Weiser City Leader.

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The Weiser City Leader.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

—BY—

STINE & HAWORTH.

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One-fourth column one month	6.00
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Special business notices in Local Columns, 20 cents per line; Regular local notices 10 cents per line.

LOCAL NEWS.

There are several new buildings being erected in town.

Lots of fun ahead. The Novelty Combination Troupe will be here next week.

Call and see the immense stock of stove and kitchen furniture at J. H. Hanthorn's.

Work on the new ditch is being pushed rapidly under the supervision of Mr. Hemmingway.

The U. P. & O. S. Co. will accept our thanks for favors. The generosity of this company is certainly commendable.

Mr. D. Falk, of the firm of Falk Bros. Boise City, has bought out G. W. Adams on Commercial street, opposite the Western hotel.

One hundred men and as many teams have commenced grading on the Oregon Short Line Railroad near the Cains House, ten miles below this city.

The pastor of the M. E. Church in Weiser City gives notice that he will have no services on the third Sunday of this month, the Baptist association holding its session on that day at Mann's Creek.

Through kindness of our enterprising friend Mr. Wm. H. Nye, of Boise, we are in possession of some very agreeable information concerning our beautiful capital city, which we will publish next week.

G. A. Wheeler, dentist will visit Weiser City in the interest of of his profession, and will remain one week commencing on the 11th inst. All desiring his services should call between that date and the 18th inst.

Several miners, among whom is Mr. Emery Biggs, are in from the Washington district. They say it is just a little wintry out there at present, but the boys are all feeling good over the prospects of good times for next season.

W. P. Eahom, has purchased the Watkins addition to Weiser City. All persons desiring information in reference to the purchase of lots in that portion of town, should address

W. P. EAHOM,
Weiser City, Idaho.

Kaufman, Hass & Durkheimer offer special inducements to parties desiring to purchase summer goods. It will pay you to give them a call.

The first quarterly meeting of the M. E. Church for the Weiser circuit, will be held on the first Saturday and Sunday of November. All persons, and the official board are requested to be present.

WM. T. KOONTZ, Pastor.

The races at Boise have been postponed on account of the wet weather. This is to be regretted, as quite a number of thoroughbred horses were expected to be in attendance. It will require at least a week to get the track in good condition again.

We doubt if there is a town west of Wood river, on the line of the O. S. L. R. R., that presents a more promising appearance than our own little city. From what we can learn through official sources, Weiser City is destined to become a railroad center of no small [illegible].

Samples of coal from a discovery made by Mr. W. J. Wilburn, near Mann's Ferry, on the Payette, can be seen at this office. Mr. [illegible] informs us the vein is [illegible]

Johnnie Smith has returned. It was his intention to be here in time for court, but was not informed of the change of the term at which he was to be tried until too late. His efforts in trying to get here on time, show him to be honorable and not afraid to face the result of his trial, whatever that may be.

Mr. S. B. Cope is now receiving from San Francisco a large stock blacksmiths' material, such as iron, steel, horse shoes, horse nails, carriage bolts, wagon timber, picks and handles, chains, &c. Mr. Cope has purchased only the best of material, and upon its arrival will be prepared to meet the demands of his fast increasing trade to the satisfaction of all.

Change of Firm.

We call the attention of our readers to the notice of dissolution of copartnership to be found in another column. By that it will be seen that the firm of Kaufman, Hass & Durkheimer is no more, but in its stead we have one of the most responsible and reliable firms that has ever transacted business in our town. Mr. Kaufman retires, but the two men who have been so long and favorably known in connection with the house, Messrs. Heilner and Ottenheimer, are again to the front. The two younger members of the firm, Messrs. Durkheimer and Hass, are also well known as shrewd though liberal business men.—*Bedrock Democrat.*

The LEADER takes pleasure in introducing the new firm to the favorable consideration of its readers, and we trust the liberal patronage given the old firm will be extended to the new one. Mr. H. Hass will be in charge of their store at this place, and customers will find him an agreeable gentleman with which to do business. The new firm is a solid one and has our best wishes for success.

A Mysterious Affair.

Last Friday evening the ranchers in Lower Wood River valley gave Mrs. Lieutenant Galbraith a surprise party, on the occasion of her departure for Boise. When the surprisers got to Mr. Black's residence, the home of Mrs. Galbraith's parents, they began to dance, and had got through one quadrille set, when one of the men stepped up to one of Mr. Black's ranch-hands, and pointing a revolver at his breast with one hand, while presenting a pair of handcuffs with the other, ordering the man to put them on, saying: "You are my prisoner."

The man did as he was bid, and followed the supposed detective out. A couple of hours later Mr. Black's man returned, in company with the detective, and demanded his wages. Mr Black paid him at once, and the man taking his saddle-horse, new saddle and clothes, left with the detective. The two then went to a store a couple of miles away, and began drinking. Early in the morning the man returned to Mr. Black's on foot, and stated that he had got away from the detective, but had left his horse, saddle and bridle, and every cent of money that he had with him. A couple of days later the man started out Boise way, with a pack animal, and passed Jones's, on Camas Prairie, the next day.

When this man came back to Black's the morning following his arrest, a party of six ranchers, armed with rifles and revolvers, started out to capture the alleged detective, whom they supposed to be nothing more than a bold thief. After riding a few miles they saw him lying in the grass, near the road, and demanded an explanation of his conduct. The alleged detective coolly replied that he was an officer and threatened to blow off the top of any man's head who interfered with him. The ranchers thereupon returned home.

The detective's presence at the ball is accounted for in this way: In the afternoon he walked into Mr. Brown's house, near Mr. Black's, and asked to be permitted to rest awhile. This was allowed, and he was even asked to stay to supper and until morning. As the Browns went to the surprise party they took the detective along.

The whole affair is most mysterious.—*Hailey Times, Sept. 30.*

Subscribe for the LEADER. $3 per year in advance.

Food for the Sick.

The following advice as to administering food to the sick deserves the attention of nurses, and of all who are called upon to look after nervous patients:

It is a great mistake to have large quantities of fruit, biscuits, etc., lying about a sick-room.

A very few grapes, an orange peeled and divided, and two or three milk or water biscuits are quite enough to have displayed at one time.

The same may be said of food.

I have often been pained, when visiting some of my sick pensioners, to see their friends, with well-meant but mistaken kindness, bring large basinfuls of horrible compounds, which they dignify with the name of gruel, or sago, or tapioca, as the case may be.

The mere sight of the food seemed to set them against it. Whereas, if a little care had been bestowed upon its preparation, and a small cupful provided instead of the large quantity I name, they probably would have partaken of it with pleasure.

Another error, committed with the best of intentions, is to keep asking the patients what they would like, if they could take this thing or the other. The sickened, wearied expression I have often seen flit over the faces of people who are recovering from a lingering illness, when their officious relatives come teasing them as to their requirements!

During the lingering illness of a dear relative, I verily believe we made her often eat, just by providing dainty morsels of food, displaying them temptingly arranged, and taking them to her bedside quite unexpectedly.

If she had been asked *could* she eat anything, I feel confident the answer would have inevitably been: "No; thanks. I don't feel at all inclined to eat."

A very simple and expeditious way of cooking a little bit of chicken or fish is to butter a paper thickly, place the food to be cooked within the paper, and place it on the gridiron over a clear fire. A very short time suffices to cook it thoroughly, and I have often found that to be eaten when all other modes of invalid cookery have been tried in vain.

Sheep Raising.

The sheep industry in the United States is vast and important, and in the consideration of which there are two partially distinct, and at the same time interlocking interests. Sheep were in early times grown almost solely for their wool, and with the annual shearing came the year's income; but in later times, and never so prominently as now, the carcass is looked upon as an important item in sheep husbandry. Mutton as a cheap and acceptable meat has of late grown greatly in popularity, and mutton now stands as one of the two important factors in the successful raising of sheep. In view of the fact that the merino is essentially a wool-producing breed, with a fleece of the finest and best quality, it is evident that the pure-blood merino, though it may supply our manufactories with the material for the finest of woolen goods, on the other hand cannot satisfy the butcher. The sheep having to both feed and clothe its keeper, it is an important question: What is the best breed of sheep to do this? Evidently not the pure-blooded merino. Though the growing of the pure-blooded merinos has its place, and an important one, and the demand for their wool indicates the prosperity of manufacturing of the finest goods, it is by the crossing of them with other breeds in which the flesh-producing qualities predominate that a sheep best for both meat and wool is produced. A cross-breed is the one that in most localities is to pay. The merino is slow of growth and small of carcass when mature; but when crossed with a rapid grower, one that matures early, is a high feeder, and lays on flesh rapidly, but not remarkable for its wool either in quantity or quality, a sheep is obtained that pays for itself in its wool at prime quality, and furnishes a good quantity of mutton as a profit. Of such character are the crosses of the merino with the Cotswold and the South-down. But with the great mass of American sheep on the Western plains, wool is the important product, and here the cross must be with the merino upon the "native"—a race of sheep which has grown out of a variety of early importations to this country—an intercrossing of various breeds in which many of the good points have been lost. In this field the merino has a great work to do to raise the yield of wool one, two, or more pounds per head, and give it a higher value.

Several emigrant wagons passed through our town this week.

CONSOLIDATED NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

U. S. LAND OFFICE AT BOISE CITY, I. T.,
September 22, 1882.

NOTICE is hereby given that the following-named settlers have filed notice of their intention to make final proof in support of their claims, and that said proof will be made before H. Squier, Clerk of the Court for Washington county, at Weiser City, on Monday, October 30th, 1882, viz: John W. Kelley, Homestead Application, 990, for the N½ SW¼ & N½ SE¼ Sec. 2, Tp. 10 N, R 5 W. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, said land, viz: Thomas M. Jeffreys, Alfred M. Williams, Garett Hendrix, Geo. D. Gray, all of Weiser Bridge P. O. Washington county, Idaho.

Thomas M. Jeffreys, Pre-emption, D. S. 2360, for the SE¼ NW¼ Sec. 33, Tp. 11 N, R 5 W. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: John W. Kelley, Thomas S. Shannon, Alfred M. Williams, Robert Morehead, all of Weiser Bridge P. O. Washington county, Idaho.

D. P. B. PRIDE,
Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

U. S. LAND OFFICE, AT BOISE CITY, I. T.,
September 18, 1882.

NOTICE is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Clerk of the District Court for Washington county, Idaho, at Weiser City, Idaho, on October 21st, 1882, viz: R. Bea & Johnson, of Weiser Bridge, Washington county, Idaho, for the NE¼ SW¼ SE¼ NW¼, and lots 3 & 4, Sec. 2, Tp. 12 N R 5 W. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, said land, viz: Thomas M. Jeffreys, Miles T. Langley, Edward M. Joslin, Charles T. Williams, all of Weiser Bridge P. O., Washington county, Idaho.

D. P. B. PRIDE,
Register.

Weiser City & Indian Valley

Stage Line,

WM. ALLISON, Proprietor

Coach leaves Weiser City MONDAYS THURSDAYS AND SATURDAYS.

Arrives MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS AND SATURDAYS.

This Line is well equipped, carrying the

U. S. Mail, Passengers and Freight.

To all points between Weiser City and Indian Valley.

RATES OF FARE:

Weiser City to Man's Creek,	$1.00
" " " Middle Valley,	1.50
" " " Salubria Valley,	2.00
" " " Indian Valley,	3.00

RATES OF FREIGHT:

All Packages,	25 Cents
Fifty to 100 lbs.,	1 Cent per lb.

T. M. JEFFREYS, Agent,
Weiser City.

NEW STORE

—AT—

Huntington,

(MILLER'S STATION,) OREGON.

We desire to call the attention of the people of Weiser City and surrounding country to the fact that we have recently opened at the above named place a large and carefully selected stock of

GENERAL

Merchandise

which we are offering at prices LOWER THAN THE LOWEST

FOR CASH.

Our stock comprises EVERYTHING required by Families, Stockmen, Miners, and Teamsters, and consists in part of

DRY GOODS, FURNISHING GOODS, BOOTS AND SHOES, HARDWARE, CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE, TABLE AND POCKET CUTLERY, AMMUNITION, ETC., ETC.

We also buy and sell all kinds of

LIVE STOCK,

and will take all kinds of produce in exchange for merchandise at the *highest market* rates.

Cannot [illegible] thing you can't get at our store.

We are agents for and have constantly on hand a complete assortment of J. S. Collins'

Cheyenne Saddles and Horsemens' Supplies.

THE VERY BEST IN AMERICA!

People in Idaho wishing to come to our store and return immediately will be crossed at Olds' Ferry at half rates.

All orders from a distance accompanied by Cash will receive our

MOST CAREFUL ATTENTION.

A Fair Trial is all We Ask.

J. M. Huntington & Co.

LON. CLEAVER,

DENTIST,

BAKER CITY, - - - OREGON.

All Work First Class and Warranted.

Stockmens'

HEADQUARTERS

Boise City, - - - Idaho.

Jos. Perrault Proprietor.

SOLE MANUFACTURER OF THE

GREAT IRON HORN

Stock Saddle.

Stockmen who have used or seen the improved Iron Horn Stock Saddle unanimously pronounce it the perfection of a Stock Saddle. It will neither hurt horse or rider, and is so strong that it cannot be broken. To suit the tastes of all, we keep constantly on hand every kind of first-class saddle trees made, such as the Cheyenne, Stuck Freddie, Lehman, White River, Visalia, Los Angeles, Mark Wash, San Jose, etc. Every one of which is guaranteed to us by the manufacturers and we will, free of charge, replace any broken tree.

TEAM HARNESS.

Believing that a good article would win public favor, we have from the start used only the best material and employed the most skilled mechanics in the manufacture of harness. We have not tried to see how cheap a harness we could make, but

HOW GOOD

and consistent with style and quality at the lowest possible living price.

Machine made harness from cheap stock, though it may have a smooth appearance when new, will not last, but will soon commence to rip and is dangerous to use. The public has been deceived by machine work till they have become disgusted and those who have examined for themselves know that the place to get

Good Hand Made Harness,

—IS AT—

Jos. Perrault's.

The Cheap Store of Idaho,

GOODS FOR THE

MILLION!

SHAINWALD BRO'S,

DEALERS IN

General

Merchandise

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Call Early, and you will call Often.

—GOODS AT—

BED ROCK PRICES, AND

Everything Guaranteed as Represented, or Money Refunded.

SHAINWALD BRO'S.

Boise City, - - - Idaho.

Special and Prompt Attention given to Orders, Samples and prices on Application.

Hanthorn & Co.

STOVES, TINWARE

HARD WARE.

Weiser City, - - - Idaho,

HAVE NOW ON HAND

—a Full Line of—

COOK STOVES,

Heating Stoves,

TINWARE OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS,

and Everything that may be Required in our Line at

REASONABLE RATES.

Weiser City

HOTEL,

Commercial Street, Weiser City,

MRS. M. J. FLETCHER, Proprietress.

THE OLDEST AND LARGEST HOTEL IN TOWN.

The Table is constantly supplied with the very best the market affords.

Board and Lodging, per week	$7.00
Day Board,	5.00
Single Meals,	50 Cts.

Every Department of this House is First-Class,

AND MERITS A LIBERAL SHARE OF THE

Public Patronage.

PORTABLE & STATIONARY

ENGINES and BOILERS,

Saw and Grist Mill Machinery,

CIRCULAR SAW MANDRELS, RUBBER AND LEATHER BELTING, FRENCH BURR MILLSTONES,

—Manufactured by the—

COOPER MFG. CO., MT. VERNON, O.,

—and for sale by—

JAS. DYMOKE, Agent,

BOISE CITY, - - - IDAHO.

Persons desiring to purchase will please call on me before ordering elsewhere, as I am prepared to offer great inducements. Low prices and easy terms for a first-class article. JAMES DYMOKE.

ALSO DEALER IN ALL FIRST CLASS

STANDARD SEWING MACHINES, NEEDLES, OIL AND ATTACHMENTS.

C. B. HUMPHREYS,

—Dealer in—

Watches, Clocks,

Jewelry, Spectacles, &c.

—ALSO—

DIAMOND, PEARL, CAMEO, AMETHIST, GOLD RINGS, GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES.

—AND—

Every Other Article Usually Kept in a Jewelry Store.

WATCHES, CLOCKS & JEWELRY *Carefully Repaired and Satisfaction Guaranteed.*

MAIN STREET, BOISE CITY, I. T.

C. Ellsworth,

BOISE CITY, - - - IDAHO,

Has the Exclusive Agency for Idaho, for

Crown and White Sewing Machines,

HEBERLING SPRING MATTRESSES, AND THE COLBY WASHING MACHINES.

All the above Machines will be kept in Stock, are all First Class & Warranted.

Oils, Needles, Attachments, and Extras for all Sewing Machines.

Parties wishing a First Class article at Bottom Prices, should call and examine our goods.

Pioneer

Meat Market,

Commercial St., Weiser City.

R. E. BAIN, - - Proprietor.

[illegible]

... you'd like another style better, you might trim the whole front with [illegible] and wear the [illegible] for a [illegible].

"Oh, thank you, sir," exclaimed [illegible], blushing [illegible], as she scuttled down stairs.

"Swipes," roared the managing editor, with a complacent smile and a glance of approval at himself in the glass; "Swipes, you may tell the foreman to send me a proof of the fashion notes as soon as they come in. I have observed that a great many errors have crept in lately."—[Brooklyn Eagle.

[illegible] Story of Anna Dickinson.

You remember I told you that Anna Dickinson would never be more than a curiosity as Hamlet when the announcement was made that she would appear in that part. Now my reason for that was that, although Anna is in many ways a really nice fellow, she is not altogether virile and manly. I don't believe I ever told you the story of her attempt to get drunk. Well, whenever she wishes to express an opinion upon any subject, either privately or in public, she makes herself practically the master, as far as possible, of experiments and experience, giving her absolute knowledge of the matter. Some years ago she was interested in the subject of intemperance. First she read up the subject thoroughly from a scientific, ethical and social standpoint. Then she secured male attire and passed days and nights, not only in the fashionable resorts of vice and intemperance, but in and about the lowest dens and dives of New York and Philadelphia. Not satisfied with seeing all that could be seen of drunkenness and its results, she concluded to go to work systematically and get drunk herself. At this time she was boarding at the Continental in the latter city. She got one or two confidential friends in her room, arranged to have a physician within call, and then ordering liquors, set about getting chock full in the most methodical fashion. First she drank freely of the lighter wines. These had no effect upon her, when she resorted to stronger liquors. She drank until she had taken about everything from claret to straight "Old Crow," and enough all together to have sent a dozen [illegible] under the table. Still she was not drunk. All of a sudden, however, Miss Anna jumped up four feet in the air, clasped her hand in her hands wildly, and gave a very womanly sort of a shriek. The doctor was immediately called, and declared that one more glass of liquor would have surely had a fatal effect. She was promptly pumped out, [illegible] several weeks' [illegible]. But mind you, she did not get drunk. "Now," continued the old gentleman, his eyes twinkling with merriment, "the reason why Anna Dickinson can't play Hamlet are identical with those why she can't get drunk, and a fellow's no fellow at all, you know, if he can't get full—she simply can't do it." I subsequently learned from a hotel clerk in this city, who was formerly at the Continental, that this statement regarding Miss Dickinson's experiment with liquor was true, and that it came very near being the cause, at one time, of a very unjust accusation against Miss Dickinson's character.—[Louisville Courier-Journal.

His Duty to Sing.—A lawyer giving reminiscences of humorous cases in Court, said: "An odd case was that of State vs. Linkham, 69 N. C., 214. The defendant was indicted for disturbing a religious congregation. He was an individual of exemplary deportment, but he had a rather imperfect idea of hymn-singing. The disturbance, which was decided and serious, consisted partly in his holding on the notes long after the other singers had let go. The effect of this peculiarity was to make one part of the congregation laugh and the other mad; the irreligious and frivolous enjoyed it as fun, while the devout were highly indignant. On many occasions, being expostulated with, Linkham invariably replied that he would worship his God, and that as a part of his worship it was his duty to sing. The jury, I believe, found the man guilty, but the [illegible] [illegible] that he had no purpose of disturbing the congregation, and that his only fault was the eccentric character of his vocalization [illegible] [illegible] the verdict. [illegible]

The Boy That Had a Nag That Could Trot.

"So Christopher, you have bought a horse," observed Mr. Gandy, as he pleasantly surveyed his son. "What business are you going into?"

"Business—er—o—business; well, my dear sir, the fact is, I have been tumbling on something that can trot."

"You shouldn't have done it, Christopher," said the old gentleman kindly; "you are not young enough, your bones are set, and you are too fat. You can never be an emperor of the arena, Christopher. Do not tumble or engage in any gymnastics on the animal again."

"Of course, I only meant that I have been lucky enough to discover something with speed, and have picked it up for a mere song."

"An—a colt?"

"Well, no, not emphatically; but her pedigree is a poem—dam Mme. Spavin, sire Signor Botts; own sister to Bones and Osteology, and half sister to Blind Staggers and Soap-grease."

"You will soon do it," mused the old gentleman, as a soft light played about his eyes; "you will soon be there, Christopher. There are a great many of you scattered through the country; you blossom at every rural crossing, my boy. You will soon pose on a contrivance like a hay rake with the teeth out; you will round your shoulders to give an artistic out line to a spotted shirt with baggy sleeves and a balloony back, and as you sit on your vehicle by a pump you will look pensively out from under a cap peak built like the bill of a sugar scoop, and as you tilt your cigar up to the level of your right eye, and keep silently fanning the tail of your animal with a two foot whip, you will lose yourself in the enchantment of turf reverie. The by standers may never know that you cannot distinguish the points of a mare from those of a mermaid, Christopher, but as long as you are oblivious to this knowledge, I see no reason why you should not enjoy your soothing reflections.—[Rochester Express.

Gen. Harney was a very dignified man, and was punctilious in regard to all matters of drill and etiquette. One evening, when in camp at Camp Verde, in Texas, just before dress parade, he found he had forgotten his handkerchief, and told an orderly to hurry back to his quarters and get it.

The orderly touched his cap and started for the quarters, several hundred yards distant. After he had proceeded a short distance, remembering that there was no time to lose, he broke into a trot.

"See that scoundrel running as if the Indians were after him. If there is anything I hate, it is to see a soldier running instead of marching properly. Here, my man," continued Harney to another soldier, "go after that fellow, and tell him I say to walk."

The second soldier started after the first, but as the first one kept on running, the second one saw that his only chance to deliver the message was to hurry up, so he, too, broke into a run.

"Here, sergeant, go after that man and tell him if he don't stop running, I'll hang him up by the thumbs!"

The sergeant started out in a brisk walk, but as his predecessor had a good start, he, too, began to run as fast as he could.

"If all three of the scoundrels ain't running like jack rabbits!" ejaculated Harney. "I'll show 'em," and tucking his sword under his arm, he started in pursuit as fast as he could run, but suddenly remembering his dignity he came to a halt, and walked stiffly and slowly back to the place where the dress parade was to come off.

A Cow and a Calf as a Marriage Fee.—The Austin *Siftings*, in its comic history of Texas, says that in the old colonial days "there was very little money in Texas. Cattle were the circulating medium of the country. A year-old steer was the basis of circulation in all matters of trade." This is pretty near the literal truth. Paschal Borden, once told a gentleman now connected with the *News* that when he and his bride rode to the parsonage of Padre Muldoon to be married they drove before them a cow and a calf as the fee of the priest. In the early days of Virginia, tobacco was the medium of exchange, and in some of the new States of the West it used to be said that raccoon skins were a legal tender.—Galveston, Texas, News.

The straits in which many Irish landlords find themselves are illustrated by a recent experience of Mr. Allies, Secretary of the London Catholic Poor School Committee, who is the proprietor of two islands off Galway containing 3140 acres, with a nominal rental of $2170. Having been sued four poor-rates, he by legal advice paid it, and then wrote to Mr. Gladstone to ask if the Government could not intervene to help him in view of the fact that for four years he had not received a penny of rent, and his agent had informed him that any attempt to evict would be at a risk of his life. Mr. Gladstone regretted that he was unable to assist him.

A [illegible] feature of Sir Garnet Wolseley's success is a certain letter which he wrote to his wife at the outset of the campaign, in which he said: "The fighting part of my work will be over by September [illegible]." The [illegible] papers thought they had a huge joke in this bold assertion, and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] "fighting part" [illegible].

Varieties.

Said Brown, who had just returned from a visit outside between the acts; "Oh, darling, I've had such a fright! It almost took my breath away." "Mercy," exclaimed Mrs. B., turning her face away; "I wish it had, John." And John looked sheepish enough as he slyly inserted a clove in his mouth.

"I think," said a fond parent, "that little Jimmie is going to be a poet when he grows up. He doesn't eat, and sits all day by the fire and thinks and thinks." "You had better grease him all over," said Aunt Sarah. "He is going to have the measels. That's what ails Jimmie."

Two boys sent into the country by a "fresh air fund" thus conversed: "Say, Pat, will we see apples on trees?" "Ho, of course you will," said his companion, with a tone of conscious superiority. "But I don't like them," added he. "I ate some in the country last summer, and they were sour. Apples that grow in barrels are best."

The French flagship Luiron, which recently foundered off Toulon, had a history. It was upon it that Napoleon embarked to return to England from his first expedition to Egypt. She foundered on the very day—August 20th—on which England firmly set her foot upon Egyptian soil.

They were on their wedding tour, and she said: "Darling, why did you choose me?" "I saw you sweeping the library one day." "Then you chose me because I did not disdain the broom?" "No, because you could not handle it well."

The Supreme Court of Leipsic has refused to sanction the enforcement in Germany of a judgment obtained in the English courts. There is no precedent in any decision of the High Court of Justice of England guaranteeing reciprocity, as is demanded by the German common law.

Fogg: "How are you, Charley? What are you doing now-a-days?" Charley: "Oh, I'm trying to earn an honest living." Fogg: "Well, how do you make out?" Charley: "Much as ever I make out at all." Fogg: "Don't be down-hearted, Charley; you're new to the business, you know; you'll do better by-and bye."

A husband having, in answer to his wife's requests, cut off his whisk and gone home to surprise her, was met by her in the hall and overwhelmed with hugs and kisses. After letting him go she took a look at him and exclaimed: "Oh, horrors! is it you?" Proceedings for a divorce have been begun.

Alexy, the faithful Alaskan Indian guide, who was among the latest survivors of De Long's Jeannette expedition, made arrangements before sailing to have all his pay given to his wife. She will not hear of his death till next spring, and she will receive his pay up to that time.

A lady living near Toronto became very sick. The doctor ordered a dose of brandy. The husband started for the city to get it, but thinking that the priest who lived near might have some brandy, he went to the priest's house and secured a flask. Afterwards he gave the priest money to replace the borrowed liquor. The priest was fined $75 for selling liquor without a license. Justice is mighty and must prevail in Canada.

She said she wanted a ticket to Wyandotte and return, and the pale gentlemanly agent with the dark mustache asked, as he took up the pasteboard: "Single?" "It ain't any of your business, as I know," she responded tartly. "I might have been married a dozen times if I'd felt like providin' for some poor, shiftless wreck of a man."—[Detroit Free Press.

One Patrick Maguire had been appointed to a situation, the reverse of a place of all work, and his friends, who called to congratulate him, were much astonished to see his face lengthen on the receipt of the news. "A sinecure, is it?" he exclaimed. "The deuce thank them for that same. Sure I know what a sinecure is. It is a place where there's nothing to do, and they pay ye by the piece!"

Ovid's Art of Living.—Mich., Sept. 2.—Great excitement in this county prevails over the peculiar predicament of a man here who, disgusted with the rain which was rotting his wheat, seized a large butcher knife and rushing into his field, said he wished he could catch God and cut his throat for sending so much rain. No sooner had he uttered these blasphemous words than he stood rooted to the spot, from which he has not since moved. Two doctors from Flint tried to rescue him, but they were frightened away by the thunder and lightning. The people of the community round about are praying for his delivery, but as yet without avail.

It is charged by the post-office authorities at Washington that the Institute for Feeble-Minded Children at Englewood, Ill., is in reality an institution for feeble-minded grown people, and that all the money sent to the said institute is as good as lost. The delivery of money orders to the concern is forbidden. This is the first case of the kind in which a soulless corporation has fallen under the ban of the Postmaster-General as an offender.

Johnny's mother was reading to him about cleanliness. "In Africa," she said, "it is dreadful to think that there are benighted tribes who do not know what soap is, and do not wash from one year's end to another." "Wish I was a 'nighted tribe,'" said Johnnie.

Household.

Oyster Croquettes.—Half pint of oysters, half pint of cooked veal, tablespoonful of butter, three tablespoonfuls cracker crumbs, yolks of two eggs, tablespoonful onion juice. Chop the oysters and veal [illegible]; soak the cracker crumbs in the liquor till swollen; then mix in the butter, yolks of eggs, and the onion juice, or the latter may be omitted; form into egg shape and dip in egg and cracker crumbs and fry in hot fat; melt the butter before adding.

Sweetbread Saute.—One boiled sweetbread, salt and pepper, tablespoonful of butter. Have the sweetbread well boiled, split and cut in four pieces, season with salt and pepper, put the butter in a small frying pan, and dredge in the flour; when hot put in the sweetbreads, turn them constantly till they are a light brown—it will take only a few moments; serve with tomato sauce.

Toad in the Hole.—One pound of steak, one pint of milk, one cup of flour, one egg, salt and pepper. Cut the steak in small pieces; beat the egg very light, add the milk and half teaspoonful of salt; pour this very gradually on the flour, beating it smooth; butter your baking dish, and in it place the meat—season well, and pour on the batter; bake an hour in a moderate oven. Mutton or lamb can be used in place of steak. This is an English dish, and an excellent one in spite of its disagreeable name.

Pickled Oysters.—Large oysters, salt and pepper, mace and cloves, wine, vinegar. Select large fresh oysters; put them on the fire; let them simmer till the gills shrivel; then pick them carefully from the liquor—to take off any bits of shell; and put it to boil with a little salt, a few whole peppers and cloves, and a pinch of mace; when sufficiently strong of spice, add to one quart of the liquor half pint of wine and the same of vinegar; when nearly cold pour this on the oysters—have the liquor to cover the oysters, and keep them in a cool place.

Chicken a la Reine.—One pair of chickens, quarter pound of salt pork, two slices of carrot, one onion, two quarts of white stock, herbs. Prepare the chickens as for roasting, dredge with flour, salt and pepper; cut the pork in slices, and put part on the bottom of a deep stew pan with the carrot and onion cut fine; stir these over the fire till they are cooked a little, then put in the chicken and pork. Put the pan in a hot oven for twenty minutes, add the stock, and a pinch of herbs; dredge the chicken well with flour, cover the pan and return it to the oven; taste every fifteen minutes, and when cooked one hour, turn the chickens and cook another hour; then serve.

Egg Balls.—Four fresh eggs, teaspoonful of salt, a pinch of pepper, white of one raw egg, flour, butter. Boil the eggs ten minutes, drop them in cold water; when cool take out the yolks and pound them to a paste. Then mix the salt, pepper and the white of the raw egg. Form in balls about the size of a walnut, roll them in flour and fry in butter. Be careful not to burn them. Serve for breakfast with fried ham.

By the extension of the Northern Pacific from Portland east 350 miles the wagon haul to two points in Western Montana is less from the end of the Utah Northern by from twenty-five to fifty miles, while the entire distance from San Francisco by the way of Portland is much less than from San Francisco via the Utah Northern, or from Omaha via the same route, and, in addition, as water transportation is always much cheaper than by rail, the rates of freight for all points in Montana via the northern line and Portland from San Francisco is much cheaper than by the old route.

At the Guildhall banquet to Her Majesty's ministers it was touching to see Professor Fawcett, the blind postmaster-general, with his girlish wife, and to note her tender devotion, helping every movement of his hands, particularly when he tremblingly held the huge loving cup which was handed round. Every gentleman as he takes it bows to the lady next to him. She takes off the lid, and holds it while he drinks. After having quaffed, he wipes the edge where his lips rested, bows, and gives the cup to the lady, holding the lid for her while she drinks; and so the cup passes round.

An important decision has just been rendered by the Supreme Court of Leipsic. It refused to sanction the enforcement in Germany of a judgment obtained in the English Courts. This decision is very important in view of the extensive Anglo-German traffic. There is no precedent in any decision of the High Court of Justice in England guaranteeing reciprocity, as is demanded by the German common law.

Baronets seem to be often at a low ebb nowadays. Sir Somebody Wraxall has worked in a store at Brighton, and Sir Richard Emanue Moore, who died lately, was at one time a third-class turnkey at Spike Island, Cork harbor. A final effort to open a coal store in his son's name, failed for want of capital.

Typhoid fever has been epidemic in Paris in recent years, and in 1880 and 1881 the mortality from this disease was more than four times as great as in London. During one week recently only eleven deaths from enteric or typhoid fever were registered in London, against 106 in Paris.

The London *Saturday Review* classes Michigan University as a woman's college, because Ann Arbor is a feminine name.

Fashion Notes.

Velvet and Silk Skirts, Etc.

Bonnet strings are worn very wide tied in a butterfly bow under the chin.

Gloves are as long as ever, and the [illegible] colored variety is still worn with full evening dress.

The fall turbans resemble those of two seasons ago, and are decorated with large birds.

Polka dots are not seen on the newest fabrics, but are replaced by wheat, pansies, rose-buds or oxeyed daisies.

Plush sacques and dolmans will be the correct thing for winter wear, and will take the place of sealskin to a great extent.

The fashionable embroidery on cashmere is done in silk of the same shade of the material, or else a trifle darker.

Narrow braid, in silver or gold, is much used in trimming cloth dresses. Ever so little of this garniture goes a great way in effect.

A redingote of velvet, cloth, or of velveteen is pretty for a girl of sixteen. Flannels, clothes, and Cheviots, with pleated skirts, slight drapery, and Breton basques will be worn by girls from twelve to sixteen years of age.

Jerseys.

Jerseys wove into shape and the elastic ribbed cloths known as Jersey cloths are more largely imported than at any previous season since they were introduced. The preference for English styles and the coming of Mrs. Langtry, merchants believe, will popularize all Jersey fashions, and it is declared that silk Jersey cloth, in ivory white, cerise, and sky blue will be used for the corsages of evening dresses of velvet, Ottoman repped silks, and satins.

Box-pleatings are much used for the trimmings of dress skirts. A puff made of box pleats that are pulled out to form the puff, falling over a stiff narrow box-pleated balayeuse, is a favorite style for trimming the skirt around the bottom. Two soft bias lapping puffs, or else a deep ruche, are seen on two-thirds of the imported skirts. Sleeves that puff above the elbow are first gathered in two rows around the top, but are not deeply shirred. Cuffs are narrow and are turned upward, and sometimes have a puff or pleated scarf drapery. Paniers that promise to be very stylish have lengthwise pleats instead of crosswise folds and wrinkles, yet are very bouffant. Velvet vests, basques, and costumes have small flat buttons that are wooden moulds covered with velvet. Ball buttons of three sizes are used, and there will be an attempt to revive large buttons.

Prince Albert Coats for Ladies.

The Prince Albert frock-coat worn by gentlemen on dress occasions in the daytime is copied almost literally for the outside garment of ladies' cloth suits. This coat is medium long, double-breasted, buttoned from collar to waist line, has very slight pleating in the middle back seam, with two buttons defining the waist, and is finished with silk binding or with faced cut edges, precisely as gentlemen's coats are. Tailor-made cloth suits worn with this coat are very little changed in style; the basque retains the habit shape, with single-breasted front; high collet collar, square postilion back, slit pockets, with arrow-heads wrought at each end, and stitched edges; the overskirt has a wrinkled apron and simple back drapery; the lower skirt is now ornamented by three pleated fans being let in from the knees down on the front and side gores, or else there are triangular points cut in the bottom of the skirt to fall on a pleated flounce at the foot. Small buttons, embroidered arrow-heads, and sometimes a cord-like edge made by sewing on braid and turning it up as a facing, are the only ornaments seen on these severely simple costumes. The soutache braiding that is to be so generally worn is thought to detract from the style of these suits, though fur bands will be added to them later in the season. Smooth-finished ladies' cloth, serge cloth with fine twills, and mottled cloths and Cheviots, are the materials used by tailors, and the favorite colors are old green, dark brown, olive black, and deep blue. The pelisse and a sort of overcoat are made by tailors, but they commend in preference the suit of four pieces already described, as ladies are now wearing such suits through the third season, and congratulate themselves on having obtained a style that does not change.

About Choosing a Business.—Every man who produces something—something that the world needs—is a public benefactor. So every man who does something that the world needs to have done, is a public benefactor. But any man whose business makes the world any worse than it was before, cannot be such a business-man as he ought to be. The first thing, then, is to choose a business that shall make the world better, not worse. Perhaps you may not thus choose the business which will make you rich the quickest; but, nevertheless, you have chosen as you ought to choose.

Uncle Mose asked Gus De Smith why it was that the weather was so much warmer in summer than in winter. "I thought every darn fool knew that," growled Gus. "So did I, boss. That's why I puts de question to you on purpose."

It is said that 14,000,000 bushels of sweet potatoes will be raised in Georgia this season, and how to dispose of the crop is a problem.

Why ought wicked people to go carriage-driving often? Because it frequently admonishes them to "keep to the right."

Remarkable Hangings.

"A great many people have a mistaken idea that the sensations attendant upon hanging are very unpleasant," remarked Dr. Marable to a representative of this paper yesterday, "but, on the contrary, it is extremely pleasant. I have it from a man who was hanged three times. Of course, those whose necks are broken never know what hurt them, but it is of the others I speak. Drowning has long been regarded as an extremely agreeable method of shuffling off this mortal coil, and there is no doubt that strangulation by the other method—a hemp rope—produces like results. You remember the great Nashville sensation in which Ned Buntline figured—no, I reckon not, either, for that was way back in the forties—forty-six, I believe. Buntline, the sensational writer, whose real name is Judson, had a row with a prominent man named Porterfield, about the latter's wife. Porterfield shot at Judson three times, and was about to fire again, when Judson said: 'If you do that again I'll put a bullet right through your head.' Porterfield paid no attention to his remark, but fired the fourth time, the last bullet, like the others, going wide of the mark. Judson raised his elbow to a level with his face, and, resting his pistol upon it, took good aim and fired. The ball penetrated Porterfield's brain and he fell dead to the ground. Then somebody found Porterfield's brother, put a pistol in his hand and told him to avenge the murder. He shot at Judson twenty times, while the latter was running up the capitol steps and missed every shot. The mob finally caught Judson and resolved to hang him. Taking him to a house close by, which was in process of construction, they threw a rope over the rafters and strung him up. Thrice he was strung up in succession and cut down under the impression that he was dead. His leg was broken by the last fall and he was unconscious. The mob left him for dead and kind friends took him and succeeded in restoring life. I saw him afterwards in Louisville, Ky., some time in '49, and had a long talk with him about the affair. He told me that the few moments he hung each time were the most deliciously delightful of his whole life. Beautiful lights danced before his eyes, of all hues and shades, many of them like those produced by the chemical burning of watch-springs. The most gorgeous sights passed in review before him, each more entrancingly beautiful and distinct than the last. Exquisite landscapes, snow-capped mountains, green-clad valleys and spouting streams of sparkling water filled him with ecstasy. His whole soul was enthralled with rapture by the beauties which lay spread out before his gaze. So wrapped up was he in contemplating these scenes that he hated the moment the rope was severed and the sweet illusions dispelled. The pain came afterward, when his throat swelled from the effects of the rope upon it, and he was unable to swallow. I saw a man hanged on circumstantial evidence once," the doctor continued, "and I have wanted the proof mighty strong ever since. Some time in 1841 or 1842 two men, J. B. Clinton and L. G. Davis, emigrated from Durham Station, N. C., to the country between McMinnville and Woodbury, in Warren county, Tenn. They were bosom friends, and what belonged to one was at the disposal of the other. Clinton was the luckier of the two, however, and accumulated a good deal of money. He started out one day to collect a debt of some $6000, and told Davis of it. Clinton got his money and started home with it. He was seen about dusk, sitting on his horse in the road, about a mile from home, talking to Davis, but was never heard of afterward, until his body was found in the bed of a dry branch the following spring. Davis was arrested and hung for the murder on the circumstance related. A certain Parson Browning was with Davis, praying and reading the Bible during the whole of his confinement. He went with him to the scaffold and prayed with him there. Davis denied his guilt to the very last. About twelve years after Davis was hung Browning was taken very ill and his physicians bade him prepare for death. He sent for a near friend of Clinton's, and acknowledged that he had murdered and robbed him of his money. He died an awful death."

There is even a worse character in peddling business than book agents, lightning-rod men and mysterious characters who talk in whispers and you the irgoods was smuggled or tell stolen, in order to enable them to sell so cheap. People who plant new seeds from the agricultural office and find a crop of some old familiar kind instead of an expected marvel, have no great cause of complaint, and those who buy old time roses under new names find they smell as sweet under the new as the old name, though the buyers have been fleeced out of small sums to purchase them. It is the tree peddler who bears the palm, not of trees, but of wickedness. If he only sold old varieties, adapted to the soil and climate, and good fruit-bearers the sell could be borne; but this is seldom the case. To such an extent has this swindle been carried that in some of the States the laws take cognizance of it. In Iowa tree peddlers are taxed higher than any other class of itinerant salesmen, besides being required to give security for the honesty of their transactions. In Texas some purchasers of ... choice fruit trees have ... more ... than was ... on the ... of the Bible.—State ... Gu... Mass.

... Lima ... for 20 years.

A Famous Wedding.

In October, 1859, Miss Francis Amelia Bartlett was married in New York to Don Oviedo, a rich Cuban gentleman. Probably no marriage ever performed before or since in the United States was so gorgeous in its every detail as this, and none ever gained the extended notice. The incident is recalled at this time by the second marriage of the lady, her first husband having died twelve years ago. A description of the trousseau and incidents attending the nuptials of 1859 will be interesting reading, and the fact that Lieut. W. A. Bartlett, the bride's father, was the first Alcalde of San Francisco, will add somewhat to that interest:

Miss Bartlett was very beautiful, and reigned, at eighteen years, the undisputed belle of New York. Tall and dignified, with a fair complexion and light blue eyes, her friends and relatives proudly pointed out her resemblance to the Empress Eugenie, of France. In January, 1859, Miss Bartlett met a Cuban gentleman, Don Esteban Santa Cruz de Oviedo. He was fifty-five years old, swarthy as a mulatto, with black eyes that set off a countenance of resolute earnestness. Wherever he went the story of his vast possessions, his plantations of sugar and tobacco, and his countless slaves, preceded him.

Don Esteban's visits were most frequent at the house of Lieutenant Bartlett. The beautiful American had captured the heart of the wealthy Cuban. The course of their love was smooth and serene until the Cuban Don was stricken down with fever and ague at the St. Nicholas Hotel. Through a wearing illness she faithfully nursed him back to health. After his convalescence the minds of the affianced pair were absorbed in the preparations for their wedding. The daily papers teemed with minute details of the fabulous amounts expended. Hundreds of thousands of dollars were disbursed by the Cuban with lavish prodigality. The trousseau at A. T. Stewart's was said to have cost fifty thousand dollars. As much was expended at Genin's, and at Ball & Black's. The wedding dress cost six thousand dollars, and was brought from Paris. Tiffany's coffers were swelled to the extent of fifty thousand dollars also. The climax was reached when, on October 13, 1859, Don Esteban was married to Miss Bartlett. The bride had previously adopted the Roman Catholic faith of her husband, and the ceremony was performed by Archbishop Hughes, in St. Patrick's Cathedral. Crowds gathered in the Cathedral hours before the ceremony, until finally five thousand people were present, and double that number filled the streets outside. Ladies fainted in the crush and had to be carried away. The bishop's voice could not be heard in the confusion. The bride's dress was of white satin, and an elegant veil of point lace extended from her head to her feet, and beyond. Her fan was of polonaise, adorned with pearls and diamonds, and four rows of orient pearls encircled her throat, and were held in front by a clasp of diamonds. Her earrings were two immense pearls, and her brooch of diamonds and pearls matched the same. The police had to guard the house. The gifts of the groom to the bride were of extraordinary value, among them being eighty different dresses.

The three-card monte trick is the latest American swindle introduced on the British railroads. One afternoon, recently, several well-dressed men took seats in a Great Eastern Railway carriage on the way to London, and one of them produced three cards, placed a paper on his knees, began shuffling them, and offered to bet anybody they could not pick out a particular card. The preliminaries and subsequent proceedings were exactly similar to those of that noted "Slim Jim" who for several years plied his three-card monte swindle on the Central Pacific Railroad. The conspirators on the British railroad began playing and betting amongst themselves, gradually increasing the stakes from five shillings to as many pounds, and by that time there were a number of spectators. One of the latter was induced to invest £5, which, of course, he lost. During the remainder of the journey the sharpers played among themselves. When the train stopped they were about to leave, whereupon an officer of the railway company, who had witnessed the proceedings, interfered and asked the swindled party if he did not think he had been cheated, and on the latter's affirmative reply the conspirators were arrested. Three of them managed to escape and the fourth returned the money to the defrauded person, but was nevertheless taken into custody, tried and sentenced to three months' hard labor.

Ella Wheeler wants to know if we are going "where the summer shadows dance." No, love, we are not. We are going to sit in the skylight of the *Commercial* building and howl for paste, and claw the exchange fiend, and pray for the man who stole the scissors, and swear that the deaf editor wrote that obnoxious paragraph. That's our vocation. Perhaps some other people will change their shirts and go, but if the "summer shadows" have any business with us—with us personally—they want to come right round to the office, Ella, and sit beside us for a while when the foreman announces that the column is short.

What to him was love or hope? What to him was joy or care? He stepped on a plug of Irish soap the girl had left on the topmost stair, and his feet flew out like wild, fierce wings and he struck each stair with a sound like a drum, and the girl below with the scrubbing things laughed like a fiend to see him come.

Frightful Faux Pas.

I was lately at a dinner party where the guests were all Americans, and all of them had made a sojourn of longer or shorter duration in London. The conversation turned on the really comical ignorance of all things American displayed by the best educated English people, and numerous anecdotes in illustration of the topic in question were cited. One of these related to the son of a former United States Minister to London, Mr. Edward Pierrepont. At some public dinner one of the guests asked Mr. Pierrepont, Jr., while his father was in the act of making a speech, who the orator was. The young gentleman made answer that that was the American Minister. "Is he of the Established Church or a Dissenter?" was the next question. But this does not quite equal the query of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who lately asked of an American visitor to explain to him "the attitude assumed by the United States toward Dissenters." A General of our army next told how he had accompanied an English officer of high standing to visit Newberg, and informed him that Washington had once had his headquarters there. "Which Washington?" languidly demanded the Briton. Next came an accomplished young Southern gentleman, the son of a United States Senator, who described an interview that he had recently had with an English lady, who was introduced to him as a prodigy of intellect and of learning. "You come from the Southern States, sir?" she remarked amiably. "Which of the two do you come from, Missouri or Peru?" With great presence of mind, my young friend informed her that he was then residing in Peru, but intended shortly to remove to Missouri. But I rather think that the climax was capped by an English author, who, on being told by an American lady that she came from Missouri, said, thoughtfully: "Missouri—let me see—what State is that in?" "Missouri *is* a State," responded the lady. "Ah, yes—yes—to be sure it is—it is *Mississippi* that I was thinking of." Fortunately the lady in question was well used to the peculiar ignorance of Englishmen and English society in general respecting our country, and so she did not even smile. I myself have become thoroughly case-hardened on the subject; so when a charming English lady, the wife of a distinguished Indian officer, asked me one day if it were not very dangerous to walk in the environs of Philadelphia on account of the rattlesnakes, I was enabled to answer her without moving a muscle of my countenance.—[Paris Letter.

The burly Englishmen who live on the Oxfordshire Downs are crying aloud for protection from American stock-breeders. One of them writes as follows to the London *Morning Post*: "Much uneasiness is being caused among English breeders of good stock at the large influx of American buyers at present in this country. At the recent sale of Hampshire Down sheep at Caversham Grove, near Reading, a great many American stock-breeders were present, and purchased for exportation sheep at the following exorbitant prices, at which local breeders say they cannot compete: Ewes, 97 shillings each; ewe lambs, 67 shillings. Two-toothed rams fetched 13½ guineas each. At Little Durnford ram lambs were purchased for Americans as high as 29 guineas each." The same correspondent laments also that the finest known stock of Hampshire Down breeding sheep, numbering 1000 head, and known as the "Stratford Sub-Castle" breed, are to be brought to the hammer, owing to the death of Mr. Waters, the breeder, and adds: "The Americans, having for some time been buying up all the best blood-stock of Hereford cattle, are now sweeping down in every district where good breeds of English sheep are in the market."

An exchange is making a great hue and cry because as it alleges a certain Congressman smuggled into the river and harbor bill an appropriation to aid him in putting a water spout to his residence. It looks as though this exchange was too harsh with the Congressman in question. These representatives have a great deal to contend with, and when their constituency are continually finding fault with them it is no wonder they occasionally get riled and hot under the collar. No doubt the man needed a water spout on his house and the Government can as well afford to pay for it as anyone. It don't do to be too rash in condemning Congressmen for such things, as the first thing you know, it will be hard to find good men who will accept office under the Government, and then the country will be obliged to fall back on newspaper-men and tramps and foreigners. Don't find fault about such little things or you will get all of us good men riled and then we wouldn't take an office as a gift.—[Peck's Sun.

The tranquil state of affairs in Mexico for the last two or three years is easily accounted for. In that time nearly sixteen hundred miles of railroad have been constructed in the republic, with more lines under contract, most of the work having been performed and to be performed by American capital. These improvements have diverted the minds of the people from revolutionary outbreaks by furnishing them with useful employment, opening up avenues by which to develop the boundless resources of the country, and giving promise of permanent future prosperity. The republic has now a most encouraging prospect before it.

A happy river—Merry Mac.

The Leading Bank of the Coast.

The annals of banking on this coast will be searched in vain for a parallel to the success of the Pacific Bank. This success is the more noteworthy, because it is the reward of rigid adherence to sound business principles. Its management has adhered in its conduct to a strictly commercial business, absolutely refusing to have anything to do with mining stocks and speculations. The result has been that while it has made less noise than some of its more pretentious rivals, it has progressed steadily, paid regular dividends, added from year to year to its assets, extended its business facilities, and seen its business grow, till it is to-day, among well-informed business men, ranked as the leading bank of the Pacific Coast.

Not Particular.—You can send certified check, coin by express, bank draft, or money in registered letter, small amounts in stamps when ordering goods from Cash Grocery, 519 Post street, San Francisco.

Adding Insult to Injury.

Sanding sugar and watering whisky are about on a par with adding starch to baking powder, as both are done to make weight or bulk at the consumer's expense, but when manufacturers put ammonia in their baking powder and call it "absolutely pure," is it not adding insult to injury? The New England Baking Powder is composed only of Cream Tartar and Soda.

Best Spices.—The best coffee and spices for the money ever offered to the public are sold at 519 Post Street. Send for list.

A select party going East, by third-class train would like to get enough to join them to secure the exclusive privilege of a car to themselves—cheap fare—for particulars address, Cooper's Book Store, 746 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

Money in Honest Goods.

That a first-class production will more than pay for its extra cost over that of an inferior article of the same line of goods is so true that all must realize the fact. That paint and oils of *good quality* are positively necessary to protect buildings from decay and machinery from useless wear and tear is also a fact. These, of superior articles, at fair figures, are furnished by Alfred S. Moore & Co., wholesale dealers, 104 and 106 Market Street, and 3 and 5 California street, San Francisco, Cal., a house whose business is a guarantee of their honest dealing.

Produce.—Send your butter, eggs, dried fruit, cheese, potatoes, hams, tallow, hides and pelts direct to H. A. Smith's Cash Grocery, 519 Post St., S. F., Cal. If good it is wanted for retail sales. Highest price paid—No commission. No cartage. Cash or groceries in return.

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This Belt has stood trial, and been found superior to any offered. This is not idle assertion, but is a fact easily proven. It is the only girdle constructed on purely scientific principles, and the only one through which the electric current can be conducted so as to affect the body in a manner which will give relief, and in most cases completely cure. The following testimonial should speak for itself. It is from a member of one of the largest mill contracting firms in San Francisco, and therefore its genuineness cannot be questioned. Mr. Patten is of the firm of J. E. White & Co., Mill Contractors, 510 Pine street.

San Francisco, Aug. 19, 1882.

Dr. Gray—*Dear Sir*: Having used your Galvanic Girdle for sciatica in my hip, I can heartily recommend it for that class of diseases, as it gave me immediate relief; and have known very good effects from its use in rheumatism, where I have advised its use.

Yours, Thos. J. Patten.

Communications regarding this belt should be addressed, "W. C. Brown," 405 & 407 Sansome Street.

Sugar is Down.—Dry granulated 8½ lbs, $1; Dark brown, 13lbs. Cube or crushed, 8lbs. Golden C., 9½ lbs. Good brown 11lbs. Send for Home Circle, free; gives all the prices. 519 Post Street.

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Loans and Discounts	1,7..., ...
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Money on hand	...
	$3,752,...
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Capital paid up	$1,000,000 00
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