

THE PUGET SOUND WEEKLY ARGUS.

VOL. 6.

PORT TOWNSEND, W. T., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1876.

NO. 38.

THE PUGET SOUND WEEKLY ARGUS IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY AT Port Townsend, Washington Territory, BY G. W. FILLBEEK.
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All Accounts Settled Monthly.

His Answer to Her Answer.

"I'm true I have asked for the prettiest prize. This treasure all others above. For the tender 'Yes' in a woman's eyes. For the charm of her matchless love.
'Is true that I like my coffee when hot, And notion I don't like too cold, I also like plenty of tea in the pot, And I don't like it bitter and cold.
If I hint it is cold, must I really expect To be kept in hot water all day? It is toasting the milliner's bill I object Will I find there's the mischief to pay?
'Is true I could get me a seamstress and cook, Nor need keep them the whole of my life, They can be discharged with a word or a look, But a man can't discharge his own wife.
'Is true I have recklessly asked for the prize For which others more worthy have died, But how the cat jumps, no one knows till he tries, Perhaps these had luck on their side. Perhaps e'er a year has passed on I may choose To envy the fate of these braves, And wish they were living to stand in my shoes, And I was at peace in their graves.

GRAND POTLATCH!

ERROR ANOUS: Happening to be at Neah Bay recently, I was astonished to see such numbers of cheerful neatly-dressed natives, though the prevailing good humor of the crowd showed plainly 'twas a special occasion. On inquiry I learned that a grand potlatch was the exciting cause, and that certain great and good men of the tribe, in a spirit of abnegation which my pale faces cannot too much extol (those of us who have nothing to give) would endow their friends and relations (poor ones) with all their earthly possessions.

Were you ever at a potlatch? Unhappy man, I presume not, for the natives up Sound are neither rich nor numerous enough to make such an occasion interesting, and their vain attempts at such display are as much inferior to the genuine article as a glass of Port Townsend whisky is to the nectar the gods fed on. Dear with us a moment while we contemplate the beauties of this custom. How charmingly useless! In the interests of a progressive civilization let us have the whites kept (if the rich ones) We would be rejoiced at such a consummation. Then we would all slide along the paths of life and never hear such terms as "bloated aristocrat." What a gathering of the clans there would be when Sharon or Flood or O'Brien's fashionable potlatch came off! Would there be any absentees? Not much; we would all be there. And then the laudation, you know, of a disinterested press. This thing ought to be agitated—it's agitating to think of it.

The festivities were in progress when, accompanied by a friend, and representing an unuzzled press, we made an unostentatious entry, and took a position in what seemed to be, from certain indications, the family circle.

There must have been 400 Indians in the building and a dance in progress which looked like a cross between a Scotch reel and the limp of a boy with a stone bruise on his heel. Interspersed with a wild yell now and then, and guided by the monotonous thump on the Indian drum, the whole formed a scene of wild savagery and gawdy quite starting to see. Now and then would occur, a kind of promenade—the drums would hold their peace and as the festive throng "sponged down," for perspiration streamed from every pore. Some venerable heathen would rise and make a remark on this interesting occasion. These Indian orators are very dignified and delivered themselves with great impressment, especially when fish-oil lights up their eloquent features, and their words sound oracular and assuring. The short sen-

tentious speeches over the dance is resumed with more noise and universal swaying of bodies in excellent accompaniment to the fish chant which all join in, keeping splendid time and with as rapid exclamations and gesticulations as a French opera singer—by and by the song becomes slow and soft, a kind of wail, and finally ceases.

These Makahs, for whose profit and comfort nature and Uncle Sam so liberally provide, are, as a tribe quite wealthy, controlling in individual instances a good deal of capital. One was pointed out to me, the "widow Gaines" of the tribe, who, I understood was worth several thousand dollars. If fortune favored her nature never did! At a signal from somebody, the drums and noise subsided and next in order was the sensation of the day, the formal potlatch of money, blankets, etc., etc. Each recipient's name is loudly called, much in court bluff style, the knowing rascals courting an enviable notoriety by waiting till called several times. As they advance up the broad, clear floor to receive their gift some of their faces are fine studies. Some put on a look of humble patient waiting, these are generally females. The elderly man receives his money or blankets with a look which says 'I'll take them to accommodate you, and stalks off to his seat. The young fellows step nimbly forward and almost snatch them. Outside some young bloods were dashing about on their cayuse horses to the evident admiration of their maninas and sweethearts who sat around in little knots pensively devouring hard bread and molasses, or with vain conceit, daubing their broad good-natured faces with vermilion and tallow. Several hundred dollars in cash and more ik-tas than one could shake a stick at were given away.

The Nit-natt guests from Vancouver Island got most of the plunder. One distinguishing trait of these natives is their correct appreciation of financial values, and these guileless children of nature can in a trade see just as far into a grindstone as a white man. They cultivate some of the social virtues, being profuse in hospitality when a quarter is in sight. Their aspirations are simple, the end and aim of existence being the acquisition of dry halibut and blankets. In their fishing for halibut they go far out to sea, starting in early morning and returning (if not out all night) at the close of the day. Some of them are expert whalers and have taken several whales the past summer. Always after a successful whaling trip an aroma of scorched blubber pervades the camp, the trying out being done by the woman whose raiment becomes fearfully soiled, but as this work only lasts during the summer months, they have all the winter in which to make a water-tight. Soap is always in demand. I think that article must in some way be mixed-up with their ideas of a future state, for they seldom mix it with water but place it religiously away to be handed down to the unwashed rising generation. These nomads of the sea are a hearty, happy set, mostly descendants of Esau, though unlike their wandering progenitor, could never have been swindled with a mess of pottage.

Masonic secrets are to be made public. A lady (the Countess Hadick) has been received in a Hungarian lodge of Freemasons. The Grand Orient of Hungary declares the election null and void. But then comes in the maxim, "Once a Mason always a Mason." Masonic casuists are asking, "What is to be done—how long will the Masonic secret be kept now?"

Ida Lewis now has charge of the Lime Rock Lighthouse, and lives there with her mother and her dogs. She has not much regard for the tyrant sex, although she has saved so many from drowning. When complimented upon the walls of her house, which she tinted herself, she said: "The Government gives us men to do this, but we'd have to board them, and I'd rather do anything in the world than have men in the lighthouse. I like dogs better."

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Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

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House and Ship Carpenter's Tools,
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CIGARS, &c., &c.

AGRICULTURAL
IMPLEMENTES
Of all Kinds.

AGENTS FOR THE
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Sweepstake Threshers,
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Taylor's Sulky Rakes,
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Mitchell's Farm Wagons
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AT THE
Lowest Prices
PORT TOWNSEND, W. T.



A Practical Family Knitting Machine!
Knts all sizes of work, narrow and widens it; shapes all sizes complete. Knits over 50 different garments, socks, stockings, mittens, leggins, wristlets, gloves, etc. It knits every possible variety of plain or fancy stitch. 75 per cent profit in manufacturing knit goods. Farmers can triple the value of their wool, by converting it into knit goods. WASHES MAKE \$3.00 PER DAY WITH IT.
ARTICLES WANTED. Send for samples. Price List and Circulars to principal office and manufacturer.
Bickford Knitting Machine Mfg. Company, BRATTLEBORO, VT.
Or office No. 659 Broadway, N. Y.; or No. 29 West 24 Street, St. Paul, Minn.

NEW STORE, NEW GOODS, NEW PRICES!

Having removed our place of business to our New Store, under the CENTRAL HOTEL, and having just received a large addition to our Stock we have now the

Largest and Best Selected Stock
—OF—
JEWELRY, CLOCKS & SILVERWARE
ON PUGET SOUND,
And as we buy for cash we can SELL CHEAPER than any other house in the Territory.

We have also JUST RECEIVED a fine assortment of
Musical Instruments
Of all Kinds.
Agents for the sale of the
**Standard Organ,
Weber, Sherman & Hyde
and Cottage Gem Pianos.**
Instruments sold on the Installment plan and on easy terms.

We have also added to our Stock a fine assortment of
UNDERTAKER'S GOODS.
Clocks, Watches and Jewelry repaired in a satisfactory manner.
B. S. MILLER,
Port Townsend, July 14, 1876.

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**Stationery of any kind;
The Best of Cigars;
Smoking or Chewing Tobacco;
Foreign or Domestic Fruits;
Candies or Nuts of all Kinds;**
Go to the store of **JAMES JONES,**
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THOMAS PHILLIPS,
REAL ESTATE AGENT,
Collector and Conveyancer.
Houses to rent, money loaned, and taxes paid for non residents.
Homestead and pre-emption papers prepared, and titles to claims secured.
Anything and everything bought and sold.
It will be to the advantage of parties buying, selling, or renting to first consult me by letter, or at my office, at
Port Townsend, W. T.

U. S. Marine Hospital.

PORT TOWNSEND, W. T.
ANY SICK SAILOR WHO HAS PAID A Hospital dues for two months preceding his application for admission, is entitled to Hospital relief.
Port Townsend Hospital.
The above institution having been placed on a permanent footing, as the United States Hospital for Marine Patients on Puget Sound, the proprietor takes pleasure in announcing that no pain or expense will be saved in attending to the comfort and convenience of private patients.
This is the largest General Hospital north of San Francisco, and by far the most complete in equipment. It has been thoroughly refitted and refurnished. Its general wards have accommodations for about one hundred patients and are peculiarly adapted for cases requiring the most careful treatment and constant supervision at limited expense. Those who desire them will be furnished with private rooms, entirely separate and distinct, at a slight additional cost.
The attention of Mill owners, and those interested in shipping, is called to the fact that seamen suffering from contagious diseases will be treated outside the Hospital without expense to the vessel.
THOMAS T. MINOR, M. D.,
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Opposite Washington Hotel
Constantly on Hand the
CHOICEST MEATS
AND
Vegetables.
Also, Corned Beef and Pork, Smoked Meats, Pork and Bologna Sausages, Head Cheese, Tripe, &c., &c.
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For Sale.
NICE STRONG BUGGY. Harness complete. Horse, eight years old, both good.
Buggy and Riding Horse for sale at a bargain. Price \$250. Enquire at
ROTISCHILD & CO.,



FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1876.

TRADE AND THE COURSE OF SPECIE.—For years there has been an almost uninterrupted flow of the precious metals from this country to England, but at last the tide seems to be turned back. Recently over \$120,000 in American eagles was withdrawn from the Bank of England to be shipped to the United States. For some months the exports to Great Britain have exceeded the imports from that country, and there is at last a balance which has to be settled in cash on this side of the Atlantic. The rates of exchange with England are lower than they have been for years, and the result is a shipment of gold from London to New York. The Boston Globe, commenting on the subject, says: There is a certain class of political economists who find an advantage in this balance of trade, but what it really indicates at this time is that the depression of the last three years has crippled our power to buy, and that the lack of activity has checked our trade abroad. Gold is one of the products of this country for which we must have a market, and we can find it only by taking the products of other countries in exchange. To be sure we need at this time to accumulate a large sum to be used in making good the promises of the Government which circulate as currency, but that process is necessarily distinct from the operations of trade, and the ability of the Government to obtain any amount of coin which it may require does not depend on the balance of trade. Neither will the gold premium, or more accurately speaking, the depreciation of the paper currency, be materially affected by the direction of the flow of specie. Our gold is in the market and its value is measured in the commodities of the world. For those it will be exchanged somewhere unless we make use of it ourselves. Our currency is not depreciated by the scarcity of gold, and the mere presence of that article will not affect its value. Nevertheless it is a good time for the Treasury to be gathering in coin when the exigencies of our foreign trade are such that it tends to flow in upon us. It is a misfortune that our foreign trade is so inactive, and that we have to take gold instead of merchandise in return for such exports as we send abroad, but the circumstance is favorable to preparation for specie payment. Greenbacks continue nine per cent. below par because there are too many of them, and the prospect of redemption is still remote. The balance of trade has nothing to do with it, but if it encourages the Government to accumulate the gold which may be had from our own people instead of foreign bankers, it will indirectly work a benefit by promoting a return to sound financial principles.

A GENTLEMAN who has traveled extensively in the Dominion of Canada during the past season, says: American manufactured goods are supplanting British goods in that country very rapidly. The leading houses of Montreal, for instance, not only deal heavily in American cottons, prints and other textile goods, but handle large quantities of American hardware and other heavy goods. It is also noticeable in this connection that in the Provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, especially in the former, at St. John, some dealers sell American goods almost to the exclusion of British goods. The equanimity of the British manufacturers is somewhat disturbed at this state of things, but there is now no help for it.

BY TELEGRAPH.

Gold in New York, 100 1/2.
Legal tenders in Portland—buying 90 1/2, selling 91 1/2.
New York, Nov. 7.—Three hundred and ninety election districts of this city give Tilden 86,294, and Hayes 38,440.
Boston, Nov. 7.—Returns indicate a very heavy vote. 123 towns gave Hayes 51,494; Tilden, 41,601.
Partial returns from all parts of Rhode Island show Hayes to have about 5000 majority.
Alabama, so far as heard from, indicates a large Democratic majority.
New Jersey has gone Democratic by about 13,000 majority.
Iowa goes Republican by 15,000 and elects all members of Congress.
In Louisville, Ky., the Democratic ticket lead three to one. The State not heard from.
One hundred and fifty towns and counties in New Hampshire give Hayes 19,623; Tilden, 17,286.
The city of Philadelphia went Republican by 15,200.
Georgia is Democratic by 50,000.
Returns from 82 towns in the State of Illinois gives Hayes 23,881; Tilden 18,501.
Democratic majority in Connecticut, 3,000.
Virginia shows a small Republican increase.
South Carolina went Republican by about 20,000.
Indiana gives a small Democratic gain.
Returns from 308 wards and townships in Ohio, including one half of Cleveland and one-third of Cincinnati shows Hayes gain 4,407; Democratic 5,566; net Democratic gain as compared with Governor's election in '75, 149.
Maine is Republican by 15,000.
Indications favor a decided Democratic majority in North Carolina.
Seven hundred negroes voted the Democratic ticket in Savannah, Ga. Tilden's majority in Baltimore, 10,095.
Michigan has gone Republican.
Nevada is conceded to the Republicans by about 800.
California is doubtful; claimed by the Republicans.
Hayes' majority in Oregon, according to the Oregonian, is 965, with towns yet to hear from.
Mississippi has gone Democratic by over 30,000.
Mrs. Richard Smith and two sons of Brooklyn, N. Y., have been arrested charged with an attempt to poison the husband and father.
Warden, Goodwin and Colliers, found guilty of manslaughter by aiding in the killing of prize fighter Walker, were last week sentenced to six year's imprisonment each in the New Jersey penitentiary.
A party of negroes broke into a residence near Aiken, South Carolina, on the 3d inst., and murdered a Mr. Haslan and his nephew. After robbing the premises, the murderers fled the dwelling.
Francis Thompson, a notorious negro who has for years figured as a woman and imposed on the Congressional committee in connection with the riots of 1866, died in the hospital last week at Memphis.
A dispatch from Chicago of the 3d says: Since the withdrawal of the fast mail train between New York and Chicago on account of deficient Congressional appropriation, the Adams Express Company has undertaken at its own expense to furnish Chicago and the Northwest with New York papers on the morning after their publication, bringing them through in the same time that was formerly consumed by the fast mail train.
The American ship United States, Capt. Lunt, from Liverpool, June 27th, for San Francisco, was abandoned at sea a few days ago. The crew were saved.
Treasury officials state there has been for three months past an active demand for money at Hongkong, which has been met by shipments of silver from San Francisco, both on home and European accounts. The price of silver at San Francisco during this time has ranged above London rates. Formerly silver was shipped to China by way of London. It is also noticeable in this connection that in the Provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, especially in the former, at St. John, some dealers sell American goods almost to the exclusion of British goods. The equanimity of the British manufacturers is somewhat disturbed at this state of things, but there is now no help for it.

5th inst., bk. Forest Queen, bk. Harvest Home and schr. W S Beebe.
The California and Oregon stage coach was stopped on the night of the 4th inst., near Redding, Cal., by three masked men, and the express treasure box containing \$1,000 was taken, also the registered mail pouches, all of which were cut and broken open and handed back to the driver. Passengers were not molested. Parties are in pursuit of the robbers.
A London dispatch states that Prince Bismarck is seriously ill. His doctors fear softening of the brain.
At a meeting of the Old Board of Exchange in San Francisco on the 4th inst., Mr. Sunley, a member, bet \$8,000 that Hayes would be elected. A Mr. Brown bet \$10,000, and one of the heaviest operators on the street bet as high as \$50,000 that Hayes would be elected.
The Russo-Turkish armistice is regarded as highly favorable to Russia, because it gives her time to export her wheat crop and put her finances in better condition. The effect on the European wheat market naturally suggests itself. The Turks can only suffer by the enforced delay and best opinions are confirmed that Turkey must succumb to Russia, and that war will not become general unless provoked by subsequent immoderation on the part of Russia, which is not anticipated.
The Congressional Association has acquitted Beecher of the foul charges brought against him.
THE MISSISSIPPI'S MOUTH.—After years of failure by dredging and other systems to keep an opening sufficiently deep to permit the passage of heavy draught vessels into the mouth of the Mississippi, the success achieved thus far under the engineering superintendence of Capt. J. B. Eads, of St. Louis, has sufficed to vindicate the jetty system when applied to our greatest American rivers. It will be recollected that in May last a steamer drawing fourteen feet six inches of water passed up safely through the jetty. The latest information from these jetties is that from the head of the South Pass to the sea there is a channel from twenty-two to thirty feet deep, across a width of two hundred feet, complying with the requirement of Congress. A few weeks time will suffice to complete the work.
AN IMPUDENT REQUEST.—However deficient his other accomplishments, it must be admitted that Sitting Bull is sublimely endowed with impudence. His request to be allowed the privilege of visiting Fort Peck to trade for ammunition, is a striking case in point. The wily savage must entertain a very lofty idea of the forbearance and generosity of his enemy, or remain in pitiable ignorance of that enemy's intentions. However the fact that he is in want of powder and bullets is a sure indication of his crippled condition.
COL. TOM SCOTT occupied much of the time of the last Congress with a bill which proposed to give the guarantee of the United States to about \$70,000,000 of Texas Pacific Railroad bonds. The Southern Pacific Railroad Company propose to build over the same route, or a portion of it, and ask no subsidy whatever. Their road is already built nearly to the Colorado river, and they are pushing work forward as rapidly as possible. Col. Scott jumps over the thousand miles between the Colorado river and the eastern terminus of his Texas Pacific, and sets a few men to work on either side of the river. Next winter he will again urge his big land scheme upon Congress.
The President accepted the invitation of the Centennial Commission to the formal close of the exhibition on the 10th inst. He was accompanied to Philadelphia by members of his cabinet.
A distressing accident occurred on the eastern train of the Memphis and Little Rock Railroad on the night of the 5th inst., caused by the forward truck of the sleeping car dropping down, throwing it over the tracks, pulling the next car off with it, piling the passengers in a promiscuous heap. Two were killed outright, three fatally injured and fifty-one slightly. Luckily the sleeping car was empty or the casualties would have been larger.
DECEASED.
A young lady of excellent and respectable family, living with her parents at Forest Grove, died of cholera the other day and took a dose of strychnine, but failed to cross the "barrier."

GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

WATERMAN & KATZ,
SHIPPING AND COMMISSION
MERCHANTS

AND DEALERS IN

General Merchandise,

Keep Constantly on Hand

THE LARGEST STOCK

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ALL KINDS OF GOODS,

And will Sell

CHEAPER FOR CASH,

Than any House on Puget Sound.

E. J. CURLEY & CO.'S

Blue Grass Whiskey,

Pure and Unadulterated, below San Francisco Prices

Our Facilities for Purchasing in the Leading Markets are Superior to any.

We will give and take Exchange on

SAN FRANCISCO AND NEW YORK,
At the most Liberal Discount.

WATERMAN & KATZ.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY

San Francisco, Victoria and Olympia Line

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

TIME TABLE FOR STEAMSHIP CITY OF PANAMA.

PORTS.		SAN FRANCISCO TO NEW TACOMA.					
Leave San Francisco	Oct. 30	Nov. 20	Dec. 9	Jan. 29	Feb. 18	Mar. 9	
Arrive Victoria	Nov. 3	Nov. 24	Dec. 13	Jan. 3	Jan. 22	Feb. 11	
Leave Victoria	Nov. 6	Nov. 27	Dec. 16	Jan. 6	Jan. 25	Feb. 14	
Arrive Port Townsend	Nov. 4	Nov. 25	Dec. 14	Jan. 4	Jan. 23	Feb. 12	
Leave Port Townsend	Nov. 7	Nov. 28	Dec. 17	Jan. 7	Jan. 26	Feb. 15	
Arrive Seattle	Nov. 5	Nov. 26	Dec. 15	Jan. 5	Jan. 24	Feb. 13	
Leave Seattle	Nov. 8	Nov. 29	Dec. 18	Jan. 8	Jan. 27	Feb. 16	
Arrive New Tacoma	Nov. 6	Nov. 27	Dec. 16	Jan. 6	Jan. 25	Feb. 14	

PORTS. NEW TACOMA TO SAN FRANCISCO via Departure Bay.

Leave New Tacoma	Nov. 5	Nov. 26	Dec. 15	Jan. 5	Jan. 24	Feb. 13
Arrive Victoria	Nov. 8	Nov. 29	Dec. 18	Jan. 8	Jan. 27	Feb. 16
Leave Victoria	Nov. 11	Nov. 32	Dec. 21	Jan. 11	Jan. 30	Feb. 19
Arrive Port Townsend	Nov. 9	Nov. 30	Dec. 19	Jan. 9	Jan. 28	Feb. 17
Leave Port Townsend	Nov. 12	Nov. 33	Dec. 22	Jan. 12	Jan. 31	Feb. 20
Arrive Seattle	Nov. 10	Nov. 31	Dec. 20	Jan. 10	Jan. 29	Feb. 18
Leave Seattle	Nov. 13	Dec. 4	Dec. 23	Jan. 13	Feb. 1	Feb. 21
Arrive Victoria	Nov. 11	Dec. 2	Dec. 21	Jan. 11	Jan. 31	Feb. 20
Leave Victoria	Nov. 14	Dec. 5	Dec. 24	Jan. 14	Feb. 4	Feb. 23
Arrive San Francisco	Nov. 12	Dec. 3	Dec. 22	Jan. 12	Feb. 2	Feb. 21

NOTE. Passengers from Portland will make the connection at Victoria with Steamer City of Panama for San Francisco. Steamers leave San Francisco and Victoria at 12 M. prompt.

TIME TABLE FOR STEAMSHIP DAKOTA.

PORTS.		SAN FRANCISCO TO OLYMPIA.					
Leave San Francisco	Nov. 10	Nov. 20	Dec. 10	Jan. 10	Jan. 30	Feb. 10	
Arrive Victoria	Nov. 13	Nov. 23	Dec. 13	Jan. 13	Jan. 33	Feb. 13	
Leave Victoria	Nov. 16	Nov. 26	Dec. 16	Jan. 16	Jan. 36	Feb. 16	
Arrive Port Townsend	Nov. 14	Nov. 24	Dec. 14	Jan. 14	Jan. 34	Feb. 14	
Leave Port Townsend	Nov. 17	Nov. 27	Dec. 17	Jan. 17	Jan. 37	Feb. 17	
Arrive Seattle	Nov. 15	Nov. 25	Dec. 15	Jan. 15	Jan. 35	Feb. 15	
Leave Seattle	Nov. 18	Nov. 28	Dec. 18	Jan. 18	Jan. 38	Feb. 18	
Arrive Victoria	Nov. 16	Nov. 26	Dec. 16	Jan. 16	Jan. 36	Feb. 16	
Leave Victoria	Nov. 19	Nov. 29	Dec. 19	Jan. 19	Jan. 39	Feb. 19	
Arrive San Francisco	Nov. 17	Nov. 27	Dec. 17	Jan. 17	Jan. 37	Feb. 17	

PORTS. OLYMPIA TO SAN FRANCISCO.

Leave Olympia	Nov. 10	Nov. 20	Dec. 10	Jan. 10	Jan. 30	Feb. 10
Arrive Victoria	Nov. 13	Nov. 23	Dec. 13	Jan. 13	Jan. 33	Feb. 13
Leave Victoria	Nov. 16	Nov. 26	Dec. 16	Jan. 16	Jan. 36	Feb. 16
Arrive Port Townsend	Nov. 14	Nov. 24	Dec. 14	Jan. 14	Jan. 34	Feb. 14
Leave Port Townsend	Nov. 17	Nov. 27	Dec. 17	Jan. 17	Jan. 37	Feb. 17
Arrive Seattle	Nov. 15	Nov. 25	Dec. 15	Jan. 15	Jan. 35	Feb. 15
Leave Seattle	Nov. 18	Nov. 28	Dec. 18	Jan. 18	Jan. 38	Feb. 18
Arrive Victoria	Nov. 16	Nov. 26	Dec. 16	Jan. 16	Jan. 36	Feb. 16
Leave Victoria	Nov. 19	Nov. 29	Dec. 19	Jan. 19	Jan. 39	Feb. 19
Arrive San Francisco	Nov. 17	Nov. 27	Dec. 17	Jan. 17	Jan. 37	Feb. 17

NOTE. Passengers from Victoria will make the connection at Seattle with Portland Passenger Steamer City of Panama for San Francisco.

General Merchandise will please order freight shipped by the steamer Dakota.

H. L. TIBBALS, Agent
Port Townsend and Puget Sound.

LOCAL NEWS.

The past week has been characterized by uneventful political activity. On Saturday, the 4th inst., the steamer Favorite, with Messrs. Judson and White, the Democratic candidates for Delegate to Congress and Prosecuting Attorney for the Third Judicial District, arrived at our wharf...

At the election in 1874 Jacobus majority in Jefferson county was 284 against 10; in Kitsap 204 against 13; in Thurston 254, against 25.

ISLAND COUNTY has gone Democratic by 23 majority for Judson and 49 for White. The vote for Joint Comptroller stood for Kuhn, 63, for Rogers, Rep. 50. The whole Democratic county ticket was elected with the exception of G. O. Haller for Treasurer.

THE annual election for town trustees in this place will take place on the first Monday in December.

Mr. L. Wilson, of Astoria, has superceded L. Nessel, Esq., as title observer at this port. Mr. Wilson has brought his family and will reside in the house formerly occupied by Mrs. Judge Demoulin.

OUR reports from the election in this Territory are not without interest, notwithstanding we have delayed publishing the paper for several hours in order to obtain all that was possible, and were ultimately defeated by the breaking of the telegraph wires south of this point.

THE ELECTION in this city passed off quietly. Subjoined are the official returns: PORT TOWNSEND. Democratic. For Delegate to Congress: J. P. Judson, 88 Orange Jacobs, 82

Table with 2 columns: Name, Majority. Includes entries for White's majority, J. A. Kuhn, N. D. Hill, J. A. Kuhn, P. J., Jefferson gives Jacobs 10, Whitcomb 68, Snohomish 110, Thurston 210, Clarke 100, Pacific 100, Chichalls 5, King 89, Pierce Judson 151, San Juan 40, Kitsap 25, Kilauea 1.

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Taxes! Taxes!

THE ASSESSMENT ROLL of JEFFERSON County is now in the hands of the undersigned, who is ready to receive and receipt for the taxes of 1876. Taxes not paid before the first day of January, 1877, will be increased ten per cent.

LOST!

SOMEWHERE OFF POINT WILSON, IN A SLOW, small steam engine, painted green with copper colored bottom. Whoever finds said boat and informs the owner where it can be found shall be rewarded \$500.

LOST!

A RECEIPT, A COPY OF WHICH IS AS FOLLOWS: RECEIVED OF OFFICE at Olympia, W. T. Received of John E. Burns and Joseph A. Kuhn...

NOTICE. The entry of the land to said receipt described having been cancelled, and the purchase money named therein being lawfully a part of the estate of James K. Giddens, deceased...

E. S. FOWLER, FORWARDING AND COMMISSION MERCHANT, PORT TOWNSEND, W. T.

SHIP CHANDLERY GROCERIES, TOBACCO AND CIGARS, HARDWARE, CROCKERY, Agricultural Implements.

Bark Legat Tender. NEITHER CAPTAIN JOHN G. BLAIR, of the American bark Legat Tender nor the undersigned Agents of the above-named bark...

Bark Transito de Alvarez. NEITHER CAPT. A. DOMEC, OF THE Nicaraguan ship Transito de Alvarez, nor the undersigned Agents of the above-named bark...

Barkentine Free Trade. NEITHER CAPT. J. G. MERRYMAN, OF THE barkentine Free Trade, nor the undersigned Agents of the above-named bark...

Nicaraguan Ship Black Eagle. NEITHER CAPT. R. S. FRENCH, OF THE Nicaraguan ship Black Eagle, nor the undersigned Agents of the above-named ship...

FOR SALE. A No. 1 Stock or Dairy Farm, on Whately Island, Island County, by SAMUEL HANCOCK.

U. S. RESTAURANT. Proprietor, M. McDONALD. MEAT AT ALL HOURS ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE.

STOCK OR DAIRY FARM. On Whately Island, Island County, by SAMUEL HANCOCK.

ROTHSCHILD & CO., Shipping and Commission MERCHANTS,

Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Dry Goods, Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Ship, Chandlery, Tobacco and Cigars, Liquors, Hardware, Crockery, Stationery, Etc.

Exchange Bought and Sold. Liberal Advances Made on Consignments. The Highest Price Paid for Wool, Hides, Furs and Produce.

CODS BOUGHT AND SOLD ON COMMISSION. ROTHSCCHILD & CO.

CALIFORNIA WINES, IMPORTED BY US DIRECTLY FROM THE vineyards in pipes, barrels, or quantities to suit.

BEST ASSORTMENT OF CALIFORNIA MANUFACTURED GOLD Sets, Ear Rings, Finger Rings, Breast and Cuff Pins...

W. M. DODD, CENTRAL HOTEL, PORT TOWNSEND, W. T. This House is new and newly furnished, and possesses all the appointments of a First-Class Hotel.

COSMOPOLITAN HOTEL. C. FRANK CLAPP, Proprietor. THIS WELL-KNOWN AND POPULAR Hotel has been re-estimated and re-fitted in all its departments...

WASHINGTON HOTEL. S. L. STRANGE, Proprietor. HEAVY REOPENED THIS HOTEL, I beg to inform the public that it has not only been thoroughly renovated, but refurnished throughout...

DALGARDNO'S HOTEL. WATER STREET, PORT TOWNSEND, W. T. THIS ABOVE HOUSE IS PARTICULARLY adapted to the accommodation of all who desire A RESERVE AND NICE PLACE to Board...

Port Discovery Hotel, Port Discovery, W. T. J. E. PUGH, Proprietor. THIS HOUSE HAS BEEN REFITTED and re-estimated in every particular every accommodation to be had in establishments most advanced in the improvements of the age.

U. S. RESTAURANT. Proprietor, M. McDONALD. MEAT AT ALL HOURS ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE. I respectfully solicit the patronage of the public...

A. F. LEARNED, Vice-Consul de Nicaragua. My office, until further notice, will be at the home of A. B. Blyden on the corner of Myrtle and Franklin streets, Port Townsend, Oct 21st 1876.

THOMAS PHILLIPS, REAL ESTATE AGENT, Collector and Conveyancer.

Advertisement for Wm. H. H. Learned, Auctioneer. Special attention given to Diseases of the Eye and Ear. THE BEST TIMOTHY HAY. CONSTANTLY ON HAND FOR SALE BY HENRY L. TIBBALS. LIME! LIME! For Sale! 500 bbls. San Juan Lime. ALSO: 100 tons of Good Hay. W. F. & JOHN HAINES, MANUFACTURERS OF BARBERS' PATENT FORCE-PUMP MACHINERY, SCROLL SAWS, ETC.

WEEKLY ARGUS

PORT TOWNSEND.

JEFFERSON COUNTY WASHINGTON TERR.

The Crickets.

BY HARRIET M'KEN RIBBALLE.

*The little miscreants of the western coast,
In gentle concert pipe.
The warm notes, the mellow harvest cheer,
The apples drooping ripe,
The tempered sunlight, and the softened shade;
The rustle of hoary hair,
The sweet and hush on Nature's gladness laid,
The sounds through silence heard.*

*They tenderly the pasting of the year,
The summer's brief reprieve,
The dry and mending of the yellow ear;
The chill of morn and eve.*

*The untroubled trouble of the year;
Pipes low the patient pain,
Pipe your increasing melancholy cheer,
The year is in the wane.*

Two Letters.

BY CHARLES F. RICHARDSON.

He,
If you were dead and in a silent valley,
A red will rose were blooming on your grave,
In some lone fern where little breezes call,
And softly, through the willow branches wave,
With willing feet will I now stand above you,
And with sad eyes your loss would name spell out,
Thinking that once each said to each, "I love you,"
In those far days before we dared to doubt.

But no, you are not dead, the world around you,
Keels at your feet and calls your face divine;
Praises your beauty, worships till it loses you,
And solemnly greets willow branches wave,
Kisses and carols, and all that you desire.

Edith, care not for your blood is flowing
In splendid radiance clear and dainty white;
That your simple throat there still is glowing
A quantity of good and sweetest light.

Our love is dead, so you are dead three over,
Through on your face were dropped no mourner's
Tears.

And you and I, who were once maid and lover,
Are further numbered than the furthest spheres.

But stars and planets—Oh! what a silly letter—
A plain and every man will sometimes write,
His sentimentality and his "I love you,"
Than laugh at, once more, with all your might.

The fact, you see, is this: I can't forget you;
In all our quarrels I alone was wrong;
And I've been blue enough since last I met you,
A month ago; it seems ten times as long.

Oh! Edith, could I only go and see you,
I tell you all, I will not free you;
I cannot give you up, my love I will not;
I love you, Edith. My love come today.

Her.
Why, Tom, don't you know of course you may—
You see I call you Tom again;
So please come over, right away.
You ought, trust, to be a better man.

To tell the truth, I've missed you;
And you, most likely, missed me;
But that, you know, it would be quite unkind
To let the world's pity see.

You men, of course, are very wise,
And think you know a woman's heart;
But her soul has her brighter eye,
Than you to understand her art.

You were just halting, though, that night;
But I'm afraid I made you waver;
Tom, drop our quarrel out of sight—
Forgive, forget, and let it go.

Well, Tom, I'll not write my notes,
Although, indeed, I've done so say;
My music-master's at the door,
So on I must, and so must you.

P. S.—You frightened me to death
With "willow," "valley," "grave," and "fern,"
Dear me I almost lost my breath!
Tom, don't you dare do so again.

The Better Way.

One evening, as the twilight was dunking into deeper shades, Francis Welton stood in his dooryard with a gun in his hands, and saw a dog coming out of his shed. It was not his dog, for his was of a light color, while this was surely black.

The shed already was open in front, with double doors, for the passage of carts; and this shed was a part of a continuous structure connecting the barn with the house. Around back of this shed was the sheep-fold.

There had been trouble upon Francis Welton's place. Dogs had been killing his sheep, and some of the best of that.

He had cleared, in his wrath, that he would shoot the first stray dog he found prowling about his premises. On this evening, by chance, he had been carrying his gun from the house to the barn when the canine intruder appeared. Ayo, and in the barn he had been taking the skin from a valuable sheep that had been killed and mangled with tigerish ferocity.

So, when he saw the strange dog coming through his shed, he brought his gun to his shoulder, and with a quick aim, fired. The dog gave a leap, and a howl, and whirling around in a circle two or three times, he bounded off in a tangent, yelping painfully, and was soon lost to sight.

"Halloo! What's to pay now, Welton?"

"Ah—is that you, Frost?"

"Yes. You been shootin' something, haven't you?"

"I've shot a dog, I think."

"Yes, I see him scootin' off. It was Brackett's, I reckon."

Before the farmer could make any further remark, his wife called to him from the porch, and the faithful—had come on foot from that section to the farms on the hill, could cut off a long distance by crossing Welton's lot. The lady and girl were children of Mr. Brackett. When they reached home they were met by a scene of dire confusion. Old Carlo, the grand old Newfoundland dog—the loving and the loved—the true and the faithful—had come home shot through the head, and was dying. The children threw themselves on their shaggy mate, and wept and moaned in agony.

Mr. Brackett arrived just as the dog breathed his last. One of the lads stood by with a lighted lantern, for it had grown quite dark now, and the farmer saw what had happened.

"Who did this?" he asked, growlingly.

"John Welton, did it," said Tom Frost, coming up at that moment.

"He's been losin' sheep, and I guess he's got 'em down there!"

"No, it's Brackett's sheep. He's been raised to care for sheep. How came he down there?"

"He went over to the mill with 'Sis and me," said the younger boy, sobbing as he spoke; "and he was running on ahead of us toward home. I heard a gun just before we got to Mr. Welton's, but oh! I did not think he could have shot poor Carlo."

Mr. Brackett was fairly beside himself. To say he was angry would not express it. He had loved that dog—it had been the chief pet of his household for years. He was not a man in the habit of using profane language, but on the present occasion a fierce oath escaped him, and in that frame of mind—literally boiling with hot wrath and indignation—he started for Welton's. He and Peter Brackett had been neighbors from their earliest days, and they had been friends, too. Between the two families there had been a bond of love and affection, and a spirit of fraternal kindness and regard had marked their intercourse. Both the farmers were hard-working men, with strong feelings and positive characteristics. They belonged to the same religious society, and sympathized in politics. They had warm discussions, but never yet a direct falling out. Of the two, Welton was the more intellectual, and perhaps a little more tinged with pride than was his neighbor. But they were both hearty men, enjoying life for the good it gave them.

Mr. Welton entered his kitchen, and stood the empty gun up behind the door.

"What's the matter, John?" his wife asked, as she saw his troubled face.

"I'm afraid I've done a bad thing," he replied, regretfully. "I fear I have shot Brackett's dog."

"Oh, John!"

"But I didn't know whose dog it was. I saw him coming out from the sheep-fold, and was so dark to see more than that it was a dog. I only thought of the sheep I had lost, and I fired."

"I am sorry, John. Oh, how Mrs. Brackett and the children will feel. They are so very fond of old Carlo. But you can explain it."

"Half an hour later, Mr. Welton was going to his barn with a lighted lantern in his hand. He was thinking of the recent unfortunate occurrence, and was sorely worried and perplexed. What would his neighbors say? He hoped there might be no trouble. He was reflecting thus when Mr. Brackett appeared before him, coming up quickly, and stopping with an angry stamp of the foot.

"Now, there may be a volume of electric influence even in the stamp of a foot, and there was such an influence in the stamp which Brackett gave; and Welton felt it, and braced himself against it. There was, moreover, an atmosphere exhaling from the presence of the irate man, at once repellent and aggravating.

"John Welton, you have shot my dog!" The words were hissed forth hotly.

"Yes," said Welton, icily.

"And, if possible, neighbor Brackett is more unhappy than you."

"I dare shoot any dog that comes prowling about my buildings, especially when I have had my sheep killed by them."

"But my dog never troubled your sheep, and you know it."

"How should I know it?"

"You know that he never did harm to your sheep, and that's his nature. It was my mean, cowardly act, and (an oath) you shall suffer for it."

"Brackett, you don't know to whom you are talking."

"Oh! Well, I'll find out (another oath). Don't put on airs, John Welton. You ain't a saint. I'll have satisfaction, if I have to take it out of your hide!"

"Peter, you'd better go home and cool off. You are making yourself ridiculous."

"Now, really, this was the unkindest out of all. Not all the mad words of Brackett put together were so hard as this single sentence, and John Welton put all the bitter sarcasm in his command into it.

Brackett broke forth into a torrent of invectives, and then turned away.

Half an hour later John Welton acknowledged to himself that he had done wrong, and that, in the outburst, in answer to Brackett's first outburst, told the simple truth—that he had shot the dog by mistake; that he was sorry, and that he was willing to do anything in his power to make amends—had he done this, his neighbor would probably have softened at once. But it was too late now. The blow had been struck; he had gone grossly insulted, and he would not back down.

Mr. Brackett was not so reflective. He only felt his wrath, which he nursed to keep it warm. That night he hitched his horse to a job wagon, and went to the village for a barrel of flour. Having transacted his store business, he called upon Laban Peppers, a lawyer, to whom he narrated the facts of the shooting of his dog.

Peppers was a man anxious for fees. He had no sympathy or soul above that.

"You say your dog was in company with two of your children?"

"Yes."

"And this passage over Mr. Welton's land, and through his shed, had been freely yielded to him as a right way of way to his neighbors?"

"Yes, sir, ever since I can remember."

"Then, my dear sir, Welton is clearly liable. It was your own fault that he will step into Mr. Garfield's, and have a suit commenced at once."

Mr. Garfield was the trial justice.

All this happened on Friday evening. On Saturday, if it were not for the cold in the farming district that there was not serious trouble between the neighbors Welton and Brackett, but that they were going to law about it.

On Sunday morning John Welton told his wife he should not attend church. She had no need to ask her husband why he would not go out. She knew he was angry, and that he could not bear to meet old neighbor in the house of God while the dark cloud was upon him. Nor did she wish to meet either Mr. or Mrs. Brackett, so both stayed at home.

Peter Brackett was even more miserable than John Welton, though perhaps he did not know it. He held in close companionship the very worst demon a man can embrace—the demon of wrathful vengeance, and, in order to maintain himself at the strain to which he had set his feelings, he was obliged to nurse the monster. He did not attend church on the first day, but on the second two or three times during the calm, beautiful Sabbath, as he glanced over toward his neighbor's dwelling, he found himself beginning to wish that he had not gone to see John Welton in such a heat of anger; but he put the wish away, and nursed back his wrath.

On Monday, toward noon, the constable came from the village, and read to John Welton an imposing legal document. It was a summons, issued by William Garfield, Esq., a justice of the peace, ordering the said John Welton to appear before him at two of the clock on Wednesday, at the office of Peter Brackett, etc. The officer read the summons, and left with the defendant a copy.

It was the first time John Welton had ever been called upon to face the law. At first he was awe-stricken, then he was angry. He told himself that he would fight it to the bitter end. And now, he tried to nurse his wrath, and became more unhappy than before.

On Tuesday evening, Parson Surety called upon Mr. Welton. The good man had heard of the trouble, and was exceedingly exercised in spirit. Both the men were of his flock, and he loved and respected them. He sat down alone with John Welton, and asked him what it meant.

"Tell me, calmly and candidly, all about it," he said.

After a little reflection, Mr. Welton told the story, as he saw the old clergyman for a true man and a whole-hearted friend, and he told everything just as he understood it.

"And might Brackett think, even now, that you shot the dog, knowing that it was his?"

"I suppose so."

"If you had told him the exact facts in the beginning, you think he would have held his anger?"

This was a hard question for John Welton, but he answered it manfully.

"Truly, parson, I do not think he would."

"Were you ever more unhappy in your life than you have been since this trouble came?"

"I think not."

"And if possible, neighbor Brackett is more unhappy than you."

"Do you think so?"

"Yes. He is most angry and vengeful."

A brief pause, and then the parson resumed:

"Brother Welton, you are needed but few words. You are more a man than a lawyer. Remember, if you not believe he has a good heart?"

"Yes."

"I wish you could show how true and good your heart is."

"Parson, what do you mean?"

"I wish you had the courage to meet and conquer him."

"How would you have me do it?"

"First, conquer yourself. You are not contented?"

"And thereupon the good old clergyman drew up his chair, and laid his hand upon his friend's arm, and told him just what he would have him do. He spoke earnestly, and with tears in his eyes.

"Brother Welton, have you the heart and courage to do this?"

The farmer arose and took two or three turns across the floor, and finally said:

"I will do it."

On the following day, toward the middle of the forenoon, Peter Brackett came to the door of Francis Welton's. He was thinking whether he should harness his horse and be off before dinner, or whether he would wait until afternoon. He could not even put his mind to ordinary cares.

"I wonder," he said to himself, "how the trial will come out. I suppose Welton'll hire old Whitman to take his case. Of course the office'll be crowded. Tom Frost says he's noticed everywhere, and that everybody'll be there. Plague take it! I wish—"

His meditations were interrupted by approaching steps, and on looking up he beheld near the door a man who said, "Good morning, Peter."

Brackett gasped, and finally answered:

"Good morning," though rather gruffly.

Welton went on, frankly and pleasantly.

"You will go to the village to-day?"

"I suppose so."

I have been summoned by Justice Garfield to be there, also; but really, Peter, I don't want to go. One of us will be enough. Garfield is a fair one, and we both know the law, so we'll do what is right. Now, you can state them as well as I can, and whatever his decision is, I will abide by it. You can tell him that I shot your dog, and that your dog had done me no harm."

"Do you acknowledge that old Carlo never harmed you—thats he never troubled your sheep?" inquired Brackett, with started surprise.

"It was not his nature to do harm to anything. I am sure he would sooner have saved one of my sheep than have killed it."

"Then what did you shoot him for?"

"That is what I am coming at, Peter. You will tell the justice that I had lost several of my sheep, killed by dogs; that I had just been taking the skin from a valuable one, when that black dog had been so killed and mangled; that I was on my way from my house, with my gun in my hand, when I saw a dog come out from my shed. My first thought was 'it he had come from my sheep-fold. It was almost dark, and I could not see plainly. Tell the Justice that I had no idea it was your dog. I never dreamed that I had fired that cruel shot at old Carlo until Tom Frost told me."

"How? You didn't know it was my dog?"

"Peter, have you thought so hard of me as to think that I could knowingly and willingly have harmed that grand old dog. I would sooner have shot one of my oxen."

"But you didn't tell me so at first. Why didn't you?"

"Because you came up—so—so—suddenly—"

"O, pshaw!" cried Brackett, with a start of his feet. "Why didn't you say it out as this? Say I came down on you so like a hornet that you hadn't a chance to think. I was a blamed fool, that's what I was."

"And I was another, Peter; if I hadn't been I should have told you the truth at once, instead of flaring up. But we will understand it now. You can see the Justice."

"I must be hanged! John, hang it all! What's the use? There! let us end it so!"

From the window Mrs. Brackett had seen the two men come together, and she trembled for the result. By and by she saw her husband, as though flushed and excited, put out his hand. Mercy! was he going to strike his neighbor? She was ready to cry out with fright, the cry being almost upon her lips when she beheld a scene that called forth rejoicing instead. And this was what she saw:

She saw these two strange men grasp one another by the hand, and she saw big, bright tears rolling down their cheeks, and she knew that the fearful storm had passed, and that the warm sunshine of love and tranquility would come again.

High Hash Tall.

A dialogue occurred at a Detroit boarding house, according to the *Free Press*, between an effeminate shabbily dressed young man and the landlady, which for ponderous rhetoric exceeds anything of a similar nature that has been seen in some time. The landlady, seated at the front counter, in answer to the bell, and was accosted by the young man as follows:

"If you are manager of this domicile I wish to know if you could be persuaded to provide me with an apartment and provender during my sojourn in the city, which may be of two or three days' duration, and may possibly extend through a greater period."

The mistress of the house, catching the style and spirit of the inquirer, responded:

"Unfortunately, a great demand exists at present, which crowds the occupants of my apartments and the contents of my larder that I cannot conscientiously provide the accommodations you desire."

"Evidently the young man had expected to completely crush the landlady with his command of the English language, but his disappointment was plainly shown in the look of blank amazement which he bestowed upon her after hearing her reply. He was not completely annihilated, however, for he continued: "Provided you could, I am sure, pay with a great deal of money would you impose upon me for accommodating me?"

"Eight dollars a week in advance," was too suggestive, and as the young man backed down the steps he simply said "good day."

The World's Merchant Shipping.

From the returns on the progress of British shipping, recently issued by the Board of Trade, we learn that the shipping of the British Empire aggregated 7,744,257 tons, of which 6,087,701 tons belong to the United Kingdom. Thus the United Kingdom owns nearly five-sixths of the shipping of the British Empire. Other maritime countries, that is, the United States and all the nations of Europe, except Russia, Spain and Portugal, possess an aggregate tonnage of no more than 1,657,557 tons. The shipping of the British Empire is mere capacity, therefore, without reference to the quality, age or character of the vessels, is equal to the combined shipping of all other maritime countries. Next to ourselves, the United States have the greatest merchant navy. Taken together, it has a tonnage of 4,772,217 tons, but this total no more than 1,533,827 tons are engaged in the foreign trade. The remaining 3,238,000 tons are employed in the lake, river and coasting trade. Into this latter trade no foreign vessel, of any tonnage, built vessel, is admitted; and the immense seaboard and vast lakes and rivers, being thus retained for the exclusive employment of United States shipping, are one of our greatest maritime advantages. Next to the United States, Norway possesses the greatest tonnage, 1,245,224 tons. Germany possesses the next largest, 1,058,253; France almost equals Germany, 1,037,273. Thus France, with her vast seaboard, occupies only the fifth rank among maritime countries, we reckon by tonnage only. We need hardly say, however, that it is the steam fleet which at present determines the maritime rank of a country. In steamers we are still more superior to the rest of the world than we are made to appear by the foregoing statistics. The steam tonnage of the British Empire is 2,972,804 tons; that of the United States is 1,162,190 tons; while all other countries own no more than 1,838,345 tons. If the United Kingdom alone has a greater steam navy than all other maritime countries together, before the war the United States stands next to Great Britain, with 976,978 steam tons in the coasting trade, and 1,919,989 in the foreign trade; a total of 1,688,967. France now, however, takes the third rank, with 534,540 tons, or a little more than the American tonnage in the foreign trade. Very close upon France comes Germany, with 181,998 tons, while Norway, which takes precedence of Germany in steam tonnage, is left far behind in the race here.—*London Economist.*

THE WOMEN OF SERBIA.—A correspondent of a London paper says of the Serbian women: "I have seen their heads red kerchiefs, with the ends hanging down their backs, and bound on their heads by a velvet fillet, embroidered with coins, in which were frequently stuck feathers of various colors, and white, but invariably with the brilliant apron sewed down to the skirt, and often with the gaudily embroidered stomacher; or, perhaps, breastplate would be the more descriptive term, studded with coins or black velvet. The working dress of the women in the fields is a short jacket, braided and slashed in the fashion, and of the cut of that worn by the modern American. Kerchiefs crossed over the bosom; a petticoat, striped mostly in the parallel stripes of Moorish pattern, but occasionally in checkers, which were of red, yellow, a tartan; a apron; like apron of brighter colors than the petticoats; and bare legs and feet. The men are a fine race—tall, with a certain staidness and self-restraint, which is more to be seen in almost always good, and often quite intellectual and chivalric; but in muscular development, the peasant woman of Serbia can give their husbands a stone and a beating."

VORACIOUS.—By way of making an experiment, I took five little sparrows in a cage on the balcony. The parent bird immediately brought them food, and I was not surprised to see that this food consisted of twelve mice, four large of like size was brought every day for a month. At one time there were fifteen field mice, two little birds, and a young rabbit. Last year I made the same experiment, with the same general result, one meal consisting of twelve young nightingales, one lark, three moles, and one hedgehog. The parents always ate from the bodies of the dead birds some of their feathers. In the case of the hedgehog, the only part not eaten by these voracious little creatures was the skin of the back, which was too much for their maws. In one month the five baby hawks rid the world, by actual count, of 420 rats and mice, 200 mole crickets, and 158 lizards.—*Ec.*

A FEW DAYS ago a stranger to one of our hotels asked for a night at dinner. The landlord refused to give him one. "But," said the guest, "that man at the other table has one." "That man is a regular boarder, and has just got back from the Continent, and I want to put him to him for a day or so; but it won't be long before he will be wiping his mouth on the table-cloth and cleaning his nails with a fork, like a regular gentleman. No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no any style here as a regular thing, but we can't help ourselves sometimes."—*San Antonio Herald.*

Influence of the Stock on Wine.

A writer in the Adelaide Observer emphasizes the truth that to succeed in wine making there must be good grapes, in the following words:

The nature of the vine stock certainly plays the chief and most important part in the production of wine. It is undeniably to the quality of the fruit that all the best wines in the world owe their superiority. If you were to take the grape of the vine of the world, and place them by Black Portugal, Grenache, Mataro, Gonavis or Sweetwater, you would only get quite second-rate wine.

In nearly all the common wines, and in the most superior wines, and common wines. These two fine species of wine are given to the vine by the soil and the climate. Starting with this principle, we may arrange the different varieties of vines into two categories—fine and common stocks. It is easy to take the difference between the fruits produced by the different vines, for their composition is very varying. The elementary principles are the same, but their proportions differ. Lastly, each wine has its own coloring matter, shows great varieties. These considerations lead us to recognize that the mixture and choice of stocks are very efficacious in ameliorating the quality of wine.

This means is certainly the most natural and rational, but it is also one which demands the greatest judgment on the part of the vinticulturist. If a vine produces a wine which is poor or whose constitution is too weak, the color can be increased by introducing a vine whose grapes are very rich in coloring matter, and more highly colored than a vine which gives at the same time more sugar and tannin.

By combining vines which produce too sweet a wine with others which contain less sugary matter, the wine will be of a varying proportion of sugar, in the different vines must be seriously taken into calculation in the plantation of vineyards. Not only does the admixture of vines of different qualities, but by this means we can prevent the diseases to which the vines may be exposed, for often this spontaneous deterioration is the result of an excess or insufficiency of certain elements, and the re-establishment of the equilibrium will be sufficient to make these inconveniences vanish. The vines whose fruit contains much iron are in these cases exceedingly useful.

The aim of the producer of fine wines should tend towards the obtaining of the maximum of produce both in quantity and quality. He will often be indulging the stocks with judgment, but able to increase the produce without injuring the quality. This is the system practiced in the neighborhood of Bordeaux. The vineyardists produce wines of a superior quality as a rule not very productive, and the result is that if we do not require a very high quality we can increase the yield by over-planting the best vines with others whose produce is greater, according to the more or less high quality you wish to obtain. One consideration which must not be neglected in the employment of stocks is the time at which they reach ripeness is not in all cases the same. In planting them this important difference must be taken into account, and in small vineyards only vines whose grapes ripen at the same time should be cultivated; in large vineyards, on the contrary, it will always be useful to plant with each other varieties, which do not ripen at the same time, so as to get a space of time long enough to make the vintage under good conditions.

THE DEBT TO MOTHERS.—Mothers live for their children, make self-sacrifices for them, and manifest their tenderness and love so freely, that the name mother is the sweetest in human language. And yet some young men, aged, know but little of the anxiety, the nights of sleepless and painful solicitude which their mothers have spent over their thoughts and weariness. Those loving hearts go down to their graves with those hours of secret agony unfulfilled. As the mother watches by night, or prays in the privacy of her closet, she weighs well the words she will address to her son, in order to lead him to a manhood of honor and usefulness. She will not tell him all his faults and deadly fears which beset her heart, she trusts him with trembling lest she say overmuch. She tries to charm him with cheery love, while her very heart is bleeding.

No worthy and successful man ever knew the breadth and depth of obligation which he owes to the mother who guided his steps at the time when his character for virtue and purity was so narrowly balanced against a course of vice and ignominy.

Let the dutiful son do his utmost to smooth his mother's pathway; let him obey as implicitly as he can her wishes and advice; let him omit nothing that will contribute to her peace, rest and happiness; and yet he will part from her at the tomb with the debt to her not half discharged.

A DRAWBACK.—At a small party in Boston, the host, having as a guest a certain New Yorker, and wishing that he should have a good impression of Boston, introduced him to Mr. H., a gentleman of repute in literary circles and an admirable conversationalist. After a while, encountering his Gotham friend alone again, he said: "How did you like Mr. H.?" "Very much indeed," was the reply. "He is a good fellow, but (sotto voice) those trousers were never made for him."

How the Sioux Fight.

It awakens a very lively interest in the topographical features of the country, when you know that any hill or ravine may conceal a party of the enemy. This is the case in the Indian fight. In fact it is all front, for they circulate on all sides, and shoot from every point which offers a place of concealment. When the Sioux attacked Gen. Crook in the valley of the Rosebud, just before the Custer disaster, the fire opened in the rear, front and flanks, within five minutes of the time the first shots were heard. There are no more combats like this in our country. One place is as safe or unsafe as any other, and every man who has a gun goes in to use it if he wishes to save his scalp. It is entirely a mistake, however, that only the cavalry are of use in Indian fighting. The infantry carrying rifles which shoot closer and further than the cavalry carbine, have driven the Indians from positions which cavalry were unable to carry. These savages understand the difference between the infantry and cavalry gun, as well as the men who carry them; but they will make a bold stand against both. Artillery, however, has no effect on them, for they are not so easily demoralized as men. Let a shell explode among a lot of rocks in which they have been making a stand against the musketry, and there will not be a man left standing. Artillery is sufficient for him to jump and run. Brave as the Sioux are, and they are the bravest of their race, they will never stand against field guns; but, with arms alone, it is the opinion of officers here who have fought them, that it requires man to man to thoroughly thrash them. This may seem strange talk to people who have been accustomed to believe that the white man was equal to any three Indians, but I give the opinion of gentlemen of unquestioned courage who are thoroughly acquainted with the Sioux.—Cor. N. Y. Times.

"HATH A DOG CONSCIENCE?"—"Hath a dog conscience?" quoth the corporal, and this dog for several years, and had never even in his puppyhood, known him to steal. Nevertheless, on one occasion he was very hungry and in the room where I was reading, and he was sitting there within easy reach of a savory mutton chop. I was greatly surprised to see him stealthily remove this chop and take it under the sofa. However, I pretended not to observe him, and he returned and waited to see what would happen next. For fully a quarter of an hour this terrier remained under the sofa without making a sound, but doubtless an agony of contending feelings was passing through his mind. Science came off victorious, for, emerging from his place of concealment, and carrying in his mouth the stolen chop, he came across the room and laid the chop on the table at my feet. The moment he dropped the stolen property he bolted again under the sofa, and from this retreat no coaxing could charm him for several hours afterwards. More than once during that time he was spoken to or patted, he always turned away his head, in a ludicrously conscience-stricken manner. Altogether I do not think it was possible to imagine a more satisfactory exhibition of conscience by an animal than this; for it must be remembered, as already stated, that the particular animal in question was never beaten in his life.—Quarterly Journal of Science.

A SINGULAR FACT.—A recent traveler in Mexico, who visited the mines there during his journey, says that he was much astonished at seeing the men who carry the ore come out of the mine, each with a eye open. The foreman, seeing his surprise, explained the matter. He said the candles belonging to the tarantulas (the drill and blast) do not give sufficient light in the drifts, where it is consequently quite dark, but where, nevertheless, the tarantulas see well enough not to run the heads into daylight, they would be blinded if they did not take precautionary measures. For this reason, as they approach the mouth of the mine, they close their eyes, they catch the first glimpse of light, they drop the eyelid of one eye, and keep this down while discharging their ore, and until they have re-ascended the shaft. When they are again in the dark, they open the eye kept hitherto in reserve, and at once they see everything distinctly; while the other eye, previously open and blinded some what by the daylight, perceives nothing at all.

DYNAMITE.—The endeavors of Alfred Nobel to overcome the uncertainty and danger attending the application of nitro-glycerine in its undiluted condition as an explosive agent, were eventually crowned with success by his elaboration of the plastic nitro-glycerine preparation known as dynamite, which is the earliest, and that specially known as Nobel's dynamite, consists of the plastic nitro-glycerine mixed with about three times its weight of nitro-glycerine, which it holds absorbed, even under considerable variations of temperature, factured. This material is the most violent nitro-glycerine preparation now in use; it closely resembles Abel's compressed gun-cotton in explosive power as well as in regard to its action, and it is now very extensively used in all parts of the world, for mining, engineering, and other industrial purposes.

INISH DRILL-MASTER (to squad of militiamen)—"F'r'n Truss!" (Astonishing result)—"Hi'n's wata' p'risent! Just step out here now, an' look at yerselves!"—Punch.

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YOUNG MEN! Who may be suffering from the effects of youthful follies or indiscretions, will do well to avail themselves of this the greatest boon ever laid at the altar of suffering humanity. This SPINNEY'S will guarantee to forfeit five hundred dollars for every case of seminal weakness of any kind or character which he undertakes and fails to cure. He would therefore say to the unfortunate sufferer who may read this notice, that you are reading upon dangerous ground, and that you are in need of a proper remedy for your complaint. You may be in the first stage—remember you are approaching the last and most dangerous stage of the disease, and that you are in need of a proper remedy for your complaint. You may be in the first stage—remember you are approaching the last and most dangerous stage of the disease, and that you are in need of a proper remedy for your complaint.

MIDDLE-AGED MEN. There are many of the men of thirty to forty years of age who are troubled with too frequent evacuation of the bladder, often accompanied by a slight smarting or burning sensation, and a weakening of the system in maintaining the ordinary position of the body, and sometimes all particles of semen will appear, or the urine will be found to contain a quantity of mucus, or the urine will be found to contain a quantity of mucus, or the urine will be found to contain a quantity of mucus.

STEINWAY & SONS AGAIN TRIUMPHANT! Centennial Awards. Extract from Dispatch: "Our award being for highest degree of excellence in all our styles of PIANOS, and greatest concert capacity in our GRAND PIANOS." Signed STEINWAY & SONS. New York, Sept. 30, 1876.

AN EXTRAORDINARY OFFER. I WILL OFFER MY VALUABLE SERVICES if you are so unfortunate as to require them, with a most minute and careful analysis of an advanced order, I can safely say that there is hardly a disease in the catalogue of human life that I cannot treat you to your delicate organism is beyond my power.

MISCELLANY. DR. W. K. DOHERTY'S MEDICAL AND SURGICAL INSTITUTE, 649 CLAY STREET, NEAR MONTGOMERY AND KEARNY STS., SAN FRANCISCO. Desires to inform the general public and especially all those laboring under all forms of Chronic Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, etc., that he has established at 649 CLAY ST. an every variety of Diseases of the Lungs, Liver, Stomach, Glands, and Genito-Urinary Organs, Nervous Debility and all.

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GOOD NEWS! GOOD NEWS! "Have You Heard the News?" THE PETER SHORT of the Pioneer Mercantile Tailor, has reduced the price of his goods 50 per cent lower than any other in the city.

REASON WHY THE FLORENCE SEWING MACHINE. Was Awarded the Silver Medal in 1875. Because Eugene Moreau, one of the Committee, was for years in the employ of Samuel Hill, Agent for the Florence. How Mr. Moreau received his appointment from Hill, we do not know.

DR. W. K. DOHERTY'S MEDICAL AND SURGICAL INSTITUTE, 649 CLAY STREET, NEAR MONTGOMERY AND KEARNY STS., SAN FRANCISCO. Desires to inform the general public and especially all those laboring under all forms of Chronic Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, etc., that he has established at 649 CLAY ST. an every variety of Diseases of the Lungs, Liver, Stomach, Glands, and Genito-Urinary Organs, Nervous Debility and all.

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GLEANINGS.

Good taste is the flower of good sense. Smiles are smiles only when the heart pulls the wires.

The power of honesty is so great we love it even in an enemy.

The greatest misfortune of all is not to be able to bear misfortune. Malice sucks up the greater part of her own venom and poisons herself.

Genius is the morning dew that keeps the world from perishing in drouth.

The beauty that is in the heart will eventually shine out in the countenance.

Justice to our neighbor and comfort to ourselves are one and the same thing.

We often promise according to our hopes, and perform according to our fears.

To keep your secret is wisdom, but to expect others to keep it is folly.

Men's muscles move best when their souls are making merry music.

We can hardly learn humility and tenderness enough except by suffering.

Some hearts, like evening primroses, open most beautifully in the evening of life.

No man should part with his own individuality and become that of another.

The reputation of a man is not safe until the man is dead and has no further use for it.

The sublimity of moral heroism is voluntarily to pick out the poorest ear of corn in the dish.

Men who believe, or affect to believe, in nobody and nothing else, are noted for a marked degree of belief in themselves.

The first step toward making a man of your son is to train him up to earn what he spends; the next step is to teach him to save his earnings.

Men who would scruple to utter a lie do not scruple to entertain a prejudice, forgetting that prejudice is a standing falsehood.

Hard speech between those who have loved is hideous in the memory, like the sight of greatness and beauty sunk into vice and rags.

There is a gift that is almost a blow, and there is a kind word that is munificence; so much is there in the way of doing things.

The domestic man who loves no music so well as his kitchen clock, and the airs which the logs sing to him as they burn on the hearth, has solaces which others never dream of.

Be neither too early in the fashion nor too long out of it; what custom hath civilized is become decent, till then ridiculous; where the eye is the jury, thy apparel is the evidence.

If we can sleep without dreaming, it is well that painful dreams are avoided. If, while we sleep we can have any pleasing dreams, it is, as the French say, "tant gaigne," so much added to the pleasure of life.

The sun should not set upon our anger, neither should he rise upon our confidence. We should forgive freely, but forget rarely. I will not be revenged, and this I owe to mine enemy; but I will remember, and this I owe to myself.

There was a Spanish American lady on board, with her dog, her bird and her golden wig. I paused at her window and condoled with her as she lay prostrate.

I am verve bad, said she. My stomach—it feel like a butterfly! Like a butterfly!

Si. So light. Dios, I jump into the sea.

A pretty bride occupied another state-room. She reclined on her birth bracing herself with one hand and holding in the other a slice of toast. On the sofa near the window lay her husband, pale as paper.

How goes the honeymoon? I inquired, with sea-sick impudence. Alas! exclaimed the little lady, touching her chest and then motioning toward the disconsolate groom: How happy could I be with either, were't other dear charmer away.

The Chinese waiters, whose duty it was to carry the soup without spilling it, and to fortify invalids continually with tea, grew morose and malevolent. The steward complained of having been rolled out of bed, and the young inebriate who is always boasting on shipboard that he is never sick, offended the very gulls by his retchings.

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[Letter from a Postmaster.]

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W. H. RING. This is a sample of many thousand testimonials received, of wonderful cures effected by the Centaur Liniment. The ingredients of this article are published around each bottle. It contains Witch Hazel, Mentha, Arnica, Rock Oil, Carbolic, and ingredients little known. It is an indisputable fact that the Centaur Liniment is performing more cures of Swellings, Stiff Joints, Eruptions, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Caked Breasts, Lockjaw, &c., than all other Liniments, Embrocations, Extracts, Salves, Ointments, and Plasters now in use.

For Toothache, Earache, Weak Back, Itch, and various Eruptions, it is admirable. It cures burns and scalds without a scar. Extracts poison from bites and stings, and heals frost-bites and chilblains in a short time. No family can afford to be without the Centaur Liniment, in any wrapper.

The Centaur Liniment, Yellow Wrapper, is adapted to the tough skin, muscles and flesh of the animal creation. Its effects upon severe cases of Spavin, Swerney, Wind Gall, Big Head and Poll Evil, are little less than marvellous.

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We have thousands of similar testimonials. For Wounds, Galls, Scratches, Ring-bone, &c., and for Screw Worm in Sheep it has no rival. Farmers, livery men, and Stockraisers, have in this Liniment a remedy, which is worth a hundred times its cost.

Laboratory of J. B. Ross & Co., 46 DEY ST., NEW YORK.

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JAMES JONES is my Agent at Port Townsend, JOHN M. SWAN, Olympia, W. T.

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which, with samples of wool can be had on application. Terms remain the same as in the past season, and all averaged over 12 lbs each.

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