

# PUGET SOUND WEEKLY ARGUS.

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**PUGET SOUND ARGUS**  
 IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY AT  
 Port Townsend, Washington Territory.  
**ALLEN WEIR,**  
 EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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**COUNTY ROADS.**

The letter from Gen. D. W. Smith, in our issue of week before last, contains much valuable information relative to the resources and possibilities of development of Jefferson county. As far as its simple statements are concerned, we endorse it cordially because we believe the data to have been carefully gleaned from reliable sources. The letter has already produced considerable surprise and favorable comment. It affords food for profitable reflection by those who have heretofore erroneously held the opinion that Jefferson county's lumbering and shipping interests formed her principal elements of substantial wealth. Evidence that there are extensive tracts of good farming land, of any kind, within our county limits, must prove not only acceptable but doubly welcome to all.

The suggestions offered relative to following out a generous line of policy in regard to roads and the opening up of our fertile valleys for settlement are deserving of especial notice and commendation. It cannot be denied that our county has heretofore pursued a blind and niggardly policy upon this question. The matter has usually been controlled in Port Townsend, and by men who have failed to see the wisdom of exercising more liberality in dealing with the matter of expending our tax moneys in outlying districts. As will be seen by investigating this subject, some of the most fertile portions of our county are today resting in all their primeval simplicity, on account of the difficulty experienced by new comers in reaching them. Besides this, many worthy and valuable pioneers have become discouraged and disgusted after vainly trying to open up farms in isolated sections where they were compelled either single-handed or in small numbers, to do battle with the vexed "road question."

The ARGUS has had occasion repeatedly, heretofore, to call attention to these matters, and it hopes that the question will be made an issue in electing our county officials next fall. We want men who are progressive and enterprising, and whose policy will not only reflect credit upon the county but will redound to the substantial and permanent benefit of all concerned. Port Townsend should see to it that not one outside feeder among the slowly developing agricultural districts is to be permitted to be turned away from its legitimate channel of trade on account of the neglect of our people.

CONKLING denies that he is dissatisfied with the presidential nomination and declares his intention to be found in the thickest of the fight in New York when the campaign is fairly opened.

**EDITORIAL NOTES.**

The new steamer Columbia has arrived in Portland and is described as a marvel of naval beauty and utility.

Mr. John Nicholls, formerly of Dungeness, is now at Ainsworth, Whitman county, W. T., and writes that he is well.

PRESIDENT Hayes, during his contemplated trip to the Pacific coast, is to make campaign speeches in favor of Garfield and Arthur.

Hon. L. P. Smith, the newly elected Mayor of Seattle, was one of King county's most honored members of the last Legislature.

Dr. J. W. Watts, Oregon's noted temperance lecturer, and at present receiver of public moneys, at Oregon City, announces his intention of visiting the Sound again soon on a lecturing tour.

Mr. I. C. Ellis, who has been a resident of San Francisco several years past, has returned and formed a co-partnership with Mr. George Foster, his former partner, in the logging business, near Olympia.

We are pleased to learn that Mr. Henry Wafer has been again placed on the P. M. S. S. Co's line of steamers, as purser. Mr. W. came up recently, on the City of Chester. He has faithfully and efficiently served the Company on this route for about five years, and we hope to see him continued.

LAWYER White, of Seattle, is speech-making in Oregon for Hancock and English. He is reported by the papers as having been a republican for years. The fellow who suggested his name through the "Press," of this place, for the democratic candidate for Delegate had better ascertain what his politics are before going further.

Mr. Booth, of Seattle, seems determined to continue his bitter persecution of Dr. Willard, Supt. of the Insane Asylum near Steilacoom. He has announced his intention of publishing the evidence brought before the investigating committee, in pamphlet form. The committee gave him a merited snub, and we had hoped that he would be sensible enough to drop the matter.

The Olympia "Standard" is howling awfully about the unjust attacks made on General Hancock's fine record, by political opponents. If the editor of that paper wants to be thought consistent in this matter he would do well to administer a rebuke to those in his own party who are persistently slinging mud at General Garfield in spite of his most thorough and complete vindication published broadcast everywhere. But then, perhaps the sauce for the goose in this case won't do for the male bird of that species.

OUR TERRITORIAL CONVENTIONS should adopt resolutions urging upon Congress the importance and necessity of making liberal appropriations for improving the Skagit and other rivers so as to protect the settlers from the overflow of their lands by the June freshets. One half the revenue derived from the sale of the lands along these rivers would be more than ample to construct the necessary dikes along the low places to protect those already located and invite hundreds of others to settle upon the vacant lands of the Government.—P. S. "Mail."

**AN ARMY OFFICER DROWNED.**

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., July 11th.  
 A Peekskill dispatch to the "Eagle" says:—"Colonel Samuel Ross, a retired United States Army officer, fifty-eight years of age, came to the Jefferson Valley Hotel, eight miles from Peekskill, with his wife, to board for the summer, from Washington, D. C., a few weeks ago. Some three or four days since he was taken with erysipelas in the face and neck, and was confined to the house. Yesterday he was somewhat better, and spoke of taking a bath in Osceola Lake, but was persuaded not to. This morning about four o'clock his wife missed him from her bed, and, going to look for him, saw his clothing lying on the shore of the lake, which is about one hundred feet from the hotel. Mrs. Ross returned to the hotel and procured the assistance of the landlord and others. They went down to the lake, and three or four yards from the shore, where the water is seven or eight feet deep, saw the Colonel's head just beneath the water. Mr. Fry, the landlord, took an oar and placing it under the Colonel's arm brought him to the shore, and found that he was dead. Justice W. R. Jones was sent for, who, acting as Coroner, called a jury at about ten o'clock A. M., and held an inquest. The jury gave a verdict of accidental drowning. The body was then taken in charge by an undertaker, and will be buried at Carmel, Putnam county, N. Y., to-morrow, July 12th."

Col. Ross was widely and favorably known, and was at one time Superintendent of Indian Affairs.

"THE CALIFORNIAN" FOR AUGUST.—The August issue of "The Californian" is a particularly strong one. Its contents are more than usually varied and interesting. Professor H. G. Hanks, the State Mineralogist, opens with an article on "Casa Grande," the celebrated ruin in Arizona. Professor Davidson contributes an able article on the "Abrasions of the Northwest Coast." A. W. Havens has a sketchy article on "Modern Archery," and John A. Wright has a thoughtful and powerfully written contribution on "Probable Changes in American Government." A very readable article by Charles H. Shinn on "Future Gardens in California." "An Adventurous Nun," by Philip Shirley; and a well written and very humorous account of a "Trip into Sonora," by James Wyatt Oates, are among the attractions. In the way of stories, Miss Anna Alexander completes her charming serial, "St. Bartholomew." Mr. W. C. Morrow has a short character study entitled "Rags, Sacks and Bottles;" and Helen Wilmans contributes a story, brim-full of laughter, entitled "Jack's Boys." Literary articles are furnished by John Vance Cheney and T. H. Rearden; while the poetry is contributed by Seddie E. Anderson, Carlotta Perry, and Chas. H. Phelps. The usual departments are added, and the entire magazine is what it claims to be, "the cheapest and best magazine published." It is a credit to the Pacific Coast, and any family without it is behind the times. For sale at all book stores and news stands at twenty-five cents. Send yearly subscription (\$3) to "The Californian," 202 Sansome Street, San Francisco.

**FINE OPPORTUNITY.**—We have a stocked farm for sale, not far from a good local market, in Jefferson county. To those who may be seeking investments of this kind, we deem the opportunity a rare one. The farm is situated on the salt water front, in a safe and commodious bay; it comprises 133 acres of land, about 40 acres of which is fine bottom and marsh. About 32 acres are clear and under fence. Good house, barn, outbuildings, fences, &c., &c., that cost upwards of a thousand dollars. There are about 175 fruit trees of various kinds, carefully and well selected, and including apple, plum, pear, cherry, prune and other trees—some 7 years old and all in excellent condition. A fine lot of stock and tools are also for sale with the land and improvement, including 10 cows, 1 yoke of oxen, 1 horse, 8 head of young stock (half Jersey) also bees, fowls, boat, etc. The place has a cash income of \$50 per year from a logging camp, besides being near a good market for butter, eggs, beef, vegetables, hay or other produce. The whole property is offered very cheap—could be bought for less than \$2,000—and possession will be given immediately if desired. The owner, on account of failing health, desires to engage in some lighter occupation. For particulars, enquire at the ARGUS office.

**Notice!**

To the Republican voters of the various voting precincts in Clallam county: We the undersigned, Republican voters of Clallam county, would respectfully request: That there is no legally constituted County Republican Committee for Clallam County. We therefore recommend that the Republican voters of Clallam County do meet in their respective precincts on Saturday, August 14, 1880. For the purpose of electing delegates to attend a County Convention to be held in NEW DUNGENESS on Wednesday, August 25th, for the purpose of nominating a County ticket and electing two delegates to the Republican Territorial Convention to be held at VANCOUVER, W. T., on the 8th day of September, 1880. The representation of the several precincts will be as follows:  
 Dungeness elects ..... 4  
 Sequim " ..... 3  
 Port Angeles " ..... 2  
 Pyschit " ..... 1  
 Neah Bay " ..... 1  
 JOHN MORRIS, DONALD MCINNIS JR.,  
 ARTHUR SINGLAIER, S. S. IRWIN,  
 HALL DAVIS, THOS. ABEKENETHY,  
 B. G. HOTCHKISS, WM. E. ALLEN,  
 J. H. MERCHANT, B. F. DEAN,  
 A. U. DAVIS.

**REMOVAL.**

Mr. O. H. HOLCOMB desires to inform the public that he has removed his Restaurant and Variety Store from the old Custom House Building to the corner of Adams and Water Streets, opposite Cosmopolitan Hotel, where he will have constantly on hand  
 NUTS, CANDIES,  
 CONFECTIONERY,  
 STATIONERY,  
 CAL. CRACKERS,  
 TOILET SOAP,  
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 Choice varieties of TOBACCOES; Imported and Domestic CIGARS of the finest brands, and  
**All Kinds of Fruits:**  
 Oranges, Lemons, Dates, Figs, Raisins, Apples, etc. Also  
 BOOKS, BLANK BOOKS,  
 PICTURE FRAMES, INKS,  
 STEREO SCOPIC VIEWS,  
 CABINET PHOTOS,  
 PENS, &c. &c. A  
**FIRST-CLASS RESTAURANT,**  
 where meals will be served to order at all hours. Dinner parties served on short notice.  
**GIVE US A CALL.**  
 PORT TOWNSEND, W. T. [6]

**A CARD.**

To all who are suffering from the errors and indications of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c.: I will send you a recipe that will cure you FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed letter to the Rev. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York City.

**DO NOT FAIL TO SEND FOR OUR FREE LIST OF 1000 NAMES IN ANY BUSINESS UPON APPLICATION. Complete descriptions of everything registered for personal or family use. We send 25 goods at wholesale prices in quantities to suit the purchaser. The only institution in America who make this their special business. Address: MONTGOMERY WARD & CO., 251 & 253 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.**

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 Telegraphic Correspondent of the California Associated Press.

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 Attorney-at-Law.  
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 C. M. BRADSHAW, WM. A. INMAN  
**BRADSHAW & INMAN,**  
 ATTORNEYS AT LAW AND PROCTORS in Admiralty.  
 Port Townsend, W. T.

**G. MORRIS HALLER,**  
 ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW  
 Proctor in Admiralty.  
 Money loaned, Real Estate bought and sold  
 Farms to Lease, Conveyancing, &c.  
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 (U. S. Marine Hospital Service)  
**PHYSICIAN & SURGEON**  
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 PORT TOWNSEND, W. T. 5111

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 Managing Surgeon  
 Port Townsend Hospital  
 Port Townsend, W. T.  
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 Ship Wright and Caulker  
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TELEGRAPHIC.

EASTERN STATES.

Notions Railroad Accident.

TOLEDO, July 19.—A broken rail dived an excursion train to Indianapolis last night on the Wabash road. One person was killed and nine wounded.

Later—More people were seriously hurt by the Wabash train accident than at first reported. Twenty are hurt, among them Walter H. Rivers, private secretary of Gov. English, John H. Munn, Stewart Hewitt, A. Mullen, all seriously or fatally.

Fire in New York.

New York, July 19.—Three upper stories of the front part of a large building on First avenue, between 28th and 30th streets, owned by Herman Kohler, a wealthy brewer, burned to-night, involving a loss of \$300,000. Distributed as follows: Loss on building, \$15,000; Manhattan Soap Co., represented by L. V. Streeter & Co., \$50,000; Lehmann & Schwartz, manufacturers of tinfile, \$40,000; Wm. Munzar, engineer and machinist, \$10,000; Cigar Ribbon Co., \$35,000; Castle Braid Co., \$50,000; Tessler & Co., silk factory, \$5,000; S. Cox, carpet cleaner, \$5,000; E. O. Carrington, proprietor National Carpet Cleaning Establishment, \$2,000. Most of the losses are covered by insurance. The extensive brewery of Kohler and the large malt house of Arnold & Bernheimer in the same building were uninjured. The following additional losses were learned late to-night: Whelen & Co., Silk Dyeing Establishment, \$15,000; American Standard Tin Co., \$10,000; factory for surgical instruments, name of firm not ascertained, \$20,000.

Landing the Obelisk.

New York, July 20.—Cleopatra's needle now in the lower bay, will be landed here with appropriate ceremonies. The programme for unshipping and erecting has not been completed, but masons in all parts of the country have expressed a desire to share in the performance. The unshipping will be accomplished by the same means employed in placing it on board the Desouk. The steamer will be first lowered on a drydock and the obelisk slid upon two floats, one under either end. Machinery made in Trenton last Fall and used at Alexandria for lowering the column, will be employed again for its erection. The site selected for the obelisk is in front of and to the southwest of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, a little to the north of Greewacke arch, Central Park.

This morning the steamer Desouk, having the Egyptian obelisk in her hold, steamed up North river and anchored off Twenty-third street, where she will probably lie for the next few days.

Boston wool market.

Boston, July 21.—Wool market fair; demand and prices steady and firm; buyers still indifferent about operating; moderate sales of Ohio and Pennsylvania fleeces at 45c, 47c for X and ZX 45c, 50c for No. 1; Michigan Q in fair demand at 61c, and medium and No. 1 grades 45c-58c. Washed combing wools scarce on account of light arrivals of washed fleeces, but there is a fair supply of unwashed wools. Washed combing and Delaine sell at 44 and 50c, and unwashed 84c. California wool steady but not in active demand; sales of Spring at 38c-39c; pulled steady at 42 to 50c. Occasional small sales of very choice Eastern and Maine superfines at 52c-55c. No movement of importance in foreign wool and prices unchanged. Montevideo wools held very firm.

The Tunnel Disaster.

New York, July 21.—Thomas Vannosttrand, one of the rescued men, said that the main shaft is sixty feet deep, and from the bottom of this shaft the entrance is effected through a cylindrical barrel, six feet in diameter and fourteen feet in length. This is called an air lock, and serves to preserve the density of the atmosphere in the tunnel, which in turn is secured by the forcing of air through pipes from pumps. There is a door in each end of the air lock, and they both open inward. At each side of the doors are round windows of thick glass, through which from the outside of the air lock a view can be had of the work and work men inside of the tunnel. There were 28 men at work at this tunnel. They went in at 12 o'clock last night for an eight hour shift. I was at work near the east end of the lock and in the west end of the tunnel. At about 4:30 o'clock I heard the bolts snap and the brass give way. At the same time I felt a rush of air in my face. I started back with nine of the men who were near me, and ran into the lock. At first it was locked by a joint, which we pulled out, and then the door slammed to. Through the deadeyes we could see the men inside the tunnel. The water was fast rushing in. Peter Woodland, assistant superintendent, stood at the door outside the lock, which was stationary. It would not move with us without knocking the deadeyes. This would be fatal to the men outside, as the water would rush in and drown them in an instant. Woodland knew this, but stood at the door. His face was ghastly white, and he realized the terrible danger. He said to me: "Tom, quick, beat the deadeyes, and do all you can for us." I knew it was death to us all if I did not, so I obeyed the order. As the glass broke the air rushed in and the lock shot out of the main shaft, leaving the men to drown, as the space occupied by the shaft filled with water in an instant. We were wholly stripped of our clothes when we crawled out. I heard a rush of water at our back. It filled in fast, but the obstruction kept it back long enough for us to escape from the main shaft. It was all we could do to save ourselves. Woodland was standing in water up to his waist when I saw him. It was sure death, and I had to knock out the deadeyes as I told you. He knew as well as I that it was all over with them. "I shall never forget the

look on his face or the sound of his voice as he told us to "save ourselves, though the very act was to insure his death."

Bank Robbery.

DETROIT, July 22.—A hold robbery was committed at the private bank of Fisher, Preston & Co., in this city, this afternoon. While the clerk, Fred D. Gifford, was alone a stranger appeared at the opening of the wire screen on the counter and expressed a desire to buy some government bonds. As Gifford was about to reply, the stranger suddenly reached through the aperture and struck Gifford on the temple with a slung-shot. The blow felled him to the floor and rendered him insensible. When he recovered it was ascertained that between \$4,000 and \$5,000 in currency lying on top of the counter had disappeared.

Suicide in Paris.

New York, July 22.—A special dispatch from Paris to the Telegram says: Paris was shocked this morning by the announcement of the suicide of an American lady well known here and in London circles. Mrs. Anna Wetmore, of New York, took her own life yesterday by poisoning herself at the residence of Lady Albert Polham Clinton on Rue Billault. The deceased was a very handsome woman, about 35 years of age. Up to a short time ago she was said to have been affianced to the Marquis of Anglesy, to whom she became engaged soon after her divorce from her husband. In June last Anglesy met and married Mrs. Wedonhouse nee Miss Minnie King, of Georgia. Mrs. Wetmore was greatly depressed at hearing of the marriage, and at last in despair put an end to her life. The sad occurrence has created a great sensation in the American colony.

Engineer Murdered.

POTTSVILLE, July 22.—James Wood, an old engineer, was murdered last night by masked men. Old Mollie Maguire haunts have been turbulent lately.

Murder and Outrage.

LOUISVILLE, July 22.—A convict named Vonderheide escaped from the Frankfort Penitentiary Tuesday morning, and the same night broke into a house in Lagrange, stealing citizen's clothing. On his way towards Louisville, he passed through Brownsboro, where he outraged and murdered a thirteen-year-old negro girl, throwing her body into a ravine. Vonderheide was captured in the vicinity.

Accused of a Horrible Crime.

PRINCETON, July 22.—The proprietors and all attaches of Boyd & Peters' circus have been arrested, charged with the horrible crime of abducting and outraging Miss Salome Burkette, 14 years old. Her testimony shows that she was forcibly dragged to the tents, and under savage threats was compelled to submit to treatment too outrageous to chronicle. The men repeatedly outraged her in turns, until she was insensible. Her story as told in the courthouse was straightforward and convincing. She recognized one of the men in court. All the prisoners were bound over to July 30th. The excitement at Somerset, Miss Burkette's home, is intense, and the friends of her father have raised funds to prosecute the fiends. The girl was found partially demented on the way to Somerset last Monday.

Mormon Recruits.

New York, July 22.—There were 2,278 immigrants landed at Castle Garden yesterday from five steamers. Among the Wisconsin's passengers were a large party of Mormon recruits bound for Salt Lake City. They were about 100 in number and consisted mainly of Swedes and Norwegians, with some English and Scotch. The party differs from previous companies of Mormon immigrants in the unusually large number of women and children. They are under the charge of two or three commissaries or agents of the Mormon Church, who have accompanied the party from Europe and will go with them to their destination.

The Tunnel Disaster.

The Hudson river tunnel excavation, stopped last night by accident was resumed this morning. It is hoped to reach the bodies this afternoon.

Reviewing the Wheat Prospects.

The Public, reviewing the wheat prospects, says: "The severe storm which swept over England last week has greatly affected the outlook. It does not seem likely now that England will require twenty million bushels less than it did last year. According to present indications it will not need as much within thirty million bushels as it did last year. Such information as is received from other countries of the continent does not now warrant the belief that their demands will be as large as they were in 1879-80; but an allowance of ten million bushels for difference, or sixty million bushels for England and continental seems to be as much as is warranted thus far. In the light of latest advices it is fair to say that one or two days of bad weather may increase the demand very much, while it does not now seem probable that it can fall below that of last year more than sixty millions of bushels."

FOREIGN NEWS.

Most cowardly.

CONSTANTINOPLE, July 19.—Gen. Skobelloff's mother left here on the 17th inst. in a carriage for Tchorpan with money and medical supplies for the hospital there. She was attacked when half way on the road by armed men. Madame Skobelloff was killed and her servant and steward dangerously wounded and have since died. Considerable money was stolen. The gens d'armes were sent out in pursuit of the murderers. A Russian captain, named Mussoff, who committed the crime, has been captured. When arrested he shot himself with a revolver and is not expected to recover. Madame Skobelloff had been here some time organizing schools and hospitals.

Condensed European Dispatches.

CINCINNATI, July 20.—Following are the points of European news to-day: In case no war with China, Russians contemplate sending fleets and annexing Corea, and having a weapon against Great Britain. Turkey is preparing extensively for war with Greece. Arms, recruits, etc., are being gathered from every source. Albanians are greatly interested. Parnell accepts the Presidency of the movement for a complete amnesty of political exiles. Russia is having four torpedo boats made in England.

The Relief Bill Passed.

LONDON, July 21.—In the house of commons last night, the Irish relief bill passed through committee of the whole. Nolan's clause authorizing loans to railway and other companies, to trustees of canals, and to river and harbor commissioners was added to the bill.

Affairs in Germany.

BERLIN, July 21.—Negotiations with Rome are virtually broken. Socialists, democrats, Fritsche and Hasselmann members of the reichstag, have been tried and acquitted on a charge of remaining here drunk during the session of the reichstag while under sentence of exile from the city.

Germany and the Church.

LONDON, July 21.—A Berlin correspondent, discussing Emperor William's sapientia of the church bill, says that it may be said that already Catholics are beginning to recognize the sincere desire of the government for peace. All reports from Silesia and Rhine provinces and Westphalia announce that the people are very well satisfied with the measures of the government, for they are soon again to have divine service in their churches. The leaders of the centre party have therefore been obliged to cease their attempts to agitate the people, and to quiet their attacks.

Mark Lane Report.

LONDON, July 21.—The Mark Lane Express says: The weather continues showery and unsettled. Heavy rains in certain districts have delayed the grain crop. The excessive rainfall at this critical period tended to emphasize the firmness which has recently characterized the grain trade. Owing to a depletion of granary stock, for English wheat, prices have been well sustained, and some cases slightly higher; but offerings are so small and the quality so inferior that choice has been restricted. Consequently there has been good demand for such qualities of grain as can be substituted, notably Australian and New Zealand, which readily brought from 49s to 51s.

Red wheat continues unusually scarce, particularly Saxon and winter American, both of which are readily taken at 53s. In spite of good harvest prospects in America and Europe, there appears but little chance of any decline in the immediate future, while the possibility of a smart rise is quite on the cards.

Stocks of wheat in London on July 1st were nearly 92,000 quarters less than at the same date in 1879, while it is estimated that the total of about 136,000 quarters included a large proportion of foreign wheat, which during the last fortnight has gone rapidly into consumption. Stocks of maize are also largely diminished, while oats show little variation. Business in both was quiet, but in the case of maize this was chiefly due to the scarcity of spot. Sales were readily made on Friday at 24s. Continental buyers were also in market, but their operations were restricted by the lack of available produce. Sales of English wheat, 16,499 qrs. at 39s, against 23,149 qrs. at 44s 10d for the same week of the previous year. Imports into the United Kingdom for the week ending July 10, 1,185,116 cwt. wheat, 131,359 cwt. flour.

Germany Suspicious.

LONDON, July 22.—The Times' Berlin dispatch says: The real aim of the German government in sending German officials to Constantinople is to hinder the present situation in the east being used by some of the powers to form a coalition against Germany. German diplomatists are therefore willing to take a very active part in regulating eastern affairs in order not to be surprised by any unforeseen intrigues.

PACIFIC COAST.

Suicide.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 19.—Alfred B. Bly, an importer of kid gloves on Kearny street, and a resident of San Rafael, committed suicide this morning in the depot at San Rafael Junction by shooting himself through the head. Nothing is known as to the cause of the act.

Chamber of Commerce.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 20.—The chamber of commerce, at the regular quarterly meeting to-day, adopted a resolution asking the congressional delegation to advocate liberal appropriations for extending the work of the U. S. Geographical and topographical surveys west of the one hundredth meridian and for a marine survey of the coast from California to Alaska.

Election of Officers.

The Union Consolidated stockholders elected the old officers yesterday as follows: Robert Sherwood, president; George Wallace, L. P. Dexter, Cornelius O'Connor and Charles H. Fish, trustees; J. M. Balfington, secretary; the Nevada Bank, treasurer, and W. H. Patton, superintendent. The secretary's report shows the receipts for the fiscal year to have been \$1,327,386, of which \$1,094,926 was from bullion, and \$206,906 from assessments. All the above has been expended, with the exception of \$53,778 cash on hand. There was 30,227 tons of ore worked from December, 1879, to June, 1880. The assay value of this ore was \$4,008, and it yielded \$3,858. The assay value of bars produced was \$570,168 in gold and \$613,041 in silver.

A Man Crushed.

WHEATLAND, July 20.—A large body of copper ore in the San Francisco Copper mine at Spencerville gave way last evening, crushing a man by the name of W. B. Case. He cannot survive.

Murdered by his Sister-in-Law.

MERCED, July 21.—A homicide was committed at Cathey's Valley, Mariposa county, last night by Mrs. McCann, wife of Frank McCann, the victim being Pat McCann, Jr., an elder brother of the slayer's husband. Patrick and Frank McCann are sons of Judge Patrick McCann, one of the first settlers of Mariposa county. The sheriff of Mariposa county brought the news here, and was unable to give any particulars of the killing.

The Markets.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 22.—Wheat less firm; weak markets in the East and Europe. Oats—Fair demand, steady. Wool—Choice, higher. Eggs—Firm.

Stage Robbed.

DUNCAN'S MILL, July 22.—The stage from Fort Ross, coming here, was stopped by three masked men twelve miles from town. Six bags of U. S. mail was taken. Wells, Fargo & Co.'s box was undisturbed, it being chained to the coach.

Skin Grafting.

The wonderful degree of perfection to which the science of surgery has attained in the United States within the past year, and the practical benefits which daily result from the experiments made in our hospitals, are attracting the attention of scientific circles throughout the world. One of the latest and most unique operations which has been suddenly called into general use is that of skin grafting. Although a number of successful cases are on record in which French surgeons have performed this operation, there has been little confidence felt in the method until recently. The furor caused by an account of such an operation, published in the Herald a few days ago, proves how little is known about skin grafting by the public. But by far the most astonishing of all experiments has been tried, proved, and is now included in the regular treatment of Bellevue Hospital by the House Surgeon, Dr. J. H. Girdner, who has actually succeeded in keeping a patient alive in a dead man's skin. Learning that Dr. Girdner has made exceptional advances in this branch of surgery, a Herald reporter called at Bellevue Hospital yesterday, and obtained an interview on the subject.

"I have been experimenting a year on the operation of skin grafting and have obtained some very flattering results," he said; "I had several patients in my wards who had chronic ulcers of the leg which no ordinary treatment could cure. I read one day of the grafting experiment performed by a French surgeon, and, fearing that one of the patients would die, decided as a last resource to graft skin on the surface of the ulcers. The patient on whom I proposed to perform the operation refused to allow any skin to be cut from his arms or body for the purpose, claiming that the pain was too great. I determined to try the skin of a corpse, as it would have been unjust to have expected any of the other patients to make the sacrifice to save the man who refused to suffer himself. I cut a piece of skin from a patient who had died in the wards a few hours before, first taking care to inquire whether the cause of the death was due to a poisonous disease or not. I then cut the cuticle into small pieces, which I laid on the granulated surface of the ulcers, and bandaged the leg up very firmly. In three days the graft began to show signs of life, a perfect union having taken place, and in a week a splendid skin, smooth and elastic, had grown over the ulcerated part, making a complete cure, and leaving no scar behind. Since that time I have treated upwards of fifty cases with invincible success. I have grafted the skin of an Irishman on a negro, and I have grafted the skin of a negro on an Irishman with ease. In both cases the skin lost its original color and changed its hue to suit the wearer. The great value in skin grafting is to prevent ugly scars. When a man's face is burned the elastic portion of the skin is destroyed, and in healing it contracts, twisting the countenance out of shape in a hideous manner. A new skin given to the patient heals the affected part in several days and leaves a mark which is hardly noticeable."—N. Y. Herald, June 12th.

How the Tigers Hide.

George was after a fine male tiger. He was followed up fast, but coming to a broad nullah full of water, he suddenly lost sight of his game. He looked up and down the bank, and on the opposite bank, and could see no traces of the tiger. Looking down he saw in the water what he first took to be a bull frog. There was not a ripple on the placid, stagnant surface of the pool. He marvelled much, and just then his mahout pointed to the supposed bull frog, and in excited whisper implored George to fire. A keen look convinced George that it was really the tiger. It was totally immersed, all but the face, and lying so still that the faintest motion or ripple was perceptible. He fired a terrific wound. The tiger bounded madly forward, and George gave it its quietus through the spine. A nearly similar case occurred to old Mr. C. A tiger bolted toward a small tank or pond, and though the line followed up in hot pursuit, the brute disappeared. Old C., keener than the others, was loth to give up the pursuit, and presently discovered a yellowish reflection in the water. Peering more intently, he could discover the yellowish tawny outline of the cunning animal, totally immersed in the water, save its eyes, ears and nose. He shot the tiger dead, and it sank to the bottom like a stone. So perfectly had it concealed itself that the other sportsmen could not for the life of them imagine what old C. had fired at till his mahout got down and began to haul the dead animal out of the water.—Sport and Work.

Graceless men run not to God, till all other refuges fail them.

Beating a Conductor.

A passenger going West from Detroit by rail the other day had a pass to Chicago. When the conductor took it up he asked several questions to satisfy himself that the pass had not been transferred, and the holder of the passboard didn't take it as good naturedly as some men would. He didn't have much to say, but he was determined on revenge. As soon as the conductor left the car, the man changed seats, removed his hat, and looked like a different person altogether. After the train left the next station the conductor came along with an eye out for new passengers, and presently reached out for the holder of the pass.

"I haven't got any ticket," was the surly answer.

"Then you must pay your fare."

"I won't do it."

"See here," said the conductor as he began to wake up, "you must either pay your fare or produce a ticket. If not I will drop you on the road."

"Drop and be hanged." The train was not stopped, but after a run of ten minutes it reached a station and arrangements were made for bouncing the man. When all was complete he showed his pass.

"Why didn't you tell me you had a pass?" roared the conductor.

"Why didn't you ask me?" shouted the traveler.

"Well, I don't like such fooling."

"Nor I, either."

The train went on, and the man put on his duster, traded hats with a passenger and again looked like some one else. He changed his seat to the front end of the car, and was seemingly sound asleep when the conductor again had occasion to pass through. He took two fares and then held out his hand to the traveler. There was no response. He shook the sleeper gently, but the latter slept on. The he shook him good and stout and called "ticket" in his ear.

"How dare you shake me around in this manner?" shouted the man as he awoke and stood up.

"Ticket, please."

"But I don't please! How dare you come to me every time the train leaves a station?"

The conductor looked down the aisle, thought he saw the man with the pass in his old seat, and said to the other:

"Come sir, don't bother me, I want your ticket!"

"You can't have it!"

"Then I'll put you off."

He reached for the bell rope, but seeing a general grin all around the car he stopped and looked more closely at the man and recognized him as the one with the pass. He went out without a word, and when he returned half an hour later he expected another trap. He looked carefully over the car, and was going slowly along in search of new faces when a man with his coat off and under the influence of liquor, called out:

"Shay captain, I hain't got any ticket!"

"Ah! you can't beat me again—knew you as soon as I entered the car!" chuckled the conductor, and he walked off with a broad grin on his face.

It was not until he saw the shirt-sleeved man get off at the next station that he knew that he had been mistaken again and had let him travel for nothing, while the man with the pass was in the smoking car.

Doing Right.

A man who loudly calls attention to the fact that he has resolved to "turn over a new leaf" in his life is not always to be trusted. He who perpetually makes resolutions is pretty sure to break them. People should reform, if it be necessary to do so, at once, and without parading their intentions before the eyes of the world. They should go to work silently, and with a firm determination to carry out, no matter how trying or hard it may be at first, those virtuous designs which they deem necessary for their welfare. They should not look to the world for applause; their highest reward will in due time come for the good they have done for themselves or others; meanwhile they will enjoy that which assuredly is a sweet and precious possession—the consciousness that they are worthily fulfilling the object for which they were brought into this world. A more odious form of conceit than this bragging about self-reform does not exist, and no effort should be spared in order to stamp it out. Let those, then, who wish to improve, labor to that end in silence and sincerity; success is sure to crown their efforts. But they should not flaunt their excellence in the eyes of the world.

The shortest and surest way to live with honor in the world is to be in reality what we would appear to be; and, if we observe, we shall find that all human virtues increase and strengthen themselves by the practice and experience of them.

THE POET AND HIS SONGS.

As the birds come in the Spring,
We know not from where;
As the stars come at evening,
From depths of the air;

He Quits Politics.

Uncle Dobbs is the leading man of
Roundabout, in the hill country,
the king bee of the party in the settlement.

He was indicted last term for timber
cutting on government lands, and was
forced to come to trial before the United
States District Court, under the whole-

The trepidation which had possessed
the defendant reached its climax. His
lawyer, who had had great difficulty in
keeping him in the court room during
the trial, retired and left him alone with
his great fear and the deputy marshals
in the court-room.

An hour passed off, and his suspense
and agony grew apace. He thought of
the flaxen-haired children and spouse in
his distant cabin in the pine hills; and
he grew wild with fright.

The jury entered the box and were
asked if they had agreed upon their
verdict. They had, but where was the
prisoner? He was not there. The law-
yer was called; he knew nothing of his
client.

The marshals were ordered to bring
him into Court; upon inquiry they
learned the route of his flight, and pur-
sued him on horseback. Soon catching
view of the game, the pursuit waxed
warm, and was about to result success-
fully, when the quarry reached the
swamp, and plunging through the briars
took water in the slough. The minions
of the law surrounded the cover, and
dismounting they close in upon his re-
treat. He is dragged out, tattered and
torn, reeking with ooze and water.

Romance of a Mustache.

A police officer in Toledo was in-
formed by a detective that he had seen
the mustache of a young fellow—a pas-
senger by a Lake Shore train—fall off
while he was asleep, and advised him to
arrest the youth. Although this is not
an offense against the statutes of Ohio,
the officer laid his hand upon the bad
young man's shoulder, and he, looking
up said he knew what was wanted and
would go with the officer. On arriving
at the police station "he" said "he" was
the wife of a man living in Nebraska
who was close-fisted, stingy and cruel.
She had left him twice in her own fe-
male apparel and had been caught and
brought back. The neighbors advised
her to disguise herself in men's clothes,
which, by saving money and buying a
suit, she finally did. She was going to
Buffalo to live with her brothers, who
would whip her husband if they came
for her. The Toledo police, having no
authority to detain her, let her go, and
she went on her way rejoicing, to her
brothers. If they are as "close-fisted"
as her husband, he will be careful about
putting himself in their way.

Education is a better safeguard of
liberty than a standing army. If we re-
trench the wages of the recruiting ser-
geant.

A Resolution Broken.

"You see, my children," said an old
acquaintance of ours the other evening,
as a little group huddled around him;
"there is no habit you cannot rid your-
self of, if you are so resolved. Now,
in my early youth I was a sailor, and
contracted the popular habit of swear-
ing at everything and nothing. With-
out provocation I would rattle off a
string of oaths and violate the command-
ment a hundred times a day. When I
left the sea, my mother's early teaching
returned to me, and I mentally resolved
that I would never swear again. That
was 40 years ago, and I have never
violated the promise I made myself.
Some of you have little habits which
you can, as easily rid yourselves of.
Promise me now, my dearies, that you
will call up your worst habit and drop
it to-night."

The promises were readily given, and
then came calls for a story. It was
his habit to supplement his little lec-
tures by stories.

"Tell us a story of the sea," lisped a
little voice.

The old man smiled and picked up a
conch from the hearth.

"Well, little beauty, I will let the
shell tell it."

He placed it to his ear, closed his
eyes and said:

"Hark! I hear the sea, it is the
Mediterranean, and before me is a ship
plunging upon the stormy waves. The
crew are huddled about in terror, and
the vessel plunges along in the lightning
rent night with no hand at the helm.
But there is one form that trembles not.
It stands at the bow with upturned face,
gazing into the heavens.

"Oh, that's Paul, I know!" exclaimed
a childish voice.

"Right again, my child. Inspired by
a divine faith, he stands unmoved in
the night; fear nor pain can move him.
He is a true man, and—"

The old man paused; the shell
dropped from his hand and a look of
startled inquiry passed over his face.
He sprang to his feet and danced a can-
can in the room; he called on his patron
saint and swore a string of oaths thir-
teen feet long as he rent the night air
with discordant shrieks; the women
screamed, children cried, the police
came, and four neighbors at last bore
him to the floor and sat on him while
another removed with a pair of com-
passes a bug from his ear.

One little cockroach hid in a shell
had upset the resolution of forty years
standing.

A Leadville Joke.

Life in Leadville is full of excitement
even for a barber. The other day a citi-
zen named Plug strolled into a barber's
establishment, where there were two
chairs, both full, and fourteen men
waiting. If there is one thing that
Plug despises, it is waiting around while
a lot of other fellows get shaved. He
figured on how to avoid it, and espying
a friend in one of the chairs, he stepped
up to him and spoke a few words in a
low tone. Suddenly he became excited.
Addressing his friend, he cried:

"You third-rate mule-whacker, I'll
have your gore!"

And the friend yelled back:

"You greaser, I'll shoot you full of
holes!"

"I can shoot first!" yelled Plug, draw-
ing his revolver.

"I'll let you see you can't!" roared
the friend, leaping from his chair.

By this time a scene of wild excite-
ment was taking place in the shop. The
whole fourteen waiting customers were
wildly struggling to get out before the
shooting began. The man in the other
chair, without stopping to wipe the
lather from his face, or remove the
apron about him, leaped from the win-
dow upon the head of a policeman, who
at once arrested him for a madman.
One of the barbers had bumped his head
terribly and got his mouth full of dust
crawling under a sofa, and the other
barber was promptly concealed behind a
barrel in the closet.

As soon as the shop was cleared the
two friends ceased threatening each
other, put up their pistols, and after a
hearty laugh coaxed the barbers to come
out and shave them. Plug tried to ex-
plain to the head barber that it was all
a joke.

"Bat," said the barber, "you're a
fighting man."

"No," said Plug, "I am a regular
coward and couldn't lick a flea."

"Then, by tunket," yelled the barber,
"you've driven over \$5 worth of trade
away from me, and I'll take the value
out of your hide!"

And he got in several lusty blows on
Plug before the latter could offer to set-
tle. And, somehow, Plug doesn't think
it was such a good joke after all.

An Exciting Adventure.

Canadian tourists, or those familiar
with the river St. Lawrence, need not
be told of the picturesque danger of the
Lachine rapids. Many traditions and
some authentic stories are told of luck-
less persons who have been engulfed
there, and the "shooting" of the rapids
even by the most skilful pilots is an an-
xious and delicate piece of work.

Another sad example was Friday
morning added to the calamities at this
celebrated locality. In this case, as in
others, the presence and exertions of a
skilful pilot—named Daillebouts, in the
present instance—failed to avert the cat-
astrophe. Ten lumbermen, under Daille-
bouts command, started early the pre-
vious morning from Caughnawaga village
to make the descent of the Lachine rap-
ids. Another raft, under Baptiste, also
a well known pilot, set out at the same
time from the same place; and those who
were on board the last raft saw all that
happened to the crew of the first one.

It seems that, by some some mischance,
Daillebouts swung his raft out of the
right channel at a critical moment. Be-
fore he and his men could retrieve their
error, their control of the raft was gone.
In a few moments they were driven
with awful velocity into the vortex of
foaming waters that the tourists' steam-
ers pass through when running the
rapids.

Those steamers, steered with match-
less dexterity, and having their engines
to steady their course, get through habi-
tually in safety. But with a raft, having
nothing but human strength to shape her
course, it is, of course, far different. In
this case the frail structure was rolled
over and over and hurled in every di-
rection. She had to go through a mile
of tumbling, seething waters—for the
most part indeed half a cataract—before
she or any fragments of her could emerge
into smooth safety of the river below.
The spectators saw a moving and extra-
ordinary sight. Logs sixty feet long
were tossed in the air like so many twigs.
Pieces by piece the raft broke asunder.
No power on earth could aid her
wretched crew, and it seemed inevitable
that they must perish to a man.

But it was otherwise decreed. Despite
this amazing ordeal, and despite most of
their number being frightfully bruised,
eight of the occupants of the raft went
through the rapids alive. Not only that
but they managed to cling to portions
of their shattered bark so as to be re-
scued at last by their brother lumbermen
who had seen without being able to aid
them in their peril. The remaining
three raftsmen perished, and the wonder
is, according to the reports that have
reached us, that there should have been
any survivors at all from a catastrophe
which in former cases has usually been
fatal to every man concerned.

Destructive Influences.

Doubtless countless myriads of living
creatures come into existence, of which
by far the greater part must be de-
stroyed. One aphid may be the parent
of 5,904,900,000 individuals in five
generations, and when these are swal-
lowed up by lady birds and other en-
emies in mass, it is no individual varia-
tion that can avert their fate. The un-
checked produce of a couple of her-
rings would stock the Atlantic in a few
years, until there would be no room to
move; and when these are engulfed in
shoals as a mouthful for the balonoptera
they can make as little struggle for their
existence as the grass can that the cow
licks up, or the vegetation of a district
that is devastated by water. It is an
unwritten law of Nature that one race
must die that another race may live;
this other, in its turn, subserving the
same end, and so on constantly until
the cycle be complete. Without this
law, against which there is no appeal,
Nature would be a chaotic impossibility.
The destructive influences are so pre-
dominant that the carnage is indiscrimi-
nate and without struggle.

Sunshine.

Did you ever notice what a different
aspect everything wears in the sunshine
to what it does in the shadow? And
did you ever think what an analogy
there was between the sunlight of the
cloudless skies and the sunshine that
gleams into the darkened chambers of
the human being? How bright and
beautiful are the golden beams that
break through the riven clouds to light
up the world after a succession of dark
and stormy days? How peaceful and
happy are the blessed words of hope
and cheer that touch the heart and fill
the spirit with emotions of peace and
joy after a long period of sorrow!
There are none living who do not, in a
greater or less degree, have an influence
over the earthly happiness of others.
The sense of contributing to the pleas-
ure of others augments our own happi-
ness. Unselfishness, Christian charity
and loving kindness are sunbeams of
the soul.

Soup should be swallowed whole.

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# PUGET SOUND ARGUS.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF JEFFERSON CO

FRIDAY, JULY 30, 1880

## FOR PRESIDENT,

**JAMES A. GARFIELD,**  
Of Ohio.

**FOR VICE-PRESIDENT,**  
**CHESTER A. ARTHUR,**  
Of New York.

### THE NEXT DELEGATE.

We have been asked repeatedly why we have not taken a more active part in bringing out and commenting upon prospective Republican candidates for Delegate to Congress. Our friends need have no fear. The ARGUS will probably take a lively part in the campaign before it is over. We are not, like some that might be mentioned, waiting to be "seen," or watching for a chance to sell our influence—hence, in one sense, it is a matter of indifference to us as to who is nominated. We do, however, take that interest which all good citizens ought to feel, and it is our sincere desire that the best man may win. There are several prominent candidates who would doubtless each serve his constituents acceptably if elected. But we cannot support all of them, and the time is drawing near when a choice must be made. We have no desire to "fix things," and believe that the Republican party of the Territory can and will choose wisely and well from its abundance of good material on hand. Its leading and representative men number several who are as staunch and true to the best interests of the Territory as could be desired, besides being men of excellent abilities and capable of accomplishing all that could be hoped for from a delegate in the national council.

Previous to the nomination, other things being equal, we propose to advocate the claims of the lower Sound. Never since the organization of the Territory has it been the fortune of any of the counties in this vicinity to name the candidate of the party, and, although this section has repeatedly rolled up handsome majorities for the Republican ticket, and many of its representative men have taken hold with a will and contributed freely of their means and talents for the success of the ticket, nearly every other section of the Territory has at some time or other been directly represented while our people have been expected to quietly fall into line and put their shoulders to the wheel. They have never disappointed the expectations of the party at large, and now we think their turn has come. If the various county conventions hereabouts work in harmony, and unite upon their man, we can see no good reason why they may not send a delegation over to Vancouver, prepared to successfully present their case. We trust and believe that it will be done, and that petty jealousies will subside in favor of the strongest available candidate. We do not care to draw any odious comparisons between probable candidates who are all commendable in a greater or less degree. Let the people make their choice, which will be practically done at the primaries, and then let the strongest man if above reproach rally to his support a united party.

The above is based upon a fair presumption that the Republican candidate, if as able a man as we have a right to expect, will be elected easily. The repeated reverses which the Democratic party in this Territory have met with, and especially the handsome Republican majority thrown at the last election, have combined to dishearten the best leaders among our Democratic friends. The consequence is that to-day, while there are scores of Re-

publicans who would gladly take the nomination on their ticket, the best men among the Democrats are afraid to risk their chances in the face of a strong probability of being "shelved." The probable outcome of the situation will be that the Democratic ticket will be headed by some one who would esteem the mere nomination an honor under any circumstances. Let the Republicans see to it that their standard bearer is worthy in every respect, and we shall hold the handsome vantage ground already won.

This Territory now has five U. S. land offices, viz: At Olympia, Vancouver, Walla Walla, Colfax, and Yakima City. It is a matter of regret on the part of many of the hard-working and frugal settlers about the lower part of Puget Sound that Port Townsend has not been similarly favored long ago. The creation of a land office here would save thousands of dollars, annually to the enterprising, though often poor, pioneers who of all others ought to be favored in the matter of expenses. As it is, they spend three or four times as much in traveling to and from Olympia as their land office fees amount to.

WHILE in Port Discovery a few days ago, we had the pleasure of going through the magnificent new addition to the saw mill of Messrs. Mastick & Co. at that place. It is a fine, large building, nearly a hundred feet square, and the handsome and improved machinery being put in position will nearly double the cutting capacity of the mill. The owners are also putting up a large store building and making other extensive improvements—in all of which they are exhibiting commendable enterprise.

RETURNED HOME.—Major Morris returned here last week, after an extended tour of inspection in southern Oregon. After inspecting the port of Astoria, he proceeded down the coast, and visited the ports of Yaquina Bay, Coos Bay and Port Orford, giving these places thorough examination. It is rumored that these inspections will be more frequent in the future. The good of the service requires that Customs districts should be frequently visited by the Treasury Agents.

PRESIDENT Anderson, of the Territorial University at Seattle, sets forth a modest card in this week's ARGUS, for the institution that he conducts. It stands deservedly at the head of all the educational institutions in our young Territory, and bids fair to keep ahead of everything else in growth. If all the good wishes of our people could be put in practical form, however, it would more nearly come up to Prof. Anderson's ideal plan.

Some little disappointment was occasioned in Dungeness last Friday by the failure of the Virginia to make her regular trip to that place. We would suggest to the owners of this boat that if they have her run regularly down there a lucrative trade will gradually build up, though it cannot be expected right on the start. But the people must know what to depend on, otherwise they will all patronize the Dispatch.

We learn that Mr. N. C. Hawks, of Marder, Luse & Co., type foundry, San Francisco, was to start northward on the 26th inst., for a visit through northern California, Oregon and Washington. Mr. Hawks will meet many old friends, combine business with pleasure, and have a needed rest from routine duty.

BORN.—At Port Angeles, W. T., July 27th, to the wife of Capt. Thos. Stratton, a daughter.

Mr. G. M. Haller will leave for LaConner to-morrow.

### KIND WORDS FOR OUR TERRITORY

The following is from a letter written by Gen. H. A. Morrow to Dr. J. B. Glenn, of Niles, Michigan, and published in the "Republican" of that place. Speaking of Washington Territory, the General says:

"This Territory and the State of Oregon are divided in their Eastern sections by a range of mountains. Now this range determines the character of the soil and the products of the two sections. West of the ranges, the weather is wet for seven months in the year, but it still raises good crops of wheat and other cereals. But there is not a very good agricultural region to cultivate. The country is heavily timbered and much broken. It will be a long time before it will "pay" to clear it, but when it is cleared it will be a fine cattle raising region, and will produce excellent crops. Now go east of the mountains (the Cascades), and the soil, climate and products all change. The climate is dry, the soil rich beyond anything you can conceive of, and the crops of wheat are such as even dear old Berrien, in its best parts, cannot excel. If you still keep the map before you and follow up the Columbia, you will come to the Dalles, and finally to Walla Walla. You are now in the wheat growing region. A few years ago this was a wilderness, and was thought to be worthless for agricultural purposes. It now turns out to be the greatest wheat producing country on the face of the earth. It is not surpassed by the shores of the Black Sea. All the world could be supplied with its flour from the upper Columbia and its tributaries. It is a fruit region also. Indeed, there is a great belt of country of hundreds of thousands, perhaps many millions, of acres, not far south of the British line, which cannot be surpassed in productiveness in the world. But I will not attempt to be particular as to localities. Suffice it to say, that when the Northern Pacific Railroad shall have reached the Pacific Ocean there will be opened up to emigration and settlement an empire of fruitful soil, and then also will spring up on Puget Sound a great city, which in wealth, population and enterprise will only be surpassed on this continent by New York. As yet this country is very sparsely settled. The cost of getting here is so great that few can afford to make the journey with a family. It must wait cheaper transportation, but when cheaper transportation does come there will spring up on this coast a glorious region. The people here are thoroughly western in their ways and habits. They have the same heartiness of manner, the same enterprise, the same quickness of apprehension, the same downright honesty, which are found in all western communities."

The annual register of the University of Washington Territory is out. It contains the Board of Regents and Faculty, together with the names of all students in attendance for the past year. This is followed by the classification of studies, the calendar, tuition, board, requirements for admission, standing rules and general remarks. The whole makes a pamphlet of sixteen pages and is most tastefully executed by Stewart & Ebersold. In arranging the pamphlet Professor Anderson has shown excellent taste.—"Post."

SERIOUS ACCIDENT.—The telegraph brings word that Mr. R. L. Doyle, respected father of Mrs. Llewellyn, of this place, has been seriously injured by an accident, at Ogden, Utah. Mr. Doyle was on his way East. A telegram from the attending physician says that the right leg of the patient has been amputated below the knee, and that he is injured internally and is in a critical condition.

The Dakotas, Capt. Morse, will make another trip to this port under the mail contract and will subsequently make semi-monthly voyages between San Francisco and Tacoma, calling at Esquimalt. While Capt. Morse has been on the line he has received many encomiums as to his sterling worth as a navigator and gentleman. His ship is not only commodious and popular but safe, and during her fulfillment of her contract she has never met with any accident. Capt. Morse is determined to test his popularity as a commander by running an independent line and there seems to be no manner of doubt that he will meet with the success he deserves.—"Colonist."

CALLS for county conventions, for any of the lower Sound counties, from either the Republican or Democratic Central Committees, will be inserted in the ARGUS, free of charge, upon receipt of proper and authentic documents and a request to publish. We believe in treating all fairly, and, as a medium for news, this paper is at the service of the public.

BUSINESS at Port Ludlow seems to be looking up a little. The Hall Brothers, ship carpenters at that point, have just received orders for another vessel, same dimensions as the Quickstep which they recently built. They also expect a contract for another steamer. We learn, too, that the Puget Mill Co. want to hire a few more men to work in the mill.

## BLOODED STOCK FOR SALE.

### Rare chance, Farmers!

**CRESCENT,**  
Three-quarters JERSEY, one-quarter DEVON. Shows all Jersey points, except in color, which is a shade lighter than Devon. Age, nine months.

**ALAMEDA, 2D,**  
FULL JERSEY. Age, seven months. Color, brown. (Full brother to Alameda 1st, sold to J. W. Ackerson, Esq., Tacoma.)

**MARMADUKE,**  
FULL JERSEY. Color, orange and white. Age, seven months.  
To be seen at Port Discovery, W. T., and warranted as represented above.  
Apply to **E. B. MASTICK, JR.,**  
Port Discovery.

## TERRITORIAL UNIVERSITY.

Seattle, W. T.  
FOUR COURSES OF STUDY:  
Classical, Scientific, Normal & Commercial.

Eleven Professors and Special Teachers. Boarding House in charge of D. B. Ward. Terms begin on the first Wednesdays of September, December and March. For catalogue or further particulars address **A. J. ANDERSON, A. M., President,**  
SEATTLE, W. T.

### SITUATION.

A sober, reliable and industrious man, understanding gardening and the care of horses and cows can hear of a good situation on inquiry at this office.

### Notice to Tax-payers.

The Assessor of Jefferson County, W. T., having filed in the Auditor's office the assessment roll for the year 1880, the same is open for examination, and all persons interested are notified that the Board of County Commissioners of said county will hold a session for the equalization of assessments, and the correction of the assessment roll, which session will commence on the 20th day of August, 1880, and continue until such business is completed.  
**JAS. SEAVEY,**  
County Auditor.

See a week at home. Terms and 45 cent; free address: **H. HALSETT & Co.,** Portland, Me.

Fresh Oysters constantly on hand at **O. H. Holcomb's.**

### SUBSCRIBE FOR THE PUGET SOUND ARGUS.

## Alden Academy

Anacortes ..... W. T.

Prof. A. T. Burnell, A. M., Principal.  
Rev. E. O. Tade, A. M., Supt.

This institute, on Fidalgo Island, is prepared to furnish thorough and economical education to students of both sexes. The location is favorable to health and light expense, and also because of the quiet and removal from city allurements. Advancement rapid, by individual attention by competent teachers. Consideration paid to manners and morals. Parents notified of work done, and correspondence invited.

To the corps of teachers has been added an experienced phonographer and instructor in modern languages and art. Special attention to music, there being ten pupils upon the organ last year. Book-keeping, surveying, &c., &c.

Terms: \$7 and \$9 Tuition per Quarter.  
Opens Sept. 1880. Board \$2 50 per week.

## The Oregon Kidney Tea!

Read the following testimonials, not from persons 3,000 miles away, whom no one knows, but from well-known and trustworthy citizens of Oregon, whose names, written in their own hands, can be seen at our office.

Portland, Oregon, July 21, 1879.  
The Oregon Kidney Tea has cured my back and kidneys and I am at a loss to express my gratitude. I shall always remember the Oregon Kidney Tea with pleasure and esteem, and highly recommend it to all my friends and acquaintances.

J. H. P. DOWNING, (at P. Selling's, Portland, Oregon, July 21, 1879.)

While I was in Tillamook last Winter, I was afflicted in my back and kidneys so that it was almost impossible for me to reach Portland. When I got here I was induced to try the Oregon Kidney Tea. I drank at my meals, the tea made from it, and it has effected a radical cure. I can highly recommend it to all who are afflicted as I was.

E. COHN.

### Am. bark Frank Marion.

NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED agents of the above named vessel will be responsible for debts contracted by the officers or crew.

GEO. W. DOW, Master.  
R. W. DELION, Agents.  
Port Townsend, July 13, 1880.

## D. C. H. Rothschild,

Shipping & Commission Agent.

All business entrusted to him will receive prompt attention.

CONSUL OF COSTA RICA,  
CONSULAR AGENT OF FRANCE,  
" " " PERU,  
VICE-CONSUL OF NICARAGUA,  
" " URUGUAY.

Office rooms above the Store formerly occupied by ROTHSCHILD & Co.  
Port Townsend, May 26, 1880.



Serve an Injunction on Disease.  
By invigorating a feeble constitution, renovating a debilitated physique, and enriching a thin and insubstantial circulation with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the finest, the most highly sanctioned, and the most popular tonic and preventive in existence.  
For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

### PROPOSALS

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that sealed proposals will be received at the Auditor's office of Jefferson county, Washington Territory, at Port Townsend, up to 2 o'clock, P. M., August 2d, 1880, by the board of County Commissioners of said county, for a loan to said county of the sum of \$4,000 gold coin, at a rate of interest not to exceed 10 per cent. per annum. Said proposals to be opened by said board of commissioners, at their regular meeting, August 2d, 1880, at 2 o'clock, P. M., the said board reserving the right to reject any and all proposals. By order of the board of County Commissioners of Jefferson County, W. T.  
**JAMES SEAVEY,**  
Co. Auditor of said county.  
Port Townsend, Jefferson Co., W. T.,  
4th June 23, 1880.

### Vacant Places

In the dental ranks will never occur if you are particular with your teeth, and cleanse them every day with that famous tooth-wash, SOZODONT. From youth to old age it will keep the enamel spotless and unimpaired. The teeth of persons who use SOZODONT have a pearl-like whiteness, and the gums a roseate hue, while the breath is purified, and rendered sweet and fragrant. It is composed of rare antiseptic herbs and is entirely free from the objectionable and injurious ingredients of Tooth Paste, &c.

**PUGET SOUND ARGUS.**

OFFICIAL PAPER OF PORT TOWNSEND.

**BRIEF LOCAL ITEMS.**

THE strawberry season is about over.

MR. Holcomb still displays some choice varieties of small fruits.

PROF. Roberts gave a social dance last night, in the new Masonic Hall.

THE August meeting of the county commissioners will commence next Monday.

MR. Learned, our genial postmaster, has just received a new safe for use in his office.

THE "Carter Combination" tried, but failed, to get an audience here last Monday night.

WE acknowledge a call this week from Mr. Jas. McCurdy, of San Juan; also from Mr. C. A. Anderson, of Lopez.

JUDGE Kuhn is expected home every day. It is presumed that the local Democratic kettle will begin to simmer soon after he gets here.

HAD we been at home last week some matters would have been dealt with in a manner slightly different from that in which they appeared.

REV. W. I. Cospser, of this city, will go to Chimacum to-day. He will preach there on Sunday morning next, and hold service here in the evening only.

MARRIED.—On the 28th inst., at the residence of Wm. Black, in this city, by Judge W. H. H. Learned, Mr. George White to Miss Jennie Ayle, both of Jefferson county.

THE Mayor and City Council elect for Port Townsend will hold their first meeting next month. We believe the city government is in safe hands, and we will lose no sleep in consequence of their selection.

WE introduce to the attention of our readers in this issue, the advertisement of blooded stock for sale, by Mr. E. B. Mastick, of Port Discovery. Mr. M. can be relied upon, and those purchasing will get just what the stock is represented to be.

A MERRY party of our townspeople went over to Scow Bay in the little steamer Virginia, on Tuesday, to gather wild blackberries. Among them we noticed: Dr. N. D. Hill and wife, lawyer Smith and family, Rev. W. I. Cospser, wife and daughter, and Mr. Thos. Phillips and wife, Mrs. Carleton, and others. A pleasant time was had at the farm of Mr. and Mrs. Nicoll, although but few wild berries were obtained.

NOR long since, some Chinamen made a raid on a chicken roost on the hill, but were only partially successful. Some of the boys in town have, we regret to say, carried their fun a little too far also, by taking gates off their hinges and letting running stock into gardens. It is only necessary to say that if this thing is kept up somebody will get attended to in a summary manner. We hope they will take warning and behave better in the future. Innocent fun is all right but there is a limit beyond which it ceases to be innocent.

WE learn that some of our readers feel themselves to have been slighted just a little in a recent communication published in this paper, relative to the resources and developments of Jefferson county—especially in the matter of pioneer efforts toward opening roads. In referring to a portion of the county, Messrs. P. R. Stockand, of this city, and G. W. Blake, of Chimacum, should have been given proper credit for their extra road work. We feel sure, of course, that no injustice was intended by the writer, hence a brief explanation will suffice. Mr. Stockand claims to have expended something like twelve hundred dollars in opening roads in the county, besides doing his regular road work.

**TERRITORIAL NEWS.**

THE P. S. Iron Co. are at work in earnest again.

THE steamer California is nearly due from Portland to Alaska.

THE barkentine C. L. Taylor was recently disabled in the Straits during a gale.

THE new house on the steam tug Mastick will, when completed, add materially to her general appearance as well as utility.

MR. W. O. Bush, of Olympia, has been appointed commissioner from this Territory to the U. S. International Exhibition in 1883.

THE father and friends of the late Capt. Alfred Waite express their appreciation of attention shown him by residents of Port Townsend.

AMONG the passengers on the Dispatch this week, were Judge Swan, of Neah Bay, and Mrs. McAlmond, Mrs. Keef and Mrs. A. Weir, from Dungeness.

THE schooner Grainger, Capt. G. W. Morse, of Oak Harbor, cleared at this port for Nanaimo, B. C., on Wednesday. She will take a load from Whidby Island.

FROM our exchanges we learn of the recent death of Hon. Edward A. Turpin, a prominent citizen of Philadelphia, Penn., and father of Mr. P. Turpin, of Olympia.

ONE of Port Townsend's rising youths, Mr. Chester Terry, is purser on the steamer Alida. "Chet," as he is familiarly called, is a steady and industrious young fellow and we hope he will give satisfaction in his new position.

THE Republican voters of Clalam County are notified, through this week's Argus as to their time for holding their primaries, and also the time and place of holding their county convention. The notice will be found on our title page.

THE schooner Teazer left our harbor last Saturday, bound for a cruise along the coast off Gray's Harbor. She is officered and manned by Capt. Harry McCrea, of the Puget Pilots, and Mr. E. C. Quinn, late of the revenue marine service. Success to the boys.

MR. Geo. Gooch and family, of Port Discovery, sold out recently and started to England to visit that gentleman's aged mother. A few days after their departure, however, news came of the parent's death. The sad news was sent by telegram to intercept the family at San Francisco.

MR. A. W. Engle, formerly of this place, and law partner of Mr. G. M. Haller, has been visiting town this week. He has for some time lived at a Conner where he has attended to the business of the firm. Mr. Engle is a rising young man, and is attended by the warmest wishes of many friends.

MR. James Smith, of this place, has our thanks for a box of samples of the finest strawberries, currants, cherries, gooseberries and raspberries that we have seen this year. They were indeed, beauties, and, we venture, cannot be beaten on the coast. Mr. S. leads his competitors by long odds.

THE bark Frank Marion, Capt. Geo. W. Dow, is in our harbor, having just loaded with lumber at Seabeck. She is bound for Buenos Ayres, and will leave in a day or two. Capt. R. W. deLion, of this place, has been her agent and stevedore, and has succeeded in getting her ready for sea in a short time.

WE have been shown a specimen of timothy grown on the farm of Mr. Nicholl, on Scow Bay. The longest stalk was 5 ft. 8 inches, and the others were a few inches shorter. This is a specimen of what can be raised on the high or "poor" lands on Puget Sound. The low, rich bottoms of course produce much taller timothy.

CAPT. LAWSON RELIEVED.—The "Oregonian" says: "Capt. Stockman Forney of the United States Coast and Geodetic survey, arrived here from the East on Thursday evening on his way to Puget Sound, where he will relieve Capt. Lawson. The work laid out will employ him probably two or three years." We cheerfully endorse the following kind words on the above subject, taken from the Seattle "Intelligencer": "If the foregoing means that Capt. Lawson is to be discharged from the service, or removed to another field, his friends on the Sound will be deeply grieved. The Captain has been operating, on the schooner Fauntleroy, from Cape Flattery to Tumwater during the past thirteen or fourteen years, and has ever been regarded a most useful and honorable man. He has made his home in Olympia, no citizen of which is held in higher repute than he. If Capt. Lawson is to be removed to another field, we trust that it will be to one of greater trust and responsibility, to one of his liking, and to one where the service and the country will receive the largest measure of benefit from his."

**A CARD OF THANKS.**

THE father and friends of ALFRED WAITE wish to thank his friends in Port Townsend, especially the Odd Fellows and Masons of that city, for all their kindness to him.

**RELIGIOUS NOTICES.**

Sermons will be held in St. Paul's church on Sunday next at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Sunday school at P. M. Evening prayer on Wednesday, at 7 o'clock. Litany on Friday morning, at 10.

Preaching next Sunday in the M. E. Church morning and evening, by Rev. W. I. Cospser, pastor. Sabbath school at 11 P. M.—N. D. Hill, Supt. Prayer meeting on Thursday evening at 7 o'clock.

MR. Korter has made a nice improvement in his barber-shop. We venture to say that he has a shop as neatly fitted up as any on the Sound. He has also fitted up a bathroom for salt and fresh water baths. He has done his best to have one of the finest shops, and is master of his profession.

**REPUBLICAN**

**County Convention.**

The Republican voters of Jefferson County will meet in their respective precincts on Saturday, the 14th day of August, 1880, at 7 o'clock, P. M.

For the purpose of electing delegates to attend a County Convention to be held at Port Townsend on Thursday, August 26, for the purpose of electing three delegates to attend the Republican Territorial Convention to be held at Vancouver on the 8th day of September, 1880.

The representation of the several precincts will be as follows:

- Port Townsend elects.....6
- Port Discovery ".....3
- Port Ludlow ".....2
- Chimacum ".....2
- Quillcine ".....1
- Ducaboo ".....1

By order of the Republican County Committee.

T. T. MINOR, Chairman.

**Notice.**

SEALED PROPOSALS, for the maintenance of the County Poor of Jefferson County, W. T., will be received by the County Commissioners of said county, at the Auditor's office at Port Townsend, until 2 o'clock P. M., August 2d, 1880. Said proposals to be for one year, commencing September 1st, 1880. Said proposals to include board, lodging, medicines, medical attendance, nursing, clothing, and all other expenses incidental thereto.

By order of the Board of County Commissioners of Jefferson County, W. T. JAS. SEAVEY, County Auditor.

**Notice to Tax-payers.**

The Assessor of Jefferson County, W. T., having filed in the Auditor's office the assessment roll for the year 1880, the same is open for examination, and all persons interested are notified that the Board of County Commissioners of said county will hold a session for the equalization of assessments, and the correction of the assessment roll; which session will commence on the 2d day of August, 1880, and continue until such business is completed. JAS. SEAVEY, County Auditor.

FOR a week at home. Terms and outfit free. Address H. HALL & Co., Portland, Me.

Fresh Oysters constantly on hand at O. H. Lomb's.

Chas. C. Bartlett, F. Albert Bartlett, Frank A. Bartlett.

**C. C. BARTLETT & CO.**

PORT TOWNSEND, W. T.

—WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN—

GROCERIES,  
DRY GOODS,  
CLOTHING,  
— OTS AND SHOES, —  
HATS,  
FARMING IMPLEMENTS,  
WALL PAPER,  
CIGARS, TOBACCO  
Also

FANCY GOODS,  
HARDWARE,  
CROCKERY,  
—SHIP CHANDLERY,—  
CAPS,  
DOORS AND WINDOWS,  
FURNITURE,  
FLOWS, &c., &c.  
Also

Large Assortment Of Goods

Not enumerated, which we will sell at the  
**Lowest Market Prices.**

**Bartlett's Jewelry Store!**

—The Finest Stock of—

Central Hotel Building,  
HEAD OF  
UNION WHARF



Port Townsend,  
Wash. Terr.

Solid Gold and Silver Watches and Jewelry

—ON PUGET SOUND—

Also a fine assortment of Clocks, Spectacles, Solid and Plated Silver  
are, Eye, Field and Marine Glasses. Musical Instruments, Etc.

Goods warranted as represented.

WATCHES AND JEWELRY cleaned and repaired and warranted for one year.

**C. C. BARTLETT, Prop'r**

**HENRY LANDES, PEOPLE'S**

GENERAL

Commission Merchant,

Opposite Washington Hotel

AND DEALER IN

RAW MATERIALS.

Will pay the highest price in COIN, for

WOOL HIDES, FURS and SKINS.

MILL and other DRAFTS cashed at LOW rates.

Ship Disbursed.

Will sell SIGHT EXCHANGE on SAN FRANCISCO, PORTLAND, and on all parts of the UNITED STATES and ENGLAND, in sums to suit.

Office under new Custom House Building, Port Townsend, Wash. Terr. San Francisco Office, 21 & 23 Battery Street.

**Sensible Advice.**

You are asked every day through the columns of newspapers and by your druggist to use something for your dyspepsia and liver complaint that you know nothing about and you get discouraged spending money with but little success. Now to give you satisfactory proof that GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER will cure you of dyspepsia and liver complaint with all its effects such as sour stomach, sick headache, habitual costiveness, palpitation of the heart, heartburn, waterbrash, fullness at the pit of the stomach, yellow skin, coated tongue, indigestion, swimming of the head, low spirits, etc., we ask you to go to your druggist and get a sample bottle GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER for 10 cents and try it, or a regular size for 75 cents. Two doses will relieve you.

**A Fine Thing for the Teeth.**

Fragrant SOZODONT is a composition of the purest and choicest ingredients of the Oriental vegetable kingdom. Every ingredient is well known to have a beneficial effect on the teeth and gums. Its embalmic or antiseptic property and aromatic fragrance makes it a toilet luxury. SOZODONT removes all disagreeable odors from the breath caused by catarrh, bad teeth, &c. It is entirely free from the injurious and acid properties of tooth pastes and powders which destroy the enamel. One bottle will last six months.

For Sale by 3 Phelan's best white and BILLIARD TABLES. Cheap for cash. Apply to A. L. TIBBALS.

**MARKET,**

Opposite Washington Hotel

Constantly on Hand the

Choicest of Meats

AND

Vegetables.

Also, Corned Beef and Pork, Smoked Meats, Pork and Bologna Sausages, Head Cheese, Tripe, &c., &c.

L. SMITH & F. TERRY

The First-class steamship

**CALIFORNIA**

CAPT. THORN,

WILL LEAVE

Port Townsend for Sitka,

Alaska Territory, and Way Ports,

On or about the 1st of each Month.

WILL LEAVE

Port Townsend for Portland, Ogn.

On about the 15th of each Month.

For Freight or Passage, Apply on Board,

20 Or to D. C. H. ROTHCHILD, Agent.

**J. F. SHEEHAN**

Importer and Dealer in

STOVES, TIN PLATE, SHEET-IRON

LEAD PIPE, PUMPS, ZINC, WIRE,

And House-Hold Furnishing

Hardware. 23

WATER ST. PORT TOWNSEND

WM. DODD. J. E. FROM

**CENTRAL HOTEL,**

Port Townsend, W. T.

This House is new and newly furnished, and possesses all the appointments of a

First-Class Hotel.

Its Bar is supplied with the best of Wines, Liqueurs and Cigars. There is a first-class Billiard Table and Reading Room in the Hotel. Nothing will be left undone to make this Hotel second to none in the Territory.

LOUIE & FUR

A Strange Story.

On a fine Summer day, some twenty-two years ago, I was in company with my relatives, Judge B. and his daughter, journeying along the eastern coast of South Carolina.

Latterly she had been seized with a strange restlessness of mood—a desire for change—despite her just then unusually delicate health; and it was in order to gratify this that her father had decided to take Laura and myself with him to Charleston, whither he was called on business.

"How strange," she murmured. "Where are we, papa? What place is this?" "This is Ulster county, Laura, and there is Blackwater," pointing in the direction of the poplars.

"Surely, papa, I must have been here before. It all seems so familiar. Surely I remember this place; the poplars, the plain, the bridge—is there not a bridge somewhere?"

"Not that I can perceive, my dear. There is no water in view."

"You are thinking of some scene of which you have read, and which this view recalls. I have had such fancies myself," I observed.

"It is not a fancy, it is a remembrance," said Laura, decidedly. "I feel sure that I must have seen either this spot or some other exactly like it—only there was a bridge and willows, and she stopped with a shudder."

"Well, what else?" "I don't know—but something horrible. I don't like this place—I wish we were not going to Blackwater."

"Nonsense!" said her father, impatiently. "Do not be foolish, Laura."

She leaned back in the carriage, looking dreamily from the window, till aroused by a hollow and rumbling sound beneath the wheels. We had entered the border of the wood, and were now passing over a bridge.

"There!" exclaimed Laura, excitedly. "It is the very place—the bridge, the willows, and those dark, still pools beneath the drooping branches."

"The Blackwater," said Judge B. "It is the name of the stream, and gives its title to the Whiting estate, which the first settled in this part of the country. It has been in the family for—let me see—some six or seven generations. We were, you know, originally Whitings."

"We were very hospitably received by Mr. and Mrs. Whiting; yet I noticed that almost from the moment in which Laura, her bonnet removed, turned her face full to the light, Mrs. Whiting scarcely removed her eyes from her husband, too, sometimes looked at her with a very earnest, inquiring expression."

"Is Laura like her mother?" asked the lady, at length. "Not in the least; neither does she resemble any one of our family that I know of. Her mother is like our own race, fair, with blue eyes. Laura is the black sheep in our family flock," said her father, smiling. "I have never heard of a Whiting or a B. with dark eyes and complexion."

"Hum!" said the old lady thoughtfully, and the subject dropped.

"We were shown for the night, Laura, into a chamber with numerous narrow windows. Laura threw open a sash and looked out into the moonlight. Presently she turned slowly around and spoke to me."

"Anne, do you believe that we have lived a life previous to this?" "We cannot say that we believe in such things, Laura, so uncertain are they to our human judgment; yet, the thought has sometimes occurred to me."

She was silent for a moment, gazing out in the same dreamy manner. Then she spoke again in an abrupt way: "I should like to go down to that stream—the Blackwater—to the bridge and the willows."

"Not to-night?" "Yes; now." "Laura, you are dreaming?" "I believe so," she said with a sigh. "I have felt like some in a dream ever since I first caught sight of this place to-day. It all seems so familiar—even this room. I wish I could awaken, for it is not pleasant. A sort of horrible shadow seems to me to brood over this place, especially over the bridge and those willows."

"Then why should you wish to go there?" I inquired.

"I don't know. Do you never have impulses that you feel compelled to obey against your own will?"

"Never." "I do, often; and then I don't feel like myself. It is as though another spirit were within me, urging me on."

"Absurd!" I began to feel somewhat impatient at her weakness. "I know it is foolish, yet I cannot help it; I wish I could," she sighed.

It had been Judge B.'s intention to remain but a few days in Blackwater, yet a sudden and violent rainy spell, such as at certain seasons these regions are subject to, protracted our stay. The roads were impassable, we were told, and the streams overflowed everywhere.

Laura wandered dreamily about the house, and talked but little; yet once or twice a remark of hers struck both Mrs. Whiting and myself—especially when once in our own room, turning suddenly to the wall behind her, she said:

"It seems to me that there ought to be a door here; that there has been one."

"My father wailed up the door before I was born," replied Mrs. Whiting. "I suppose Aunt Alma mentioned it to you."

Laura made no reply, yet I knew that Aunt Alma, the old negress who attended on us, had not given her any such information.

On the day following the rain ceased as suddenly as it had come on, and the sun shone out fitfully. Laura was tired of the confinement of the house, and despite remonstrances concerning damp and taking cold, she wrapped herself in a shawl, donned rubber overshoes and strode down to the bridge.

Mrs. Whiting watched her a moment from the window. "Her father said she did not personally resemble any of our family—the Whitings, I mean; but I think she does, and very strongly. Is it strange how family likeness will show itself, even after the lapse of several generations. Come up stairs with me, my dear; I have something to show you."

She led the way to a gloomy attic, where, pulling out from a heap of discarded furniture a tattered canvas on a broken frame, she brought it to the window, and carefully wiping off the thick dust, she turned it to the light.

"Wonderful!" was my involuntary exclamation. "Why, it is Laura—Laura herself!" "Is it?" "Yes, indeed."

"One would think so. The features, the color of the hair, eyes, and pale dark complexion—but most of all, I think, something strange and dreamy in the expression—these are all the counterparts of Laura B."

It was so. The resemblance grew more upon me as I looked. "This is the portrait of Honoria Whiting, daughter of the Whiting who built this house, a sort of black sheep in the family." Here I wondered if she was aware that she was using the words that Judge B. had playfully applied to his daughter. "I know nothing of the particulars, however. My parents never spoke of her in discussing our family history. The picture has been, as long as I can remember, stowed away in this room, with one or two others in an equally dilapidated condition. We have a good deal of rubbish here and there, you perceive; worn-out cabinets, broken china, chests full of old crumbling manuscripts—the accumulated rubbish of more than a century. I have sometimes thought of burning them all, but my husband has a sort of reluctance to such a step. I suppose it will be done, however, by the next owner. We are childless, and our nearest relative and probable heir is a young man now in California—not a direct descendant of the Whitings, and who will not, therefore, attach any importance to these worthless objects."

"Let me have this picture," I said impulsively, "since you do not value it. It will serve me not only as a family relic, but as Laura's portrait."

"Certainly—though it is little more than a rag. Only the face has escaped."

I took the picture down stairs to my room. Carefully sewing up the rents in the canvas, I commenced cleaning away the accumulated dust and mould. I was still thus engaged when the bell rang for our early tea, and I answered the summons. It was almost dark as I descended the supper room.

"Where is Laura?" inquired our hostess. "I don't know. I thought her with you."

"I have not seen her since she went out two hours ago. I fancied she had returned and had gone up to your room."

"Very imprudent in Laura," remarked the Judge. "She's a little wayward at times; but you must excuse her, Mrs. Whiting. Her health has always been delicate, and she has, in consequence, been much indulged, but she is a good girl in the main."

A servant was dispatched in search of Laura, but returned, saying she was nowhere near the bridge, whither she had been seen to go. Mrs. Whiting then went up stairs, while with a sudden and

strange fear—a feeling that sent a chill to my heart and a choking, suffocating sensation into my throat, I stole out and went to the bridge.

The waters were swollen by the recent rains—bubbling against the bridge, and whirling away in rapid eddies into the black pools beneath the drooping willows. I noticed at the first glance that the wooden railing on the lower part of the bridge had given way.

I came quite close to the edge and looked down, looked far over under the bridge. And then with a cry of such horror and agony as I had never before and have never since uttered, rushed back to the house.

Let me hurry away from this painful part of my story.

Ten years passed, when the Blackwater estate, by will of the late Mr. Whiting, came into possession of my father, his nearest relative then living—the young man mentioned by Mrs. Whiting, having been shot in a duel in California. I went down with my father to visit the estate, and it was decided that we should all spend the summer there.

My great delight was to rummage among the family relics of which Mrs. Whiting had spoken, and from the chaotic mass of which I brought to light a rare and curious article, designed to ornament or enrich my private cabinet. One day I was looking over the yellow and crumbling papers contained in an old chest—preserving here and there an autograph or a fragment, and laying aside the rest for committal to the flames. Suddenly my eye was arrested by the name of "Honoria Rhett."

I read on. The paper was brittle with age, broken in parts, and it crumbled at the edges as I folded it. Yet I could with difficulty make out some words and sentences:

"And inasmuch as that crime of said Honoria was by her own death-bed confession the willful and premeditated act of a callous woman, and by no means to be attributed (as was surmised) to accident or \* \* \* And as, furthermore, the said willful and malicious drowning of said Flora Hastings, at the willow bridge crossing, therefore \* \* \* not escape the just punishment of Heaven \* \* \* rest upon the descendants of the said Honoria Whiting Rhett till such time \* \* \* expiation—"

And here the manuscript became illegible, having been apparently obliterated by damp; only the signature was plainly visible—"Rufus Hastings."

"What could it mean? Was it some law indictment of the crime of Honoria Whiting? or was it a curse of some one of the family of the victim, Flora Hastings, against the descendants of the said Honoria Whiting?"

And the crime itself, and this mysterious actress of ours, and the willful drowning, and Laura, poor Laura! Was this "expiation?"

And then came the thought of Laura's strange resemblance to the picture, and her mysterious fore-knowledge of the bridge and the willows, and of the door in the wall, of which no trace had then existed. What was the meaning of this?

Lately, I was reading an article in a foreign magazine—a criticism on a series of lectures delivered by a German professor on the subject of the "vital principle," when I came upon the following passage:

"For this immortal principle does not ascend in one direct line but takes its course in concentric circles, revolving round its great source in one great circle by means of a series of lesser circles. And all research and discoveries of science and philosophy teach us that such is the law of all systems in nature, and that in all great circles there are seven degrees or lesser circles; and that entering the seventh degree the circle commences and repeats itself. And the physical and spiritual being of one who has died two hundred years ago, may reappear in a descendant of the present day. Hence it is that family traits and resemblances are preserved; and hence also can be explained those wonderful resemblances or repetitions of ancestors sometimes visible in their remote descendants."

I laid the book down and reflected. "Papa," I said "was Judge B. a direct lineal descendant of Honoria Whiting—Mrs. Rhett?"

"Yes, his mother was a Rhett, granddaughter of Honoria."

Then he was the sixth in descent from her, and Laura, his only child was the seventh.

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**Butter Making in France.**

The natural resources of this country are such that the produce of the dairy should, in the course of time, attain an important position among our articles of export. With regard to produce of any kind, good and uniform quality is indispensable, in order to find a demand at profitable prices, and this rule is applicable to butter and other products of the dairy. Good butter is a luxury, but butter of any inferior quality is unfit for human food. There are several factors which enter into the production of good butter, such as the quality of the food, the nature of the water, the state of the weather, and so forth, but whatever the conditions may be under which it is produced, the most scrupulous cleanliness is absolutely essential. And yet when all the requisite conditions are present, and the utmost regard is paid to cleanliness in the various operations, the result is not always equally satisfactory. We have recently met with an account of dairy farming in the northwest of France, written by a first class authority on such matters, in which it is stated that land owners, who went to the last Paris Exhibition, were heard to declare that they could get better butter in a Parisian hotel than in their own dairies at home, in which economy and cleanliness were considered.

The French butter makers export immense quantities to England, and secure higher prices than the English farmers. In the character of their butter, in the efficiency of their implements and machinery, and in the application of science to agriculture generally, the English are far in advance of the French. But butter making seems to be a specialty of the northwest departments of France. The butter from these districts has a delicacy of flavor, an evenness of quality which the English producers have hitherto failed to give. This superiority of the French butter cannot be traced to any natural advantages, and must, therefore, be attributed to the management. The best butter is made in the Bessin district of Normandy, where they employ what is known as the Isigny method. The cows are milked morning and evening, and in some cases three times a day, into jug-shaped vessels, made of copper, lined with tin, and holding about two gallons each, and the milk being taken to the dairies is strained through sieves lined with clean linen, into earthenware buckets. After standing for 12 hours, the milk is skimmed for the first time, but this cream is not mixed with what is taken off afterwards, until immediately before churning. Butter of exceptional delicacy for Paris is sometimes made entirely of the 12 hours' cream. Churning takes place two or three times a week in a barrel churn. As the result of this process is so satisfactory both to producer and consumer, it is worth while to give a detailed account of the operation. The dashboards are fixed, being secured to the ends of the churn, and do not extend to the circumference, so that there is an open space between them and the staves of the barrel, and the only place where butter or butter milk could lodge are the very small ones at each end of the dashboards. The churn altogether is described as a model of simplicity and effectiveness. The dashes are plain laths, and perfectly illustrate the truth of the conclusion arrived at by some of the best judges of dairy appliances that numerous and large dashers are a mistake. Besides the usual openings in barrel churns, there is a spigot placed in the bulge of the churn which plays an important part in the process of butter making. The churn is about half-filled with cream, at a temperature of about 57° Fahr., and not churned at a greater pace than 30 to 40 revolutions per minute, according to the season. The butter, as a rule, comes in from 20 to 30 minutes, and the churning listens most attentively so as to detect in an instant the slightest alteration in the sound of the churning cream. The moment the alteration is detected, the churn is stopped in such a position that the spigot is at the level of the cream in the churn. The spigot is then carefully withdrawn and minutely examined. If the adherent matter is still cream, the churning is renewed, but if there are particles of butter on the spigot no larger than a pin's head, the churning proper is finished. The handle is then turned to bring the spigot at its lowest point, beneath it is placed a vessel with a sieve over it to receive the butter milk. The spigot being slightly drawn out, the butter milk escapes and filters through the sieve, which retains the particles of butter which may be carried out with the butter milk. When most of the butter milk has been withdrawn fresh spring water is put into the churn until it is half full. Three or four turns are then given, and the mixture of water and butter milk is withdrawn as before. This process is repeated till the water comes out of the churn as bright and as clear as when it was put into it. The

washings and turnings completely cleanse the butter from the butter-milk, from which it had been separated during the process of churning, and at the same time gradually consolidate the particles which have been individually thoroughly scoured. At the end of the process the butter may be seen floating as one mass in a small lake of clear water. When removed from the churn, which is done by means of large wooden spoons, the butter requires no more working than is sufficient to consolidate it, and to express from it the particles of clear water.

The best butter made by this process goes to Paris; that which reaches the London market is made with less skill and care, and yet it realizes better prices than the English article. The writer of the account from which we chiefly gather the above facts makes one very important remark. "A careful inquiry," he says, "into the manner in which butter is made in the several districts of Normandy has convinced me that, other things being equal, the quality of the butter depends upon the earlier or later period at which the washing in the churn is commenced. This is so far recognized by some of the dairy farmers that they have their churns fitted with a glass window, to enable the eye to see, and thus assist the ear to hear when the butter first begins to be formed. To give some idea of the extent of the French export trade in butter we may mention that one firm alone exported 1,000 tons in the year 1873, and the average value in France of the butter exported by the same firm for ten years was nearly half a million sterling per annum. Great care is taken in packing the butter for export, the French merchants, thoroughly realizing the importance of delivering their wares in an attractive condition, entailing neither trouble nor waste upon the retailer.

**Bismark Meets His Match.**

Prince Bismark made one huge mistake in his calculations. He believed that he had reduced France to the rank of a second-rate power, at least, during his lifetime. This opinion was shared to some extent by the rest of the world. But in Germany the sudden collapse of France was believed to be due in a large degree to internal corruption, and many doubted whether she would ever be a great power again. Bismark certainly underrated himself, that the enormous quantity which he had imposed had so crippled France, that he need not trouble himself about her for the remainder of his life. For years to come the German troops would be dividing as he thought on her soil without expense to the fatherland; and as there was no danger to be apprehended from any other quarter, it might be possible to relieve in some degree, by a reduction of armaments, the strain which had upon the energies and resources of the German people.

The remarkably rapid recovery of France dispelled all these pleasing illusions, and Prince Bismark saw to his dismay the territory of France cleared of the last German soldier, while the army of the republic was being re-organized on a scale which in a few years would make it a match for that of Germany. It did not take him long to make up his mind. France must agree to limit her army to a figure fixed by Prince Bismark or brave another war with Germany. It is now known that this outrage was prevented by the Emperor of Russia, who, unlike his brother of Austria, and the late Emperor Napoleon, refused to sell his acquiescence in crime for a consideration. I have no doubt that M. de Laveleye has good authority for his statement that Prince Bismark offered to help the Czar to the possession of Constantinople if his majesty would consent to the meditated attack on France, and that the Czar scornfully declined the bribe. The German empire is exposed to two serious dangers—the growing power of France and the rapid development of social democracy in Germany.

As to the former, Prince Bismark has his choice of two sources. He may try to putmaneuver France politically, and then crush her by a coup de main. But this will not be easy. In Gambetta the German chancellor has at last found his match. Gambetta is not likely to be cajoled or brow-beaten into any imprudence. Not inferior to his rival in political capacity, he has the superior advantage of youth. He can afford to adopt a Fabian policy, and so can France.

They were sitting about the stove at the grocery listening to the yarns of an old sailor, and the ancient mariner had just remarked, "The next we tackled was a right whale, and it was an ugly one and stove all three of our boats and killed the second mate," when a sad-eyed man in the corner observed: "It seems to me that instead of a right whale you tackled a wrong one." And then they all rose and walked out in Indian file, and the ancient mariner was so mad that he tried to kick a saw horse and barked his shin in nine places.

**Johnny's Composition on the "Tagger."**

This is little Johnny's composition on the "Roil Bengol Tagger." "One time there was a man which had a tagger, and the tagger it was a sho, and the man he tuk the money fur to git in. The man he had a big paper nailed on to the tagger's den, and the paper said, the paper did: 'The Roil Bengol Tagger, sometimes called the Monnerk of the Jungle' The monnerk of the jungle it was always a-layin' down with its nose between its por, and folks which had paid fur to git in they was mad cos it wuden't wock and rore like distant thunder. But the sho man he said: 'That's ol rite when I git the new cage done, but this is the same cage which the offie feller broke out in Oregon, time he et up 17 men and their families.' Then the fokes they wud ol stan' back and took in whispers while the tagger slept. But one day a feller which was drunk he take to punch the tagger with the mast head of his umbrella, which stampeded the oddience wild; and the wimmin fokes they stud in chair and hollered like it was a mouse, but the drunk chap he kept a jobbin' the monnerk of the jungle crewel. Pretty sure the monnerk it balled offe and riggled, but the feller kep' a pokin' like he wos fireman to a steam edgin'. Bimeby the monnerk it stamped onto its hind feet and shucked itself out of its skin, and roled up its sleefs and spit onto its hands and spoke up and said: "I beharg; if I can't jest woller the green-pea stuffin out the gum dasted galoot which has been a proddin' this ere tagger" and the oddience they was astonished."

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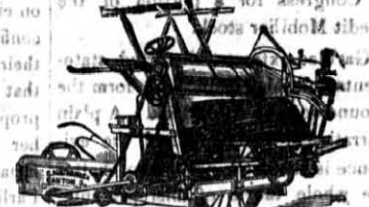
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Yet General Garfield was no sooner nominated than the mud batteries were opened on him, as they would have been opened on any other candidate. He was bespattered and befouled by reckless assailants with gross and unfounded calumnies. The one man whose life more than almost any other has been a model of personal purity and dignity, and who stands forth as the ideal public character, was immediately attacked with the most wanton and wicked aspersions. He was charged with corrupt implication in the Credit Mobilier fraud and with having bartered his position and his influence in Congress for a portion of the Credit Mobilier stock.

Garbled extracts, distorted statements and false deductions form the groundwork of the attack. A plain narrative of the facts and the evidence is all that is needed to shatter the whole fabric of misrepresentation and slander.

From the proof thus offered it is clear that General Garfield never purchased or accepted any of the Credit Mobilier stock and never received any dividend on it. It is true that Mr. Oakes Ames proposed that he should take some, and urged that it would be a good investment. General Garfield might have made the purchase with entire innocence, for there was no explanation of its true character or of its relations to the Union Pacific road, and nobody outside of the little "ring" understood them. It was presented like any business speculation. But, as a matter of fact, he declined to take the stock, and had no connection with it in any form. The only point upon which the assertion of sharing a dividend rests is the fact that he borrowed \$300 of Mr. Ames. But he gives a full and satisfactory explanation, confirmed by other witnesses. He had just returned from Europe, and his expenditures had stripped him of funds. Mr. Ames had proposed a profitable investment and this talk of financial matters led him to apply to Mr. Ames for the loan, which he soon repaid. After the investigation began Mr. Ames represented it as a dividend, but the only proof he offered was to produce a check for a different amount payable to himself and presenting nowhere the slightest evidence connecting General Garfield with it in the remotest degree. When Mr. Ames first went upon the stand he remembered nothing and stated nothing touching General Garfield. Afterward he professed to present some memoranda purporting to give his stock account. But there were two pretended accounts which were entirely incompatible. In the other cases Mr. Ames offered some tangible evidence—a certificate of a check, a receipt for dividend, a check with the name or initials of the party or an account with some intimate support. But in the case of General Garfield he was not able to present anything of the sort.

**STRAIGHT TO THE POINT.**

General Arthur, in his letter accepting the Republican nomination for Vice President, goes straight to the strong point against the Democratic ticket, when he says "there is the gravest reason for apprehension that exorbitant claims upon the public treasury, by no means limited to hundreds of millions already covered by bills introduced in Congress within the past four years, would be successfully urged if the Democratic party should succeed in supplementing its control of the National Legislature by electing the Executive also." Herein lies the great peril of such a result in November. It is the lesson of history that all successful reactionary parties greedily compensate themselves for the losses they suffered at the hands of their enemies, regardless of cost to the country. Most of the Confederate Brigadiers lost their all in the war to break up the Union. They long to get back their losses with interest. They control the two houses of Congress. They controlled the Cincinnati Convention. They see in the next Presidential election what they believe their opportunity to secure control of that office also, and with it, of the Government. If they get it, their next step will be to flood Congress with bills of indemnity for losses during the war. These will at first be disguised in the names of Confederates reputed to have been loyal to the old flag. But success will embolden the schemers, and it will not be long till, in "the name of peace and good will," they shall demand "pensions for all who fought on either side;" "then pay for their confiscated cotton;" then "pay for their slaves," on the plausible ground that slaves were "Constitutional property," and that England paid her slave-lords when the Act of Emancipation was passed by the Parliament. These several items, without reckoning a dollar for Confederate bonds, still hopeful of ultimate redemption, will foot up more than double the existing national debt. If they are ever paid, the loyal North and West will have to foot four-fifths of the bill; but the loyal North and West will never consent to that. Insistence upon it would inevitably be resisted by organized acts of war, and the whole battle would have to be fought over again, possibly on a costlier scale than the first conflict. The country cannot afford the risk. The country cannot have its impeachments against the Republican party, but by comparison with the perils threatened by the Democracy they are the merest political trifles.

**PROBABLY LOST.**

SAN FRANCISCO, July 23.—The steamer Newbern arrived this morning from Mazatlan having on board the mate and a portion of the crew of the ship Matilda, from Esquimalt to Callao with lumber, abandoned at sea June 24th. Captain Jones, his wife and a portion of the crew took one boat, and the mate and the remainder of the ship's company the other, and steered for Charion Island, 360 miles distant, which they reached July 2d; but finding no water there, made for Socorro Island, distant 210 miles. During a cyclone the boat's parted company, since which nothing has been heard of the captain's boat. Those in the mate's boat were compelled to throw overboard provisions water, clothing, etc., during the storm, and passing Socorro Island after great suffering reached Mazatlan July 18th.

It will be remembered that Capt. Jones and his wife were married in Port Townsend last month, just previous to the sailing of the vessel. Their sad fate will occasion heartfelt sorrow among all who know them.

The wife of Dr. W. F. Tolmie died at her home, near Victoria, on the 23d inst.

**Notice to Creditors.**

IN THE DISTRICT COURT, HOLDING TERMS AT PORT TOWNSEND, IN JEFFERSON COUNTY.

Peter DeJorup vs His Creditors.

**Notice to Creditors of Insolvent.**

Pursuant to an order of Honorable Roger S. Greene, Judge of the said district court: Notice is hereby given to all the creditors of the said insolvent, Peter DeJorup, to be and appear before the said Judge at his chambers in Seattle in King county, Washington Territory on the 29th day of July, A. D. 1880, at 10 o'clock, A. M. of that day, then and there to show cause if they can, why the prayer of said insolvent should not be granted, and an assignment of his estate be made, and he be discharged from his debts and liabilities in pursuance of the statute in such case made and provided: and in the meantime all proceedings against said insolvent be stayed.

Witness my hand and the seal of said court this Fifteenth day of June, A. D. 1880.

JAMES SEAVEY, Clerk of said District Court. LARRABEE & HANFORD, Attorneys for Petitioner. 1884

**DIRECTORY.**

INDEPENDENT ORDER OF GOOD TEMPLARS. GRAND LODGE OF WASHINGTON AND BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Officers: NAMES, OFFICES, P. O. ADDRESS. Allen Weir, G. W. C. T., Port Townsend W. T. ... L. C. Gilbert, G. W. T., Seattle, ... W. H. Roberts, G. W. T., Port Townsend ... N. D. Hill, P. G. W. C., Port Townsend W. T. ... Jos. Chilling, G. W. Sect'y., Olympia, W. T. ... N. S. Porter, G. A. Sect'y., Olympia, ... Allen Weir, G. S. Juv. Team, P. T. Townsend, ... Rev. J. E. Thompson, G. Chap., Olympia, ... E. Calvert, G. W. Mar., Seattle, ... Slat A. Dobbins, G. D. Mar., Olympia, ... Slat A. Pattison, G. Guard., Olymp. ... W. A. Wilson, G. Messenger, White River, ... N. Pattison, G. Sec'y., Olympia, ... Thos. N. Innes, G. Coun., Victoria, B. C.

The next session of the Grand Lodge will be held in Victoria, B. C. commencing on the third Friday in June, 1880.

**Subordinate Lodge Directory.**

WASHINGTON TERRITORY. No. Name of Lodge, Post Office, Lodge Feely 2 ... Mount Adams, Goldendale, W. A. McFarland 4 ... Tacoma, Olympia, Joseph Callberg 6 ... Seattle, Seattle, John Webster 7 ... Pataha, Pataha, Jos McKenase 8 ... Bureka, Walla Walla, E. R. Cochran 9 ... San Juan, San Juan, Rev. T. J. Weekes 10 ... Rising Star, Seattle Coal Mines, N. H. Martin 11 ... Angeles, Port Angeles, Philip Mougher 12 ... Jefferson, Port Townsend, N. D. Hill 13 ... Pioneer, Walla Walla, J. F. Booth 14 ... Shakespeare, Port Madison, Alex. Ross 15 ... Wildby, Coupeville, A. H. Kellogg 16 ... Excelsior, Dayton, E. Taylor 17 ... Beacon, New Dungeness, E. S. Fisher 18 ... Dry Creek, Walla Walla, E. Galtner 19 ... Orient, White River, Mrs. C. White 20 ... B. C. Columbia, Oliver Hall

**PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.**

**SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.**

The splendid sidewheel Steamship DAKOTA, 2100 TONS. H. G. MORSE, COMMANDER. WILL LEAVE ON THE DATE HERE after mentioned:

SAN FRANCISCO.	PT. TOWNSEND.	VICTORIA.
1880		
Apr 20	Apr 8	Apr 10
May 19	May 29	May 30
June 18	June 18	June 20
June 19	June 28	June 30

**Steamship IDAHO,**

CAPT. ALEXANDER, COMMANDER. WILL LEAVE ON THE FOLLOWING dates:

SAN FRANCISCO.	PT. TOWNSEND.	VICTORIA.
1880		
Apr 10	On arrival	Apr 20
May 30	"	May 10
June 10	"	June 10
June 30	"	June 16

These steamships leave Victoria at noon on the day advertised. Tickets are good only on the steamer for which they are purchased, and are not transferable.

Fare from Port Townsend to San Francisco First Cabin, \$20, Steerage \$10

Reduction in Freight.—Hereafter the freights which, under tariff, are to be per ton will be charged at \$5 per ton.

From and after this date all BAGGAGE of Puget Sound passengers by P. M. S. Co.'s steamers via Victoria, will be under Custom House seal, and will NOT be subject to examination by Custom House authorities in S. F. For freight or passage apply to the office or to H. L. TIBBALS, General Agent for Puget Sound, Port Townsend.

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