Hawk-Eyetems.

Virginia is the mother of presidents and the father of peanut crops.

They haven't had an earthquake in California for so long the natives feel ashamed to have a stranger come into the state.

"Why do men lie?" asks the Washington *Post*. Can't tell, indeed! Didn't know they did, in fact. Do they, really, though?

"June," aptly remarks the Polar bear of the Buffalo *Express*, "would be very enjoyable but for the danger of freezing to death."

No, Mr. Lamar, it may not be a "back-down," but there is a thundering sight bigger strain on the breeching than there is on collar, all the same.

The Paris clock faces are illuminated by electricity. In this country human faces are frequently illuminated in the same way; by Jersey lightening.

"What," exclaims the Meriden *Recorder*, "equals the laugh of woman?" Well, rather than have the equation fail, let X equal the laugh of woman.

There is a young man on South Hill who dresses with such elegant plainness, that the only jewelry he wears is the gold filling in one of his back teeth.

George Washington never made but one pun in his life. And forgot that, before he could tell it. This is what endears his memory to the American people.

A Pittsburg policeman wants his rank and pay raised because his wife had triplets. If that isn't the cheek of a man. He! He have his pay raised. Promote the woman; that's what.

"How did I get it?" is the title of a new novel. We don't know positively but we rather think you stole it. This brings the question fairly before the house, so now go on with the debate.

The Marshalltown *Times* says: "The Des Moines police judge fines the lawyers that call each other liars in court. An appeal will probably be taken on the ground that it is attempting to suppress the truth."

The spinners of all the Fall River mills have struck. We noticed some time ago that old Spinner's signature had joined the strikers, and it seemed as though every last spinner of them had struck it with a tangle of barbed wire fence.

"It is not all of death to die," sang the old poet. He was right. The greatest part of death, about ninety-eight out of a possible one hundred, is to leave your estate in such a shape that your children will get nearly as much of it as the lawyers.

The ugly girls never get married and the common young men die old bachelors. No matter who is married, the bride, in the report is always "beautiful and accomplished," and the sheepish groom is invariably "the son of one of our best families."

Scalpel met Stethoscope walking up Columbia street, carrying a large black eye with him. "Hallo," he shouted "get that in a fight?" "No," replied Stethoscope, "I got it out of one." But there is no manner of sense in being so dreadful particular.

A sharp swindler, down in St. Louis arrayed himself in woman's clothes and went around with a plausible story and borrowed money from twenty people. They were awfully mad when they sought the woman and found him out. They didn't mind his masquerading so very much; it was his sex actions they despised.

Swinburne swings, "I hid my head in a nest of roses." Did you, Algernon, did you? That was wise in you to hide it among the roses. Now if you had covered it up in a nest of cabbages, when you came to pick it out again you could not have told, for the life of you, which head was yours. Stick to the roses, old boy, every time.

At Des Moines the ordinance restraining cattle from running at large at night has been repealed, and the *Register* says that a purse is being raised by prominent citizens to hire boys to go around late of nights to prop open the gates of members of the city council, in order to give the roaming cows and councilmen the full benefit of the repeal.

"We can not go below the bottom of anything," said Professor Miller, the last day of school. "Yes, we can," interpolated the smart bad boy. "Ah," said the professor, in tones that indicated his doubt, "and what is it that extends beyond the bottom?" "Strawberry box," shouted the smart bad boy, and before the professor could stop the class, the boy received three encores and a rocket.

"Few things," says the New York *Times*, in a recent article on Caleb Cushing, "are more exaggerated than the amount of property men own." This is startlingly true. Only the other day we heard it reported on the street that we were worth a dollar and seventy five cents, at an inside estimate, and could buy a pint of strawberries without feeling it. Let us say to our misinformed friends, while we are on this subject, that a man does not become a millionaire in journalism in ten years' time.

"The world," remarks a philosopher, "is like a looking-glass; frown at it, and it frowns at you; smile at it, and it will smile back." Ah, yes, that is all very well, but when the looking-glass has a blister about the middle of it, and a wrinkle each side of that, that twists your nose up into something like a wilted turnip and draws your mouth all over both cheeks in twenty different sizes and angles, all the smiling you can do at it only makes it worse and worse. Philosophy is all very well, but it can't smooth the wrinkles out of a looking-glass.

A few days ago there died in the town of Vernon, Winneshiek county, an aged farmer named Carpenter, who left a will bequeathing to his son an old chest that had been an heirloom in the family. On opening the chest the son was surprised and incensed to find that it contained nothing of value. He so reported to the remaining members of the family, when they persuaded him to make further investigations, which he did by taking the chest apart. In doing so two cleats, each half an inch thick and perforated with auger holes, were discovered. Tearing off these cleats, the young man found that they were hollow, and that the space between the lid and the bottoms of the cleats had been filled with gold coins by the thoughtful parent. How long they had been stored in such a singular manner in that old chest is a mystery.

Sitting Bull's Return.

Information has been received from Montana of the return to that territory of the famous Indian warrior, Sitting Bull, and his tribe. This chieftain, it will be remembered, was forced over the border into British America by the sharp attacks of our army about two years ago. But he has found it impossible to procure food for his tribe in the wilds of the Dominion, and has now returned in pursuit of game, intending, if unmolested, to go back as soon as sufficient meat has been secured to subsist on during the coming winter. In proof of his pacific intentions, it is stated by an old citizen of St. Paul, Minn., who is familiar with the Indian language and ways, in a letter to General Sibley from Coal Banks, Montana, that Sitting Bull's tribe is scattered in small companies over a large extent of country, hunting buffalo. If he were in a hostile mood, he would be careful to keep his large force together.

An enterprising correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune*, who has succeeded in penetrating to the chieftain's camp, telegraphs to his journal an account of an interview held with Sitting Bull, in which the latter set forth the grievances which forced him into hostility to the United States Government. In response to inquiries respecting his departure into British America and his present return to Montana, the Indian said in substance:

I hate the Americans because I and my people have always been deceived by them. They asked us to go to the reservations, saying they would care for and feed us. Then we were told we must farm. Some could not do this. Then we found our rations were short. Not many years ago your people said they would give us the Black Hills, and that our children should own it and to be our hunting-ground. As soon as the shining dust was found there they drove us from it. I cannot believe the whites. Then the Americans sent the Longhair, Custer, to follow us. Do your people know of anything we did to bring the Long-hair upon us at the Little Big Horn River? No, they do not. We were there in peaceable camp, hunting for meat to feed our families. If you were ever told we were hostile it was a lie.

The sting of this blunt statement of the savage warrior is its substantial truth. Our Government has not kept faith with its Indian wards, and the white settlers on the frontier have been permitted to do them grievous wrong until their savage minds were goaded to desperation and reprisal. Then followed war, terribly destructive in life and treasure to the whites, and provocative of deadly animosity and frequent efforts at revenge on the part of the Indians. This is, in substance, the bitter story of our Indian wars. We do not mean that the red man is never the aggressor; but taking the history of our dealings with the race from the foundation of the Government until now, and it will be found that the behavior of these ignorant, heathen savages compares favorably—nay, shines in comparison—with that of the civilized people with whom they have had to deal. It has been from the beginning a story of robbery, injustice and needless bloodshed.

Now that we have got through with our grand Fourth of July celebration, with its happy memories of release from the yoke of a foreign oppressor, the stinging words of the grieved Sioux warrior may well furnish food for cool reflection to this great nation. Surely the blood of our red brother cries to us from the ground, and the shame and guilt of our ill-treatment of him will not pass unheeded by Him who has made us his keeper.—*N. Y. Examiner and Chronicle.*

Reminiscence of a Gambler.

John Watts, who died in Philadelphia a short time ago, was in his day one of the most noted gamblers who made their trade notorious on the Mississippi river. Although he professed to be "a man of honor," he was by no means of the very best morals, and he did not object to take advantage of his fellow man. For instance: With his friend and accomplice he would board a boat at Louisville, and, scanning the passenger-list, pick out for his victims some old card-players of wealth with whom he was personally acquainted. To these people he would go very quietly and say of his accomplice, "There is a man who plays high, and we can best him; you join with me and we'll do it." The victim agreed and the party was made up, but Watts always succeeded in regulating success the wrong way for his victim, and thus the would-be biter was often bitten.

Once he was accused of swindling in that way, the charge being made in the heat of play by a man from whom Watts' accomplice had just won $10,000. "Is that your opinion?" he quietly asked. "Yes, sir; that's what I think," roared the loser; "you swindled me, and I stigmatize you as a scoundrel." The hour was late, and only the watchman and the party engaged in playing heard the charge; but all of them drew back and held their breath, for they were sure "Jack" would take a life to wipe out the insult. It is said that he had done that thing. "I will give you $5,000 right here if you will not make that opinion any further public," said Watts, drawing forth his pocketbook. "No, sir; I do not want the money; you cannot buy my silence with money." Then Watts smiled in his wicked way, held a pistol in one hand and the money in the other, and said, quietly, as before: "My friend, for the suppression of your opinion I offered you $5,000. You refused. Now I offer you that amount of money and your life. Do you accept?" The man looked into Jack's cold, steel-gray eye, and what he read there was convincing. He took the money and his life and kept silent.

WOOD FIRES.—In many a green valley of rural New England, there are children yet. Boys and girls are still to be found not quite overtaken by the march of mind. There, too, are huskings, and apple-bees, and quilting-parties, and huge old-fashioned fireplaces piled with crackling walnut, flinging its rosy light over many countenances of youth, and scarcely less happy age. If it be true that, according to Cornelius Agrippa, "a wood fire doth drive away dark spirits," it is also true that around it the simple superstitions of our ancestors still love to linger; and the half-sportful, half-serious charms of which I have spoken are resorted to. Within the circle of the light of the open fire safely might the young conjurers question destiny; for none but kindly and gentle messengers from wonderland should ever dare to venture among them.

The Next Great Revolution.

But, as we have seen, the history of journalism, for fifty years, has been a rapid succession of revolutions, and no man knows as well as the hard-working editor that perfection has not yet been evolved. Other changes, as marked, are certainly impending. What is the next?

It was a pleasant conceit of Henry Watterson's that, if Shakespeare were living now, he would be an editor. The fancy might have fallen better upon a contemporary of Sheakespeare's—that greatest, wisest, meanest of mankind, who anticipated the modern newspaper, in taking all knowledge to be his province. But newspapers are many and perpetual. Shakespeares and Bacons come only once in the centuries. Yet of this we may be sure: The field for advantages through enterprise in the mere getting of news is about exhausted. The great newspapers can now all command substantially the same facilities. Generally speaking, the news that one gets another can get if it wishes. Recurring then, to Watterson's conceit, it seems sure to say that in the next great stage of journalism the enterprise that now exhausts itself on costly cable dispatches will go to men who can make a great news feature valuable rather from the story it tells than from the money spent in carrying it to you; who will buy for you a costly thing rather than challenge your admiration merely for the money spent in the costly transportation of a thing of less moment. If it must send a Stanley to Africa—and we may well hope that feats so brilliant can be repeated—it will send also a Macaulay to tell his story for him.

Why should the busy man read the history of yesterday at a greater disadvantage than the history of a hundred years ago? Yet that of a hundred years ago has been most carefully collated, sifted, winnowed, relieved of surplusage, arranged in proper perspective. You are not forced to read the official documents, to burrow among the dry reports, to study with minute and painstaking care the *disjecta membra*. You are not loaded with facts that are useless, particulars that give no form or color to the picture. All this waste is removed. Thousands of pages are searched to give you one, but on that one is all you need to know. A moderately industrious man might spend his lifetime reading the authorities on which Motley constructed the History of the dutch Republic, yet who—speaking of intelligent people in the mass, not of individual investigators—who cares for the authorities? Who wants anything but Motley? The greatest of recent narrative successes has been Green's "Short History of the English People." Why shall not the most enterprising journal of the next decade be that which shall still employ colossal capital to gather all the news, and then crown and fructify its expenditure by having a staff of Greens and Froudes to tell it?

There are those who insist that the thing really needed is what the old Scotch divines used to call "root and branch work"—that the whole man is sick, the whole heart faint. The elder times, they say, were bettert han these; the whole character of the press is steadily deteriorating.

Well, we have faults enough. And yet the elder times were not better than these. There was never a time when the press resisted greater temptations, or more resolutely maintained a level above its surroundings. The thing always forgotten by the closet cricket of the newspapers is that they must be measurably what their audiences make them—what their constituencies call for and sustain. The newspaper cannot uniformly resist the popular sentiment any more than the stream can flow above its fountain. To say that the newspapers are getting worse, is to say that the people are getting worse. That doctrine our superfine moralists have croaked ever since we had an existence as a people; but whenever the crisis came we have always found that, beneath the surface froth, the currents of national life flowed pure and strong as ever. The evil tendencies of the press in our day are to be seen plainly enough; they have been seen in all days, since the first newspaper was made. It even works more evil now than it ever wrought before, because its influence is more widespread; but it also works more good, and its habitual attitude is one of effort toward the best its audience will tolerate. There is not a newspaper to-day in New York, faulty as they all are, that is not better than its audience. There is not an editor in New York who does not know the fortune that awaits the man there who is willing to make a daily paper as disreputable and vile as a hundred and fifty thousand readers would be willing to buy. It is the newspaper opportunity of the time; the only great opportunity that has come since the concentration of capital and mechanical facilities gave the monopoly of the present field to the existing journals. Several of these might take it; the editor of every one of them knows he is making a better paper than his constituency would like, and that he might add a half to his circulation by making it worse; every one of them knows that a less scrupulous rival may come to do what he refuses. It is with an ill grace that theoretical reformers reproach these men for lowering the newspaper standard, and making journalism a curse instead of a blessing.—*Whitelaw Reid's Address.*

THE STICKLEBACK.—These are small fish, but great fighters. They are beautiful in color. The *male* builds the nest very carefully, like a bird, and when it is done he drives the female into it. Then he stands guard at the entrance for ten or twelve days, and if any of the eggs wash out, he takes them up in his mouth, as carefully as a cat would a kitten, and puts them back into the nest. He shows great fatherly care.

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Natural beauty surpasses anything which can be imparted by artificial means. PHOSPHATE SOAP gives health to the skin simply by removing impurities and eradicating the poisons which give rise to skin diseases.

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THE BEST soap for toilet use ever manufactured. BEST because it contains all the excellencies of the most expensive foreign or American soaps without their defects. BEST because it combines strength with delicacy in such a way that its strong detersive qualities do not injure the skin. BEST because it is the result of years of study and experiment in the soap manufacturing business, assisted by modern chemical discoveries. BEST because it contains ingredients beneficial to the skin, which unite chemically with the soap in such a manner as to increase its saponaceous qualities. Every chemist familiar with soap manufacture knows that some ingredients which are in themselves beneficial to the skin cannot be saponified; some are partially neutralized, while others injure the quality of the soap. There are soaps in the market which are to some extent beneficial to the skin, but they are inferior articles for toilet use. PHOSPHATE SOAP is the ONLY article offered to the public which combines all the best elements of toilet soap with medical ingredients beneficial to the skin.

PHOSPHATE SOAP costs no more than other good toilet soaps, while its medicinal qualities make it worth ten times its price to every man, woman and child.

For all diseases of the skin use PHOSPHATE SOAP. There is nothing like it for removing impurities and giving the skin a healthy and natural vigor.

PHOSPHATE SOAP is made of the best toilet soap stock combined with the phosphate of soda and other materials beneficial to the skin.

If you want a nice article of Toilet Soap and something that is beneficial to the skin, buy PHOSPHATE SOAP.

TESTIMONIALS:

SAN FRANCISCO, July 19, 1879.

Standard Soap Co.—GENTLEMEN: The ladies of my household (four in number) unite with me in pronouncing your "Phosphate Soap" the best ever tried for toilet use. It is noticeable that while it readily removes impurities from the skin, it also leaves undisturbed the *natural oil as essential* to the health. It is not too strong language to say that we are delighted with it. C. M. SAWYELLE, M. D., 120 Capp street.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 19, 1879.

Standard Soap Co.—GENTS: I have tried your "Phosphate Soap," and have no hesitation in saying that it is the best toilet soap I ever used. My wife has used it and is of the same opinion. I have paid as high as fifty cents per cake for an article in every respect inferior to what you sell for twenty-five cents. HENRY H. LYNCH, 515 Haight street.

MANUFACTURED BY THE STANDARD SOAP CO., 204 Sacramento St., San Francisco.

WAKELEE'S PATENT SQUIRREL and GOPHER

I THE ONLY POISON Successfully used to PROTECT Standing Grain.

EXTERMINATOR!

Sold by General Dealers and Druggists Throughout the Coast. H. P. WAKELEE & CO., Proprietors, Cor. Montgomery & Bush Sts., S. F.

HARNESS!

And Saddlery Goods Wholesale and Retail.

Double Ranch Harness, $15 to $45 per set; Double Buggy Harness, $30 to $150 per set; Single Buggy Harness, $12.50 to $75 per set; Ride saddles, $8 to $40 each; Buggy whips, $1.25 to $36 per doz.; California Buck lashes 10 ft. $18 to $36 per doz.; two horse lashes 6 ft., $4 to $7 per doz.; Copper rivets, 30c. per lb.; Harness leather, good quality, 30c. to 36c. per lb.; Curry Combs, $1 to $1 per doz.; Hame Straps, $2 per doz.; Snake whips, $8 to $30 per doz.; sweat collars, $8 to $12 per doz.; Riding Bridles, $10.50 to $21 per doz.; Stirrups, $4.50 to $18 per doz.; Collars $15 to $30 per doz.; California hand forged bits and spurs.

My heavy saddles for stock herding on the best hard wood trees, cannot be excelled for price and quality. Orders by express promptly filled and satisfaction guaranteed. E. W. DAVIS, 535 Market St., near First, San Francisco. Send for Price List.

UNIVERSITY MOUND COLLEGE, SAN FRANCISCO. Boarding School for Young Men and Boys. Fall term begins July 31. For Catalogue, apply to JOHN GAMBLE, B. A., Principal.

"DOMESTIC" THE LIGHT RUNNING SEWING MACHINE, SAVES MUSCLE, HEALTH, TIME AND TEMPER. The most popular machine in the market. Liberal terms to agents or dealers. Send for price list to J. W. EVANS, 39 Post St., San Francisco.

CONCORD CARRIAGES.

REMOVAL. The Concord Carriage Repository Has removed to No. 46 New Montgomery street, next to Palace Hotel, San Francisco, where a full stock of "Concord" Buggies and Wagons, the genuine "Concord Harness" and E. M. Miller & Co's (Quincy Ill.) Buggies and Carriages will be constantly kept on hand. T. S. HARMAN, Agent. 46 New Montgomery St. S. F.

PACIFIC WATER CURE —AND— Eclectic Health Institute, NORTHWEST CORNER 7th AND L STS. SACRAMENTO, CAL.

Being fully prepared to treat all forms of disease on the latest and most scientific principles, together with good rooms and board, we with confidence ask for public patronage. For further particulars address M. F. CLAYTON, M. D., Proprietor.

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