

IDAHO WORLD.

[From the Morning Call.]

PEG-LEG SMITH'S DINNER PARTY.

There are few old San Franciscans who do not favorably remember Sam Flower and Ned Byrne. Inseparable companions, they were unlike as possible in character, and perhaps in this dissimilarity existed the secret of their close intimacy. Flower was as remarkable for his formal dignity and courtly bearing as was Byrne distinguished for his utter contempt of forms and ceremony, if either stood in the way of his enjoyment or the chance for the perpetration of a practical joke. Flower came to California with the memorable immigration of 1849, and reached Green river in a state of general demoralization. He was reduced by travel, fatigue and long privation to a mere living skeleton, and was in a condition of positive distress when he came upon the camp of Peg-leg Smith, the famous mountaineer, who for the nonce was grazing cattle and horses lately stolen in a foray in Southern California.

The liberal hospitality shown by Smith to the destitute immigrants of that disastrous year has made his name familiar and respected by all old Californians. He was especially generous to Flower, giving him shelter, food, clothing, and finally equipping him with a horse and means to accomplish his journey. Grateful for the old mountaineer's hospitality, Flower only waited for an opportunity to show his gratitude.

The looked-for occasion at length presented itself, when, in 1851, Peg-leg visited the Bay City, the fame of which had penetrated to his mountain solitude. After the first candid greeting, and when Flower had shown his guest all the strange sights of the city, he proposed to crown the entertainment by giving him a royal dinner at Martin's Nursing this happy idea until he met Byrne, he communicated his intention, and requested him to take the matter in charge, and secure the attendance of a few genial companions for the important occasion.

"A few congenial friends," quoth the complacent Byrne, who saw in the future material for a capital joke and a good dinner.

The time being fixed upon, Peg-leg was duly notified, and Byrne entered industriously in the business of arranging the bill of fare and preparing a list of "congenial friends." The place selected was Martin's, then famous, and the great caterer himself was specially engaged to prepare an entertainment for Flower and twenty guests. Byrne had so arranged the time of arrival that the guests came separately, and at intervals of several minutes.

First came Flower, his face glowing with a generous hospitality, accompanied by Peg-leg; and it was a worthy sight to look upon the old hunter as he stumped with conscious dignity into the spacious saloon.

Next came Parker French, of Whilom notoriety, who flourished his single arm as if inspired with the fragrance of the dinner in anticipation. But as some of the guests on that occasion still reside in this city, we shall hereafter prudently omit mention of names.

After a brief interval French was followed by Col. M—, then a State Senator, whose only eye glowed the brighter at the convivial prospect.

These had scarcely exchanged greetings when they were joined by Col. W. B—, a prominent politician, who jocosely, instead of the usual shake-hands, rubbed his stump against that of French.

In a moment an ominous thump thump was heard on the stairway, when Mr. M—'s wooden leg put in an appearance. At this apparition things began to look a little curious, and the guests present exchanged shy and wistful looks, while Byrne outshone himself in busy deeds of hospitality.

Attention, however, was at once absorbed by the appearance of the venerable and dignified Judge T—, who, with courtly grace, bowed himself in, gently swaying his hat with his solitary hand. The Judge was directly followed by Mr. P—, who, in his eagerness to greet the host, and having but a single optic to guide him, disgusted Peg-leg by stumbling over his timber extremity. The apology that followed, necessarily brought each one to look upon his fellows present, and the startling fact became apparent, as each mentally reflected, that his neighbor was deficient in some important member.

It was passing strange. Was it a mere coincidence? By what fatality of circumstance could such a thing happen? Out of a pleasant party of gentlemen met to dine together, not an arrival so far but was minus an eye, an arm or a leg!

But whatever disposition there was to moralize was suppressed by the now

rapid announcement of the more tardy guests. This diversion for the moment obscured the fact that every fresh arrival, like his predecessors, had, by some chance or other, been despoiled of some faculty—he was either lame or halt or blind.

Yet so it was—and when that transcendent genius, Byrne, gave the word "on to the banquet," since the parade of Falstaff's veterans, such a sight was never seen as when Sam Flower's guests took their allotted places at the table.

Peg-leg was placed at the foot, with Judge T— and Col. M— as his right and left bowers. French and Col. B— were placed *vis-a-vis*, with their armless trunks flanking the head of the board.

At this juncture, when all were eager for the feast, the absence of a guest was discovered, an honored guest for whom the head of the table had been reserved. Byrne announced this fact with an unctuous and wonderful assumption of regret and disappointment. Requesting a suspension of hostilities while he went in search of the delinquent absentee—who by the way had been kept in an adjoining apartment for the important moment—he soon returned, introducing Mr. A—, who had unfortunately lost both arms by the explosion of cannon, when celebrating the admission of California into the Union. Placing A— at the head of the table, facing an immense round of roast beef ready for the carver, Byrne signaled the company to "fall too."

A— was thoroughly dumfounded and abashed at the novel and absurd position in which he was so abruptly placed. He shrugged his shoulders, for want of arms, in a mute appeal for relief from his awkward predicament—a protest against his ability to perform the onerous duties of the station. French exchanged indignant scowls with Col. B—; an ominous judicial frown darkened the classic brow of Judge T—; suppressed grumbling rolled along the table, "electrical disturbances" passing a temblor; Flower for the first time looked upon the motley crowd *en masse*, saw the handiwork of Byrne, and escaped, covered with shame and confusion. Byrne had already sought shelter from the impending storm in timely retreat. Col. M—'s solitary orb shone "like a bright particular star," and lighted with indignation as he thundered, "Is this the Lunatic Asylum, or the County Hospital?"

The excitement was intense, and the scene defies description. It was now old Peg-leg's time to express his hitherto pent up feelings. He took in the whole situation at once. It was a studied insult to the simple-minded backwoodsman, and he looked upon every one present as being a party to the affront, and as personally responsible to him.

Suddenly yelling forth a terrible *Camaranche* war-whoop, he detached his wooden leg, and, mounting the table, began an active demolition of its contents, using the leg as a war-club, smashing bottles, plates and goblets, and not forgetting to tap on the head such unlucky decrepids as happened to be within his reach.

A herd of maddened buffalo, the demoralized fugitives of Bull Run, could not surpass the scene of aimless discord and confusion that ensued. The blind ran over the lame, and the halt knocked down the maimed, as they frantically sought refuge in the street, pursued by Peg-leg, flourishing his clubbed leg and yelling like a savage.

As each sought safety in flight, they sought their respective homes, and have ever since, for motives best known to themselves, kept a prudent silence as to the cause of the tumult; all except Peg-leg, who till the day of his death, declared his determination to take the scalps of Flower and Byrne.

As to these gentlemen, knowing the tenacity of Peg-leg's resolution, they have both ever since prudently exiled themselves from the State. *Prors.*

WHAT is the most desirable age of life? We put this question to a few friends lately, and received the following replies, but do not consider any of them satisfactory: A banker thought coin-age the best age; a tailor, cabb-age; a soldier, pill-age; a toper, vint-age; a vicar, vicar-age; a hungry man, sausage-age; an ambitious lady, a carriage-age; a brave man, courage-age; a dram-drinker, drainage-age; a joker, badin-age; a musician, band-age; a slaveowner, bond-age; a laborer, cott-age; a Scotchman, porridge-age, and two silly fools, marriage-age.

"Look here, stranger, that's my wife you are dancing with." "Well, what of it?" said Rackensack. "Why this: you dance with her again and I'll blow the top of your head off." "Now look here," said Rackensack, coolly, "do you see that umbrella sitting there?" "Well, 'spose I do?" "Well, you handle that umbrella, you touch that umbrella, and I'll ram it down your throat—and then I'll spread it!"

THE SOAPED HORN.
Our readers may remember the story of the "soaping" of the signal horn. The story runs, that when a certain revivalist celebrity took up the horn to summon the worshippers to services, after dinner, one day, he blew a strong blast of soap all over the astonished brethren. It is also said by the chronicler of this "item" that the brother was so wroth at this joke, that he cried out aloud:

"Brethren, I have passed through many trials and tribulations, but nothing like this. I have served in the ministry for thirty years, and in that time never uttered a profane word; but I'll be cussed if I can't whip the man that soaped that horn."

Well, this is a strong story; but we have, from reliable authority, something a little stronger, in the sequel to the same story. This is given to us as follows:

Some two days after the horn soaping, a tall, swarthy, villainous looking desperado strolled on the grounds and leaned against a tree listening to the eloquent exhortation to repent, which was made by the preacher. After a while he became interested, finally affected, and then taking a position on the anxious seat, commenced groaning "in the very bitterness of his sorrow." The clergyman walked down and endeavored to console him. No consolation—he was too great a sinner, he said. Oh, no; there was pardon for the vilest. No; he was too wicked, there was no mercy for him.

"Why, what great crime have you committed?" said the preacher; "have you stolen?"

"Oh! worse than that?"

"What! have you by violence robbed female innocence of its virtue?"

"Worse than that—oh, worse than that!"

"Murder, is it?" gasped the horrified preacher.

"Worse than that!" groaned the smitten sinner.

The excited preacher commenced "peeling off" his outer garments.

"Here, Brother Cole!" shouted he; "hold my coat—I've found the fellow that soaped that horn!"

There is not a girl on earth, whether the daughter of a prince or pauper, who, if made a perfect mistress of all household duties, and were thrown into a community wholly unknown, would not rise from one station to another, and eventually become the mistress of her own mansion, while multitudes of young women, placed in positions of ease, elegance and affluence, but being unfitted to fill them, will as certainly descend from one round of the ladder to another, until at the close of life, they are found where the really competent started from. Mothers of America, if you wish to rid your own and your children's households of the destroying locust which infest your house and eat up your substance, take a pride in educating your daughters to be perfect mistresses of every home duty; then if you leave them without a dollar, be assured they will never lack a warm garment, a bounteous meal, or a cozy roof, nor fail of the respect of any one who knows them.

THE SUN'S BLESSING.—Sleepless people—and there are many in America—should court the sun. The very worst soporific is laudanum, and the very best is sunshine. Therefore it is very plain that poor sleepers should pass as many hours in the day in sunshine, and as few as possible in the shade. Many women are martyrs, and yet do not know it. They shut the sunshine out of their houses and their hearts, they carry parasols, they do all possible to keep off the subtlest, and yet most potent, influence which is intended to give them strength and beauty and cheerfulness. Is it not time to change all this, and so get color and roses in our pale cheeks, strength in our weak backs, and courage in our timid souls? The women of America are pale and delicate; they may be blooming and strong, and the sunlight, will be a potent influence in this transformation. Will they not try it a year or two and oblige thousands of admirers?

A LOVING heart and a pleasant countenance are commodities which a man should never fail to take home with him. They will best season his food and soften his pillow. It were a great thing for a man that his wife and children could truly say of him, "He never brought a frown or unhappiness across his threshold."

WESTON, the celebrated walker, recently made application in an Iowa court for a divorce from his wife. But the lady was on hand with an answer to his bill, and Weston withdrew his suit, adding another to the list of his many failures.

Miscellaneous.
C. JACOBS,
BOISE CITY, I. T.,
MANUFACTURER
...AND...
WHOLESALE and RETAIL
...DEALER IN...
CORN, RYE  AND WHEAT
WHISKIES
A LARGE STOCK OF
HOME-CURED BACON,
LARD,
FLOUR, CORN MEAL
AND
PURE VINEGAR
CONSTANTLY ON HAND.
Orders Solicited from all parts of the Territory
Boise City, I. T., Feb. 8, 1872

Fancy and Staple Groceries, Clothing, and Miners' Supplies,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
HECKHART & JUDGE,
(SUCCESSORS TO J. G. BRYANT & CO.)
LIQUORS, TOBACCOS, CIGARS, & C.,
MAIN STREET, IDAHO CITY.

CITY DRUG STORE.
Corner Main and Wall Streets, Idaho City.
ZIPP & MARI, Proprietors.
FRESH
DRUGS, MEDICINES,
Paints, Oils and Perfumeries
Always on hand, and everything else usually kept in a first-class Drug Store.
Prescriptions Compounded with Care.
Store open all hours Day and Night.
Orders Solicited and Filled with Promptness
Idaho City, June 15, 1871-72

MIDDLETON MILLS!
The Best and Most Complete In the Territory.
IS NOW AT WORK AND PREPARED to furnish a better article of FLOUR than ever before offered in this market, at low figures.
STEPHENSON & CO.
Middleton, Ada county, I. T., Dec. 14th

Hotels and Restaurants.
BATHS AND BOARDING.
WARM  SPRINGS.
FRANK COOPER, PROPRIETOR.
HAVING TAKEN CHARGE OF THIS POPULAR place of public resort, I have thoroughly renovated the establishment and am prepared to receive PERMANENT BOARDERS OR TRANSIENT GUESTS.
HOT AND COLD BATHS
ready at all times, and everything about the house kept clean and neat.
The LADIES' DEPARTMENT will be controlled by
MRS. COOPER,
And everything will be done to contribute to the comfort of guests.

FOSTER'S RESTAURANT,
MAIN STREET,
IDAHO CITY.
Two Doors Below DuRell & Co's Bank.
JOHN FOSTER, PROPRIETOR.
THIS HOUSE HAS BEEN THOROUGHLY RE-paired and is ready for the accommodation of Transient Guests and Regular Boarders.
THE TABLE will be supplied with Everything the Market affords, and meals will be furnished at
All Hours of the Day.
ROOMS, WITH NICE, CLEAN BEDS, TO LET Either by the Night, Week or Month.
And everything will be done that will contribute to the comfort of the guests.

CALIFORNIA RESTAURANT,
MAIN STREET,
BOISE CITY, I. T.
J. VISCOVICH & CO. PROPRIETORS.
HAVING NICELY FITTED UP THE NEW AND commodious stone building adjoining DuRell & Co's Jewelry Store, in a most comfortable and convenient manner, we are prepared to serve customers with all the substantial and delicacies of the season. The cooking arrangements are superior to any in the city, and guests will find this a first class restaurant where no pains are spared for the comfort and accommodation of guests. Our Larder is filled with all the delicacies of the season, and
You can Always Get what you Call for.
Meals served at all hours, Night or Day. Board by the Day, Week or Month, at reasonable rates. Gentlemen and polite Waiters always in attendance.
Boise City, March 25th J. VISCOVICH & CO.

OVERLAND HOUSE,
Cor. Main and Eighth Sts.,
BOISE CITY, I. T.
AT THIS HOUSE WILL BE FOUND THE best accommodations for Regular Boarders or Transient Guests. The Office contains a
FIRE-PROOF SAFE
For the accommodation of guests; and the Office of all the Stage Lines centering in Boise City will be found at the Overland. J. W. GRIFFIN & Co. Proprietors.
Boise City, Jan. 1871

CAPITAL RESTAURANT.
Center of
GRANITE BLOCK,
BOISE CITY, I. T.
HARRY GORDON, Proprietor.
THIS ESTABLISHMENT, UNDER the new management, is again prepared for the accommodation of
Regular Boarders and Transient Guests
Every delicacy the market affords will be found at this place, served up in a superior manner, at all hours of the day or night. Jan. 19, '71-72

White's Exchange,
Cor. Wall and Montgomery streets,
IDAHO CITY.
Peyton & Holland, Proprietors.
THIS ELEGANT AND FIRST CLASS SALOON has been thoroughly renovated and furnished anew throughout for the coming business season and will at all hours be open for the accommodation of customers. The best qualities of liquors and cigars will be kept, as usual, and no pains spared to make it an agreeable place of resort. Knights of the cue will find a No. 1
Billiard Table,
ready for use. Give us a call and we will do the best we can for you. May 18, '72

MINERS' BREWERY.
MAIN STREET, IDAHO CITY.
BRODBECK & HAUG, Proprietors.
WINES LIQUORS, CIGARS,
of the finest brands, kept constantly on hand.
NO. 1 LAGER BEER
Furnished to private families, anywhere in or near this city.
A FINE BILLIARD TABLE!
Will also be found in the saloon for the accommodation of patrons. Jan 14, '72

IDAHO SODA FACTORY!
F. MILLER & CO.
HAVE REFITTED AND REOPENED their superior SODA FACTORY in Idaho City, and will fill all home orders, and orders from the Basin camps, Ada county, and elsewhere in Idaho Territory.
The Wagon Will Make Daily Trips, to Supply Customers.
Idaho City, April 27, 1871-72
OLD TYPE METAL FOR SALE AT
this office. Good for all the purposes for which Babbitt Metal is used and in some cases better.