

Puget Sound Weekly Argus.

VOL. 7.

PORT TOWNSEND, W. T., FRIDAY, AUGUST 10, 1877.

NO. 25.

PUGET SOUND ARGUS,
IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY AT
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ALLEN WEIR,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Transient advertisements to insure in-
sertion must be accompanied by cash.

All Accounts Settled Monthly.

ARGUS GLANCES.

THE LATEST.—Olympia and Ten-
ino Railroad-stocks on the San Fran-
cisco exchange.

Senator Mitchell is announced to
leave Washington for Oregon some
time this month.

An artist of Frank Leslie's Illus-
trated Newspaper, has been sketch-
ing Astoria and vicinity.

The fixed purpose sways and bends
all circumstances to its use, as the
wind bends the reeds and rushes be-
neath it.

It is reported that a canoe full of
Hydah Indians have been massacred
by Cowichan Indians within a few
miles of Victoria.

Postal cards are not returned to
the Dead Letter Office if they are
not called for. They are held sixty
days, and are then burned.

It has been observed that the lady
with a diamond ring will scratch her
nose, in a given period, four times as
often as any other woman.

The cannery is doing a splendid
business at Muckilteo. They have
caught as high as one thousand a
day since starting—"Star."

In the river valleys of Puget
Sound the potato-crop is greatly
damaged by a worm or bug, and in
many places there will be a failure.

A temperance organization of
which the members pledge them-
selves not vote for drinking men has
been started in Polk county, Oregon.

A fashionable young lady dropped
one of her false eyebrows in a church
pew, and badly frightened a young
man next to her, who thought it was
his mustache.

Josh Billings says that the mewl is
a larger bird than the guse or turkey.
It has two legs to walk with and two
more to kick with, and wears its wings
on the side of its head.

The Victoria "Colonist" says:
"There are 35 patients in the Lunatic
Asylum. All are in good physi-
cal health. The establishment and
inmates are cleanly—their condition
exciting the admiration of visitors."

HOWE SOUND MINES.—A company
is being formed in town to open and
work the silver and copper lodes at
Howe Sound. The local capital re-
quired will be about \$30,000, most
of which has been subscribed.—
"Colonist."

Myriads of grass-hoppers have ap-
peared in Boise valley, Idaho. At
first they were seen flying high, but
now and then a cloud of them would
descend and strip a field. Most of
the wheat is harvested and out of
their reach.

The Cleveland "Leader" has been
vainly searching the dispatches each
morning for intelligence that Bonaparte
Banning, who labored so hard in
Congress last session to reduce the
fray, has volunteered in the
force under General Howard to fight
Joseph.

CANNING SALMON.—The Pacific
Coast is coming forward conspicu-
ously in the canning business. It is
estimated that in Oregon alone there
are 600,000 cases of canned fish and
650,000 of canned fruit put up an-
nually. The business is constantly
increasing, and the increase for the
present year, it is said, will be fifty
per cent. over last year. Fraser
River and Skeener River in British
Columbia are preparing to largely
supplement the world's supply of
salmon.

BEGINNING OF A GREAT WORK.—
At the iron-works in Pittsburg and
Brooklyn is being spun with spider-
like patience, the vast net-work of
wires and cables that will form the
suspension-bridge between New
York and Brooklyn. The material
will hardly be ready and the bridge
built before 1880; though the work
of laying two of the cables is now in
progress. There are four of these
supporting-cables, each consisting of
nineteen strands, with 330 wires to
the strand, and weighing 800 tons
apiece. The cables are fifteen and a
half inches in diameter, and their
supporting power is calculated to be
altogether 44,800 tons. Other inter-
esting statistics concerning the
bridge, are that its total length, in-
cluding land-approaches, is 5,989 feet,
the river-span being 1,595 feet; it is
85 feet wide; the towers rise 277 feet
above the water level, while the cen-
tre of the river-span is 135 feet above
the water level, and the estimated
cost is \$12,500,000, \$9,000,000 for the
bridge itself and \$3,500,000 for land-
damages.

When Abraham Lincoln was a
lawyer in Illinois, he and the judge
once got to bantering one another
about trading horses, and it was
agreed that at 9 o'clock the next
morning they should make a trade;
the horses were to be unseen up to
that hour, and no backing out under
a forfeiture of twenty-five dollars. At
the hour appointed the judge came
up leading the sorriest specimen of
a horse ever seen in those
parts. In a few minutes Mr. Lincoln
was seen approaching with a
wooden horse on his shoulders.
Great were the shouts and laughter
of the crowd, and both were greatly
increased when Mr. Lincoln on sur-
veying the judge's animal, set down
his horse and exclaimed: "Well,
judge, this is the first time I ever
got the worst of it in a horse trade."

FOR SITKA.—Rev. Dr. Sheldon
Jackson of the "Rocky Mountain
Presbyterian" went out on the steam-
er sailing to Sitka Tuesday. He
goes there to start a mission school
among the Indians. Mrs. McFar-
land, who has heretofore been en-
gaged at Lapwai agency, accompa-
nies him as teacher, and will remain
in charge of the school. The doctor
will remain at Sitka, but a few days.
He returns on the same steamer and
will at once go to Denver, there to
join a party that will start about the
first of September for Colorado and
Arizona, for the purpose of visiting
the pre-historic ruins to be found
there.—Oregonian

Both Russia and Turkey are run-
ning the paper currency mills. Rus-
sia, according to the dispatches, has
put out this currency to the extent
of \$120,000,000 since the opening of
the war; and Turkey, which has been
putting it out for nearly half a year,
has just authorized an additional
issue of \$40,000,000. The war will
leave a tremendous legacy of debt to
the powers engaged in it, and the
people will have to pay the debt. It
is not the Czar or the Sultan who
will pay it.

One of Tweed's plans to get his
bills through the New York Legisla-
ture was this: Approaching a mem-
ber, he would hand him a copy of the
bill and then say, "Let me see your
pocket-knife." After turning the
knife over while the member was read-
ing the bill, Tweed would say, "I
give you ten thousand dollars for
your knife." A good many of them
let the old knife go.

CHICAGO "Times." Bogus Char-
ley, the Modoc and hero of many a
fight on the lava beds, is now a Meth-
odist, and is running a camp-meet-
ing in Kansas, assisted by such ad-
juncts as a broadcloth suit; plug hat
and paper collar. His own conver-
sation at the point of the bayonet,
makes him a valuable exhorter.

The New York "World" estimates
the loss from the recent strikes at
\$20,000,000. The same paper esti-
mates the loss in the single city of
Pittsburg at \$8,000,000.

U. M. BRADSHAW. WM. A. INMAN.
BRADSHAW & INMAN.
ATTORNEYS AT LAW AND PROCTORS
in Admiralty. Port Townsend, W. T.

H. L. BLANCHARD,
Attorney & Counsellor At-law
PROCTOR IN ADMIRALTY.
PORT TOWNSEND W. T.

THOS. T. MINOR. I. N. POWER.
DRS. MINOR & POWER
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS.
OFFICE ON WATER ST.,
Port Townsend - - - W. T.

THOMAS DRUMMOND,
PORT TOWNSEND, W. T.
Bricklayer, Plasterer, and
Stone Mason.

Work done at the lowest reasonable rates.
Jobbing promptly attended to. 16

JAMES McNAUGHT. G. MORRIS HALLER.
McNAUGHT & HALLER,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW
Proctors in Admiralty.
Money loaned, Real Estate bought and sold
Farms to Lease,
Collections made, Conveyancing, &c.
PORT TOWNSEND, W. T.

WASHINGTON MARKET,
Chambers & Edmondson,
Butchers and Packers.
A full assortment of the choicest
meats in the market constantly on hand

JAMES C. SWAN,
Attorney at Law, Proctor in Admiralty
AND NOTARY PUBLIC.
Special attention paid to noting and extend-
ing Marine Protests; preparing reports of
Marine Surveys, general average accounts
and all other matters connected with Marine
Insurance and maritime affairs. Will also
make a specialty of attending to business con-
nected with the Probate Court.

Divide Your Patronage.
GEORGE BARTHROP,
PAINTER.
EXECUTES SIGN WORK CORRECTLY
and cheaply. Also Hangs paper, Kalsom-
ines, &c. In the ornamental line he is superb.
Have you seen his American Eagle? 19

DALGARDNO'S HOTEL
WATER STREET,
Port Townsend, W. T.

THE ABOVE HOUSE IS PARTICULARLY
adapted to the accommodation of all
who desire A RESERVED AND NICE
PLACE to Board, and especially Families
and sojourners wishing good rooms.

COSMOPOLITAN HOTEL.
C. FRANK CLAPP, Proprietor.
THIS WELL-KNOWN AND POPULAR
House has been refurnished and refitted
in all its departments, and is now prepared to
furnish first class accommodations to its
patrons. Being eligibly situated it is easy of
access by the traveling public. Its table will
always be supplied with the best the market
affords. Rooms for families, with board by
the day or week. 15

New Shoe Store.
WM. VETTER,
Fashionable Boot and Shoe Maker.
All kinds of Repairing and Custom Work
done to order on short notice. 22
WATER ST., PORT TOWNSEND

All persons interested in the growth
of the Puget Sound country, and the pros-
perity of its business, should at once subscribe for
the Daily Morning, or Weekly.

HERALD,
Published in New Tacoma, the terminus of
the N. P. R. R. It is one of the most wide-
awake, newsy and influential papers on the
Northern Pacific Coast. It is a splendid paper
in which to advertise your business, if you
want the public to know what you are doing.
Edited by
Francis H. Cook.

WM. DODD. J. E. PUGH
CENTRAL HOTEL,
Situating at head of Union Wharf,
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,
Liquors and Cigars. There is a first-class Bill-
iard Table and Reading Room in the Hotel.
Nothing will be left undone to make this
Hotel second to none in the Territory.
DODD & PUGH. 22

SINGER SEWING MACHINE.
OFFICE OF SINGER MANUFACTURING CO.,
Corner First and Yamhill Sts.,
Portland, Oregon, February 26, 1877.
SPECIAL NOTICE.—We would respectfully
call the attention of our former customers, and
all persons who desire to purchase our cele-
brated Sewing Machines, that Mr. John P.
Peterson, of Port Townsend, is our regular
authorized agent and collector, and all orders
left with him will be filled promptly, and all
machines sold fully guaranteed by this com-
pany. Machines sold on the installment plan
and liberal discount made for cash.
Singer Manufacturing Company,
WILLIS B. FRY, Manager.
MILTON W. PARSONS,
General Traveling Agent, Oregon and W. T.

B. S. MILLER,
WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER,
DEALER IN
Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, Diamonds,
Silver-Ware, etc., etc.,
Which will be sold at prices defying Competition.

Have also opened in connection with my Jewelry Store, the
most complete

MUSICAL EMPORIUM
On Puget Sound, having been appointed Agent for the
Renowned WEBER Piano,
The Best in the World.

The Celebrated Standard Organ,
Best in the United States.

The Sherman & Hyde Piano,
Best Medium Priced.

The Cottage Gem,
Best Low Priced in the Country.

Also, keeps on hand a Complete Assortment of
Musical Instruments,
SHEET MUSIC, MUSIC STANDS, ETC.
Pianos and Organs Sold on the Installment Plan
Store head of Union Wharf, under the Central Hotel,
Port Townsend, W. T.

THE SINGER
SEWING MACHINES
Great Reduction

The New Family Sewing Machines will hereafter
be Sold at **Fifty Dollars.** And all other

Machines at Equally Reduced Prices. Though these Machines have
been greatly reduced in prices, the Quality will be Maintained at Its
Highest Standard. The Public is Cautioned Against Buying
Imitation Machines, which are always made in a very inferior manner,
and are sold by irresponsible parties, whose guarantees are worthless.
All Genuine SINGER Machines are sold through authorized Agents
at a less price than any other good machines can be sold for, and al-
ways bear the patented TRADE MARK and the name of The Singer
Company distinctly printed on the arm of the machine.
Machines sold on note and lease plan, and a liberal discount made
for Cash. The Singer Manuf'g Co., 1st & Yamhill sts.,
Portland, Ogn.
B. S. MILLER, Agent Port Townsend, W. T.
W. G. JAMIESON, Agent Seattle, "
CHAS. R. TALCOTT, Agent Olympia " 20

JOHN T. NORRIS,
IMPORTER OF
STOVES, TIN WARE,
Pumps, Iron Pipe,
And general
HOUSE-FURNISHING HARDWARE,
Prime Quality and a fair market Price
For every article made or sold.
Olympic Hotel
Main Street, Olympia, W. T.
J. G. Sparks, Proprietor.

George Sterming,
WISHES TO INFORM HIS PATRON
that he is still doing business in the
OLD STAND known as
Sterming's Saloon
Superior Qualities of
Foreign & Domestic Cigars
Constantly on hand.
Friends and Patrons are welcome.
Port Townsend, Feb. 7, 1874.

HOUSE, SIGN AND ORNAMENTAL
PAINTING!
PAPER HANGING DONE TO ORDER
at the shortest notice, and all
Orders Promptly Attended To.
HARRY TILMAN.

Such Is Life.

Oh, the hurry and the worry
Of this ever-changing life,
Pushing, crowding in the struggle,
Fainting, falling 'mid the strife.

Oh, the sighing and the weeping
In the sad and broken homes,
Where are hearts that once were joyful,
Now to them no gladness comes.

Oh, the watching and the waiting
For the brighter days to dawn,
For the dark and weary shadows,
To give place to beautiful morn.

Oh, the hoping and the wishing
For the storms to pass away,
When the sun in all his splendor,
Ushers in the new-born day.

Oh, the dreaming and the waking,
As on wings of time we're borne,
Dream, that loved ones still are near us,
Wake, to struggle on alone.

Oh, the ebbing and the flowing
Of this restless, human tide,
Toss'd about on foaming billows,
Reach at last the other side.

LUCY E. NEWTON.

Street Life in New York.

Among the very many strange noises that go to make up the general din of the New York streets, there commonly rises supreme one particular sound that may be heard from eight o'clock in the morning until eight o'clock in the evening, and one that is harsh and discordant beyond description.

This sound is the ringing of the bells on the carts of the rag and paper gatherers.

These may be heard in Harlem and on the Battery, and on the North and East Rivers. They are everywhere. Each cart is of the ordinary hand-cart pattern, with two wheels, and is propelled by the owner, who walks and pushes in front.

The peculiarity of it is this: From either side of the cart, mid-way along, and abreast of the wheels, there arises a stout stick three feet high. Between these sticks at the top, there is stretched a leather belt, extending, of course, across the load of rags and bottles, if there happens to be any. Attached to this strap are a number of bells of various sorts and sizes, ranging from a common tea-bell or sleigh-bell, to a large-sized dinner-bell, with a wooden handle affixed. As if the sounds made by the constant swinging of these articles did not produce sufficient tumult, a few cow-bells are mingled with the instruments of discord.

The fashion seems to be thought a good one, for there is not another rag-man in the whole city that would dare to venture out without, at least, two cow-bells to advertise his calling.

A few of these junk and coal-gatherers use dogs to help them draw their often heavy loads.

In the latter part of May of every year, the city is tormented by a new trouble, in the shape of strawberry-sellers. The class of people who in Boston are called peddlers, are called in New York licensed vendors. The title indicates that the holders of it have purchased from the city the right to sell in the public streets any goods that they may wish—of course within certain rules and regulations.

When the strawberries from the South begin to come in these licensed vendors load their wagons and start up town to the streets where the residences are, and then begin to cry their wares.

They are usually accompanied by small boys, who hold the reins and look out for the property. With two boxes of berries in each hand, this species of vendor walks along the sidewalk at a slow pace, uttering his calls, while his horse and the wagon with the little boy on top follows slowly behind.

This class of vendors is mostly made up of young men, and they are, as a whole, healthy and powerful fellows. They are sagacious enough to be polite to the people with whom they deal. They sell everything in its season—lemons, oranges, figs, vegetables, nuts, apples, peaches and the like, and they are very industrious.

But there is another vendor who has no team and no one to help him; neither does he utter any cry. He would if he could, I suppose, but it would be dangerous for him to make a single movement of his head. This is the honey-seller.

He wears a long white apron coming down to his ankles, and a sort of bib that covers his breast. Upon his arms he wears a pair of false white sleeves, gathered tight at the wrists and at the elbows, in his left hand he carries a knife, with which he raps on the iron railings as he slowly passes the houses, in order to let the occupants know that he is there.

Upon a mat on the top of his head he carries a large, oblong platter, upon which his honeycomb is piled in pyramid fashion, looking, with its delicious white and yellow, very nice and tempting.

Now and then a neatly-dressed maid rushes out of an area door and cries out to him. He slowly turns around and goes back to her, tells her his price, and where the honey comes from. This interview commonly ends in his taking the huge dish from the top of his head and cutting off a piece of the honeycomb, with which the maid disappears into the region from whence she emerged.

A deep and profound silence followed.

Some of the ways in which people advertise their business in New York are very odd. On almost any bright day one

may see upon Broadway a file of half a dozen men clad in painted boards—that is, with large signs three feet across and five feet long suspended about their necks, one before and one behind—marching in a row down the sidewalk.

One can see but little of these men, save their rough, unkempt heads, and their stolid faces, half-secreted under ragged caps.

It is laughable when a sudden wind springs up and blows the sign-bearers out into the streets and around the corners in spite of their struggles against it. The street boys sometimes make them miserable by catching the corners of their signs, and twisting them around and around most unmercifully.

Occasionally a man dressed like a harlequin may be seen, all white and blue and yellow, with a tall fool's cap on his head. He distributes papers to the passers-by, with a bow and a smirk that do not possess the grace of a Chesterfield. Little brass bells are tied to his cap, and eight blue and yellow points fall about his ears, and dance up and down whenever he moves his head. These men ordinarily go through their silly labors with a great deal of composure, and it would be hard to say certainly that they do not rather enjoy "cutting a figure."

But pleasant people to speak of are the flower, fruit and candy sellers, children who move about silently amid the throngs of passers-by, mutely offering their little trays of bon-bons or nose-gays for sale. In the season of violets, the air of Broadway is perfumed for long distances by the odor of the flowers, and one looks with pleasure upon the little black-haired maids, with their neat dresses and pretty faces, who carry them about.

One of the best known of the street-people is the "merchant knife-grinder," a very monarch in his way, an Englishman, with a thorough cockney accent.

He is nothing but a knife-grinder, but he does his business in such a lordly way that he might just as well have been a Senator as anything else. He has a four-wheel go-cart, very firmly made, and very finely painted and decorated. The color is scarlet, and the lettering upon the sides is of bright gilt. This lettering says, "Robert Smith, of London, Eng., Practical Knife-Grinder. Work solicited. Charges very moderate."

The cart is a very large affair, and is full of innumerable drawers. Upon its front are two finely-toned bells, which jingle at every step, and which are really quite musical. The knife-grinder himself pushes his wagon from behind, swinging another bell in his right hand, and crying, "Knives! knives!" He is a strong, ruddy-faced man, and is excessively jolly. He laughs heartily at all the jokes he hears. He laughs when they ask him to do some work, and he laughs while he is about it.

It is really a pleasant sight to see him with his arms stripped, standing before his spinning wheel, making the treadle go and the sparks fly, and to hear him tell short stories of his experience that day. There is something so brave and frank about him that he is very attractive. May he never grow to be unhappy himself. He deserves a better lot, and all New Yorkers wish he may get it.

—*Youth's Companion.*

Homeric Warriors.

The Montenegrin army is described by a correspondent of the London Times. Life at the head-quarters of the Prince of Montenegro is an Homeric study. When in the morning the Prince appears, a line is formed instantly, and all uncover while he takes his walk up and down the terrace. As he walks along the line, now and then a man runs forward, catches the hand of his Prince, and kisses it, dropping back into his place, and then another and another, the ruler accepting the homage with a manner which has a great fascination for the simple-minded folk—with a smile, a word of interest, and in some cases a question as to their affairs; for he knows, it is said, every head of a family in his dominions personally and by name, and occasionally breaks his promenade to enter into conversation more seriously, or even to provoke a general discussion, when a circle rapidly forms around him to listen and take part. There is nothing servile in their manner even to him, but the most unbounded reverence. It is a favorite amusement of his to wake up the emulation of the men by talking to some one of them of some heroic deed he has done, and provoking comparisons, when a contest of pretensions, to equal or greater merit begins, every man considering himself entitled to push his claims, which he does in no vainglorious way, but by recounting what he has done. As they are surrounded by witnesses of the deeds, no man dares to exaggerate his exploits, and the crowd confirms. These are the warriors who are now renewing in Western Turkey the battle which they have waged with the Turks for four centuries.

PREPARING FOR POSSIBILITIES.—Mr. Benson was out in his garden Monday daubing a coat of tar on the trunk of a choice cherry tree, when his next door neighbor, with whom he is not on very good terms, came out and industriously set to work nailing lath between the pickets on the line fence.

"I thought I'd fix this tree so that your dog wouldn't be able to get into it when the cherries are ripe," sarcastically observed Benson, as the work went on.

"Yes, I see," was the reply, "and it reminded me that if the space between these pickets was reduced, your cat couldn't reach through and pick my raspberries."

A deep and profound silence followed.

—*Fulton Times.*

A COLORED postmaster is now called a blackmailer.

Flirting in War Time.

The war correspondent of the London News describes very pleasantly an old Roumanian hotel in Ploiesti, the headquarters of the Russian army. Along three sides of an immense court-yard run lofty galleries, covered in with glass. Upon these open the windows of the bedrooms, tiny dens, in which no privacy is possible. In the court-yard stand a few acacias, a few oleanders, struggling toward the light, and a great number of those colored glass globes which, mounted upon a pole, are more than equivalent, in the Roumanian eye, to flowers. Among the acacias and the oleanders people dine, weather permitting; but for rainy nights there is a pavilion along one side of the court-yard—a wooden building full of taste in shape and decoration, so bright of color, so gracefully carved, that one is pleased to look at it. Then of an evening come the Lautorei, or gypsy minstrels, another institution of the land. They play wild tunes and sing till midnight, always by ear, or else they seize a waltz—French or German—transform it, with notes new and strange, into a barbaric chant, and the public come to drink beer and listen for form's sake—in reality to make love. An instance is cited. A happy, substantial dame marched in, escorted by an elderly gentleman of position. Her two daughters followed, with a youth highly dressed, newly shaved, pomaded. The young ladies were very pretty and very well behaved; they could not but smile at the witticisms of their companion, whom they answered in the lowest possible tones. But their smiles were of such nature as to stir agony all round; bitter feelings convulsed the population of the neighborhood. From six or eight tables in a circle looks deadly and imploring were fixed alternately upon the favored youth and his charges. Other youths came up to their friend and audibly begged an introduction, to no purpose. The ladies still smiled and still laughed prettily, nor did their parent set an example of mercy. She also decked and wreathed her comely features for the distraction of the old magistrate. At the critical moment arrived two more young ladies, also with an elder relative, yet more charming than the first pair, whose inconstant admirers straightway turned their backs to fall into a new enthusiasm. The twin Ariadnes deserted showed not the least surprise, jealousy, or disappointment. Their languid smiles were almost more sweet when given only to one.

Business Prostration in Germany.

There is much distress in this city among the working classes. In the manufacturing faubourg of Oranienburg about one-half of the operatives in the factories and foundries are out of employment. Unfortunately, also, there is a rise in breadstuffs and provisions generally, while, owing to the heavy municipal taxation, there is little abatement in rents. In Northern Germany the shipping interests are suffering from the stoppage of the Black Sea trade, in which there was a profitable field of occupation in the carrying trade. Berlin up to the war with France, was one of the principal banking centers of the Continent. The immense indemnity levied on France stimulated speculation to fever heat. No enterprise was too gigantic not to be undertaken. Private buildings in entire blocks were put up as well as public edifices of all kinds, and railroads were built in all directions. The satirical journal here once offered a reward for any new invention for the application of capital, giving as a reason that all known expedients had been exhausted. Over-production and over-speculation produced their natural effects. A leading banking institution failed; next followed a manufacturing establishment, and then the crash became general. To-day Berlin is covered with the wrecks of speculative credulity. Many of the millionaires of a few years ago are in a state verging on absolute poverty. The prostration is so general that few have escaped unscathed. The Government's military reserve funds are a specialty, devoted to war purposes and the protection of the empire against invasion. They cannot be touched for other uses. Could they be drawn on at the present time, they would obviate the necessity of imposing new burdens on the people.

—*Berlin Correspondence of the Philadelphia Press.*

"OH, THAT MAKES A DIFFERENCE.—The old illustration of the difference self-interest makes in deciding a money matter has been repeated countless times since the spelling-book story about "Whose ox was gored?"

A passenger on a street-car line gave a driver noted both for politeness and shrewdness, a five-dollar bill, and asked for change. The driver, as we are told, gave him nine dollars and ninety cents in change. The passenger, on getting out, informed him that he had made a mistake. The driver answered it was too late to verify; it was not their practice, unless done at the time the change was given.

"But," insisted the passenger, "you must verify this time."

"No," replied the driver, "I have had that thing tried before. It is too late."

"All right," was the response. "I have four dollars and ninety cents here which belongs to you. If you won't take it, I will keep it."

"Oh, that makes a difference," said the mollified driver. "Thank you."

And he verified.

EPIDEMIC typhus prevails in Constantinople to an alarming extent. Ten thousand persons are under treatment, and the deaths have been very numerous. The filthy condition of the city, owing to the total lack of drainage, is the cause of the disease.

Rules for Matrimony.

Marry in your own religion.
Never both be angry at once.
Never taunt with a past mistake.
Let a kiss be the prelude of a rebuke.
Never allow a request to be repeated.
Let self-abnegation be the habit of both.

A good wife is the greatest earthly blessing.
"I forgot," is never an acceptable excuse.
If you must criticize, let it be done lovingly.
Make a marriage a matter of moral judgment.
Marry into a family which you have long known.
Never make a remark at the expense of the other.
Never talk at one another, either alone or in company.
Give your warmest sympathies for each other's trials.
If one is angry, let the other part the lips only for a kiss.
Neglect the whole world besides, rather than one another.
Never speak loud to one another unless the house is on fire.
Let each strive to yield oftenest to the wishes of the other.
Always leave home with loving words, for they may be the last.
Marry into different blood and temperament from your own.
Never deceive, for the heart, once misled, can never trust wholly again.
It is the mother who moulds the character, and fixes the destiny of the child.
Let all your mutual accommodations be spontaneous, whole-souled, and free as air.
Consult one another in all that comes within the experience, observation, or sphere of the other.
Never reflect on a past action which was done with a good motive and with the best judgment at the time.
The beautiful in heart is a million times of more avail as securing domestic happiness, than the beautiful in person.

A Mammoth Sugar Plantation.

A Honolulu paper printed early in May contains the following: "The Krull estate, on the island of Kauai, which comprises some 27,000 acres of rich sugar and pasture lands, well wooded and watered, together with 5,000 head of choice cattle, boiling-down works, and valuable permanent improvements, was recently purchased by his majesty, Kalaikoa, Capt. James McKee, and G. W. Macfarlane, in the proportion of one-fourth, five-eighths, and one-eighth respectively, for the purpose of converting the same into a first-class sugar estate, for which the property is admirably adapted, having, perhaps, more natural advantages (in the way of abundant supply of water, rich soil, flat, clear and unbroken land, woods, &c.) than any other plantation property on the islands. A joint stock company has been formed for carrying on the business, and on Saturday last the Privy Council received the application of the company for a charter from the Government to incorporate themselves as the Makee Sugar Company, with a capital of \$160,000, in 160 shares of the par value of \$1,000 each, with liberty to increase their capital stock to \$500,000. The application was passed unanimously by the council. We learn that operations will be commenced at once and cane planting begun without delay. It is proposed to adopt the co-operative or central factory system, and already we hear of parties with means who have engaged with the company to plant cane for the mill. Natives and foreigners alike will be allowed this privilege."

MONTENEGRO BRAVERY.—At the battle of Rogami the Turks, with ten battalions, supported by seventeen pieces of artillery, had succeeded in carrying by surprise the hill which was the key of the position, and which was at the first attack only held by fifty men. Bozo Petrovich, who commanded the whole district, arriving at the battlefield found the position so strongly held that he despaired of driving the Turks out, and, calling Martinovics, commander of the Cetinje battalion, said to him, "I must retreat; we can't hold the position." The battalion commander said simply, "Give me the order and in fifteen minutes I will be in the position or dead."

"Go," said Bozo, and, yataghan in hand, the living bolt shot against the ten battalions of Turks and drove them from the hill, and held it until two other battalions came up on right and left, and drove the Turks in panic across the river.

There were few houses in Cetinje where bereavement did not fall that day. But the total force of the Montenegrins engaged was four battalions and one gun against ten battalions in the attacking column, two more of supports within musketry range, and seventeen guns. The difference was made up by the yataghans and the absolute indifference to death of the mountaineers. Under the eye and commands of the Prince himself, there is no enterprise, even involving total destruction, that they would hesitate at.—*London Times Correspondent.*

THE Savannah News believes that the lands of Northern Georgia are based upon a gold-bearing strata quite fabulous in its richness. At Dahlonega last week, directly after the falling of a heavy shower of rain, a little barefoot street urchin panned out fifteen or twenty large particles of gold from about half a gallon of earth, scraped up in front of the Court House door.

THE Boston public schools will hold no sessions in very stormy weather.

How to Write to the Newspapers.

The Burlington (Iowa) Hawkeye recently gave some advice to correspondents, which deserves the consideration of persons who undertake to write to the newspapers. A few of its points are as follows:

"Never write with pen or ink. It is altogether too plain, and doesn't hold the mind of the editor and printers closely enough to their work.

"If you are compelled to use ink, never use that vulgarity known as the blotting pad. If you drop a blot of ink on the paper, lick it off. The intelligent compositor loves nothing so dearly as to read through the smear this will make across twenty or thirty words. We have seen him hang over such a piece of copy half an hour, swearing like a pirate all the time—he felt that good.

"Don't try to write too plainly. It is a sign of plebeian origin and public school breeding. Poor writing is an indication of genius. It is about the only indication of genius that a great many men possess. Sprawl your article with your eyes shut and make every word as illegible as you can. We get the same price for it from the rag man as though it were covered with copperplate sentences.

"Avoid all painstaking with proper names. We know the full name of every man, woman and child in the United States, and the merest hint of the name is sufficient. It is a great mistake that proper names should be written plainly.

"Always write on both sides of the paper, and when you have filled both sides of every page trail a line up and down every margin and back to the top of the first page, closing your article by writing the signature just above the date. How we do love to get hold of articles written in this style! And how we would like to get hold of the man who sends them. Just for ten minutes. Alone. In the woods, with a cannon in our hip pocket."

To these injunctions we may add that whenever you ask a newspaper for personal information—in regard to the character of your literary style, for example, or your chances of making ten thousand dollars a year out of literary work in this metropolis—you ought to be careful not to enclose a stamp to pay the postage on the reply. Editors not only have plenty of time to write critical letters of this kind, but publishers regard it as a great privilege to pay the postage on twenty or thirty such letters a week. Also, if you happen to be a woman, be careful to sign your own Christian name, so that no hint may be given as to whether you are married or not; and then if a mistake is made by calling you "Miss," when you are married, or the reverse, you will have a fine opportunity to correct the error in a scornful way. Above all things let not a week pass without writing to some newspaper office asking for the name of the author of the line: "Consistency, thou art a jewel."

A War Correspondent at School.

The war correspondents of the London papers are having ample leisure to flirt with the Roumanian maids and study the country. News there is none; their dispatches are very brief, and the Associated Press Agent, who sees them all in print every morning before he closes his night's work for the New York papers, finds little to telegraph across the ocean; and when they send letters they write about anything and everything except the war, about which there is absolutely nothing to say. A correspondent of *The Standard*, for instance, writing from Bucharest on May 14, devotes a column to a school for little girls. The Asile Helène, or orphanage, is an immense building, close to the Villa Palace of the Prince, at Cortoceni. It lodges 240 girls, of whom 40 are kept at the expense of private individuals; the remaining 200 must be foundlings or orphans, and the school is always full. The uniforms of the school, rough, yet not uncomfortable nor unsightly, are all made at home, with the household necessities; while ladies who require the most delicate embroidery can have it furnished for them by girls who show a talent for that class of work. The idea is to supply all the Roumanian schools with mistresses from this establishment. The amiable confidence between authorities and pupils was shown by a little incident. In one of the upper classes a handsome girl was summoned to recite in French—with scanty preparation. She broke down in spite of kindly aid from mistress and companions. Gen. d'Avila, one of the ephors, who was present, sent for a young pupil, of another class, who declaimed the scene with remarkable ability. The pleasant tone of the general's reprimand, and the smiling manner of all parties concerned, were sufficient proof of an excellent understanding. While the war correspondent was visiting the orphanage, Russian cavalry, artillery, and Cosacks were filing by, but he saw not one young lady peep through the open windows at that clanking, glittering cavalcade. They sang, recited, answered questions with such graceful composure as English girls seldom show.

DANBURY NEWS: "He is a vegetable dealer in Danbury. A lank personage, spying his exhibit of radishes, asked 'How much be them a bunch?' 'Twenty cents.' 'Twenty cents!' repeated the citizen, in astonishment. 'Twenty cents for a little bunch like them! Why, they ain't worth ten cents.' It was now the vender's turn to be amazed. 'What are you talking 'bout?' he demanded, with asperity. 'Oferin' ten cents for a bunch of radishes! Guess you ain't heard of the war in Europe, hev you?'"

LONDON is, perhaps more than any other city in the world, the city of hospitals. There are no less than eighty-eight hospitals in that city.

Use the Whole Farm.

Farming must be conducted on business principles or it cannot be successful. The first endeavor of a shrewd business man is to keep all his capital profitably employed. He is not satisfied to make large profits on a part while the greater portion is lying idle, nor will he allow lack of care or capital to rob him of profits which he might otherwise have made. Too many farmers, on the contrary, think they are doing well when they make large profits on one or two crops, or fields, though other parts of their farm may not be paying anything. Often on the cultivated parts of a farm the results are satisfactory enough, if it were not that these were so small as not to pay necessary expenses of conducting it. The farmer finds himself as badly off as the merchant who made a disastrous failure while selling all his goods at one hundred per cent. profit. The explanation is, that the merchant kept a peanut stand and his receipts were only fifty cents per day. The twenty-five cents clear profit did not pay the man's board and lodging, and he was bankrupted by personal expenses.

Looking at the subject from this point of view, we have innumerable agricultural and other journals urging farmers to reduce their expenses—to economize to the utmost extent in their homes, in travel, and on the farm itself. They seem to forget that farmers are already far more economical than any other class, and, without any prompting, have denied themselves luxuries, and even comforts, deemed almost indispensable by the residents of the city. The great majority of farmers, knowing that they cannot economize in their homes and personal expenses more than they do, accept this advice as recommending the hiring of less labor—planting and sowing fewer acres, scanty manuring and imperfect cultivation. In the meantime, family and personal expenses remain as before, because they have already been reduced to the lowest limit. It is easy to foresee that such a policy can only result in smaller profits and greater pecuniary embarrassment.

Variegated Japan Honeysuckle.

The Japan variegated Honeysuckle is a superb acquisition to our climbing plants, and its real beauty does not seem to be fully appreciated. It is perfectly hardy, grows freely in almost any soil, and is well adapted to both indoor and outdoor decoration. Not only is its foliage beautifully and richly reticulated with golden veins, which does not run into green, but its flowers are highly fragrant. For a wall or trellis, or for running up the stems of trees it has scarcely an equal, and for large rustic vases or baskets, it is a most beautiful plant. An English writer, in noticing it in the garden, says that this honeysuckle, when grown under certain circumstances, is certainly one of the handsomest leaved plants in cultivation. It does well on a wall or a tree. Last summer I saw it used effectively in the Winter Garden at Southport, in a basket from which its shoots hung down gracefully; it does well, also, as a fringe for baskets on lawns, and I have likewise seen it used effectively as an edging for flower-beds, a position in which it has to be often clipped; and I should add that it would show its variegated leaves to the best advantage in sod not over rich. Japan has furnished us with a rich variety of running plants, of which the Variegated Honeysuckle, the Japanese Woodbine and the Akebia, are fine examples.—*American Cultivator.*

LIME AND CROPS.—The bulk of fertility consists of three earths, to wit: silica, alumina and lime. Unmixed with clay, sand or other organic substances, lime consists of the oxide of the metallic element calcium, and as it enters into the composition of all parts, it necessarily occupies a large place in nature's laboratory. Chemists tell us that it has an affinity to water and carbonic acid; when applied to the land it absorbs water, forming hydrate of lime; this hydrate then absorbs carbonic acid, so that lime, although in a caustic state, really exists, shortly after its application, in the form of carbonate, along with a little sulphate, as previously mentioned. Lime has for a long time been used as a fertilizer; when land previously unworked is brought into cultivation, or when worn-out pasture land is broken up, lime is generally applied. It affects chiefly the vegetable matter contained in the soil, promoting its decomposition, and thus rendering it available as plant food.

FORTY MILLION HENS.—According to statistics given by one of the French papers, France supports at the present time no fewer than 40,000,000 hens, representing at an estimated average value of 2 francs and 50 centimes each, 100,000,000 francs. These 40,000,000 hens give birth annually to 100,000,000 chickens, of which it is found expedient to put aside 10,000,000 each year for productive purposes. Accidents and disease again reduce the number of chickens destined for consumption to 80,000,000, which, putting their average value at 1 franc 50 centimes apiece, may be estimated as worth 120,000,000 francs. To these figures must be added the further value due to capons and fat pullets, which may be stated as 6,000,000 francs.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

The superintendent of the Davenport (Iowa) schools is a woman, a teacher of long experience, and those schools were never in a more efficient state than under her rule. She has been elected President of the State Teachers' Association.

A GREEN grocer—onewho trusts.

Savage Methods of Following a Track.

[Chambers' Journal contains a review of a new book upon "The Shifts and Expedients of Camp Life," which gives the following interesting account of the methods employed in savage countries to follow the tracks of men or beasts:]

One of the most remarkable features of uncivilized life is the power savages show of tracking men and beasts over immense distances. Many travellers have spoken of this as something almost miraculous, yet it is only the result of careful observation of certain well-known signs; and we have here before us a collection of very common-sense hints on the subject. In countries like ours every trace of foot-print or wheel-track on roads and paths is soon obliterated or hopelessly confused; but it is otherwise in the wilderness, where neither man nor beast can conceal his track. In Kafirland, when cattle are stolen, if their foot-prints are traced to a village, the headman is held responsible for them, unless he can show the same track going out. A wagon-track in a new country is practically indecipherable. "More especially," says our author, "is this the case if a fire sweeps over the plain immediately after, or if the wagon passes during or after a prairie fire. We have known a fellow traveller recognize in this manner the tracks his wagon had made *seven years before*, the lines of charred stumps crushed short down remaining to indicate the passage of the wheels, though all other impressions had been obliterated by the rank annual growth of grass fully twelve feet high." Sometimes the original soil being disturbed, a new vegetation will spring up along the wagon-track, and thus mark out the road for miles. Even on hard rock a man's bare foot will leave the dust caked together by perspiration so that a practiced eye will see it; and even if there is no track, a stone will be disturbed here and there, the side of the pebble which has long lain next the ground being turned up. If it is still damp, the man or beast that turned it has passed very recently. If a shower of rain has fallen, the track will tell whether it was made before, during, or after the shower; similar indications can be obtained from the dew; and another indication of the time that has elapsed since a man passed by is furnished by the crushed grass, which will be more or less withered as the time is longer or shorter.

Other indications are drawn from the direction in which the grass lies; this tells how the wind was blowing at the time the grass was crushed; and by noting previous changes of the wind, one learns the time at which each part of the track was made. Much too can be learned from the form of the foot-prints. Savages generally turn their toes in, in walking; white men turn theirs out. A moccasin print with the toes turned out would indicate that a white man in Indian walking-gear had gone by; and almost every foot has a print of its own, which enables an experienced tracker to follow a single track amongst a dozen others. Similarly the character of the print will tell whether the man who made it walked freely or was led by others; whether he was in a hurry or traveling slowly; whether he carried a burden, and if he were sober or tipsy. A horse-track is equally well-marked. It tells when the horse galloped, where he walked, when he stopped to feed or drink; and a scattering of sand and gravel when he was started by any strange sight. In all this two things are needed—sharp sight and a careful training. The elephant often makes a very curious track as he walks; if he suspects danger, he scents the ground with the tip of his trunk, and this makes a well-marked serpentine line in the dust. Elephants have changed their tactics since rifle-pits were introduced. Formerly, when their chief danger was a pitfall, the leader of the herd felt the ground inch by inch; and if he detected the covering of a trap, tore it off and left it open. Now they rely much more on scent, and in this way, often from a great distance, detect the hunter lurking near their drinking-places. If so, they will sometimes travel fifty or a hundred miles to another stream or pool.

A CURIOUS CUSTOM.—In one of his admirable letters from the East, Bishop Marvin thus refers to a custom among the Brahmans of Madras: People here indicate their faith by wearing a mark on the forehead. Is it put on in chalk-dust, generally white, but sometimes colored. We saw the pigment exposed for sale in the temple portico. Sometimes it is a broad band across the forehead, sometimes a spot just above the base of the nose, sometimes a trident extending upward from the base of the nose, the outer lines white and the central one brown. This trident is worn by Brahmans, and there are two forms of it. In one form the lower extremity of the figure makes a regular curve, like a horse-shoe; in the other a little point extends downward from the extremity. These different forms represent differences of doctrine—slight, very slight, differences, a venerable wearer of the horse-shoe told us; but when the two meet in the temple, they sometimes make the walls resound with the vigor of their angry reproaches and recriminations.

A MAN cannot walk down street now with his collar hanging limp and starch less about his neck, his forehead beaded with perspiration, and his shoes smacking as if he had been wading in water, without some chap asking him if it's warm enough for him to-day. There are some men in this world who are too inquisitive for comfort.—*Oil City Call.*

A JAPANESE student, newly-arrived in this country, thought we were all doctors, because everybody took his hand and asked after his health.

A Florida Tornado.

Autumn is the dread season of hurricanes in Florida, and at its approach the inhabitants quake with apprehension. Tearing through the West Indies they often strike the coast with deadly effect. With scarcely a note of warning, houses are overthrown, sail-boats blown from the water, and orange groves swept bare of leaves and fruit. The day may be bright and beautiful, and all nature rejoice in the sunshine. Almost imperceptibly the wind may die away. Cries of terror and water birds fall upon the ear with painful distinctness. The mudhens of the marshes pipe an alarm. Not a blade of salt grass moves. The blue sky grows hazy, and the eastern horizon is milky white. Fiftful gusts begin to ripple the water and handle the green leaves. A low moan comes from the ocean. Smoky clouds roll into the sky from the southeast, and a strong wind whitens the ruffled water. Every minute it increases in fury. An ominous yellow light tinges the atmosphere. The sun is gone, and great drops of rain are hurled to the ground. Within fifteen minutes there is a gale, and soon the full force of the hurricane is felt. Birds, large and small, are swept through the air utterly powerless. All living things disappear. Tall pines are twisted asunder. The lithe limbs of willows and oleanders snap like cow-whips. Lofty palmettoes bend their heads to the ground, their great fans turn inside out like the ribs of an umbrella. The force of the wind keeps the trees down until every green fan pops like a pistol-shot. Orange groves are ripped into shoe strings. The leaves of the scraggy scrub on the beach are wiped out, and their stems whipped into little brushes. The tough saw-palmetto is blown as flat as a northern wheatfield, and the dead grass of the savannas lashed into fine dust. Boards in the surf are struck by the wind and sent spinning hundreds of feet into the air. The sand dunes are caught up bodily and sifted through the tops of pine trees miles away. The foam of the sea is blown beneath the houses on the mainland, and comes up between the cracks of the floor like steam. Sail-boats are torn from their moorings and destroyed or stranded. These hurricanes last from seven to eight hours, even longer. During the lulls rain falls in torrents. The tide rises to a great height, carrying away wharves and boat-houses, and flooding the low country for miles. Gardens are destroyed, fences swept away, and the tormented Floridian has three months' work and no pay to repair damages.

THE EMPTINESS OF WEALTH.—Wealth is not a good thing in itself; it is only a means to some good end, and like all good things may be perverted so as to prove a direct curse to you and your family. Many a man in the outcome of life has reason to regret that he ever possessed wealth. Material prosperity has proved, in his household, moral ruin. The riches so generously given are moth-eaten. The man has proven delinquent in the duty pertaining to his high trust. Wealth is not a safe possession without a high moral aim, and the use of that wealth to promote that aim.—*Zion's Herald.*

NEW YORK spends two hundred thousand dollars for amusements.

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Stands for Snoozer, Who coughed so loud in the night That he woke up all the boarders— But SWEET TAR set him right.

—To be continued.

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Relationship of Brain and Stomach

is a close one, indeed. They are connected by that wondrous elastic link, the sympathetic nerve, which communicates the abnormal sensations of the organ of digestion to that of thought. Now, if digestion is disordered, the brain, being the great focal point of the nervous system, all the nerves are in some degree affected. The main cause of nervous trouble is impaired digestion, and that is usually produced by weakness of the stomach. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters rectifies this, and overcomes nervous debility by infusing increased energy into the operation of the organs of nutrition. Through the agency of this beneficial tonic, not only are the nerves vitalized, but the entire organism acquires vigor and regularity.

Clocks, Jewelry, Etc.

In this thriving era of the world when things are done promptly, if at all, a correct and accurate time is of the greatest importance. Seeing the great necessity and want of Public Clocks in San Francisco it behooves each individual to secure for himself a reliable time-keeper in the shape of a Watch or Clock. This brings us to the point to mention that Messrs. T. & D. Lundy, at their new stores, Nos. 7 and 9 Third Street, corner of Market, Nucleus Building, San Francisco, are in a better position to fill orders than any similar house in the trade, having the largest and best selected stock of Black-walnut, Bronze and Marble Clocks in America. In Jewelry they deal almost exclusively in California manufacture, than which, for style and finish, there is none more justly celebrated. Their Watches are mostly of American make. Their manufacturing and repairing departments are presided over by the most skillful workmen. They are also interested and connected, in the Eastern States, in the manufacture of Mirrors in Gilt and Walnut Frames, which gives them the advantage of handling these goods direct from manufacturers. We also noticed the largest stock of albums, bibles, pictures, window cornices, brackets, silver and silver-plated ware ever exhibited on this coast by one establishment. All the goods are marked in plain figures, and the two gentlemen, being active and energetic business men, fully understanding how to keep pace with the times, have adopted for their business motto "small profits and quick returns," and by so doing have already satisfactorily experienced it in the multiplication of their sales during the past two years, to the mutual benefit of themselves and their customers. To meet the requirements of the times this firm has introduced the system of selling goods on installments payable one quarter on delivery, and the remainder in ten equal weekly or three monthly payments; in selling by this method they add ten per cent. to their cash prices, with the option on the part of the purchaser having his ten per cent. deducted if paid in thirty days from date of sale. Thus it will be seen that no fairer business convenience could be conceded to customers who patronize the establishment of Messrs. T. & D. Lundy.—*S. F. Commercial.*

Dressed Bed Feathers.

We had no idea that this branch of industry had attained such large proportions until we paid a visit to the establishment of Mr. Owen McCabe, No. 921 Market Street, opposite Mason Street, San Francisco. Mr. McCabe occupies the whole of the store and basement for his business purposes, having another manufactory in some other part of the city. He is the pioneer feather dresser on this coast, having been now over fifteen years in the business, and like most of our energetic men who attend strictly to business themselves, even in these hard times, finds nothing to complain of in the amount of business he is doing. Mr. McCabe carries a stock of over \$15,000 worth of Dressed Feathers and Downs of every variety; white and grey goose, duck, poultry, downs of all sorts, etc. His specialty is White and Grey Live Goose Feathers, and the manufacture of Pillows, importing German Linen and Tickings. All feathers he sells he warrants to be well dressed with his patent steam renovator; he also makes a specialty of Renovating Old Feathers. The feathers are of all prices, from 15 cents a pound for poultry feathers to \$3 00 a pound for downs. Mr. McCabe gives constant employment to white men, and we can only wish continued success to one of the introducers of a new industry on our coast and wish we had many more enlightened citizens like him.

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" " retail.....	50
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Pillows from \$8 00 to \$21 00 per dozen.	

—S. F. Commercial.

Dr. Hunter's Letters.

Dr. J. A. Hunter, of San Francisco, who has for twenty years devoted special attention to diseases of the Head, Throat and Chest, is now publishing a series of fifty letters in the columns of the leading journals of that city, upon the ailments of these parts. Anything from a physician of his experience and reputation deserves the attention of this class of invalids, and we advise such to send to him for copies of his letters.

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FRIDAY, AUG. 10, 1877.

OAK HARBOR MAIL LINE.

In this age and time when no interest of the people is more important, and none better cared for in the United States than postal accommodations, it behooves our government officials to see that none are slighted. The inhabitants of our country pay taxes for certain privileges—among them that of receiving and sending communications from and to all parts of the world. Whenever a tax-paying community of any considerable size is deprived of this privilege in any measure beyond at least weekly opportunities, a wrong is being forced upon them through some cause which the duty of the Press plainly is to discover, and direct attention to.

For some years past the citizens of Oak Harbor have been laboring under disadvantages—resulting from a neglect of their rights—which at times would have discouraged many communities of a less forbearing nature. At present this settlement presents to the observer the spectacle of a thriving neighborhood, including about 40 settlers, (most of whom have families) besides a great many transient residents, all waiting for their papers and letters—sometimes delayed no matter how valuable—three weeks. The Postal Department has been properly notified of these grievances, over the signatures of many of the citizens, not only once but repeatedly. All their protests, however, have thus far failed to secure an attention bringing any efficient remedy for the evil. It is true that sentiment among the people is somewhat divided regarding the proper course to pursue, but that does not in the least mitigate the wrong as it exists, or make redress any the less imperative.

It seems that some years ago, in answer to a petition, a post office was established at the place and a weekly mail carried. For some cause, however, the returns for the year were allowed to go by default, and no report was made. This had the effect of having the route abolished, and the office discontinued. After a time—the people becoming tired of doing without news—a petition was sent asking to have the route re-established. A second petition followed this, and finally the object was accomplished, making a regularly established post office which exists to-day; the mail however is carried so irregularly that great inconvenience, and in some instances positive loss, has been experienced, this last fact being the immediate cause of complaint. A portion of the settlers want the route made simply an extension of the line from Port Townsend to Coupeville, leaving a contract to be let to bidders for carrying the mail by land from the latter place to Oak Harbor. Others, however, and a seeming large proportion, want it carried by the mail steamer on her way from Seattle to Whatcom. There can be no doubt that this plan would serve the interest of residents of the place much better, provided it be practicable. There seems to be a strong reluctance on the part of the master of the steamer Libby, now plying on the above route, to attempt to make regular trips in and out of the harbor at all times of the year. Competent sailing masters aver that the channel—though narrow at low tide—is amply wide to admit of safe navigation, and that the minimum depth of water in it is from 16 to 18 feet. One drawback must be obviated in some manner, however, if the people would secure the benefits of regular steam communication; a wharf must be extended far enough—at some point—to be reached at any stage of the tide, or otherwise a covered scow built and anchored where the steamer could run alongside and deposit mails, passengers, freight, etc. The latter plan would perhaps be the easier carried out of the two, as the extensive mud flats would necessitate a long and expensive wharf.

Whatever is done, the rights of the people demand that a mail be carried regularly, at least once a week, and the Postal Department should see to it that this is done without fail. The master of the Libby is said to claim that if he calls at Oak Harbor on his trip down, it delays him just one tide, as he must have nearly high water to permit the

regular call at La Conner. This has been met by the argument that he is always compelled to remain over night either at Utsalady or La Conner, hence—the call at Oak Harbor being made at any stage of the tide—no delay would result. It seems too bad that such a convenience as regular steamboat calls should be denied these farmers. They have butter, eggs and many articles of farm produce which could be sent to Seattle or other places easily enough if regular communication were established.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

[FROM WHIDBY ISLAND.]

Last week while journeying across this island seeing the sights and getting correct ideas of its geography, we were not a little gratified to notice the many evidences of a substantial and healthy progress towards those "easy circumstances" to which farmers look forward with pleasing anticipation of the good times in store. While there is nothing here to indicate that the island—generally speaking—can boast a superior quality of farming land, as compared with other parts of the Puget Sound basin, there is that which denotes an ordinary productive soil and ample remuneration for the husbandman's efforts to build up a home that shall be a substantial support in the years to come. Quiet homes, surrounded with the comforts, and in some instances growing into the luxuries of life, betoken a fruitful land and give one stray of glimpses of that comfort and happiness which hover around the cozy firesides of those whose fruitful labors are attended with more of the blessings of life than the toil and anxiety attendant upon an inordinate strife for gain.

From Coupeville, where our last chapter closed, we followed the road around a short distance to

COVELAND.

This little place lies nestled away in a sheltered spot at the head of the cove from which its name is derived. A post office is established here, and a flouring mill is among the prospective enterprises which are expected, in connection with adjacent farming land, to build up a little town in the future. Following the main road further around we passed by pleasant fields of golden grain and occasional farm houses all the way along the north side of the cove. Captain J. H. Swift has a pleasant home here, being nothing less than a farm occupying a desirable location, and upon which the Captain—having retired from a seafaring life—enjoys in the bosom of his family, the comforts of rural life. Remaining here over night, we were entertained in a manner indicative of the most self-denying hospitality. A little nearer the entrance of the Cove on this side we called at the residence of Maj. Sewell, and found that gentleman well satisfied with his location, which is indeed one that has many advantages.

Following a wagon road through the woods in a northerly direction between three and four miles, the settlement is reached which nearly surrounds

OAK HARBOR.

Here are many fine farms which, though not all of the richest quality of land, are nevertheless productive and make good homes for the owners. One of the oldest residents at this point is Capt. Barrington whose residence is on a sloping side hill immediately above the Landing. The Grangers own a small wharf here, a warehouse and a building which is occupied at present by the store of Mr. F. N. Marsh, formerly of Seattle. The post office, which many hopeful citizens are desirous should exist in the future as much in reality as in name, is kept by Mr. G. W. Morse, a very enterprising farmer resident occupying a farm a short distance back from the water front. Mr. Morse's efforts to obtain ample mail communications for the community have been very creditable and will no doubt with those of others meet with the success they deserve. At his farm we were shown as fine a span of young American horses as can be found in the Territory. This suggests the remark that farmers on the island evince more pride in the raising of good horses than of any other kind of stock.

Wending our way along the course previously pursued, we did not again face homeward until after visiting the farm of Mr. Henry L. Merryott, which is in the vicinity of Dugally bottom. Mr. Merryott is an old resident of the Sound; is a hunter of some notoriety, and now has one of the most fruitful farms in the Territory. Returning from this place past Crescent Harbor, a number of fine

looking farms were seen which we did not have time to visit.

Island County, according to the recent census, has a population of 596. The amount of land in cultivation this year is as follows: Timothy, 2,041 acres; wheat, 493; barley, 897; oats, 473; potatoes, 247; orchards, 568, or, 11,375 trees. We are informed that the above comprises about one-half the tillable land in the county, the remainder being used for pasture.

Port Ludlow Items.

PORT LUDLOW, Aug. 7, 1877.

Ed. ARGUS:—

On Sunday the Barkentine "Amelia," Capt. Foze, arrived from San Francisco, to load with lumber from here. She is on the beach now having her bottom cleaned. She will be ready to take in lumber to-morrow or next day. The Schr. Mary E. Russ, Capt. Neilson, arrived also on Sunday, ten days from San Francisco. She is taking in lumber to-day. The Forest Queen is expected this week. That will make three vessels in this port. The Hall Bros., with a good crew of carpenters are at work on their large vessel, and the work on her is going along nicely; but it will be sometime yet before she will be ready to launch. The work on the new mill building is still going on as lively as ever, and when it is finished it will be one of the best mills on the Sound, besides having all the latest improved machinery.

The Port Ludlow Variety Troop gave an entertainment at Chemacum last Saturday night to a full house. The troop speaks volumes of praise of the kind people of that place and in the manner they were received by them. They will make Port Townsend a visit as soon as the mill shuts down for a few days. They have their share of the labor to perform when the mill is running.

We had a nice sociable dance last Saturday night, and everybody went home very well pleased with the good time they had. Mr. Kitley and Mr. Ackley were the gentlemen who managed the affair, and Mr. Hook and Miss McNatt furnished the music. While we all "put" in a little to help it to pan out. X X

Port Gamble Items.

PORT GAMBLE Aug. 9, 1877.

Ed. ARGUS:—

Last Sunday a man by the name of Charles Hollum of South Sebec, Maine, died very suddenly of heart disease he has no relatives living here.

Aug. 2d. Ship Sagamore sailed for San Francisco; bkt. Sprague arrived from San Francisco; 5th. bk. Arkwright arrived from San Francisco; 6th. bark. Russell Sprague, left here in tow of the tug Favorite for Seattle, where she loads with coal for San Francisco; 7th. brig T. W. Lucas arrived from Vallejo, Cal.; bark. Joseph Perkins arrived from Honolulu.

The Steamer Goliath took a trip out in the bay yesterday and it is thought that she will make very good time for a tow-boat when ready for service. I hear that she goes to Seattle Friday morning for Mr. Bulline to take a look at her mammoth boiler. The Unknown base ball club goes to Seattle Saturday to take the laurels from the Alki nine there (if they can do it).

The steamer Yakima leaves this place at 6 A. M., and Port Ludlow at 6:30 A. M., for Seattle; fare round trip two dollars. It is thought that there will be quite a crowd go from here to witness the match game of base ball. X.

Oil Cake Meal. For sale by N. D. Hill.

HOTEL ARRIVALS.

Cosmopolitan.

O Stevens, J. T. Stevens, Smilish river; T. P. Hastie, Oak Harbor; E. M. Benson, San Juan; E. Hubaway, T. K. McDonald, Capt. J. H. Swift, T. Muzher, Whidby Island; Geo. Rutge, Col. W. H. Andrews, W. Smith, Chas. Knuland, T. Tannor, Seattle; P. Peterson, Fred. Berg, J. S. Higgins, Pt. Gamble; D. S. Stevens, J. W. Felt, Ed. Pugh, Geoffrey Fisher, A. A. Cox, F. Broekhon, G. W. Beach, A. Shilling, H. E. Simmons, Chas. Murphy, San Francisco; Miss C. Phillips, Victoria; Geo. Gorch, Gus. Moll, Chas. Johnson, E. E. James, Chas. Backline, Robt. Grant, J. F. Tulley, J. H. Ryan, O. E. Hooker, Benj. Gardner, Pt. Discovery; Capt. D. Stanley, T. Downey; Dunge-ness; W. Backman, Snohomish; Frank O'Connell, New Westminster; N. G. Brown & wife and 3 children, Seabeck; G. H. Harris, Pt. Ludlow; J. J. Conner, La Conner; Thos. Cranney and A. Coombs, Utsalady.

NOTICE

To taxpayers of Jefferson Co

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE County Commissioners of Jefferson county, W. T., will meet at 10 o'clock A. M., August 16, 1877, at the Auditor's office, Port Townsend, in said county, for the purpose of examining, correcting and approving the assessment roll of 1877. All persons having any thing to say why the same should not be approved, are notified to then appear before said commissioners and make their objections known. Per order board County Commissioners. JAS. SEAVEY, Auditor.

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