had come, and she had no words to say, so he followed up his successful sally with another one: "Do you ever get out of an evening for a walk?"

"Sometimes," she said softly.

"Will you go for a walk with me next time?"

"It wouldn't be right; you are quite strange, you see," she answered slowly.

"Oh! we'll soon get over that, you know. Perhaps you are engaged to?"

Mary's inconvenient heart gave a thump, for here was a good practical question, which showed that he meant business—i. e., matrimony.

"No, I'm not; but I'm wanted to be." Not a very lucid answer; but he understood it.

"Who to?" he asked coaxingly.

"Well, perhaps I oughtn't to say his name," she answered slowly; for in this, the most important moment of her life, as she felt it to be, words seemed altogether to fail her.

"What is he?"

"He's—he's a carpenter." Mary never felt the truth more difficult to tell in all her life.

"A carpenter!" he said, in a telling tone of injury, not unmixed with scorn.

"Well, of course, if I am not better than a carpenter—"

"Oh! you are; you are, sir," said Mary, in her excitement putting out her hand, and resting it for just a moment on his sleeve.

Mary lost her heart to the smart young man with the blue tie and the well-oiled hair. He never said anything more definite than he said that first day; but he was always ready to take her out, and most particular about her dress; and the result was that all her little hoard of savings went in more or less ill-chosen finery, and Tom Dawlish was forgotten. There was only one thing she refused to do, and that was, she would not give up her Saturday afternoon to him. She had always had to take little Franky Poole out for a long walk on that day, it being his half-holiday, and she would never consent to his being allowed to run about wild in Kensington Gardens, as Alfred Hill (for so the smart young man was called) suggested, while she walked about with her fine sweetheart.

"He is such a wild little fellow; nobody knows what he might do if he had the chance."

"Ah! you don't care for me," said

the hero of the coal-merchant's office, and the proud recipient of thirty shillings a week income. No answer came save that her clasped hands made one in their dumb movement of contradiction. Not love him! Why, every moment of the day was devoted to thinking of him; her work was neglected, her money spent, her place in a fair way of being forfeited, and poor Tom Dawlish nearly heart-broken, and yet he said she did not love him! "Ah! you don't care for me!" he repeated artfully enough; for no avowal of his own feelings had ever escaped his lips.

"Oh! I do, I do!" she said; and covering her face with her hands, let her head droop down upon his shoulder.

#### CHAPTER II.

AFTER THE SUMMER.

"I hate school," Franky Poole informed her one morning, as he sat on the table while she sewed a button on his trousers. "I should like to be a sailor."

"Goodness! Mister Franky, what's put that into your head?"

"Oh! nothing; only Tom Dawlish was telling me about it; what they did in wrecks, you know, and all that. I should like to be on a raft, I should," and he drew his naked toes up on to the table, and wriggled them about at the thought of the great things he would do. "Tom's coming to-day, I heard mamma say so; and if he isn't gone when I come back this afternoon, I shall ask him more about it."

"I'd tell him not to go filling the child's head with such nonsense, only I don't want to get in his way," Mary thought. But somehow Tom got into her way that afternoon.

"Look here, Mary," he said; "I want to speak to you. It isn't that I want you to look at me if you haven't a mind to, though goodness knows I'd do anything for you; but I don't want to see a nice girl like you lowering of yourself by walking out with a chap like Alfred Hill."

"What's it got to do with you?" she asked angrily.

"Why, just this, that I've found out a bit about him, and he's only laughing at you, and thinking you are a nice looking girl when you are dressed up, to walk about with; but as for marrying you, he'll no more do it than that,"—and he snapped his fingers, though what that action had to do with Mr. Alfred Hill's intentions he did not explain. "Why, he's going to marry the daughter of Mr. Brooks, what travels for the firm, that's what he's going to do. Ask him, and see if he can deny it. Why, it's coming off directly, only she's nothing to look at, so he isn't fond of showing her off; but she's got some money, she has, and plays on the piano, and looks a lady."

"How do you know it?" Mary asked, her very lips turning white, for her exacting heart knew that he had fallen off lately, and that he was not what he had been in the spring (the summer was over.) Not that for a single moment she believed Tom's words.

"Why, I work there, and the servant told me. Besides, I've seen him go there courting."

"I don't believe it. You ought to be ashamed of yourself," and she rushed away to hide her gathering tears and frightened face.

She wrote to him, asking him to meet her that night; but he replied with an excuse that made her heart sick. He would meet her to-morrow (Saturday) afternoon in Kensington Gardens if she liked, he said; and to this she consented, and for the first time, and for his sake, was false to her charge of Franky.

"You run about, Master Franky, dear," she said; "I want to talk to a friend of mine—but don't go out of sight;" and then in her bewilderment she forgot all about him. Alfred Hill looked rather bored than otherwise, but he was smiling and shiny as ever. She hardly greeted him when he appeared, but she looked at him with all the admiration she had ever felt for him intensified by her fear. He sat down beside her, and elegantly crossing his legs, began tapping his highly-polished boots with his bone-headed cane.

"Alfred," she said, crossing her hands and looking at him straight in the face, "is it true that you are going to get married directly?"

"Who's told you so?"

"It isn't any account who told; is it true as you are going to marry Miss Brooks because she plays on the piano, and has money, and—"

The tears came into her eyes, and her lips quivered with anguish. "Oh, it isn't true! I know it isn't!" and she touched his hand in her dismay, and looked up into his face with all her heart's story written in her eyes.

"I don't see why it shouldn't be, and so there's the long and short of it. It's no use making a fuss about it, my dear girl."

"But it isn't? it isn't?" she said appealingly.

"Well, yes, it is true," he said slowly, not daring to look her in the face; "so you may as well know it at once."

She stood up before him. "True! Do you mean to say, Alfred, after all that's passed between us, as you are going to be married to some one else?"

"I really don't know what you mean by 'what has passed between us.' You really couldn't think I was going to marry you?"

"Why couldn't I?"

"Well, I don't wish to hurt your feelings, but consider the difference in our positions. One walks out with a pretty servant girl, but one doesn't marry her."

"You are not a gentleman, as you think yourself, Alfred Hill," she said slowly. "You are dressed like one, but you are just a bit of a clerk, not any better than a respectable girl like me; you are not a gentleman. A gentleman doesn't try to take a girl's good name and win her heart, as you have done." Mary often wondered she fought her battle as she did; but she seemed to have no feeling then, only to realize that which would come hereafter.

"I'm very sorry that you let yourself fall in love with me," he said, tapping his boot again. "I thought you would have had more pride, at any rate till you were asked."

"More pride! What do you take me for?" she asked, her cheeks flushing. "Do you think I'd go out with one, and talk to him, and let him talk to me as you've done, if I hadn't cared for him? I've too much pride for that, and I shouldn't be fit company for any honest man if I hadn't. And you know as I've liked you, for you made me say it, and you know it; but it isn't you as I like, but the man I took you for, and he isn't here at all."

"Well, I'm sorry you are disappointed in your hope of bettering yourself by marrying above you, and I think, after all you've said, we'd better part."

"The sooner the better," and she let him go, and then she sat down and almost sobbed her poor foolish heart out, and spent the bitterest hour of her life beneath the trees from which the leaves were falling. Suddenly she looked up for Franky; he was nowhere to be seen. She called at the top of her voice; no answer came. With a fear that deadened all other feeling she ran to and fro in a wild endeavor to find him. She asked the policeman at the gate; he had not seen him. An hour passed in fruitless search; and then, pale with fear, and trembling in every limb, she went home to relate the terrible news.

Just as she got to the door she saw through the gathering shadows Tom Dawlish, and in his arms a little figure, which in her heart told her was Master Franky.

"I met this young gentleman as he was running away to be a sailor, and luckily brought him back."

"Running away! Why, how were you going to get to the sea?"

"I was going to walk there," said Franky stoutly.

"You would have killed your poor mamma."

"Mamma," asked Franky Poole the next day; "would it kill you if I ran away to sea?"

"Yes, dear, I think it would."

"Oh! well, then," he answered patronizingly, "I won't."

It was spring time again when Tom Dawlish asked Mary a question once more. He had a good situation, and a prospect of a rise; and he'd always been daft on her; and he wanted to know if she could love him. She looked up with a face that had grown thin and pale, and answered truthfully and simply—

"I don't think as I do now, Tom; but if you like to wait, I think it'll come."

"Bless you!" said Tom; "I'd wait seven years rather nor lose you." But he had only to wait one. "He's gold, and t'other was gilt," said Mary on her wedding-day; and she was right. —*Cassell's Family Magazine.*

#### Impulsive People.

Impulsive people have a certain force and enthusiasm about them, which cooler and more calculating people sometimes lack. Their danger is, that they are prone to act and speak hastily, without due consideration, and that they, therefore, must sometimes repent at leisure. Esau, who, with all his faults, wins us more than his craftier brother, was an impulsive man, and yielding to a masterful but foolish impulse, he sold his birthright, and thenceforth found no place for repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears. How many others are there who have done the same thing!—brave, gallant youths, who go from their homes meaning to live as they have been trained by good parents, but who yield to the lures of the tempter, and fall; beautiful girls, who rashly listen to the flattering tongues, or are inflated with vanity, and who marry, against the advice of loving friends, only to enter on lives of misery. There are plenty of men and women in the world to-day who follow Esau's example, and at the very beginning of the race, sell or lose their birthright.

But there are noble as well as sordid influences in the world, and the people who are generously and bravely impulsive are worthy of all honor. It was such a man who, seeing his comrades run, panic-stricken, from the field of battle, seized a standard and exclaimed, as he waved it in his right hand, "Soldiers, you may fly if you will, but the flag cannot go with you!" He stayed the rout; his men charged gallantly on the opposing lines, and disaster was turned to victory. Such impulses lead brave men to go to the relief of those in peril, to spring into the waves after the drowning, and to risk life and limb wherever it may be necessary, that others may be saved.

There is one sort of impulsiveness which often gets people into serious trouble. We are fretted and vexed at the acts of somebody else, and we do not wait to think, but say out our irritation, and wound deeply some sensitive spirit. We are angry, and we let passion rule us instead of calm reflection. The impulsive person who cannot control his temper is like one who carries fire near gunpowder.—*Christian at Work.*

#### Wit and Humor.

Thoz hoo r advokating a fonetik sistem ov spelling seem to want to institut a "go az yu plez" orthograpy.—[Detroit Free Press.

An Irishman who had on a very ragged coat was asked of what stuff it was made. "Bedad, I don't know; I think the most of it is made of fresh air."

Why is paper money more valuable than gold? When you put it in your pocket you double it, and when you take it out you find it still in creases.

Nothing could be more natural or proper, when a defaulting clerk fails to keep his accounts straight, than to send him to the house of correction.

Lady, to married friend, who has been telling her all about her travels—"Well, my dear, what struck you most during your trip?" Married friend—"My husband!"

An Irishman having purchased an alarm-clock, an acquaintance asked him what he was going to do with it. "Och," he answered, "sure I have nothing to do but to pull a string and wake myself."

A good old negro was burned to a crisp recently somewhere down in Georgia. The text of the funeral address, oddly enough, was: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."—[Rome Sentinel.

It is said that a minister in a country kirk in Scotland stopped in the course of his sermon to ask a member who was deaf, "Are ye hearing, John?" "Oh, aye," was the response; "I am hearing, but to verra little purpose."

"Isn't that your friend, Mme. B., who is dancing there?"

"Yes."

"That's a frightfully ill-made dress she has on."

"Yes, but if it wasn't it wouldn't fit her."

"Prisoner, how old are you?" "Twenty-two, your honor." "Twenty-two? Your papers make out that you were born twenty-three years ago."

"So I was, but I spent one year in prison, and I don't count that—it was lost time."

An Albany man has had to pay his aunt \$10,000 on a breach of promise suit, and his grandmother and two other townships are yet to be heard from. Why will men of capital remain in the East when Detroit offers so many advantages.—[Free Press.

The natives of the Sandwich Islands greet each other with, "Whoa, Eumal!" and then sit down on a log and weep in chorus. They think it is something sad—something like: "Never put off till to-morrow what you can do this afternoon."—[Free Press.

One of the little ones asked if she might play a while on the organ, but was refused, as their nearest neighbor had just died; she was silent for a moment and then said, "Why, if he's dead he can't hear it, so I don't see what difference it makes."

Strong-minded wife—"Eh, Jeames, you are great on language; what is the difference between exported and transported?" Submissive husband—"Why, my dear, if you should go to Europe in the *Bothnia*, you would be exported, and I, well! I should be transported!"

"And how does Charlie like going to school?" kindly inquired a good man of the little six-year-old boy who was waiting with a tin can in hand the advent of another dog. "I like goin' well 'nough," replied the embryo statesman, ingeniously, "but I don't like stayin' after I git there."

Husband—"Maria, my dear, you seem to be very lonesome in my company. Do you not love me now as you did before our marriage?" Wife—"Why, of course, Gerald; but you know, since our marriage we have become one, and I feel lonesome without a second party."

"Ah, Louise, my heart is very dependent. Ever since I have gazed into the depths of those lovely eyes, I—" "Hush, John; put an air brake on that train of thought. Pahas introduced me to his new partner, and I am his for \$2,000,000. That settles it."—[New Haven Register.

A little girl, being at the house of a neighbor who was preparing dinner, on asking what was in the pot, being told that it was hominy, said, "I love hominy." Whereupon the young woman said that if she had a small bowl, she would give her some to take home. "A large bowl will do just as well," was the quick response.

A prominent attorney residing in Syracuse, while fishing a day or two since, pointed out to a companion a sign board, remarking, "The fellow that put that up is a liar." "Why?" asked his companion. "Because that sign reads, 'No fishing in this brook,' and I caught the best trout in my basket directly under the board."

Dr Byles' wit once met with a severe retort. Encountering a lady who, having declined an offer of marriage from the doctor, had married a man by the name of Quincy, he said, "So, madam, it appears you prefer Quincy to Biles." "Yes," she replied, "for if there had been anything worse than Biles God would have afflicted Job with them."

There was a fellow in from the country who had not seen the bell punch. He went into Frank Carthorne's and tried a little rock and rye, and of course handsome George Bauer rang the bell punch. He sat down his glass in astonishment and said: "Looky here, Mister, what have I done that you should call a policeman?"—[Dallas (Tex.) Herald.

#### Etiquette for Boys and Girls.

Nothing can be a greater mark of ill-manners than to remain sitting while your elder is standing before you talking to you. Rise and offer your seat of another at once, and never lounge on the sofa or take the easiest chair, while there are those in the room whose age gives them a better claim to them. And always be polite, respectful and modest in your demeanor to every one, especially to your superiors, remembering also, that there is nothing more disgusting than to see young people assume an air of self-importance and disrespect towards any one.

Never stare people in the face. If you are talking with any one, it is proper to look at them—eye to eye—with a cheerful, dignified assurance; but to stare at any one, as though you saw something peculiar about him, is exceedingly rude and impolite.

Do not cultivate clownish or monkeyish manners. We have seen rude boys and even girls, who seemed to take pride in antic gestures, foolish jesting, buffoonery, or what is styled "drollery," and who took great delight in using old expressions, thinking that it made them appear interesting to the lookers-on. Such behavior may excite the laughter of the foolish, as the wise men tell us:

"For the mouth of fools feedeth on foolishness," but every sensible person regards such conduct with disgust and abhorrence. And every youth who thus acts the buffoon lowers himself in the opinion of those with whom he desires to stand high. Be gentle and quiet in your movements.

If you are a young man just commencing a business career, good manners will be indispensable to your success. Appear to feel an interest in your work; let your eyes light up at every command, and let your feet be nimble to perform it. There are boys who look so dull and heavy, and walk so slowly, and appear so lazy, that no business man will employ them.

Be energetic, prompt, industrious and careful. Attend to your business, in a quiet, polite manner, equally removed from familiarity and haughtiness. If you exhibit good manners yourself, you will rarely have cause to complain of rudeness. And if our young friends would only remember what Lear said while hanging over Cordelia's dead body, it would help them to put far from them loud and boisterous manners:

"Her voice was ever sweet,  
Gentle and low; an excellent thing in woman."

#### Table Decoration.

The prevailing art mania extends even to the dinner table. A great deal of art is lavished on table linen and toaweling. Some of the designs in embroidery show constantly increasing taste for those of mediæval days. The Russian patterns show the Asiatic colorings and hideous figures, such as dragons, serpents, nondescript birds, lozenges, and queer leaves and branches, which are worked in feather-stitch, needle-point, point-russe, long, loose stitches, and herring-bone. Drawn work is very fashionable. On a towel linen damask the ends are hemmed, and then an inch above each hem the threads are drawn out, and the remaining threads are worked across with a kind of chain-stitch; above this is a border worked in Russian embroidery in red and blue cotton. Instead of being hemmed the ends can be fringed and tied; if hemmed they are trimmed with wide Torchon lace. A beautiful tablecloth has the threads so drawn as to form squares about three inches in size, and in each square a different flower is embroidered in colored wools and floss silks. For the display of the many bits of China and glass, white cloths are preferred, many of these, however, having a colored border. Gold-colored, buff, pink, gray, and even garnet damask are fashionable but white pottery is then used, therefore the pure white cloth is esteemed more favorable for the display of large growing plants, colored glass and china. A charming effect is produced by dismissing absolute uniformity of color. While the minor parts of a dinner or dessert service are alike, the major, or, for instance, dishes for entremets or vegetables are different. Some of the designs are exquisite. One delicate dinner set in white shows each piece different from the others in decoration of wild flowers, a rosebud, bunch of carnations, cluster of fibers and sprays of fern. Some beautiful little butter plates have a decoration of blue forget-me-nots on the outside in relief. This latter style, in spite of its beauty, may be objected to on the ground that reliefs make cleanliness difficult. A berry dish in the shape of a large leaf of a delicate maize color, has a graceful cunning stem coiling into a water lily of creamy white, which might hold the sugar. The pretty saucers belonging to the set are of similar shape, but differing in color, while preserving the same extreme delicacy of tint.

A French surgeon prescribed a bath for an ailing soldier, and ordered that he should be conducted to an adjoining bathing establishment by a sergeant. At the end of an hour's waiting at the bath-room door, the sergeant, hearing no noise, entered the room and found the soldier seated by the side of the bath-tub, the water the same as it was when the soldier went into the room except that its level had been perceptibly lowered. "Ma foi, sergeant," said the soldier, "you may put me in the guard-house if you want to, but I can't drink another drop!"



What Our Life-Saving Service Has Done.

The perils and achievements of the United States Life-Saving Service are but little understood, and an illustrated paper in Scribner on this topic, by Capt. J. H. Merryman, one of the inspectors, has the quality of freshness at least. After describing in detail the actual work of the coast crews, the writer adds:

But, it will be asked, what results have been attained by the service? At this writing, the last published report is that of the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1878. From this it appears that during that year there were 171 disasters to vessels within the limits of the operations of the service. There were on board these vessels 1,557 persons. The number of lives saved was 1,331, the number lost 226, and the number of days' succor afforded to shipwrecked persons at the stations was 849. Of the 226 lost, 183 perished at the disasters to the steamers Huron and Metropolis, the former occurring four days prior to the manning of the stations, which the appropriations for the maintenance of the service did not then permit to take place until the first of December, and the latter occurring at a distance so remote from the nearest station as to render prompt aid impossible;—defects which the reports of the service had repeatedly pointed out, and asked to have remedied. The loss of fourteen others occurred where service was impeded by distance, or where the stations were not open. Making allowance for these, the loss of life legitimately within the scope of life-saving operations, was twenty-nine. The sad catastrophes of the Huron and Metropolis contributed largely in securing the passage of the effective bill of June, 1878, which was introduced and warmly advocated by Hon. S. S. Cox, and which established the service on a stable basis, with powers and functions somewhat commensurate with its purposes and capabilities. From November, 1871, the date of the inauguration of the present system, to the 30th of June, 1878, the number of disasters stated to have occurred within the field of operations of the service, was 578; the number of persons on board the vessels involved, was 6,287; the number saved was 5,981; the number lost, 306, and the number of days' relief afforded to shipwrecked persons at the stations, 3,716.

It should be observed that during the first of these seven years the service was limited to the coasts of Long Island and New Jersey; the two following years, to those coasts, with the addition of Cape Cod; the next year, to the foregoing, with the addition of the coast of New England and the coast from Cape Henry to Cape Hatteras; the next, to all the foregoing, with the addition of Florida and the lake coasts; and the last year, to the coast at present included.

It is not claimed that the entire number of persons designated in the above figures as saved would have perished but for the aid of the life-saving crews, since not infrequently, in cases of shipwreck by stranding, a portion of the imperiled succeed in escaping to the shore, as did several in the instance of the Huron; and it often happens that the sudden subsidence of the sea spares the threatened vessels from destruction. But it is certain that a large proportion of the number would have perished. A closer approximation to the real efficacy of the service could be reached, if statistics of the loss of life in former years upon the coasts where life saving stations are now established, could be obtained. Unfortunately, no such record exists, except an imperfect one, consisting of meager data relative to disasters between 1850 and 1870 in the vicinity of the rude station-huts of the Long Island and New Jersey coasts. It is known that this record by no means includes near all the disasters which occurred on these coasts. A comparison, however, of the record of the service since 1871 with this list shows an average annual reduction in the loss of life of about eighty-seven per cent!

The record is a shining one. How much of it is due to official organization may readily be conceived, but it is less easy to realize how much of it belongs to the gallant crews of the stations, some of whose hardships, together with the methods they employ, the foregoing pages disclose. The professional skill of these men, their unflinching energy and endurance, their steady bravery in the hour of supreme ordeal, and at all times their sober fidelity to duty, however hard or irksome, are beyond all tribute. None can better know it than the officers in charge of the service, whose main reliance must be, after all, upon the manly virtue of these crews. What, indeed, can ever stand in lieu of men!

Just before the public schools in New Haven closed for the vacation, a lady teacher in one of the departments gave out the word "fob" for her class to spell. After it was spelled, as was her custom, she asked the meaning of it. No one knew. The teacher then told the class she had one, and was the only person in the room that did. After a little while a hand went hesitatingly up. Teacher—"Well, what is it?" "Please ma'am, it's a bean."—Danbury News.

ICED FRUIT.—Take nice bunches of currants or grapes, dip them in the white of eggs well beaten, lay them to dry on a sieve, sift pounded loaf sugar over them and suspend them in a warm place to dry.

Success With Small Fruits.

The value of the series of articles by Mr. E. P. Roe, now appearing in Scribner's Monthly on the above subject, is not only appreciated by thousands of people who are trying, as amateurs, to cultivate fruits of different kinds, but is bringing words of high praise from experienced horticulturists. Nothing of the kind has been attempted for years, and the advances that have been made in the science of horticulture since any standard book has been written on the subject make these articles unrivaled. The editor of the Rural New-Yorker writes to Mr. Roe as follows: "I have often said and written that small fruits should be cultivated by everybody that owns or hires a plot of ground, even if no larger than an ordinary grass-plot for drying clothes. If the benevolent institutions of our cities would encourage it among the poorer classes with which their good work brings them in contact, I believe that a more substantial benefit would result than from any of the methods at present pursued for their betterment. "Horticulture is a captivating occupation in any of its branches, and in none more so than in the cultivation of small fruits. There is nothing but a lack of knowledge on the subject that deprives the poorest people in the land of a bountiful supply during the entire season. It seems to me that your strawberry articles in the Scribner—in so far as they may be judged by the first two numbers—are well calculated to promote just such a popular appreciation of the strawberry at least; and I hope you will not stop until you have dealt with the raspberry, blackberry, currant, gooseberry, and grape in the same familiar, inspiring, and comprehensive way."

Mr. Peter Henderson, the veteran seedsman, writes: "The time is ripe for your articles, as vast improvements have been made since Fuller wrote, not only in culture but in varieties. \* \* \* Your instructions have the true practical ring that, no writer on such subjects can attain without actual experience." Mr. W. H. Coleman, one of the best horticultural writers in the country, speaks in high praise of the papers, and adds, "Your artists are doing things before unequalled on such subjects. The first article taught me a good deal about strawberry history that I didn't know before."

January Scribner contains the third paper in the series, devoted to "Strawberries for Home and Market," the illustrations for which are probably the finest of the kind ever produced in this country.

Burmese Customs.

Marriage is a purely civil rite. When young people "understand each other," the mother or eldest female relative of the girl sounds the girl's mother, and if she offers no objection, some of the suitor's elderly kinsfolk propose the marriage formally to the parents of the bride elect, and arrange whatever settlement can be made. Their consent being given, the bridegroom provides the trousseau according to the capacity of his purse. A feast is prepared; the affianced pair eat out of the same dish in the presence of the assembled guests, and then the husband presents his wife with some *ala-pet*, or pickled tea; she does the same by him, and the ceremony is completed. This preserved or pickled tea is made up from some glutinous substance into small balls or cakes, and is chiefly imported from the countries bordering on China. It is much used on ceremonial occasions, by the Burmese, who dress it with sea-sun oil and garlic, and look upon it as a great delicacy.

Rice, as in most other Asiatic countries, forms the staple food, and is usually accompanied by stewed meat and vegetables. Cucumber salad is a very popular dish, and chutneys of different flavors also abound, the most indispensable one to a Burmese repast being a very strong compound of prawns and the roes of various fish, seasoned with chillies, garlic and other spicy condiments. Bird's-nest soup is as highly prized as it is in China.

The meals are served up in circular red trays of graduated sizes, fitting, one after another, into a conical apparatus called an "oak." The largest tray holds the rice and is placed at the bottom; and the others contain cups and plates of meat, fish, etc. The assembled company sit round the rice, and help themselves to it by handfuls, which they season with the contents of the smaller dishes, passing them from one to another. They are all water-drinkers, as become devout Buddhists. Their religion forbids them to kill any animal, but they have no scruple in eating what has been killed by other people. Their appetites are remarkably robust, and they do not hesitate to eat creatures that have died a natural death, and are not at all inclined to despise the flesh of rats, snakes and lizards, while some of the tribes highly appreciate roast, and even raw monkey.

BABY CAKE.—Take four eggs, one cup of sugar, beat until light, one and one-half cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder; put the baking powder in the flour before adding. Bake in four jelly tins.

Jelly for the cake.—Two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, wet the corn with cold water as for making starch and pour on boiling water until it gets as thick as good jelly, sweeten to taste, and flavor with lemon.

Salid oil is not oil for salad, but oil for cleaning salades, i. e., helmets.

In the Haunts of Vice.

The Rev. Talmage in the course of a sermon delivered at the Brooklyn Tabernacle, described what he saw during a visit to the so called palaces of sin of Gotham. Said the reverend divine:

"But I have to report that I saw some things that amazed me more than I can tell. I do not want to tell it for it will take pain to hearts far away, but I must. I saw young men with the ruddy health of country life stamped upon their cheeks. They had gathered in the harvest grain beneath God's blue sky with the honest strong hands God had given them. What were they doing here? They had heard how gayly a boat dances on the edge of a maelstrom, and they were venturing. I saw that young man when he first consulted evil. I saw that it was his first night. A look of defiance was in his face, saying, 'I am more powerful than sin.' Then I saw the shade of a painful reflection passing across his face. I think a soft voice came out of that tawdry, gaudy furniture, whispering to him above the discordant music. But sin triumphed and he turned to the tempter. I don't feel so keenly sorrowful for young men brought up in the city and accustomed to city life when I see them thus, but I pity the young man from the country.

"Oh! young man from the far hills, what have your parents done that you should treat them so? When you were gathering the harvest apples down there in the corner of the lot where the little brook murmurs by, did you think you would come to this? Do you prefer this brazen, painted, grinning thing to that old, wrinkled face which smiles in sympathy with every one of your souls, and weeps when you are unhappy? Look at those distorted fingers. What made them so? Working for you, sir, working for you. Write home to your poor, old, gray haired mother, cursing her; curse her white locks; curse the cradle you were rocked in.

"What? You won't? But you are doing worse. The news of your profligacy will kill her. Some old gossip will find the way to your mother's cottage on an afternoon when the sun is shining bright and all the beautiful country is smiling for joy. She will enter when your mother is sitting by the window, and presently she will say, 'Do you know your son drinks?'

"Then your mother will ask to have the door opened; she feels faint. And still into her ear will be poured the story of your life here. She will go out and sit down on the old, worn step where you used to play and cry. By and by the doctor's gig will come up through the quiet, shady lane and he'll stop. He'll come again and again, but she'll get worse instead of better. Then the village bell will toll, and the farmers will drive up in their old wagons and hitch their horses there under the maple trees. And they'll ask,— 'What did she die of?'

"One of the village doctors will say, 'malaria,' and another 'intermittent fever.' Young man, she died of a broken heart."

Mr. Seymour Haden, in his new work on etching, tells an odd story of Meryon, that eccentric and insane genius. He went to visit Meryon and found him in a clean, but plain little room, high up on Montmartre. He was at work and did not resist Haden's visit; "but with a courtesy quite natural, offered me, and apologized for, the single chair, and at once began to discuss the resources and charms of etching. He was also good enough to allow me to take away with me a few impressions of his work, for which, while his back was turned, I was scrupulously to leave upon the table what I was sure was more than the dealers would have given for them; and so we parted, the best of friends. But what followed! showed how, even then, his mind was unhinged. I had walked fully two miles in the direction of Paris, and was entering a shop in the Rue de Richelieu, when I became aware that Meryon, much agitated, was following me. He said he must have back the proofs I had bought of him; that they were of a nature to compromise him, and that from what he knew of 'the etched work which I called my own,' he was determined I should not take them to England with me! I, of course, gave them back to him and he went his way; and it was not till after his death that I became aware that about this time he had written to the editor of the *Gazette des Beaux Arts* to caution him against being taken in by me, and to impart to him the conviction that the plates which I pretended to have done were not done by me at all, or even in that century; but that, doubtless, I had discovered and bought them, and signed, and adopted them as my own."

"What is conscience?" asks the *Chicago Tribune*. Did you ever find that the grocer had given you three cents too much change? The spirit that impelled you too walk right back there and—ask him why in blazes those potatoes hadn't been sent up, was the workings of conscience.

GYPSY'S PUDDING.—One cup of molasses, one of raisins, one of milk or water, one cup of suet chopped fine, one teaspoonful of salt; spice to taste; one teaspoonful of soda; flour, not very stiff; steam two hours.

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Situation in Maine.

It is rather difficult to many persons to comprehend the pretence under which such a multiplicity of Governments and Governors have claimed to exercise authority during the contest in Maine. We will try to explain the matter briefly.—The term for which Governor Garcelon was elected expired on the first Wednesday in January. No successor having at that time been elected according to the constitutional requirement of a majority of all the votes cast for that office, before retiring Governor Garcelon and Council committed the custody of the public property and the maintenance of the public peace to General Chamberlain, appointing him Major General of the State militia for that purpose. Under that authority General Chamberlain assumed supreme command of both the civil and military departments of the Government. The Legislature which organized under the authority of certificates of election issued by the regular State board of canvassers, elected Lamson President of the Senate and ex officio Governor as prescribed by the constitution in case of vacancy. General Chamberlain refused to recognize Lamson's authority as acting Governor and continued to hold the public property with which he had been temporarily entrusted and exercise the official functions which he had assumed, independently of the regularly constituted State authorities; a purely revolutionary government. The duly certified Legislature then elected Smith Governor, strictly in conformity with the requirements of the constitution.—Again Chamberlain refused to surrender or recognize the civil authority of the State. The constitution of the State provides that the Legislature may, in matters of dispute, demand and receive the interpretation of the Supreme Court, whose decision shall be a rule of action to the said Legislature. The certified Legislature has not asked for the opinion of the Court as to its right to pass upon the qualifications of its own members, for that right was never before disputed. The right of a Legislature to organize and transact business by a quorum of members holding certificates of election from the authorities authorized by law to issue such certificates, was never before contested. The Court, however, volunteered an opinion, upon an ex parte statement of facts, that the returning board erred in their rulings by which several seats in the Legislature were awarded to persons not entitled to them. These were proper matters for the Legislature to consider after organization—not before. Upon this extra-judicial opinion of the Court, another Legislature was organized composed of a minority of the certified members, who admitted a sufficient number of claimants without certificates to make up a quorum, and proceeded to elect and install Davis Governor; whereupon General Chamberlain turned over to this self-constituted Legislature and their chosen Governor the public property of the State and the powers which he had exercised by usurpation. By the grace of General Chamberlain, Davis and his Legislature are in possession of the capitol, under the protection of an armed body, while the duly qualified Legislature and State officers are excluded at the point of the bayonet, and are holding their sessions in rented rooms. That is the way in which the matter now stands, and that is how Maine has had five acting Governors—Garcelon, Chamberlain, Lamson, Smith and Davis—within the last three weeks. We have no doubt that the Davis administration, backed by the military and judicial power of the State, will hold the ground.

The Oregonian is not a party organ; it vehemently and persistently protests against being placed in that category; it only holds to the opinion, and strives to impress its readers with the same, that all Democrats are traitors and scoundrels, and that the only hope for the salvation of the country is in a consolidated Government under the rule of the Republican party. Aside from these immaterial issues, the paper has no party bias. The editor has no personal prejudices against traitors and scoundrels, but rather likes to at kind.

A FAITHFUL SERVANT.—Mr. M. S. Booth, our faithful and efficient County Auditor, has given notice through the public prints that he will not be a candidate for re-election again. For the interests of the county we regret this determination of Mr. Booth. Not that there are not a plenty of capable men in the county to fill the position, but because in the manipulations of party caucusses the chances run much more in favor of the successful trickster and time-server than for the best man for the position. We are therefore a great deal more liable by the change to get a worse than a better officer. During the time of Mr. Booth's service in that office we believe no fair man in the county will deny that the duties thereof have been discharged more systematically and efficiently than they were by any of his predecessors.—The office was not conferred upon him in the first instance as a reward for party services, or through a log-rolling bargain in a party convention, as a majority of the local offices are achieved; but was the unbiased choice of the people, independent of party dictation or endorsement. If all our public officers were chosen in a like manner the civil service would be vastly improved.

State Repudiation.

Minnesota has always been a loyal State in the party sense of that term. Its politicians would be greatly scandalized at being suspected of a want of fidelity to the Government; and yet they tolerate and profit by the meanest and most cowardly form of treason of which citizens of a popular government can be guilty, viz: repudiation of the State's public obligations. The St. Louis Globe-Democrat says: Governor Pillsbury, of Minnesota, a few evenings ago was serenaded by the students of the Minnesota University. He took advantage of the occasion to feelingly implore them to devote their lives to influencing their State to honestly pay a large debt which it had long repudiated.

The facts concerning this matter are substantially these: Just after the State was admitted, in 1850, it loaned its credit to various railroad companies, under the special authority of a constitutional amendment. The bonds which it then issued to the companies now amount to more than \$2,275,000. They were secured by mortgage on the roads to the State. Only two years later this amendment was repealed by another one which was to the effect that no law providing for the payment of these bonds should have force until adopted by a majority of the legal voters of the State. In the mean time the State had, under its mortgages, purchased its railroads at nominal figures. In 1871, a plan for the submission of the bondholders' claim to arbitration, with a view to their final settlement, was rejected by a popular vote of over 21,000 against some 9,000. Nothing further has been done in the premises.

In a word, Minnesota has, for the merest song, possessed herself of valuable property, which was paid for with the money of her original creditors, and she has ever since repudiated the bonds upon which alone those creditors were induced to loan their money. Her credit is indeed in the mire. If she sickened of the bargain which she made over twenty years ago, she might at least have been decent enough to have redeemed her bonds by turning over the railroads to those whose money built them. This is a painful chapter in the history of the Banner Wheat State, whose total acknowledged debt lately amounted to but \$480,000; the value of whose taxable property cannot now be much less than \$300,000,000; whose tax rate is only 2½ cents on the dollar; whose unsold public lands amount to about \$10,000,000, beside immense unsurveyed tracts. Minnesota's record in other respects is one of which she might well be proud, were it not so sadly clouded since very early in her career by the shame of repudiation. That career has been one of uninterrupted prosperity. She has not even the excuse of having been desolated by war.—Louisiana, Mississippi, Tennessee and Virginia have at least that excuse. Their unblushing colleague in repudiation—Minnesota—has none.

CALIFORNIA LEGISLATURE.—The latest classification gives the following as the composition of the Assembly: Republicans, 36; Democrats, 14; New Constitution and Democrats, 2; Workingmen and Republicans, 3; Union, 1; New Constitution, 1; total, 79. The whole number elected was 80, but the death of Maclay (Rep.) of Napa has reduced the number as above set forth.

There are here as many combinations almost as the political elements of the last campaign would permit. The unmixed elements are four in number: (1) Republicans, 36; (2) Workingmen, 17; (3) Democrats, 14; (4) Honorable Bilks, 1. The combinations are: Honorable Bilk Republicans, 2; Honorable Bilk Workingmen, 3; Honorable Bilk Democrats, 2; Republican Workingmen 3, and the single Unionist. The representatives of outside parties of Republican proclivities are 5 in number.

NORTH PACIFIC COAST.—We have heretofore inadvertently neglected to make mention of a semi-monthly journal bearing the above title which has now reached its third issue. It is published at New Tacoma, by Mr. and Mrs. Money. It is a nicely printed paper of 16 pages—3 columns to the page—well filled with matter interesting to all intelligent readers, but more especially to the people of Washington Territory, being mainly devoted to their particular benefit.—Terms—\$2 a year. It is a strong advocate of a road across the Cascades, uniting Eastern and Western Washington; with its terminus at Tacoma—of course. We will cheerfully co-operate with our neighbor in any and all measures tending to secure such a railroad, let the terminus be where it may; that is a secondary consideration with all who earnestly desire the prosperity of our common Territory. We are not at all afraid that a railroad terminating at New Tacoma for a time will be any detriment to Seattle. The experience of the last four years ought to satisfy any reasonable man to the contrary.

DIED ON THE ROAD.—A dispatch received here on Wednesday evening announces that First Lieutenant Edwin H. Shelton, of company L, 1st cavalry, who has been stationed at Fort Klamath, Oregon, died on the stage near Roseburg, on his way to this city. This news cast a gloom over our city, for Lieutenant Shelton's friends are more numerous here than anywhere else; every one we see ask us if we have heard the sad news, and universal sympathy is expressed for his loving wife. It is the saddest news we have chronicled for a long time. We have known him under various circumstances; in social contact he was all that could be desired; as a soldier he was an honor to the First Cavalry, to which first class regiment he belonged. We have witnessed his prowess under fire of the enemy, and can truthfully say that a braver man never came under our notice. Honorable, manly, and a gentleman in every sense, we could well have spared another man.—Wall Wall Watchman.

L. P. SMITH & SON,  
SULLIVAN'S BLOCK,  
FRONT ST., SEATTLE, W. T.

Watch-Makers  
—AND—  
JEWELLERS.

DEALERS IN  
WATCHES, JEWELLERY, SILVERWARE & CLOCKS.

Notarial and other seals made to order.

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

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

IN EVERY STYLE AT THE  
SADDLE ROCK  
RESTAURANT.

COMMERCIAL STREET,  
—AT—  
25 Cents Per Plate.  
CHAS. KIEL, Proprietor.

Waddell & Miles,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN  
Ranges, Cook, Parlor and Box

STOVES.



Brass Goods,  
Pumps,  
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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. A plates warranted not to crack by fire. Fire backs warranted to last five years.

ALL JOB WORK NEATLY EXECUTED, AND ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED.

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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,  
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MECHANIC'S  
TOOLS.

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

Front Street, Seattle, W. T.

P. O. Box 239.



Local News.

DEATH.—In this city on the 22d inst., at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. A. J. Hanford, Mrs. ELIZABETH HOLTGATE, aged 84 years.

Mrs. Holtgate was born at Milford, Connecticut, April 20, 1796; was married in Pittsburg, Penn., in 1818, to Mr. A. L. Holtgate, who died in Iowa in 1847. In 1853 she came across the plains with her sons and daughters to Oregon, and the following year to Seattle, since which time—over a quarter of a century—she resided in this city and county. She was a faithful Christian, a devoted mother and highly respected member of society, loved and venerated by all who knew her. She died surrounded by a large circle of kindred who are among the most respected citizens of the county, including children, grand-children, and great-grand-children. Such a life and such a death, full of years and full of honors, admits of no regrets, no bitter memories, no doubts for the future.

DAMAGE BY THE STORM.—One of the most deplorable results of the late unprecedented snow storm, was the wreck it made of Mr. C. W. Lawton's fine garden and nursery, on the outskirts of this city. Mr. Lawton had about five acres planted with the rarest fruit and shrubbery which could be obtained through out the temperate zone of Europe, Asia and America, excelling in variety and culture any other garden or nursery upon the Northern Pacific coast. Mr. Lawton, who is not addicted to exaggeration, tells us that not less than four thousand of his most valuable marketable trees have been utterly destroyed, involving a loss of not less than two thousand dollars in value. In view of the great benefits Mr. Lawton was conferring upon the country by his skill and enterprise as a practical and scientific horticulturist, his loss assumes the proportions of a public calamity, and to himself it involves serious embarrassment in business which is regretted by the entire community.

TERRITORIAL UNIVERSITY.—The new Board of Regents, consisting of Messrs. H. G. Struve, O. Jacobs, J. P. Judson, G. A. Weed and James Powers, met in Seattle on the 19th inst.—all present but Mr. Powers—and organized by the election of H. G. Struve, President; O. Jacobs, Treasurer, and A. J. Anderson, Secretary. The University has improved in efficiency every day since President Anderson took charge of it under very unpromising circumstances. He was ably sustained by the last Board of Regents, and we have confidence that the present Board will co-operate with him as earnestly and faithfully.

THE RAILROAD.—The late storm made fearful havoc with the railroad in several places. We are told that the land slide near the head of the bay took in an area of several acres, carrying away the country road and depositing a great bulk upon the railroad track, in which trees and roots were so thickly intermingled as to make its removal tedious and difficult. Under the able management and untiring efforts of Mr. Colman, the Superintendent, the obstructions have been removed and coal trains commenced running on Friday last. Whatever may be said of Mr. Colman by his enemies, all must admit that this city owes a large degree of its prosperity to his enterprise and tireless energy.

THE CADY TRAIL.—An old settler, who is familiar with the country, tells us that years ago there was a very passable trail for pack animals from Cadyville—now Snohomish City—to Fort Colville, over what is known as the Cady Pass of the Cascade mountains. By this pass the distance from Snohomish to the head of Lake Chelan is not over 75 miles and much less than that distance it enters the open country east of the Cascades.—Near this route are the new quartz mines which have lately been opened with great promise. It also passes along the head waters of various streams upon which gold prospects have been discovered, and not very far from Ruby river, upon which are located the gold mines that are now attracting so much attention, and it is believed by some who know

the country that an easier trail to those mines can be found by that route than by any other. By this route the miners and settlers of Northeastern Washington would have access to a sea-port at a saving of at least five hundred miles on their present line of communication. We are told by those who know, that this trail is on the easiest and most inexpensive grade for a wagon road of any which has ever been discovered over the Cascade mountains. The trail has not been used for many years, and is undoubtedly much obstructed by fallen timber and growth of under-brush which can be removed at small expense. Parties at Snohomish will make an exploration of the trail as soon as the snow and weather will permit.

NICE TIME.—The "Old Folks' Hop," held at Squire's Opera House on Tuesday evening last, was well attended in spite of the inclemency of the season, and proved an enjoyable occasion. It is pleasant to see our venerable and venerated citizens—Messrs. Pumphrey, Jennings, McLure, Rasin and Hanford—warming up their old blood in youthful frolic, while the boys—Dex. Horton, Hi. Burnett, Charley Prosch, et al.—attach themselves to the more weighty affairs of the "Young Men's Christian Association."

THE SKAGIT MINES.—The excitement in regard to the Skagit gold fields was not apparently dampened by the late unparalleled snow storm. Every steamer from below brings a number of miners on their way to the Ruby. The report is that the snow has not been near as deep on the Ruby as it was here, and the only difficulty in the way is in passing over the spurs of the mountains. The Skagit is free from ice or other obstructions to the head of navigation and many have started from here to the mines during the past week. We have heard of no casualties to the adventurers, or of any who have turned back on account of difficulties in the way.

Snohomish Correspondence.

SNOHOMISH CITY, Jan. 22, 1880.

EDITOR PUGET SOUND DISPATCH:

This place though not claiming prominence as being on the line of the shortest and most feasible route to the new Eldorado, viz: the Skagit mines, still has its claim on the attention of the public as the starting point from which it is necessary to leave either by canoe, some 45 miles, or by road and trail, some 35 miles, to reach the head waters of the Skykomish river, on which are to be found indications of placer diggings that prospect well as far as the river has been ascended, and there has also been found in the same vicinity leads of silver bearing rock, that in Nevada or California would have created quite a furore, but situated as these are far removed from mining centres have so far received but little attention from our citizens of whom but few that have ever visited them have through inexperience been able to judge correctly of their intrinsic value. But it is the opinion of your correspondent, upheld by that of many others who have seen specimens of the rock and also by assays that have been made from croppings of some of the leads that we have here almost at our doors undeveloped wealth to an extent little dreamed of by many who for years have pooch-pooched the idea of the possibility of there being anything of value either of placer or quartz mines in the Cascade range of mountains. But from reports that reach me from those that through intimate acquaintance with the matter as well as personal inspection of the ground, I am safe in asserting that ere another summer rolls by we shall hear of discoveries being made in the Cascades that will eclipse in magnitude anything before heard of in the Northwest. There is, as I hear, already a town site located and named Silver City, and also some few claims located on different ledges, and from one party who has been there I have the information that in the bed of the river, also on the different bars along its course good prospects have been taken ranging in some instances as high as 5 cents to the pan, so that as this place is so much easier of access than the Skagit mines and can be entered earlier in the season it is to be hoped and expected that some of the great number that undoubtedly will be drawn to this country by the alluring prospects on the Skagit will come this way and give this district a fair trial

and it is the belief of your correspondent that they will not rue the step thus taken and as the head waters of the Skykomish river and its tributaries are not far removed from the head of the Skagit, and as all leads found so far on this river, trend in the direction of the Skagit river, it is but fair to assume that they are one and the same, and that the likelihood of striking good paying diggings is equal on each of the rivers named, as also on the head waters of the Stilligumish river which lies between both those before named.

Hoping that the most sanguine expectations of all interested in both districts may be realized and that through the instrumentality of the discoveries already made and those likely to be made a new era of prosperity may dawn on this community.

I remain till my next, hopefully yours as ever. Non Est.

Wanted 400 Men

IN THE TOWING BUSINESS, TO Haul Schooners over the BAR, —AT THE—

BAVARIA BEER HALL

AND Reading Room. All kinds of Lunches to Order. BOTTLED BEER A SPECIALTY. New Billiard and Pool Tables. Two Drinks and a Game of Billiards, 25 cents. Corner First and Mill Streets, Seattle.

In Admiralty.

In the District Court of the 3d Judicial District of Washington Territory, holding terms at Seattle, in King County, setting in Admiralty.

Whereas a libel was filed in the above entitled Court on the 16th day of January, 1880, by S. D. Libby, master of the steamboat "Goliath," libellant, for himself and on behalf of the owners of said steamboat, and of others, against the bark "Vidette," her tackle, apparel, and furniture, and cargo, alleging in substance: That on the 14th day of January, 1880, the said S. D. Libby was spoken to by George Boyd, master of said bark "Vidette," to come to the relief of said bark "Vidette," that said bark had been scuttled, and was then stranded at Crescent Bay, Washington Territory, in the vicinity of dangerous reefs and rocks; that the master and crew had left the vessel and were encamped on the shore near where she lay wrecked; that he thereupon took the said bark in tow, and, by the greatest exertions, succeeded in getting her afloat, towing her to Port Angeles, and thence to Madison Harbor; and that said libellant for himself and the others, in whose behalf he brings said suit, are entitled to a reasonable share of said ship and cargo, the salvage thereof; And praying process against said bark and cargo, and reasonable and proper salvage, and that the said bark, her tackle, apparel, and furniture, and cargo, may be condemned and sold to pay such salvage with cost, charges and expenses.

Now, therefore, in pursuance of the motion under the seal of the said Court, to me directed and delivered, I do hereby give public notice to all persons claiming the said bark, her tackle, apparel, and furniture, and cargo, or in any manner interested therein, that they be and appear before said District Court, to be held at the City of Seattle, on Tuesday the 3d day of February, 1880, at eleven o'clock, in the forenoon of that day, (provided the same shall be a day of jurisdiction, otherwise, on the next day of jurisdiction thereafter) then and there to interpose their claims, and to make their allegations in that behalf.

Dated the 17th day of January, 1880. CHARLES HOPKINS, U. S. Marshal. By L. V. WYCKOFF, Deputy U. S. Marshal. U. M. RASIN, Proctor for Libellant.

North Pacific BREWERY.

AUGUST MEHLHORN, PROPRIETOR.

[SUCCESSOR TO M. SCHMIEG.]

The Best Beer always on Hand.

ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED.

NEW ENGLAND HOTEL.

Corner Commercial and Main Streets SEATTLE, W. T.

THE NEW ENGLAND

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

European Plan

Can be had at moderate prices.

— IT IS —

The Best Hotel in the City.

L. C. HARMON, Proprietor.

S. BAXTER & CO.'S COLUMN.

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WINES AND LIQUORS.

AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

Domestic Wines,

Liquors, Cigars,

And Tobacco.

EXPORTERS OF

Wool, Hides, Furs, Grain, Potatoes, Hops, Etc.

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

IN BOND OR DUTY PAID

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

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

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DIRECT IMPORTATION

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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, BUDWEISER, 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.

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THEATRICAL AGENT.

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Occidental Square Seattle, W. T.

Information given of the arrival and departure of Steamers.

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"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 morning

7 A. M. and Sunday at 6 P. M., connecting

ing with the Railroad at Tacoma.

n149tf



### Ring On.

Ring on, sweet Sabbath bells,  
Sweet city bells, sweet country bells,  
Sweet morning bells, sweet evening bells,  
Ring on!

Send forth thy wild notes,  
Out on the pure, still air,  
To call the poor, the rich alike  
Unto the house of prayer.  
Ring on!

It may be that some erring one,  
Who long has trod the paths of sin,  
Whose soul is nearly wrecked and lost;  
Will heed thy call to prayer again.  
Ring on!

Oh, sweet Sabbath bells, ring on,  
Sweet city bells, sweet country bells,  
Sweet morning bells, sweet evening bells,  
Ring on!

—Hawkeye.

### The Scuttled Ship.

In June, 1860, the brig *Polly Deems*, Captain Job Payson, sailed from Boston for a port in Turkey, laden with cotton goods. She was a new, taut little vessel, with plenty of storage room, and had accommodations for two passengers.

The crew consisted of the captain, mate, four sailors, a black cook and a cabin boy.

Captain Payson was a conscientious, just man, who treated his crew neither to jokes nor grog, but who lodged and fed them better than would five out of six of the masters sailing from New England ports.

"Old Job," the mate, who was from the west, used to say, he was "a hard man, but one you could tie to, in fair weather or foul."

His crew were picked men, and, with the exception of Dan, the cabin boy, had been with him for years. This was Dan's first voyage, and he felt that Captain and crew eyed him with suspicion. He was on probation, and he felt that not a grain of favor would be allowed him.

Dan was a farm-boy, who knew nothing of the world beyond the village in which was his mother's church. Ship-board, the sea, Europe, Turkey, here were bewildering ideas to burst at once on his narrow experience, scarcely wider than that of the house-dog sleeping at the barn-door.

"Keep your eyes open and your hands ready, to see the work of the moment and to do it before the moment is over," was his mother's last advice. "For the rest, Daniel, ask the Lord's help. You'll find Him just as near you in Turkey as in your own home here."

Dan, in the hurry and excitement of getting under way, and of his new duties, repeated this advice over and over to himself. It seemed to keep his mother near him. Several days after, while he was carrying the dinner-dishes into the cabin, he overheard the mate say,

"That boy is clipper enough for a raw hand, captain?"

"Aye," grunted Captain Payson; "turns out better than I expected. I took him for his mother's sake. Widow Old Friend of mine."

"Rather gentlemanly fellow, this passenger?" ventured the mate, finding Captain Payson in an unusually talkative mood.

"He is a gentleman, sir! One of the Farnalls, of Springfield. Ill-health. Doctor prescribed a long sea-voyage. A gentleman and a scholar Mr. Briggs!"

Dan, while waiting on the table at dinner, could not help noticing the passenger. "Some of these days," thought the true-born Yankee lad, "I too, shall be a gentleman and a scholar."

Doctor Farnall was a tall, lean man, mustache, but with eyebrows and lashes carefully dressed, with sandy hair and almost white. His eyes, too, were large and pale. They never met the eyes of any other man fairly. Once, when Dan happened to look at him, he turned quickly away, and he glanced furtively and suspiciously at the boy, at times, during the rest of the meal.

"Don't like him," thought Dan. "Looks sneaking and tricky, and not like a gentleman."

But Dan, of course, kept his opinions to himself. Even Job, the cook, snubbed the "raw hand," and tolerated no remarks from him.

Fortunately, the lad was not sea-sick. He learned his new duties quickly; was alert, neat, and always good natured. In the course of one week, Captain Payson had twice grumbled approval.

Dan worked harder than ever, and between times, for recreation, when the passenger was on deck he watched him.

Doctor Farnall talked fluently and brilliantly, as even Dan's uncultured mind could perceive. But his talk was leveled far above the heads of either the captain or Mr. Briggs, who listened with half-comprehending admiration.

But there were days when the doctor was absolutely silent, ate nothing, and paced the deck wrapped in a profound gloom, his light eyes darting suspicious glances from side to side.

On one of these days, Dan, going down just at twilight to find something he had left in his bunk, saw a tall figure that he could not quite recognize, with a candle groping about among the chests of the sailors.

"Who's there?" he shouted.

The man came quickly toward him. The candle threw a yellow glare over his set face and staring eyes. It was the passenger. He caught Dan by the sleeve.

"Here, boy—what do they call you?"

"Dan."

"You're surprised to see me here, Dan?" with a guilty laugh. "Took me for a ghost, eh?"

"I beg your pardon, sir; I oughtn't to have called to you. Shouldn't have done it if I'd known it was you. But it took me aback, sir."

"Naturally. You need not be surprised at seeing me in any part of the vessel. I'm studying its construction, —as a scientific man. Captain Payson has been good enough to give me admittance to all parts of the vessel. You needn't shout in that disagreeable way again. It startles a nervous man; and with a vague smile he blew out the candle and went up on deck, leaving Dan staring after him.

"It is not all right; or why should he, bein' a gentleman, make such a long-winded explanation to me, bein' the cabin boy?" Dan said at last, shaking his head.

That night, Captain Payson was alone on the quarter-deck, when Dan presented himself before him and saluted. His voice shook a little, for he was terribly scared. "Old Job" was a bigger man in his eyes than any king or potentate.

"Well!" what's the matter with you?" growled the captain.

"The—passenger, sir."

"What have you to do with the passenger?"

"I beg your pardon, sir,—but are you sure he isn't a thief, or—or worse?" gasped Dan, forgetting in his terror, the respectful speech he had planned, in which he simply meant to state the fact of Doctor Farnall's visit below deck.

The captain seized a rope's end. "Take that for your impudence!" he shouted, aiming a blow at Dan, who dodged it, and then blurted out the whole story.

"Searching among the bunks? Dr. Farnall!" muttered the captain in astonishment, dropping his weapon; and then he walked thoughtfully up and down. Suddenly he stopped before Dan.

"It is well that you came to me and nobody else with the story," he said. "It is of no account. Dr. Farnall is an eccentric man. If he wishes to examine the ship in any part, he is not to be watched and spied upon. So keep your eyes to yourself; and your tongue, too. If you go blabbing this story about, I'll flog you."

Dan crept off to his work feeling as if he had had a sound drubbing. Tears of rage and mortification stood in his eyes.

"Mother's rules do very well on land, but they don't wear on ship-board," he muttered. "But there's something that needs watching in that man, and I'll watch him."

Nothing of moment happened, however, for a week. Then Dan observed that the passenger's days of fasting and depression grew more frequent. There were whole nights when he paced the deck until morning.

The crew joked together about him. One declared that he was a murderer; another, that he had escaped from a lunatic asylum; but the common opinion was that he had run away from a termagant wife.

"D'ye mind," said Irish Jem, "how he eyes every ship we hail, as though she might be aboard?"

Dan, alone, never joined in the gossip below decks about the mystery.

One day, a little incident occurred which suddenly strengthened his suspicions.

Just before nightfall, when passing the after hatchway, in the covering of which was a slide that could be opened and closed at will, Dan met Dr. Farnall coming up, covered with dirt and dust. There was an unsteady glare in his eyes. He seized Dan by the shoulders.

"Do you know where I have been," he said hoarsely.

"In the lower hold, sir; among the boxes."

"What d'ye think is down there, boy,—for you and all of us? Death! Death! But tell nobody—nobody!"—He dropped his hold and staggered on.

"Mad as a March hare!" muttered Dan.

But half an hour later, Dr. Farnall was seated at the supper-table, gay, self-possessed, keeping the captain in a roar with his good stories.

About the middle of the second watch that night, Dan turned out of his bunk. The boy was really too anxious to sleep.

"Death in the hold, eh? Death in the hold?" he repeated to himself.

He did not dare to go to the captain or crew with his story. Yet he was sure that some peril was at hand. He sat shivering for awhile, then pulled on his clothes.

"If Death's in the hold, I'll find him," he said.

He groped his way to the after hatchway unquestioned; for the mate, who had charge of the deck, was reclining listlessly against the rail farther aft where the hatchway was hid from view by the cabin.

The slide was open. His heart beat quick with excitement, but noiseless as a cat, Dan crept down to the lower deck, and then groped for the hatchway that opened into the lower hold.

He was so certain that danger was afoot that he was not startled when he saw a faint, reddish light, and found the lower hatchway open.

The hold was not so closely stowed but what one could move about in it quite freely, and lowering himself carefully, Dan saw that the light came from a lantern, and that it cast a glare directly on the face of the passenger, who was kneeling and working at something on the floor.

"So that's the way Death looks,

hey?" thought Dan. "He couldn't well look worse;" and he eyed the haggard ghastly face.

"What grating noise is that?" he asked himself; and in the same instant he sprang forward with a cry of horror.

The passenger held an auger in his hands, and a saw lay beside him.

He had bored a hole through the side of the vessel, below the water-line, and the water was already coming through.

The boy clutched Farnall, and shook him like a wild beast. "You are sinking the ship. Help! help!"

The madman turned on him quietly, and nodded.

"Yes, we'll all go down together. Don't make that outcry. Nobody can hear you."

He had caught the boy's wrists, and held him with the unnatural strength of the insane. Nobody could hear him. Dan remembered that, and became suddenly silent. Horror and fear only made thought more vivid.

Death was just at hand. There was nobody to drive it back but himself, and he was in this madman's hold.

He stared into the fierce glassy eyes with an agony of hesitation. Farnall laughed back at him.

"I thought of burning, but this is quietest. I want to go calmly into the great hereafter. We shall all go together in—a few minutes," glancing at the stream of water gushing out of the opening.

"O, mother, mother!" cried the shivering boy.

"We'll all go together. Kings among the ancients went across the Styx attended by the slaves slain on their burial. I will be followed by the Yankee captain and his crew!"

A sudden flash lightened Dan's eyes.

"Not by the captain," he said.

His own voice startled him, it was so calm, and in a tone so different from any in which he had spoken before.

"The captain and Mr. Briggs will escape!" he cried.

"Why, what do you mean?" cried Farnall. "Escape! How can they escape?"

"Because they are not in the hold. They will take to the boats!"

"I never thought of the boats!"

Dan felt a chill run over him. He tried to speak, but his voice failed. He had but one chance, and he must try it.

"I will go and bring the captain and Mr. Briggs down, if you like. Then they can't get away."

"Ha, ha! Pretty good joke! Well, go bring them, and be quick!" loosening his hold and pushing Dan away.

Dan walked slowly to the ladder, then he made one wild spring up.

"To the hold! To the hold! A leak!" he shrieked, and fell gasping to the deck.

Within an hour the madman was in irons, the leak had been stopped, and the water pumped out of the hold. The danger was past and all snug and tant.

The crew made a hero of Dan. Even Captain Payson spoke out his hearty praise:

"The lad saw what was to be done, and did it. He had the courage, and what is better, good sense. Who taught you to use your wits, my boy?"

"My mother, sir," said Dan.—*Companion.*

### Lord Nelson.

In my boyhood days it was my privilege to listen to the thrilling stories of ocean life from the lips of a British tar who had served under Lord Nelson. My hero will be remembered by those who were acquainted with the interior workings of Nathaniel Tufts' old tin-shop in Malden, five-and-forty years ago. He was a perfect specimen of the ideal man-o'-war-man; his voice was like the murmuring of a conch-shell; his gait like the waddle of a duck; his trousers having a need to be hoisted over his hips every time he spoke, and his appetite for grog and tobacco of the keenest and most appreciative. He was on board Nelson's flag-ship at Trafalgar, and in the course of that battle the terrific thunder of the marine artillery almost entirely destroyed his hearing. He might be called as deaf as a post. He said that Admiral Lord Nelson had a heart as tender as a woman's. To see a brave man flogged gave him as much pain as was given to the culprit himself. When all hands were called to witness punishment, Nelson would crawl up on the outside of the gathered squad officers, and there stand, with his chapeau pulled down over his eyes, until the scene was over. Once upon a time an old fore-castle-man, and helmsman, was upon the black list for drunkenness. He stood at the gang-way waiting his turn to be lashed to the grating. At length his name was called—"John Marcy!" He was a man of honorable record, of many years, and of long service. "Is there not one to speak a word for poor Jack?" he cried, as the boatswain started to remove his frock. "Gentlemen!" exclaimed Nelson, looking around upon his officers, "Will not one of you speak? Then I will speak: Avast there! Belay where you are! Officer of the deck, call all hands below!" Then to the quivering sailor he said, at the same time extending his hand: "Jack, when the battle comes, think of me!" A month later an old sailor appeared at court, bearing dispatches and captured battle-flags, and a letter of commendation from a dying hero. It was Jack Marcy, brave, true, and loyal, and he went back to his duty with a quarter-master's warrant.—*New York Ledger.*

### The Women of To-Day.

The *Crockery and Glass Journal* says that the principal fault in decorative work done by American ladies, is an unconscious inclination to the millinery business.

Miss Rachel Vent, who recently died in Baltimore, learned her father's trade of blacksmith and succeeded to his business, working herself at the forge and anvil. Her acts were louder than her words.

The Archduchess is taking lessons in the Spanish language of Senor Palacios. He was formerly on the Spanish Embassy at Berlin, and while there gave similar lessons to the Crown Princess of Germany.

The Paraguayan Government has imposed a tax of five dollars a year upon all single men between the ages of twenty-five and fifty. Women are not taxed, on the assumption that they are not to blame for remaining single.

The lady artists of Cincinnati have contributed a fine ceramic display to the Industrial Exposition. The native artists have produced what is known as Cincinnati faience, rivaling that of Limoges, and there are large exhibits of underglaze decoration of stone, china, etc.

All female lecturers are not happy. Mrs. Weldon, an English lecturer, told her audience that she was over forty, and was a middle-aged, sober, well-nigh heart-sick woman. An American woman would have more pluck and kept her disappointment to herself.

The ceramic craze still continues, though in a less degree than a year ago. At a recent sale in London a pair of china jars, enameled with birds and flowers, brought \$2,221. But this mania has given way to hand painting and this will in turn give way to other, and thus "runs the world away."

Miss Alice S. Hooper, of Boston, left \$100,000 worth of property by will to friends and public institutions. She gave \$1,000 each to the Boston Training School for Nurses and the Bethesda Society of Boston. The rest of her valuable property she bequeathed to personal friends and relatives.

Mrs. Mattie Potts, who in May last left Baltimore for New Orleans, has returned, having made the whole distance on foot. She averaged twenty-one miles a day, wore out five suits of clothes, "didn't spend a cent," was entertained free at all hotels and eating-houses, received innumerable presents and sent her trunk ahead of her by express all the way "without charge." If a man did this he would be styled a "dead-head," but gallantry will not permit the title to be applied to a woman.

The poor authorities of Dover and Canterbury, England, are greatly puzzled over a supposed Japanese girl who was recently found wandering about the streets of the latter city. No one there or in Dover being able to converse with her, she was sent to London. The Japanese Consul of that city says that there is no similarity between her language and that of Japan. The girl and her stories remain mysteries. As no one will support the poor stranger "in a strange land," the authorities send her from one city to another.

### The Right Grape at Last.

In a late issue of *The Examiner* a correspondent recommends certain varieties of grapes to amateurs. For the benefit of your readers living north of 42 degrees, I will briefly give my experience. The latitude of this place is about 42 1/2 degrees. I set an Isabella grapevine on my homestead forty years ago in a fine exposure, well protected from north and northwest winds; cultivated and trimmed faithfully. Not a ripe grape did I ever get from it, although many years there were no frosts until the 20th of October. Ten years later I commenced on Catawbas, with no better result. About that time Horace Greeley offered a prize of \$100 for the best grape, all things considered, that would fully mature in this latitude by the 1st of October. The American Institute named three men as judges. The prize was given to the Concord, after a hard fight by Dr. Grant for the Ionas and Isabellas. I put out a Concord at once, and some years have taken good fruit from it, and other years frost came too early. Ten years ago I put out a Salem, and five years ago I set out one vine each of Rodgers Nos. 3, 19 and 39, and have been eating delicious ripe grapes from the four last named since the 15th of September. Either of the last named are as early as the Hartford Prolific, and far better in every respect. My Concord must yet remain on the vines ten days to be fit to eat from the hand, and then will not compare with those I am using.

It is folly to attempt to ripen any variety of grapes out of their natural latitude.

I tried the process recommended a few weeks ago of removing the bark between the fruit and the root of the vine. The fruit hangs there limp and unripe, as a monument of my folly. There is as much good sense in stopping the circulation of blood in a child, and expecting it to grow.—W. P. Stone, in *N. Y. Examiner and Chronicle.*

A cement peculiarly adapted to stand petroleum or any of its distillates is made by boiling three parts of resin with one of caustic soda and five of water. This forms a resin soap, which is afterward mixed with half its weight of plaster of Paris, zinc white, white lead, or precipitated chalk.

### Intelligence Items.

One hundred telephones are in use in Savannah, Ga.

The women who voted in Massachusetts were mostly middle-age.

One of the curiosities of San Antonio Texas, is a boy born without arms.

A baby in Somerville county, Texas, was lately carried off by a panther.

Hon. Alexander H. Stephens will be sixty-eight years of age next February.

The Circuit Court in session at Fayetteville, Tenn., last week, had to suspend on account of a circus.

A widow, seventy years of age, residing near Austin, Tex., takes care of a stock ranch and 300 head of cattle.

The 65,000 dogs of St. Petersburg bring to the city treasury \$130,000 per year, \$2 being the tax upon each dog.

A number of influential newspapers in the South are advocating smaller farms and better cultivation as the surest way to success and prosperity.

The colored people of North Carolina, it is reported, are so determined in their purpose to get away from the State, that they are disposing of their effects at ruinous rates.

POPULATION OF PARIS.—At the last census taken the population of Paris was 2,037,000; during the last ten years it has increased at the rate of 12,000 a year—a very modest one compared with that of London or New York.

The official returns of the cholera epidemic, made up to the 8th of November, disclose the awful character of the visitation, and the still more alarming fact that it is not yet wholly at an end. There have been 163,256 reported cases, of which 94,848 or 58 per cent, proved fatal; 42,695, or 26 per cent, recovered; and 25,713, or 16 per cent, are still under treatment. Very few fresh cases are reported.

Bailey's bill for the Education of Colored People recites, that \$510,000 have been covered back into the Treasury recently, being the bounty of colored soldiers unclaimed after seven years, and directs the Secretary of the Treasury to invest that amount in Government four per cents, the interest to be apportioned to the institutions already in operation where colored people receive their education in the higher branches.

According to the Bureau Veritas' Report for 1879-80, the sailing tonnage of the civilized world has decreased from 14,218,072 to 14,103,605—a falling away which shows the decided tendency which now prevails to give steamers the preference over sailing vessels. The total sailing tonnage of Great Britain (which includes Colonial tonnage) is 5,584,128—showing that over one-third of the sailing tonnage of the world is under the British flag.

Atlanta Constitution: "The permanent fund" for the support of the Hood children now in the hands of the New Orleans committee amounts to \$6,317. To this amount is to be added at least \$3,000 from Georgia, and handsome sums from the Hood associations at work in Texas, Missouri, Kentucky, Virginia, Maryland and New York city. There is every reason to believe that the permanent fund will be at least \$20,000. It should be thrice that sum.

### Why He Stole.

He had a wife.  
His salary was \$2,500 per annum.  
But she complained.  
She wanted a better house.  
Better clothes.  
Nothing fit to go out in.  
No country cottage.  
Nor carriage.  
Nor front pews.  
Nor society.  
She coveted a place on the ragged edge of the select five hundred.  
She kept it up.  
Night and day.  
And moaned and Groaned and Groveled and Wept.

He lacked style, also.  
As well as new clothes every six weeks, and various other things.

He knew how his employer made several hundreds daily on the street.

A thousand or so would not be missed for a few hours.

So he took it, went upon the street, and won.

She got her sealskin.  
He took more and lost.  
More to get that back and lost.  
More yet.

Defalcation discovered.  
He wears the penitentiary check.  
Others are going to.

Beware.  
But if you win regularly, society won't be hard on you.

But if you lose, society will sit down on you.

Beware.  
Better is a modest room up two pair of back stairs than a cell in the Tombs.  
And a plain woolen jacket rather than a pair of prison uniform pants on poor Charlie's legs.—*New York Graphic.*

A new sensation is provided in regard to the now famous Milwaukee House of Correction. During the investigation into the alleged abuses and cruelties, a letter from a convict has been unearthed which it is claimed shows that these charges were devised by certain prisoners in the hope of securing a change of management, whereby they might take advantage of the inexperience of the new officials and make their escape. The question now is, which is genuine—the original charge or the new evidence which annuls it?—*Detroit Free Press.*



### Self-Contented People.

Discontented people are universally looked upon as disagreeable beings. A grumbler is as pleasant a companion as a Scotch mist. Yet the extreme reverse of character is hardly more amiable. The man who never values anything except it be out of his reach, is a source of trial to those who associate with him; but, on the other hand, the over-contented man, who passes his time in a perpetual celebration of the excellencies of all he possesses, is no less objectionable. Have we not all known individuals of this type—people whose children, servants, houses, horses, carriages—all they possess, in short—are examples of a perfection unattainable by the children, servants, houses, horses, or carriages of any one else? George Eliot, in one of her novels, has described a family of this kind, who never eat jam at any house but their own because no one else is capable of making it exactly right. History has many examples of self-contented people. Queen Elizabeth was decidedly one—at least on the subject of her personal attractions. Melville, the Scotch Ambassador, tells us that she inquired particularly regarding the stature of his mistress, Queen Mary. "Was she taller than herself?" and on Melville replying in the affirmative, Elizabeth sharply rejoined: "Then your Queen is too tall—for I am exactly of the right height."

Possibly Shakespeare had this anecdote in his mind when he wrote the scene where Cleopatra questions the messenger regarding her rival, Octavia, and contrasts the Roman lady's personal attractions with her own charms. The messenger calls Octavia "low-voiced," which Cleopatra translates:

"Dull of tongue, and dwarfish—  
He cannot face her long."

Sometimes it is their moral, rather than their personal qualities that fill people with self-contentment. Philip II., of Spain, reviewing his life on his deathbed, did calmly inform his confessor that he could not recall having committed a single willful sinful act—a somewhat startling assertion from the lips of a man who was the Nero of his age. In the British Museum is a magnificent Bible, presented by the same monarch to his faithful servant, the Duke of Alva, or, as the inscription runs: "From the best of all kings to the best of subjects." The inhabitants of the Low Countries during the sixteenth century might have questioned the truth of Philip's self-assumed title.

Kings are not the only people who thus praise themselves. Dean Ramsey tells an amusing anecdote of a Scotch shoemaker who fancied he had a gift for preaching, and who was overheard calling him to be great, it would also keep him good." Pope's account of the "scene of vanity," presented by Sir Godfrey Kneller on his deathbed—his designing his own monument, saying "many gross things regarding the memory he should have behind him," and recounting his famous dream of the reception accorded to him in Heaven because he was "the great Sir Godfrey Kneller from England"—must be familiar to most of our readers. Artists and authors are proverbially self-contented, unless they fall into the other extreme of despondency and self-deprecation. Great men like Buffon and Hogarth extolled their own talents without reserve. "There are only five geniuses in the world," remarked the former—"Newton, Bacon, Leibnitz, Montesquieu and myself," and Hogarth, completing his "Marriage a la Mode," told his friends that he was about to gratify the world with such a sight as they should never have equaled." "When I am dead you will not readily meet another John Hunter," said the great anatomist of the last century.

Sometimes the self-contented person rejoices in a likeness—generally imaginary—which he discovers between himself and some great man, dead or living. His photographs are wonderfully like the portraits of Lord Byron or the Duke of Wellington—at least so he assures his friends. Swift once rebelled against this kind of vanity in his friend Ambrose Phillips, who believed himself to be an exact likeness of Julius Caesar, and who was fond of telling people that the great conqueror was "a man of lean make, of pale complexion, about five feet seven inches high, and extremely neat in his dress"—an exact description of Phillips himself. The sarcastic Dean listened patiently, and then dryly remarked that for his part he always imagined Caesar to have been a plump man, just five feet five inches high, and not very neatly dressed in a black gown with padding sleeves!

Sir Godfrey Kneller is one of the fairest specimens from the ranks of the self-contented, for his self-complacency was all-embracing—extending from his deep admiration for his own pictures to his love for his "house at Twickenham, his gold pin and his diamond ring," which his contemporaries so ridiculed him for inserting in his painting of himself. But Kepler carried self-praise to his extreme length when he could write: "My work (in his scientific discoveries) may well wait a century for a reader, when God himself has waited a thousand years before sending on earth an observer like myself!" After this outburst of self-laudation, all other examples of egotism appear trivial. Disraeli the elder, in one of his works, defends the self-praise of men of genius on the ground that a belief in their own powers was absolutely essential to stimulate their exertions; and that the so-

called modest men, who did not openly commend themselves, took care to extract praises from their neighbors by various circuitous means. Romney the painter believed that "every artist required an almost daily portion of cheering applause." Perhaps great men have a right to demand this; and in the examples we have mentioned, although we may smile at the self-praise of artist or author, we do not deny that there is truth in their boasting. The self-contentment of little men is harder to tolerate; but they may plead the Irishman's excuse for their self-laudations. An inhabitant of the Emerald Isle is said to have been rebuked by a friend for his excessively boastful habits: "You should wait for others to praise you." "And so I have, me jewels!" was the prompt reply; "but I find they don't do it!" If our neighbors refuse to do their duty, what can we do but undertake it ourselves?

### Charles Sumner.

Charles Sumner had a great fondness for the society and friendship of titled and famous people. In his case this was a natural and pardonable ambition. It is believed of Moore that he adored aristocrats mainly because his own birth had been humble, and because his genius had enabled him to pass the jealous barriers that protect the great. In Moore the feeling was like a feminine vanity; in Sumner it was a lofty pride. For Sumner was conscious of his power and had early proposed to himself a career of eminence—although whether it was to be in law, letters or in public affairs was not determined—and he cultivated with tact and with diligence the correspondence of leading Englishmen. Astime went by, his friends, the great lawyers, were promoted to the bench, the politicians came into power as Her Majesty's Secretaries or were raised to the peerage, the great clergymen became bishops, and his relations were established with the men who were dominant in every field of distinction. Sumner deserved the friendships he had gained, for, besides having noble traits of character and solid abilities, he had been a hard student and had accomplished many things. He could scarcely say with Lord Bacon, "I have taken all knowledge to be my province," but he was a fair classical and a good English scholar, a well read lawyer, especially familiar with public law and with the history and etics of legislation, and he possessed an intimate knowledge of modern history and of the secret springs of European politics that was shared by few men.

The statesman, like the chess-player, must study his adversary's game as well as his own; and Sumner, while Senator and chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, was constantly informed of expected moves as well as of the current events of the phases of opinion abroad. Often it happened, as Mr. Whipple relates in his charming essay, that a question prompted by him was put by some friend in the House of Commons, and upon that was founded some important motion in our own Legislature. It is not to be supposed that he was always wise, but none of his rivals in the Senate had the advantage of knowing, as he did, the policy and movements of opponents.—FRANCIS H. UNDERWOOD.

### History of Clocks.

The periods of the day were first measured by the Assyrians with water-clocks, which according to early Persian authors, were in use in Nineveh, in the reign of Sardinapalus. This clock was merely a brass vessel of cylindrical shape, holding several gallons of water. A hole was bored in one of the sides, and it was calculated that the vessel would empty itself five or six times a day.

The water clock, or clepsydra, continued to remain in its primitive condition for many centuries; and it was not until the invention of the sun dial at Alexandria, five hundred and fifty years before Christ, that it underwent any improvement. About that time, however, an Egyptian, of Memphis, added a dial with a hand to the clepsydra. The hand revolved on a pivot and communicated to a string which was attached to a float. As the water leaked out, the float fell with it, and the tension of the string caused the hand to move around with slight, spasmodic jerks, something like those of a second-hand on a watch of inferior make.

When Pompey returned to Rome after his triumph over the Mithridites, he brought with him, from the treasures of the King of Pontus, a clepsydra, marking the hours and minutes, according to the method of horology in use in Rome. The cylinder and dial plates were of gold, and the hands studded with small rubies; each of the ciphers denoting the hours was cut from a single sapphire. The cylinder needed replenishing only once a day.

The monks of the order of St. Benedict, instituted in the year 523, computed the time by the number of prayers they could say, and it was hence that the custom of wearing chaplets or beads arose. The task assigned to each monk was to recite as many "paters" and "aves" as there were beads on his string; and as the orthodox number on a chaplet was supposed to be then, as it is now, thirty-three—that is one for each year of our Savior's life—there was work for a full hour and a half, if conscientiously performed.

The powder of a ripe puff ball will stop the bleeding of an amputated limb.

**PERFUME OF FLOWERS.**—It is pretty clearly proved by an Italian professor that fine vegetable perfumes exercise a positively beneficial influence on the atmosphere, by converting the oxygen of the air into that powerful oxidizing, and, therefore, purifying agent, ozone. The essences found by him to produce the most ozone are precisely those which usage has selected as the most invigorating, such as cherry, laurel, cloves, lavender, mint, juniper, lemon, fennel, and bergamot, several of which are ingredients in the refreshing eau de Cologne. Anise, nutmeg, thyme, narcissus and hyacinth flowers, heliotrope, mignonette, and lilies of the valley, also develop ozone; in fact, all flowers possessing a perfume appear to do so, whereas those having none do not. This interesting intelligence will be gratifying to all, especially to lovers of flowers, and the cultivation of these lovely disinfectants of nature should be promoted in all marshy or foul places.

"Poor X. was greatly affected by the death of his wife. At the funeral he noticed that he kept his face buried in his handkerchief all the time."  
"That was so that no one could see that he was not weeping."

### White's Prairie Flower.

Taken before retiring will insure a good night's rest, with an awakening in the rosy morn to health, courage and vigor. For coated tongue, bad breath, sick headache, or any disturbance arising from dyspepsia or torpid liver, it is without a peer. Its action on disease is entirely different from any medicine ever introduced, quieting pains almost instantly. The hue and cry raised against it by patent medicine men, who have foreseen in its advent the destruction of their nefarious business, and the thousands of unsolicited testimonials flowing in from all parts of the New World, is a sure indication of its great merits. Trial size at all Drug Stores. Half pint bottles, 75 cents. CHAS. LANGLEY & CO., Wholesale Druggists, Sole Agents.

### The Receipt

For Gilt-Edge Butter Maker was obtained from one of the most extensive dairy farmers of Ireland, noted for the excellent and superior keeping qualities of his butter, which was eagerly purchased by London dealers for export to India, where the warm climate puts butter to a very severe test. It has been thoroughly tried by a large number of the very best butter-makers in this country, and they have given it their emphatic approval. Price 25 cents per package. Sold by all store-keepers.

**COLLINS, N. Y. Feb. 1924, 1879.**  
Gentlemen:—We turned one gallon of cream to-day at a temperature of 56 deg., using your Gilt-Edge Butter Maker. The time of churning, 15 minutes—result, 4 1/2 pounds of butter. Color, good. As we have not previously weighed our butter, of course we cannot tell whether there is a better percent, or not, but appearances indicate it, and the quality is at least two cents per pound better.  
Yours, &c.,  
M. E. WILBUR, Prop'r, of Collins' Creamery.

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## Mail and Telegraph.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 19.—Following are the Western nominations for Census Supervisors: Henry G. Langley, first Census District of California; James A. Hardenburg, second California; Alex. Duan, third California; Charles W. Dana, fourth California; L. Cass Carpenter, district of Colorado; Henry F. Suksdorf, district of Oregon; Crowley P. Dake, Arizona; Alex. Hughes, Dakota; Clinton H. Moore, Idaho; Hugh McQuad, Montana; Abraham S. Hough, New Mexico; J. B. Neil, Utah; F. W. Sparling, Washington; Howes Merrill, Wyoming.

Gen. McDowell telegraphs that \$2,000 will be required to repair damages by the gale of the 9th to the post depot, arsenal and government buildings at Vancouver. In the neighboring county their was great damage to property and loss of life.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 18.—The House Committee on education and labor held a special meeting of four hours duration yesterday afternoon, which was wholly devoted to the consideration of the Chinese question. The Committee this session consists of Goode, of Virginia, Wallis, of Kentucky, Tilman, of South Carolina, McMillan, of Tennessee, Hutchison, of New York, Page, of California, Ballou, of Rhode Island, Barlow, of Vermont, Osmer, of Pennsylvania, and Van Armin, of New York. All the members were present except Barlow, who had been called out of the city on private business. Horace Davis was also present by invitation during the greater part of the meeting, and participated in a very thorough discussion of the subject, and of the various remedies brought before the committee. In course of the discussion of the general object, Tilman, of South Carolina, who spent some time in California last year, intimated that some of his friends in that State had repeatedly intimated to him that in spite of the popular clamor, they were in favor of Chinese immigration; and he added, that although he believed this ought to be white man's government, yet as the South had to put up with the negro, he also thought that California might perhaps as well be left to wrestle with the Chinese.

Waldo Hutchison, a newly elected Democrat from New York, also incidentally remarked that he had carefully observed the results of the last Congressional election in California, and he noticed that, although President Hayes vetoed the bill passed by Democratic votes for the restriction of Chinese immigration, the people of California had not in that election, condemned the republican Presidents action. This called forth a prompt and pertinent inquiry from Page, whether Hutchison proposed to vote against a similar bill because California had not gone Democratic, whereupon the New York member disclaimed the apparently logical inference, and said nothing more on the subject. Page and Davis were warmly supported in their views by Messrs Wallis, Goode, Ballou and McMillan, and they agreed that the sole thing to be done was to pass the fifteen-passenger bill in the shape it passed the House last Congress, omitting the section which required notice to be given of the abrogation of the fifth and sixth articles of the Burlingame treaty—this being the section upon which President Hayes mainly based his veto. The other members of the committee, except Tilman, said they were not ready to record their votes upon the subject at this meeting, as they wanted more time to examine or discuss it in some of its details. Page at this point called attention to the fact that the committee may very possibly be called upon for reports before they have another opportunity for meeting, and he therefore suggested that, without calling the roll in the committee, Mr. Wallis should be authorized to report the measure above indicated as the action of a majority of the committee, and at the same time ask the House to set a day for its consideration. This motion being formally put by Chairman Goode, was unanimously carried, and the bill will therefore be reported whenever the committee is reached.

ALBANY, Jan. 20.—A conference of Tammany Democrats from all parts of the State will be held here Wednesday, and it is expected that about one hundred prominent men will be present. John Kelly will be here. The object of the meeting is to make preliminary arrangements for the Presidential Convention. The result of the conference will

be to take immediate steps for calling a Convention of Democrats opposed to Tilden, which shall take such steps as it may deem best to defeat any movement now or hereafter to secure Tilden's nomination.

NEW YORK, Jan. 20.—An Albany, N. Y., special says: The *Argus* of this city publishes reports of interviews with 24 Republican State Senators and a large number of Republican members of the Assembly on the Presidential question. Among the Senators 11 are for Grant, 1 for Sherman, 1 for Grant or Blaine, and 11 non-committal. Among the members of the Assembly, 43 are for Grant, 14 for Blaine, 3 for Sherman, 4 for Conkling, 1 for Garfield and 18 declined to express their preferences.

CHICAGO, Jan. 17.—At a meeting of old soldier planters at Mount Pleasant, S. C., an organization was effected and resolutions unanimously adopted, expressing a desire for cordial and fraternal union in the country, and saying:

*Resolved*, That to effect this our earnest desire, we nominate General U. S. Grant and Senator Thomas Bayard as our standard bearers for President and vice President in the approaching Presidential election.

*Resolved*, That we send greetings of peace and good will to all people throughout the land and invite them to organize themselves into solid union clubs, nominate Grant, and let us become one people, undivided.

### Fitz John Porter.

[SPECIAL DISPATCH TO THE OREGONIAN.]

WASHINGTON, Jan. 21.—The majority report of the Committee on Military Affairs in the Porter case, presented today, recites the facts of Gen. Porter's accusation in 1862, his trial and sentence in 1866, and efforts to obtain a rehearing. It also recapitulates the rehearing before the Military Board presided over by Gen. Schofield, which reviewed all the original evidence obtained, all additional testimony accessible at the date of its setting, and which decided unanimously that Porter was innocent, and should in justice be restored to his military position, and that such restoration should date from the day of his dismissal. The Committee fully concur in the conclusion of the Schofield Board, whose report is adopted by them and submitted as the greater part of their statement of the facts and arguments. They further say that they have deemed it their duty to report a bill for his relief in substantial accord with the conclusions of the Schofield Board.

The minority of the Committee report with expressions of regret and embarrassment that they must antagonize the finding of the Schofield Board, and adhere to the conclusions of the Board convened in 1862, Lincoln having approved the sentence and Lincoln, Johnson and Grant having successively disregarded Porter's appeals for a reopening of the case. In this they ignore the specific testimony of ex-Governor Newell of New Jersey, that Lincoln had already determined to order the rehearing when his purposes were frustrated by death. The Committee remark that the first trial was had before a competent tribunal and when the facts were fresh. They are silent about Porter's claim that the most essential facts in the case were not attainable at that time, and so were not and could not be presented for consideration by the original judges in the case. The minority has now practically assumed to be better judges of all the facts than the Schofield Board. It thinks that the evidence shows that Porter had no faith in Pope, and they infer their conviction that this proves that he had an insubordinate motive for disobeying Pope's order. The minority claims that his conduct is to be judged simply by the facts as shown at that time, and not as they now appear through the testimony of ex-Confederate officers. In this, again, they ignore and are silent upon the fact that Porter's defence from the beginning was that Pope's order to attack the enemy's flank could not be executed, because instead of having said flank in his flank as Pope supposed when the order was written, Porter being on the spot knew that the main body of the Confederates was already posted in his immediate front, facts which are now fully sustained by Confederate testimony, and a knowledge of which at the time compelled Porter to exercise the ordinary discretion of a

corps commander, and failure to do which would have made Porter responsible for a sure and overwhelming disaster to the whole army of Virginia, in other words, that his exercise of discretion was both justifiable and wise. The minority, however, recommend a joint resolution that the President be requested to remit the remainder of the unexecuted sentence which disqualifies Gen. Fitz John Porter from holding any office of trust or profit under the Government of the United States. They apologize for this illogical conclusion of their argument, that Porter was justly convicted by reference to the general amnesty which has been extended to participants in the rebellion, thus making no distinction between what they virtually hold to have been treasonable treachery by a Union corps commander, and the act of those who honestly, even though mistakenly, served the flag which they professed to support and took their chances in fighting for the rebellion.

### The Fitz John Porter Bill as Amended.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 20.—The bill of Representative Bragg, for the restoration of Fitz John Porter, as amended by the Military Committee, gives General Porter the pay of a Major General from January 28, to the first of September, 1866, and for a Colonel from that date to the present day. It is roughly estimated that his allowance for arrears of pay will amount to between \$50,000 and \$60,000, and is in lieu of the \$75,000 at first proposed.

LOUISVILLE, Jan. 19.—The news of General Eli H. Murray's appointment as Governor of Utah, was received here with great satisfaction by a large number of his friends, and to-night he was given a serenade at his residence. General Murray is editor of the *Louisville Commercial*, and the most prominent Republican in the State. He was the youngest and one of the most brilliant cavalry Generals in the army at the close of the war, since which time he has filled with honor the office of U. S. Marshal for two terms, and was on the last Board of Visitors to Annapolis. In his remarks at the serenade last night he did not state definitely whether he would accept or not, but it is thought by his friends that he will. Congratulatory dispatches have been coming to him all day.

Sheriff Allen, of Whatcom, with his young daughter, were caught out in the late snow storm, and nearly perished.

### Albert M. Snyder

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### THREE MONTHS PAY.

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

### Soldiers' Additional Homesteads.

Every soldier, sailor or marine who served for not less than 90 days in the Army or Navy of the United States "during the recent rebellion," and who was honorably discharged, if he has entered less than 160 acres of land under the provisions of the homestead law, is entitled to a certificate from the General Land Office, recognizing the right of the party to make additional entry to make up the full 160 acres. These claims are assignable by the use of two powers of attorney, and can be located on any surveyed land that is subject to original Homestead entry. That is, any surveyed land, whether \$1.50 or \$2.50 land that is not mineral land. The right attaches, without settlement or improvement, at once on filing the scrip in any district land office, to the exclusion of any subsequent claim under any law. I have the official blanks furnished by the Government and can obtain them at short notice. Orders for certificates already issued taken by me, and can be furnished on deposit of money at the following rates: 120-acre pieces, \$5.85 per acre; 80-acre pieces, \$3.75 per acre; 40-acre pieces, \$4.38 per acre.

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WEEKLY

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BERIAH BROWN, Publisher.

VOLUME 8, NUMBER 1.

SEATTLE, WASH. TERRY.

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