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staying there until 1861, when he removed to Walla Walla county, laying out the town of Walla Walla, and building a large flouring mill and other public buildings there. While travelling over the country he frequently passed over the rancho of J. N. Day, and often spoke to Day about the many advantages his rancho possessed as a townsite. His "frequent hammering" at Day finally brought forth the first temporary building in the Spring of 1872, erected by Mr. Guernsey for Wait & Metzger. That same year saw the completion of a substantial brick store, a flouring mill, planing mill, and the foundation for the woolen mill with a capital stock of \$40,000. Since then, the growth of the place has been steady, and nearly every week witnesses the completion of one or more substantial buildings for stores or private residences. The town has most excellent schools, several churches, and two or three neat and live weekly papers as are published anywhere else on the Coast. Both the *Columbia Chronicle* and *Dayton News* are fully alive to the interests of their town.

Dayton, besides its quota of fine legal and medical talent, has many live enterprising business men. The largest merchandise business is done by Guernsey & Wolfe. They carry an immense stock and deal in everything from a pin to a threshing machine. Dusenberry & Stencil also do an extensive business and occupy commodious quarters in a neat, two-story, brick building. Beside the woolen mill, planing mill of Mr. Metzger, and flouring mill of Mr. Wait, Dayton also has one of the best furnished planing mills in Eastern Washington; it is run by steam and is the property of Mr. George Eckler, who by the way, has done much to assist the place in its growth.

FRAUDS AND QUACKS.

This gentry is increasing so rapidly and flourishing so well here that we find it necessary to open a regular column for them. Just at present our readers should keep their eyes open for "the horse-jockey swindle." The trio comprising the horse-jockey company are reported to have arrived on the Great Republic and we may expect soon to hear of their doings in different parts of the Northwest. As yet, we can hardly judge just on what lead they will work here, but we append a few of their little tricks as performed before their arrival so that our readers may "spot them" in any similar game:

"One appears as a gipsy, another as a German farmer, and the other as a well-informed country gentleman. They arrived at Kansas City a few weeks ago, with a broken down country wagon and five spavined, wind-broken horses, and claimed to be broken down emigrants in distress. They encamped upon the public square during the day and were busily engaged in trade until night, when they departed. They left the square with new horses and returned the next day, still on the trade. Then it was that they were recognized by the police as the invincible trio which created so much stir and excitement in Kansas City and St. Joseph about five years ago with the paralyzed stallion which was bought and sold all over western Missouri.

"This trick won for its authors and inventors several thousand dollars, and finally resulted in the arrest of the trio in St. Joseph, and the death of the paralyzed animal. The mode of proceedings were as follows: They had a fine-looking animal—a horse worth at least \$150 and a title guaranteed. One of the trio would offer it for sale on the square, and another of the trio would run up the price as high as possible. The beast could only be made to walk by the aid of strong medical stimulants. It was fat, sleek and handsome, but was subject to fainting fits if not sustained every

few minutes with a sponge soaked in ammonia. The animal was sold at auction several times in Kansas City, but fell down in a fainting fit when led away a few blocks from the place of sale. The third of the trio would then appear and as a stranger offer to buy the apparently dying horse. He generally bought the horse for ten or fifteen dollars, and the animal reappeared next auction day and the same dodge was re-enacted.

"This trio have also succeeded in their tricks as hog traders from the country. They drove into town with two well-doctored old horses in harness attached to a wagon loaded with hogs, which they pretend are being taken to market. In the rear of the wagon are invariably tied two more crows for sale. Thus disguised as honest farmers, no one would suppose that they were two of the most notorious horse-jockeys in the Western States. They thus succeeded in selling all the old knockers they brought to the city. The hogs they parade through the streets at last became so accustomed to the business that they walked up the plank gangway to the wagon regularly every morning for the purpose of taking their daily ride.

"There is another favorite plan of operations pursued by this trio of sharpers. They played it a few days since on the public in Kansas City quite successfully, but it resulted in their arrest by the police. They pretended to be farmers selling oats and had a load of hay covered with a thin coat of oats upon the surface. As good, honest farmers, they sold several old hacks, just sent up from St. Louis, as first-class farm horses, poor in flesh, and somewhat overworked. By this dodge they have succeeded in selling a whole car-load of old, worn-out street-car horses and animals condemned to the hack-yard, but which was shipped to the city instead.

"A St. Louis horseman sends a graphic description of one of the best tricks played by the gang in St. Louis. On one occasion they chartered two cars on the Indianapolis and St. Louis railroad for the purpose of shipping horses to New York. They then took twenty old horses, purchased from the hack-yard to be killed as useless, and for which they paid an average of \$7 per head. They purchased new fancy-horse blankets, halters, and surcingles, and covered the equine skeletons and loaded them upon the cars. They then introduced a broker to the animals, and obtained an advance of \$1,000 on the twenty fine horses, giving the horses and bills of lading as a security. It is needless to say that no one claimed the horses in New York. The same trick has been played several times by the trio in St. Louis and Kansas City."

We might enumerate some more of their little tricks, but the above will suffice, for we expect them to do a flourishing business here, notwithstanding our caution, as we are fully convinced the cool-killer has not been around for some time. To this reflection we are led by the fact that the parties here, who advertised to send on receipt of two dollars "a picture of your future husband or wife," have increased Portland's postoffice revenue considerably, and one would hardly think that Oregon really possessed so many male and female donkeys anxious to part with two-dollar bills in exchange for five-cent pictures. The pretending mediums and spiritualistic frauds are still doing a land-office business. They, however, "take in" none but *the very softest kind of material*, because their little tales won't wash.

After devoting columns last year to caution the public against those *Eastern tree peddlers*, it is really mortifying to us to hear that they are again

around, in itself an evidence that there must yet be business for them. However, it is gratifying to know that none ever purchased from these tree sharps without getting bit. Perhaps after a while the people will learn a thing or two.

Our quack doctors are increasing—the latest addition to this ilk in this city, actually has the audacity to flourish a diploma from some remote village college. Well, after all, diplomas are only made of paper, and can be printed in any printing office. Printers rather like diploma printing—it is usually a fat job. A certain printer in this city ought to be known as "the professor," just from the number of diplomas he has issued. Always remember that no really skillful physician or surgeon ever needs to roam from village to village in quest of patients.

We hear of another fraud just as we are closing our monthly budget, but as the full particulars are not developed as yet, we close with this simple caution: Under no circumstances sign any contract written in pencil, and sign no contracts of any kind for books, papers, chromos, &c., unless the party soliciting your signature is personally known to you to be reliable and responsible.

POT-POURRI.

THE recent petit larceny of A. T. Stewart's dead bones will doubtless lead to cremation as a more satisfactory mode of disposing of mortal remains. Had Stewart been cremated, his ashes might have been so precipitated that they could have been worn by his bereaved(?) widow in a mourning pin, or preserved in an ornamental urn upon her dressing table. They might even have been made into toilet soap. We would not indulge in these grim, sepulchral jokes over the dead body of a good or gracious man, who, after a life of usefulness, had been quietly inurned; we should wish him the repose he had fairly earned. But when a narrow-hearted, miserly, cold, and selfish rich man dies, we have so little sympathy with him that we confess to a little pleasure in knowing that his bones are liable to be disturbed, and some of his money is to be expended upon honest men in their search for his otherwise quite unimportant and worthless remains.

It is a curious habit of human nature to look at a man through the transparent medium of a dollar bill. If a rich man is rude it is regarded as a quaint and laughable eccentricity; but if a poor man does or says the same thing he is a boor, and we are disgusted beyond measure. We are ready to find an excuse from an act that has money behind it, and equally ready to find fault with an act that is backed by poverty. The gold-colored pigment which envious eyes secrete is not the peculiarity of a class, but the characteristic of all. From the sexton who shoves a bundle of human rags into the back pew, and shows silk and velvet to the best seat, to the clergyman who smooths the rough edges of life for wealth, all men doff their hats to a pocket-book. This is a pleasant reflection for the few, but to the rest of us it comes a little hard.