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SEATTLE, SUNDAY, JAN. 2.

THE DOLLAR OF OUR FATHERS.

At the end of the last century the gold dollar was in actual use under the double standard of 15 to 1. This gold dollar gradually disappeared and the silver dollar took its place. In 1834, although the mint was coining gold regularly, it was only coined for exportation, not a gold piece was to be seen in circulation, and the director of the mint had informed congress that the gold deposited for coinage was there till a packer was ready to sail to Europe, when it was taken direct on ship-board.

In order to stop this flight of gold congress, in 1834, adopted the ratio of 16 to 1, although well aware that the true commercial ratio was about 15 to 1.

In their anxiety to drive silver out congress drove out their small change along with their silver dollars, so that for twenty years their small money consisted of miscellaneous foreign coins, which passed as their dollar value.

In 1833 congress passed the legislation necessary to furnish us with sufficient small silver money or change of our own coinage, but "the dollar of our fathers," which the silver lullaby scream about, was in 1861 the gold dollar, for the silver dollar our fathers never saw. The dollar of our grandfathers was the silver dollar, and they passed the act of 1834 in order to get rid of it. So much for the ignorant rant concerning "the dollar of our fathers."

MINISTER EGAN AND CHILE.

The probability is that the statements of the London newspapers that Minister Egan has made himself offensive to the Chilean government are without foundation, for no nation tolerates the presence of a foreign minister an hour after his presence has become personally disagreeable. Our government caused the recall of the Russian minister, Catusary; George Washington dismissed Genet, the minister of the French republic; Russia declined on personal grounds to receive Stratford Canning; Austria, in 1851, declined to receive Burlingame, and in 1885 refused Kelley, and China the other day declined Blair. Carl Schurz once could have had the Berlin mission, but had to decline it because Prussia intimated that his appointment would not be acceptable, as he was an escaped political exile from Baden in 1849. We sent passports to Crampin, the British minister, during the Crimean war, for meddling with our neutrality laws, and Bayard gave Lord Sackville his passports for writing a letter that appeared to reflect upon President Cleveland.

Of course, Chile would not fear to exercise a privilege that China has not hesitated to avail itself of, and it is fair to assume that Minister Egan is not offensive to Chile or he would have been given his passports; it is fair to assume that he has been courteously treated by the Chilean government, or he would have gone home, as did the Italian minister after the New Orleans massacre.

A TRUE PROPHECY.

Theodore Parker, the famous Boston preacher, philanthropist and anti-slavery agitator, is soon to have a monument in Boston. Mr. Parker is buried in the Protestant cemetery, Florence, Italy, where he died in 1869.

He was a man who believed that a true church needs spirituality and not sensationalism in both pulpit and congregation. If it have not a pastor that stands for moral confidence in the pulpit; if its methods are worldly and sensational, rather than spiritual, it is soon a sick church. It may continue to be a popular Joss-house and gilded pagoda for the intellectual and fashionable pagans of a great city, but as a Christian church it is sick unto death.

Mr. Parker built up a great church not simply because he had brains enough to construct a very powerful, impressive sermon, but because he was a man with not only an intellectual but a spiritual title to stand in the pulpit. He was a man with a spiritual message in his mouth; he not only preached against slavery but he took the slave by the hand and received him into the castle of his family; he not only preached temperance but he gave untiring personal effort to help with his purse, his wisdom and his affectionate counsel all those who were in the chains of spiritual slavery to unworthy appetites. He was pre-eminently a great and useful pastor as well as a powerful preacher, and was proudest of his pastoral work of which the world could know comparatively nothing. He was without the dross of self-love and therefore destitute of the taint of pulpit sensationalism. He was not, like Murray, capable of throwing down a spiritual study of the life of Christ for the material contemplation of the pedigree of Lexington, Lanier or Leaning. Parker believed that there would not be less of true religion, of holy living and holy dying, in the world when the churches cut loose from that inhuman creed that rests upon an utterly unreasonable view of Divine justice, viz: that a small minority of the race is to be saved, while the great remainder were to suffer unspeakable tortures to all eternity, which the great Jonathan Edwards pictured when he said: "Even after you shall have worn out the age of the sun, moon and stars in your dolorous groans and lamentations, without any rest day or night, or one moment's ease, yet you shall have no

hope of ever being delivered, but shall know that you are not one whit nearer to the end of your torments, and that the smoke of your torment shall ascend up, forever and ever. Your bodies, which shall have been roasting and burning all the while in those glowing flames, yet shall not have been consumed, but will remain to roast through an eternity yet, which will not have been at all shortened by what shall have been passed."

Faith in that foul creed is gone since Parker's death with the pews, and now the pulpits no longer fear to ding boldly its ugly corpse out of the church door. Mr. Parker prefigured the church that today gladly faith over its doors a new and nobler faith than that of the great New England oracle of the dismal science of theology. The church of the present holds:

That nothing walks with sinless feet,
That not one life shall be destroyed
Or cast as rubbish to the void
When God hath made the pile complete.

JOHN C. HAINES.

To say that Colonel Haines is dead is to say that a tower is fallen. To the people of this city and of this state he stood a monument of rugged strength, physical and mental. For his work as a lawyer, as a citizen, as a man of public affairs, he was equipped in complete armor, like a knight of old, and the weapons he bore were of matchless strength and keenness.

To those who knew Colonel Haines merely as a public man his memory is of strength, vigor and readiness. To those who knew him as a man it is all this, but it is more. It is a memory of generosity, frankness and honesty of purpose. Few men in dying leave behind them so many who really loved him. Those who knew him well loved him because malice had no place in his composition. He was incapable of doing, or of thinking of doing, a mean act. He was a resolute foe, but when his antagonist offered the hand of friendship it was always accepted, and then and there the conflict ceased.

Since Colonel Haines has lived in Seattle he has been the foremost man of the city and of the commonwealth. In all public affairs he has taken an active and a leading part. As an officer of the National Guard, as a member of the Republican party, as an active worker in the thousand and one public matters that claimed his attention, his influence was powerful and lasting, and so long as the commonwealth of Washington exists, his life work will be unforgetting.

It is hard, indeed, to realize that this magnificent man is no more. It is hard to realize that this intellect, so profound and so strong, has yielded its last fruit. It is hard to realize that this kindly heart has been moved by its last generous impulse. It is hard to realize that to those who knew John C. Haines as he really was, there remains only a sweet and tender memory, which will linger until the last of those who loved him have followed him into the silent land.

It is hard to say farewell to this strong, generous and lovable man.

DO WE GROW WORSE?

The question, "Do we grow worse?" is naturally asked with the beginning of the New Year as we look back upon the flight of the old year. Pessimistic philosophers, who have been accurately defined as persons of more brains than soul, with a bad liver and a worse heart, always argue that the world grows worse rather than better with the lapse of time.

Tested by facts and figures the world of today is far better, brighter and purer realm than it was in the days of the founders of the Republic. The study of the struggle of the American colonists for independence makes it clear that the men of 1776 were relatively no better, no more patriotic, no purer in the mass than the men of 1861 who fought for the flag and founded a nation at Appomattox. Washington was not a purer, wiser or more unselfish patriot than Lincoln; Greene and Wayne were not stouter or more single-hearted soldiers than Grant and Sheridan. Samuel Adams and John Adams were indistinguishable with no more fiery enthusiasm and lofty zeal for the cause than Governor Andrew or Secretary Stanton; John Hancock and Robert Morris did not spend their money for the cause more freely than did General Waite; worth his fortune for the Union. There was relatively as much dishonesty, corruption, cowardice and disloyalty behind the Continental as behind the Union army. Families were divided into Tories and patriots then, as families in our struggle were divided into Union men and copperheads. Thirty thousand Tories sailed from New York city in 1783, cast their faith and their fate with the British flag and settled in the maritime provinces of Canada and Ontario. Benjamin Franklin left his son little property by his will because the son was a bitter New Jersey Tory. The Tory Butler, who wasted Cherry valley and Wyoming with fire and sword, was as ferocious and cruel as Quantrell, who sacked Lawrence, Kansas. The barbarities of the British prisons in New York city were as bad as those inflicted in the exceptional instance of Andersonville. Washington's army was constantly depleted by desertion. It was cursed by thieving contractors and swindlers, as selfish and bad the general was as those of our own day, who cried when the rebellion was crushed, because there was no longer any carcass for the turkey buzzard contractor to feed upon, and no longer any market for the military broker in the human flesh of substitutes. Marauding was so common to both armies that New Jersey was overrun with rival guerrillas, as Missouri was in our civil war, who robbed and murdered each other with heavy good will, and when they could not rob a few were not squeamish about robbing their own side. Washington had such a lot of villainous men in his army at Cambridge that he wrote letters of absolute despair of the issue of the contest. The British flooded the country with counterfeit Continental money, and found no difficulty in getting plenty of base Americans to shovle it.

The correspondence, records and private documents of those days show that there was a large and populous under world during the Revolutionary period, "a world of sharper and whipping posts, of drunken tavern keepers and loose women." The country was so demoralized during the war that every bit of wood was a lurking place for thieves and tramps of both sexes. Drunkenness was common, and loose women abounded in every town, sometimes according to the private correspondence of those days, coming in

the form of farmers' daughters and women on their way to prayer-meetings. There was nothing in our war of 1861-65 as infamous as the military raid against Washington that included Generals Gates, Conway and Mifflin. No secretary of state in our day ever subsidized an editor with government funds to attack the administration of which he was a member as did Jefferson. Jefferson openly charged Hamilton with using the treasury to build up a monarchy party; Hamilton in his anger attacked Jefferson with equal violence, and both these great statesmen used such abusive and libelous language that Washington had to beg them to desist.

In the matter of religion the upper classes were as much permeated with indifference as at present. In Richmond, Va., then a place of 3,500 people, there was no church 100 years ago. Among public men John Jay seems to have been the only man who had any deep abiding faith or religion. James Madison, an agnostic, was a type of the religious indifference among leading men. Bishop Meade deplored the number of ruined churches in Virginia.

The field of politics is pure today in both England and America than it was 100 years ago. Bribery at elections is as old as 159 B. C., when Rome punished bribe-givers by exile. The Roman law subsequently construed giving the people a banquet or a gladiatorial show as a bribe. Bribery was a common practice with courts and juries under Henry VIII. When Lord Bacon was disgraced for bribe taking under James the First, he pleaded that it was the custom; he simply conformed to the universal practice of the judiciary. Political bribery became an organized system under Charles the Second. In the time of George the Second his great minister, Sir Robert Walpole, declared that every man had his price. The father of the great English statesman, Fox, was conspicuous for his pecuniations and for his corrupt employment of the money he was allowed to steal. The corruption practiced under the leadership of the Duke of Newcastle was notorious. In 1807 the election expenses of William Wilberforce, the purest parliamentary figure of his time, were \$300,000.

The diary of John Adams describes the horrid rancor of the press, and the terrible hate between men of different parties, to the point that families were divided for life; men cut each other in the street. Hamilton died in a duel; so did his son; so did several New York editors of that day. Hamilton was a great man, but as a moral figure in politics he was full of serious blemishes. James Callender, in a pamphlet, called Washington "a traitor, a robber and a perjurer," and John Adams "a hoary-headed incendiary," and Callender further declared that for this pamphlet Jefferson paid him \$100. Washington was bitterly reviled in his coffin by the hostile press. From 1789 to Jackson's day the public press was full of rancor and political obscenity beyond anything in our own day, but the worst and meanest of this indecency was from 1789 to 1894. The ballot-boxes were stolen in Ulster county, New York, in the days when George and De Witt Clinton ruled the Jefferson party, and the unpublished correspondence of Chancellor Kent from 1790 to 1848 is full of allusions to rascality, duplicity and villainy in politics and greed for office on the part of men of the highest historical reputation. De Witt Clinton was a duelist, and a most obscene villager of Martin Van Buren. The times of Washington, both before and after the Revolution, were not comparable with our own in the general prevalence of patriotism, religion, political purity and social morality. Here is a passage worthy of Nathaniel Hawthorne was inspired to write by reading some old colonial newspapers.

There is no evidence that the moral standard was higher then than now; or, indeed, that morality was so well defined as it has since become. The pillory, the whipping post, the prison and the gallows each had their use in those old times; and, in short, as often as our imagination lives in the past, we find it a sadder and rougher age than our own, with hardly any perceptible advantages, and much that gave life a gloomier tinge.

An avalanche of dirt was poured upon Jackson's family life; he was caricatured as a hangman, and Jefferson was accused of having a negro mistress, and the pair were caricatured in the political prints as "Long Tom and Dusky Sal." Washington was charged with having made money by corrupt real estate speculation in Washington City during his last term of office. At President Jackson's public receptions whisky was served to everybody that wanted it. When Governor Seward was inaugurated at Albany, New York, in 1839 he, like Governor Hill of our day, gave a great banquet which four thousand to five thousand people turned into a drunken crouse so violent that the superintendents of the feast were obliged to call in the civil authorities.

These facts go to show that the charge of the political pessimists and clerical croakers of the hour that we have fallen away tragically from the public opinion of the days when the fathers of the republic ruled our politics, has no historical foundation. Our political manners, methods and morals are far less barbarous than they were in those "good old days," when political hostility precipitated duels, alienated the closest friends in society, business and religion, when fathers refused to speak to sons and no social ties of blood were strong enough to resist the pressure of political hate. The clerical croakers of today do not seem to comprehend that the people of today are far in advance of those of a century ago in devotion to moral and religious principles. They need to be reminded that the great Methodist preacher, Whitfield, told his friends in England that in the American colonies licentiousness seemed to be universal, and there is overwhelming testimony that the tipping habit was common among the clergy, intoxication sometimes seen in the pulpit and the free consumption of ardent spirits at funerals universal in New England among the most pious and respectable classes. The sincere, honest, orthodox bigot always preaches a hopeless, pessimistic view of humanity and history, because he has been educated to accept the doctrine of total depravity and eternal, inexorable punishment; and the dishonest pulpit demagogue preaches pessimism, because without it he cannot be sensational; without it he would confess that the world can get bravely on even if such preachers of hopelessness in this world and damnation and despair in the next should get out.

Stephens' new history of the first French revolution gives some interesting figures of the famous September massacres of the political suspects that filled the prisons of Paris. They began

at midday on Sunday, September 2; they continued throughout September 3; the total number of the victims has been variously stated from 850 to 1,438 by serious historians, and probably may be fixed at about 1,100. The number of persons executed or rather judicially murdered during the "Reign of Terror," which extended from September, 1793, till the 27th of July, 1794 (9th Thermidor year II.), and, in any case, ought not to be dated back further than the beginning of April, 1793, was 17,450. Of these, 2,500 at least were perpetrated in Paris alone, and the number of deaths went on increasing, week by week, like a rapidly spreading plague. From the 10th of June to the 27th of July, 1793, 1,376 persons were executed in Paris, at the rate, on an average, of 196 victims per week. On Mr. Stephens' own showing the Reign of Terror cost France over 17,000 citizens. To these we may fairly add the 1,100 prisoners slaughtered in the massacres of September, and we shall not be far from the mark if we assume that between 19,000 and 20,000 citizens were the victims of Jacobinism.

Augustus Piper, of Philadelphia, is one of the oldest stage carpenters in the country. He is 81 years of age and has many interesting recollections of the old-time dramatics, particularly of the theater Booth. He says that the first night Booth was to play Richard III. in Philadelphia the tragedian disappeared from the sight of his company and could not be found. Finally, after a diligent search, he was discovered on a shelf in a South street pawnshop. He had actually pawned himself. "We got him out," said Mr. Piper, "dressed him with emetics, and he appeared to a crowded house. He never gave a better impersonation of the character and the audience was wild with enthusiasm."

The Kaiser is said to be extravagantly fond of white, especially of white trousers. The late Governor Henry, indeed, had a similar liking for white—like that extended even to the use of white rose extract as his favorite perfume. His linen was always immaculate in its glossiness, and he used to buy his white neckties in lots of twenty-five, so that the instant one became soiled he could replace it with a fresh one.

It is understood, says the New York Recorder, that General Charles H. Groves, of Ohio, will be up for congress again from the Athens district when the rascally gerrymander which gave it the shape of a dog's leg, made it Democratic and threw him out, shall have been undone by the latest redistricting. The notorious rascality of the old district, it is said, will make him a pretty sure winner.

Many women of the court world in London are said to be friends of what is called "heavy-headed" wife, Mrs. Henry Irving. And the strange club is responsible for the circulation of the rumor that Henry Irving and Ellen Terry are about to part forever, each being professionally jealous of the other.

So great was the haste of the applicants for Plimbo's seat in the Senate that one senator posted his request two hours and ten minutes after the Kansas statesman died. As an indication of the pressure under which Senator Plimbo worked it is said that he often dictated 150 letters in a single morning.

Rev. Elbridge Gerry, M. D., died December 23, at West Randolph, Vt. He was a graduate of Middlebury college and a Congregationalist. He preached many years in Oregon, and established the Green Mountain Herald in 1874, having conducted it for most of the time since.—Springfield Republican.

Dom Pedro used to say that if he had not been an emperor he would have been a schoolmaster. He had the tastes of a pedagogue, and more than the taste of the moralist, as his research, as was shown by his profound studies in the Seattle language during his later years.

Edgar Saltus, the novelist, is pictured as a small man with a sturdy frame, a fine head, an observant eye and a moustache as black as night.

"Mr. Blaine was not born yesterday," says the New York World.

ON AN OLD SONG.

Little snatch of ancient song,
What has made thee so long?
Flinging on thy wings of rhyme
Lightly down the depths of time,
Felling nothing strange or rare,
Scarcely a thought or image there,
Flinging but the old, old tale
Of a hapless lover's wail.

Of a hapless lover's wail,
Of a hapless lover's wail,
Of a hapless lover's wail,
Of a hapless lover's wail,
Of a hapless lover's wail,
Of a hapless lover's wail,
Of a hapless lover's wail,
Of a hapless lover's wail.

Little song, since then wert born,
In the reformation morn,
How much great has passed away,
Saturated or by slow decay,
Stately piles in ruins crumbled,
Lords' houses lost and humbled,
Fires and flames and darkness hurled,
Noble flags forever furled,
West scenes by statesmen spun,
Time has seen him use by gun,
Like the leaves of autumn fall—
A little song outlives them all.

—W. E. Ledy.

Hoodlum.

American Notes and Queries.
I take liberty to write you a few lines on the origin of the word "hoodlum."
A few years ago the newspapers of this city gave their readers to understand that the word "hoodlum" was of German origin, and was a monosyllable. I think at present almost everybody admits that it is of German origin, and that it is a purely German word. What astonishes me is that those who know the true origin of this word all along without thinking it worth while to enlighten the American public on this subject.

Hudel, or hudi, Hader (where the French hater means exactly the same as lumpen, that is, a rag, a torn-off piece of stuff).
The word lump is the most common epithet applied in German to a drunken, worthless, and consequently tainted individual.
The word hoodlum is composed of Hudel or Hudi and Lumpen, and two words, according to German custom, are often used along with the conjunction of and to give emphasis to the idea.

Haderlumpen and Hoodlumpen have been used in Germany for a long time and are still used in identically the same sense as in this country. Compare Sanders' German Dictionary, volume I, page 791. Sanders says there, in discussing the language, that if Haderlumpen or Hoodlumpen are persons with whom we wipe our feet (personen, wozu man sich die Fuesse wachen).

It is a rather odd word, Hoodlumpen, in quite a strange yet characteristic German. When they wish to clean their ovens from the small live coals and cinders, just before putting the stove to be heated, they use a long pole with a rag tied to the end, which impement they call Hoodlumpen.

The Fund for Mrs. Canby.

Washington Post.
"I have just received a check for \$400 from Portland, Or., concerning which there is an interesting story," said a prominent citizen of the Western city at the shoreham.

"In May, 1881, it will be remembered that Captain Jack, the Modoc chief, slew General E. B. C. Canby in Southern Oregon. Mrs. Canby was left in rather straitened circumstances, and a number of citizens of Portland raised a fund for her amounting to \$1,500, which was accepted for her by General John P. Hawkins, her brother. About a year ago Mrs. Canby died, leaving a will, one clause of which was quoted in the letter accompanying my check as follows:

"Five thousand dollars, the gift of my Portland friends, I ask them to take back and use it in charity, or as they may think best. Many blessings have gone to them for their generosity."

The \$400 received by me was the amount of my subscription, given without the remotest idea or wish of its being returned, yet after a lapse of over eighteen years it is repaid, and so have been the sums subscribed by all the rest. Mrs. Canby was one of the kindest-hearted women I ever met, and her suggestion about donating the money returned by her to charities will be faithfully carried out."

THE STATE PRESS.

Sprague Herald: The "Democrats propose to boom J. J. Burn" for lieutenant governor. He certainly is worthy of laughter's shoes."
Tacoma Guide: "The appointment of Hon. R. W. Perkins to the United States senate, as the lamented senator Plumb's successor, will give very general satisfaction to the Republicans on this coast. He is, perhaps, not as well versed as to the needs of the people of the extreme West, pertaining to land affairs, and some other matters of importance, as his predecessor was, but he is honest, trustworthy and a safe Republican, and that is enough."

Orring Grange: "Orring has grown steadily. There are fewer vacant dwellings today than there were a year ago; our school is taxed to its utmost capacity for room, and an additional classroom must be arranged for; the number of new business structures erected during the year is very creditable; many new residences have been erected; the railroad receipts show a marked increase, and every indication points but to the one fact that Orring has grown and stood the test of financial stringency nobly."

Wabash Times: "While the entire nation has had a year of great prosperity, no part of it has greater cause for profound thankfulness than have we, the fortunate citizens of the 'Eregreen state.' We have been blessed with abundant harvests, and no pestilence of any kind has visited us. We have much for which we should be abundantly thankful, and for which praise to the Giver of all good should be offered with deep, heartfelt gratitude. And the prospect is that 1892 will be even more prosperous than 1891 has been. Our future is certainly bright. Let us make the most of it."

Fairhaven Times: "A South Bend special to the Seattle Telegram reports that Congressman Wilson has written to a friend there that under no circumstances will he be a candidate for the governorship. This will doubtless be welcome news to the salt water candidates. They can now turn their attention to the other bunch—those in whose ears the gubernatorial bee is buzzing. It is possible, but not probable, that they can induce Patrick Henry Winston to make a similar announcement. And then there are Sam Hyde, Colonel Moore and Foreigner, Judah Turner and Houghton, Banker Cannon, Farmer Fairweather and other brilliant stars in the political constellation of Eastern Washington. It won't do to overlook them."

Hope Dispelled.

Chicago Tribune.
"Your vote in favor of granting us this franchise," said the promoter of the scheme "would be worth to us."

"Yes," broke in the listener, becoming instantly attentive, "would be worth to you?"
"More than a dozen speeches in its favor, on account of the moral effect it would have."
"Um—yes," rejoined the alderman from the 'Seventh ward, relapsing at once into his former apathy.

The Union Pacific Company filed a bond yesterday and had the steamer Olympia released from arrest. The steamer will start around for Portland about Monday.

THE HIGHLAND FLING
Will be danced by Miss Mabel Lynch and Mr. Hilton.

THE MUSICAL PART OF THE PROGRAMME
Will be participated in by
Mrs. M. E. Gates, pianist; Professor Lucy, pianist; Mrs. Makinson, of Ta. Mrs. Grambs, com. Miss Coman, Miss Campbell, Miss Johnson, Miss Hough, Miss Hough, Mr. C. E. Bowman, Mr. M. M. Grant, Dr. Lesly, violinist, Dr. Frederick Palmer.

Admission, Jubilee, 50 Cents
Bancroft, 50 Cents

GRAND DISPLAY

DOGS, POULTRY AND PET STOCK
January 4 to 10, 1892.

FIRST ANNUAL EXHIBITION

OF THE
WESTERN WASHINGTON POULTRY ASSOCIATION.

SEATTLE KENNEL CLUB

Dogs of Every Kind, Fowls of Every Feather.
Fifth and Pike Streets, Banks Building.

General admission, 25c. Children, 10c. Season ticket, \$10. Family season ticket, \$1.

FOR SALE.

A CLEAN, WELL-ASSORTED STOCK
of Fancy Dry Goods; store for rent, cheap; good location; fixtures at a sacrifice.
Apply to
GEO. M. VAN DOREN,
207, 208, 209 Washington Block; entrance,
705 Front street.

FOR SALE.

A Good Paying Millinery Business.
For Particulars see
GEORGE M. VAN DOREN,
207, 208, 209 Washington Block.

AMUSEMENTS.

ARMORY HALL.

SATURDAY NIGHT, JANUARY 18.

SECOND ANNUAL MARDI GRAS

MASQUE—CARNIVAL—MASQUE

TEN ELABORATE PRIZES WILL BE PRESENTED.

FANCY COSTUMES

At 210 Madison Street, near Third, seven days in advance of Ball.

HONORABLE PRIZE JUDGES:

JOHN W. HANNA,
JOHN F. CORDRAY,
ALBERT HANSEN,
GEORGE PIPER,
DR. J. P. SWEENEY.

GRAND PARADE IN FANCY COSTUMES

At 8 p. m., Jan. 18.

PRICES:

En Masque, \$1.50
Spectators, 1.00

Reserved Spectator's Seats at Hansen's after January 10.

BUSINESS MEN'S JUBILEE.

RANKER'S HALL.

TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY EVENINGS

January 5 and 6.

QUEEN CITY GODDES OF ARCHITECTURE

GEORGE WASHINGTON, MOUNT RAINIER

And all the additions will be represented by forty young ladies beautifully costumed.

Calum lights from Cordray's theater will be used.

BUSINESS MEN'S GRAND MARCH

By forty young ladies in costume.

MILITARY DRILL

By a squad of sixteen young ladies.

THE HIGHLAND FLING

Will be danced by Miss Mabel Lynch and Mr. Hilton.

Admission, Jubilee, 50 Cents

Bancroft, 50 Cents

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AMUSEMENTS.

CORDRAY'S THEATRE.

CORNER Third and Madison Streets.

CONTINUED SUCCESS BECAUSE WE WANT

Week Commencing