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Editor and Proprietor.

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The Child Awake.

Sweet babe! true portrait of thy father's face,
Sleep on the bosom that thy lips have pressed!
Sleep on the bosom that thy lips have pressed!
Sleep on the bosom that thy lips have pressed!
Thy drowsy eyelids on thy mother's breast.

Upon that tender eye, my little friend,
Soft sleep shall come, that cometh not to me;
I watch to see thee, watch thee, defend
Thy sweet face from the sun's rays—alone for thee.

His arms fall down; sleep sits upon his brow;
His eyes are closed; he sleeps, my dream of harm.
Were not his cheek the apple's rosy glow,
Would you not say he slept on Death's cold arm?

Awake, my boy! I tremble with delight;
Awake, and chase this fatal thought, unless
Thine eyes but for a moment on the light!
Even at the price of thine, give me repose!

Sweet error! be not slept—I breathe again;
Come, gentle dream, the hour of sleep beguile!
O, when shall he, for whom I sigh in vain,
Beside me watch to see thy waking smile?

Here is a little parody which some time since went the rounds of the press:

To write or not to write—that's the question;
Whether it is better to take up the pen,
To nib it, scratch your pate, and feel for brains
In vain, till the last hour is past;
Or else the scimitar snatch,
And clip, and clip, and clip,
The better thoughts of others.
We pause to ponder!

Just, like sweetmeats, have often sour mance.
A scolding wife is generally a high-toned woman.

Truth is immortal, and a lie sometimes as long-lived as Methusalem.

A man's money seldom grows more than half as fast as his love of it.

Why is an egg like a colt? Because it is not fit for use until it is broken.

Some men are like gardens enclosed by rough stone walls—unightly without, but beautiful within.

A trifle to fill up a gap in the conversation—How is the Sun supported? Why, by its beams, of course.

If you should go into a tavern for dinner and only see one beet on the table, what would you naturally exclaim? "That beats all!"

A person fond of the marvelous told an improbable story, adding, as was his wont "Did you ever hear of that before?"

"No, sir," said the other; "pray, did you?"

A 68-pounder shell burst near an Irishman in one of the trenches. Pat coolly surveyed the "uns the fragments had made, and exclaimed, "He jabs! I thim's the fellows to often the was in a man's ear!"

"Husband, why do you destroy all my Sweet Williams in the garden and leave all the bonneting B-to-y's?" "Because the B-to-y's are all virtues of mine, but I won't have any Sweet Williams about my premises."

A gentleman of Alabama was lying in bed one morning, when a friend stepped in and said: "P—, breakfast is coming on."

"Let it come," replied P—, "with a look of defiance, 'I am not afraid of it.'"

King Henry VIII. was going to hang the Mayor of Boulogne for not bringing a royal salute as he approached that municipality. His honor said he had twenty-four reasons for not doing it. The first of which was, he had no powder.

"Not a word more," said blunt King Harry, "you are forgiven."

There is an anecdote of an editor out West, who, when he was short of mailer, or grudging the labor of type requisite to put it in print, used to send out his paper with one side or page entirely blank, merely drawing his subscribers' attention to the fact by note. "This space will be very useful for the children to write upon."

Some blunders which have been made by bad spellers are quite ludicrous. One, on closing a letter, says, "I would write further, but I have a pane in my head!" Another, a shoemaker, sending to a friend an account of a consuming fire, says: "I have lost my sm!" What a devastating conflagration there must have been!

A noted physician recently joined a "spiritualist" circle for the purpose of getting some communications from unknown regions. On receiving the usual signals, he inquired who it was that was addressing him. "One of your patients whom you killed," was the reply. The physician did not pursue the investigation any further.

A pork butcher, be it respectfully said, is so far in advance of the medical knowledge of the age, inasmuch as he both kills and cures. Now it is rare indeed that a doctor can achieve more than one of those delicate operations successfully at a time; at all events there is no living proof of the two having ever been performed completely to the patient's satisfaction.

Judge Dooley, of Georgia, was remarkable for his wit, as well as for his talents. At one place where he attended court, he was not pleased with his entertainment at the tavern. On the day of his arrival a hog, under the name of pig, had been cooked whole and laid on the table. No person attacked it. It was brought the next day, and the next, and treated with the same respect, and it was on the table on the day on which the court adjourned. As the party finished dinner, Judge Dooley rose from the table, and in a solemn manner thus addressed the clerk: "Mr. Clerk, dismiss that hog upon his recognition until the first day of the next court. He has attended so faithfully during the present term that I don't think it will be necessary to take any security."

Early one morning the scholars of one of our district schools were agreeably surprised to find written on the outside door, "No School," and most of them made preparations to enjoy the holiday—not dreaming but that it was a genuine order. It appeared, however, that a lover of mischief more than his books had written in large letters the joyful news. "No Schule," was the notice posted up; the idea was understood, but the spelling was bad. The afternoon brought all together; and in the stern visage of the master, enough was seen to convince us that all was not right; he had been outwitted, and now came the tag of war. He soon ordered the boys to appear before his presence, and, one by one, criticised their spelling as far as the word "school" was concerned. They stand the test, until the boys, with comic plain, made his appearance, who with confidence, distinctly said, "S-b-o-l-e!" The master took him by the collar, and, with a joyful expression at the success of the device, laid on the birch severely.

Married by Command.

Once upon a time there lived near the fort of Marienburg, in Prussia, a farmer of the name of Reisel. He had two daughters—charming girls. These two daughters were in love, and engaged to be married to two soldiers—one each, of course. Brothers they were, and as strapping fellows an ever great Frederick could wish to see. It was expected that the regiment in which the brothers served would soon be at the neighboring fortress; and then the marriages were to take place.

Charlotte, the younger sister, was sitting, on the day in question, busily employed in knitting while watching her father's goats, when an old gentleman, of noble and majestic carriage, stopped before her. He held a cane in his hands, and wore a military hat and boots, and a great-coat with a large cape.

The young shepherdess had never seen this gentleman before, and his presence—she knew not why—inspired her with a feeling of awe. After regarding her for some minutes with an arch smile, he thus addressed her:

"What is your name, my pretty girl?"

"Charlotte Reisel, at your service?" answered she.

"At my service! Well, I may, perhaps, require you. How old are you?"

"Eighteen at Candlemas."

"What is your occupation?"

"I am shepherdess to my parents, who are farmers in the valley."

"You are not married?"

"Not yet, your lordship."

"Have you a dowry?"

"I do not know."

"Well, here is something towards one, if you will serve me, as you promised to do just now," said he, placing in her hand a purse containing two hundred gold florins.

So strange did this proceeding appear to the simple and timid shepherdess, that she was quite alarmed; and, believing the fine gentleman to be a sorcerer, his gold seemed to burn her fingers. In the meantime, the stranger, taking a notebook from his pocket, wrote a few words upon a sheet of paper which he carefully sealed. Then he continued:

"To gain two hundred florins you have only to carry this to the fort of Marienburg. If you show this seal, all the guards will let you pass. You must ask for Major Keller, the commander, and give the letter into his hands. Do you understand and promise to do what I have told you?"

Charlotte wished to reply in the negative, but to refuse seemed to her even more difficult than to accept; so that, not knowing what to say, she was silent, and the stranger, concluding that her silence gave assent, left her the letter and the purse.

When he was out of sight, the terror-stricken girl ran to her sister, and related her adventures.

Catherine was the very reverse of her timid, gentle sister. She was a fine, independent, spirited girl, who would go through anything to gain her end; she liked nothing better than a mystery, and danger even had a charm for her.

"A commission for Marienburg!" exclaimed she; "it is a godsend. Call him a goose, a fool, rather than a demon, who brought it. Our betrothed, the sergeants Albert and Ludwig Hosten, have been on the march for the fortress the last three days. By those means we may obtain news of them, and perhaps even see them to-day. What a surprise for them, and what joy for us! To say nothing about the two hundred gold florins, which are not to be picked up every day."

Saying these words, she took the purse, and turning the precious letter first on one side and then on the other, she called upon Charlotte, in the name of their betrothed, to go immediately to the fort, while she took care of the goats.

"Never!" replied Charlotte; "I shall never have courage. If you like to go in my stead," added she, "I will make over the two hundred florins to you."

"I will accept half," replied Catherine, quickly; "and shall both have a dowry, and—who knows?—perhaps be married to-morrow."

Letter in hand, Catherine soon reached the fortress, the gates of which were opened to her at the sight of the mysterious seal. She was much pleased with the defence which was paid her, and made up her mind that the stranger must have been some great personage, and that the letter contained something important. She examined it over and over again, burning with curiosity to know the contents. She endeavored to peep into the envelope, but in vain. "If I should, without knowing it, cause a coup d'état, or a revolution!" exclaimed she. "But, after all, what are the secrets of peace and war to me? The great thing is to ascertain if Ludwig and Albert are here."

The commander, a crabbled-looking old soldier, who had grown grey in the service of his king and country, now entered to relieve her suspense. Having eyed her from head to foot, he said:

"One of the fair sex asked for me. It was you, young girl. Here I am. What can I do for you?"

"Is it Major Keller, commander at Marienburg, to whom I have the honor of speaking?"

"The same."

"I am commissioned to give this letter into your hands, major," said Catherine, presenting the letter.

"From whom did you receive it?" continued he.

"From a stranger who passed down the road about an hour ago."

"Let me see," said he, starting as he recognized the seal, and, taking off his hat, he made a military salute.

Catherine was quite astonished to find that the despatch of which she was the bearer received as much honor as herself.

Having read the letter, Keller burst into a sudden fit of laughter, then he suddenly grew grave again, and, taking out a double eye-glass, silently regarded her for some time.

"Would you like to be a *vivandière*?" asked the determined major.

"*Vivandière*? That would depend on the regiment. If it were, for instance, in the third—"

"What is your dowry?" interrupted he.

Catherine, thinking the major's question very original, and wondering what he would say next, answered, "Not a large sum—some hundred gold florins; the carriage of the letter which I have given you."

"Well, that is a dowry for a soldier."

"Certainly—especially for a sergeant. But you have not told me if the fifth company of the third regiment—"

"Yes, yes; we will see about that. It is a company of picked men, measuring five feet six inches; and I doubt if your figure—"

"No, no, *mademoiselle*," said he, drawing his sword, and taking her measure with the blade.

"Five feet, at least. Not amiss, not amiss!"

"Major, do you wish to enrol me in the king's army?" exclaimed she.

"It is already done, my darling. I have but to choose the corps, and I think you will belong to the Grenadiers."

"To the Grenadiers! Ah, well! What does it matter? You are joking, commander!"

"Joking—with this letter! Stay, there is no longer any mystery; you may read it yourself."

Catherine took the letter from Major Keller's hand, and read as follows:

"Order to Major Keller to choose one of the handsomest men in the regiment, and to marry him to the young girl—the bearer of this dispatch. (Signed) 'KING FREDERICK II'"

"The king! It was the king! Good heavens!"

"The king, himself. Are you not delighted to have made his acquaintance?"

Catherine was stupefied, and exclaimed—"To marry you! I will never give my consent!"

"Your consent?" replied Keller, showing her the letter; "of that there is no mention in this order."

Saying these words, he rang the bell, and said to the soldier who answered his summons:

"An order from the king for the chaplain. A marriage to be solemnized in half an hour."

"In half an hour!" cried Catherine. "It is impossible! It is a wilful injury."

"When I say half an hour, perhaps a quarter will suffice. The time to measure eight or ten grenadiers, and to choose one among them of the right proportions," said he, measuring Catherine again with his eye. "About five feet four or six inches. A fair complexion to form a contrast. *Mademoiselle*," continued he, with a military salute, "I shall be at your service in a few minutes."

Presently Keller returned, holding a paper in his hand.

"I have found your man," said he; "and you are to sign this promise of marriage with him for the chaplain, as the law requires the consent of the parties."

Catherine, recovering from her dejection, exclaimed: "Consent! Ah! I understand you, then, at last. Ah! this paper has to be signed! You must have my name. Well, major, I will allow myself to be cut into pieces rather than sign that paper!" added she, standing in an attitude of determination before Major Keller.

"Really, you would make an admirable promisee," said he. He then read aloud the promise of marriage, as follows: "We, the undersigned, (you will add your name) and Sergeant Hosten, of the third regiment of the Grenadiers—"

Hearing the name Hosten, Catherine changed countenance.

"Can it be Ludwig?" thought she; "then, indeed, fortune has favored me." The major went on reading: "Promise to take each other as man and wife. Marienburg, 15th March, 1780. There, *mademoiselle*, you see it is not long since you signed this paper? Yes, or no? No, did you say? Then we must take strong measures," said he, as he was about to pull the bell.

Catherine stopped him, saying, "I beg your pardon, major; I did not quite understand. The name of the intended, if you please?"

"Sergeant Hosten," replied Major Keller.

"Is it possible?"

"And why not? Make yourself easy. He is a brave, handsome fellow, five feet five inches and a half, at least."

Catherine could hardly believe her ears, so providential did this circumstance appear to her; the distress which she had experienced but a few minutes ago was suddenly changed at the sight of this name into ecstasy of joy.

"Well, do you still refuse?" said the major.

"I consent, major, and am ready to sign. Let me see King Frederick!"

"Twenty bells!" thought he, "and he will do so as he says. Good heavens!"

"Not a word to the young girl!" continued Keller, still speaking in an undertone. "Respect the feelings of fair ladies. I wish for her free consent." Having said this, Keller twisted his moustache, and stationing himself in front of the young people, took up a newspaper and began to read.

After a short interval the drums were heard, and the major spoke. "Sergeant Albert Hosten, what are your sentiments towards Catherine Reisel, whom his Majesty has appointed to be your wife?"

"Now is the time," said Catherine, in a low voice. "He is relaxing: say that I inspire you with horror."

"Well, yes," said he, with an effort; "Catherine inspires me. He had got so far when the drums beat the second time. He suddenly interrupted himself, and, as they beat louder and louder, fell on his knees before her, exclaiming: 'I love you, Catherine—I love you with all my heart! I adore her, commander—I adore her.' Turning to Catherine, who knew not what to think; he said in an undertone: 'I hate you, never less; but do not contradict me, or I am dead.'"

"Very well!" exclaimed Keller, at the third beat, as he stretched Albert in the act of kissing Catherine's hand. "Sergeant Albert Hosten, does your Catherine reciprocate your sentiments?"

"Yes, commander. She loves me—she loves me to desperation; but excuse the first moment—she is in reality as delighted as I am. She thanks the king; she thanks you—we both thank you. Again the drums were heard. 'Is it not so, my good Catherine? Then, in a low voice—'It is for Ludwig. He is lost if you do not give me your hand.'"

Catherine was quite distracted at these words; it was the only thing which could shake her determination. If Ludwig were in danger, she would do anything to save him. She was silent. The sound of the drums decreased.

"For Ludwig," repeated Albert, emphatically; and poor Catherine could no longer resist, and gave her hand to Albert.

"You see, major," cried Albert, triumphantly, "she has given me her hand."

"So much the better! Now, Sergeant Hosten and young Catherine Reisel, you have only to sign the engagement, which is on the table."

At these words they looked at each other in consternation; for they knew that if they signed, they could never retract.

"Yes, major—certainly; I am going—" Then hearing the drums, he started, and approached the table. He hesitated, but the drum beat again; he took the pen, then threw it down, and passed his hand across his forehead in great perplexity. The drums continued to beat. "Shoot! shoot!" thought he, "quickly taking up the pen again, and preparing to sign."

Catherine, who had been eagerly watching his every movement, caught his hand. "Oh! you will not do that, Albert!"

"No, never!" cried Albert, recovering himself; "rather die!" Then after a pause, during which the last beat of the drums grew fainter and fainter, and at last ceased, Keller, who had been atten-

tively observing the scene, now said, as he slowly rose:—"You have not signed!"

"No, sir," replied Catherine, resolutely. "I will marry no one on this earth but Ludwig!"

"No, major," chimed in Albert, in the same tone; "I shall look forward to meeting Charlotte in heaven."

"Well, execute your orders," cried Keller to the two soldiers. "Arrest the sergeant. Forward, march! To the court-martial, to be instantly judged, and shot as a rebel to the commands of the king!"

"Albert!" shrieked Catherine.

"Parwell, Catherine!" answered Albert, surrendering his arms to the soldiers, and preparing to follow them. "Be happy with Ludwig, and tell Charlotte that I die for her." At these words Catherine sunk into a chair, in a paroxysm of grief. But just as the soldiers were leaving the room with Albert, the sound of drums was again heard. There were cries of "To arms! to arms!"

"What is that?" cried Keller, in a tone of astonishment.

"Some soldiers belonging to the king's escort here entered the apartment, and among them was Ludwig. They were followed by an officer, who announced 'His Majesty, the King!'"

Catherine's eyes suddenly met those of Ludwig, "Ludwig here!" cried she. "What good angel sent you?"

"My company entered the fort at the same time as that of his Majesty, and Charlotte—"

"Charlotte with the king?" exclaimed Albert, scarcely daring to believe his eyes.

"Yes, Charlotte," said the king, advancing, holding the trembling girl by the hand.

Keller bent one knee to the ground, but was immediately raised by the king, who said, "No ceremony here, major; I saw here, *enroute*, I bring Charlotte Reisel, in order to convey her by a little rebel against the commands of his Majesty."

"How is that, sire?"

"On an hour ago I was walking in the fields, like a simple mortal, when I met the goddess of grace, who answers to the name of Charlotte. I considered that, in marrying her to a handsome soldier, I should make an admirable couple. You know that this is one of my qualities. I therefore gave her a letter for you, as a slight token of my knowledge, I charged you to find her a husband."

"I received the letter, sire, but this young girl was the bearer," said he, pointing to Catherine.

"Ah! ah! Catherine, the sister of my messenger, she who had the courage to take her place! Another rebel!"

"I was ignorant, sire, that I had the honor of carrying an order from your Majesty," said Catherine.

"And if you had known it, what would you have done?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, I should not have delivered it. I should have found some one else—my brother, for instance, or my great aunt, who is sixty-six. We should have seen if the major would have found some handsome soldier to marry her."

"Courageous and clever, as they told me—very charming, in fact, at her sister," said Frederick, kissing her on the forehead. "Kings have the same privilege as old men," continued he. "Imagined my surprise, major, when about half an hour ago, passing the place where I met Charlotte, I still found, quietly watching her goats, the young girl whom I believed to be already wedded to a grenadier at Marienburg. She told me all—she asked my pardon, said she was smiling. But I am angry! I have been relentless, and have brought her to trial to the fort, where I intend that my commands shall be executed by a regular marriage."

"For pity's sake, sire," entreated Charlotte, looking at Ludwig; "my hand is not free; I am already betrothed. I conjure you to take my sister in my place."

"Always your sister! But it is probably too late. I suppose you have already married Catherine, major, as I commanded?"

"Nearly, sire. I have measured *mademoiselle*; above five feet. I have measured my choice soldier, and chosen one of five feet six inches—Sergeant Hosten. Here he is," said he, pointing to Albert.

"But I don't!" said Ludwig, pointing to the young girl.

"The young girl rejoined—the sergeant made very free; in short, I was just threatening him with the court-martial and discharge of military, when your Majesty—"

"Discharge of military!" exclaimed the king; "Oh, major, that was rather too military."

"The guns were not yet loaded, sire," replied the major, smiling. "It was merely a joke of mine. I know the fir—"

"And why, *mademoiselle* Catherine Reisel?" continued the king, "would you not marry Sergeant Albert Hosten?"

"Because I am betrothed to Sergeant Ludwig Hosten," answered she, boldly.

"That has been her song for the last hour, and I would not believe her," said the major. "A trial was brought me from your Majesty—a command to marry the bearer. The bearer was Catherine. I have not deviated from that; I only attended to the orders. Catherine will marry Albert, unless your Majesty give a counter order."

"Oh, sire, a counter order!" pleaded Charlotte, on her knees.

"Sire, a counter order, in the name of Heaven!" implored Ludwig and Albert, kneeling before the king.

"How is it that you do not join the entreaties, Catherine?" asked the king.

"Because, counter order or no counter order, I will marry no one but Ludwig, my betrothed."

"Charming, charming!" cried the king, laughing. Then, addressing the three young people kneeling at his feet, "Rise, my children. Albert and Charlotte, stand here," said he, pointing to his right. "When they had done as he commanded, he added, 'Ludwig and Catherine, stand there, pointing to his left. They obeyed. "Two brothers—handsome grenadiers," said he, smiling; "two sisters—superb girls. Now, Major Keller, measure each of their couples."

Keller gravely unsheathed his sword, and proceeded to measure the young people. "Five feet six inches against five feet one inch and a half; and five feet five inches and a half against five feet two inches."

"What do you think of that double proportion?" asked the king.

"The two couples are not amiss; but Albert would be more suitable to Catherine," responded the major.

"Bah! for half an inch!" exclaimed the king. "Deities, Catherine and Ludwig may grope yet. Decidedly, I will give the counter order, and make two matches instead of three. Of course, I shall add two hundred golden florins to those I have already given."

"Oh, sire, how can you thank you enough?" cried the four young people at once.

The two couples were united; and then the cloud which had so suddenly obscured their bright hopes was as quickly dispelled, and only remained the sunshine of their happiness to seem the brighter.

letter, but to my sister, Charlotte Reisel, whom he met on the road. Charlotte did not dare to come to Marienburg, so I came in her stead. Therefore, it is my sister who is to marry Albert; and if you marry me to him, you will disobey the king."

"Really, if it were true," said Keller, hesitatingly.

"I am to marry Charlotte, by the orders of his Majesty," said Albert.

"Have Charlotte brought here; she will confirm all I have said."

"Send for Charlotte," supplicated Albert.

"Peace, and sign. I shall be back before long," said Major Keller, as he left the room.

For some time Catherine and Albert were silent.

"How are we to get out of this scrape?" at length asked Catherine.

"I would blow up Marienburg sooner than marry you!" cried Albert, furiously.

"And I would rather be buried than become your wife!" exclaimed Catherine, weeping.

"Poor Charlotte! When our parents betrothed us, who would have imagined that such a misfortune would separate us!"

"And separate us just as we were about to be united!" said Catherine.

"But it is not yet done! It is impossible, if we neither of us sign."

"Do you know what I fear, Albert? That they will dispense with our signatures, and marry us in spite of ourselves."

"In spite of ourselves!" cried Albert, in a paroxysm of anger. "I would sooner tear the hair from your head, my good Catherine. That is the least I owe to Charlotte."

"I would sooner scratch out your eyes, my dear Albert," exclaimed Catherine, in an outburst of grief.

"Ludwig may depend upon me for that."

At this moment Major Keller entered, followed by two soldiers. Albert and Catherine, separating suddenly, looked anxiously towards him.

"All in good time," exclaimed the major. "You have agreed at last. I expected as much—I know the fair sex." Then, turning to Albert, he said, in a low voice: "In case of any hesitation on your part, my fine fellow, I have brought you two comrades from the reinforcement, charged to take you before the court-martial. If you have not signed at the fourth beat of the drum. There is the first," added he, as the drum was heard outside. Albert started at the sound. "You know the discipline," continued the major; "disobedience to the king—penalty of death—shot immediately! Come, sergeant, add he, pointing to the table, "take the pen. Now for the conjugal flourish!"

Catherine, suddenly regaining her self-possession, exclaimed: "He will not sign, major; he does not wish to sign—neither do I! He detests me—I excommunicate him! Ask him if it be not so."

Keller was quite puzzled what to make of this sudden change, and said, addressing Albert: "Your betrothed is willing, I imagine?"

Albert answered, timidly: "But she is not my betrothed, commander. Charlotte, her sister, is my betrothed."

"Always the same story! I will not stand it any longer," said Keller. And addressing the soldiers: "Advance—shoulder arms, present arms. You know the orders; that is enough." The two men, obedient to the command, placed themselves on either side of Albert. Major Keller then said, in a low tone: "Pay your court now, and I will at you as well as I can with my experience of the fair sex; and the drums will serve as a screed. If, at the second beat, you are not at the feet of your intended—if, at the third, she does not hold out her hand—if, at the fourth, you do not both sign, it is evident that you would rather marry a score of bullets, and they shall be served to you hot."

At these words Albert shuddered involuntarily.

"Twenty bells!" thought he, "and he will do so as he says. Good heavens!"

"Not a word to the young girl!" continued Keller, still speaking in an undertone. "Respect the feelings of fair ladies. I wish for her free consent." Having said this, Keller twisted his moustache, and stationing himself in front of the young people, took up a newspaper and began to read.

After a short interval the drums were heard, and the major spoke. "Sergeant Albert Hosten, what are your sentiments towards Catherine Reisel, whom his Majesty has appointed to be your wife?"

"Now is the time," said Catherine, in a low voice. "He is relaxing: say that I inspire you with horror."

"Well, yes," said he, with an effort; "Catherine inspires me. He had got so far when the drums beat the second time. He suddenly interrupted himself, and, as they beat louder and louder, fell on his knees before her, exclaiming: 'I love you, Catherine—I love you with all my heart! I adore her, commander—I adore her.' Turning to Catherine, who knew not what to think; he said in an undertone: 'I hate you, never less; but do not contradict me, or I am dead.'"

"Very well!" exclaimed Keller, at the third beat, as he stretched Albert in the act of kissing Catherine's hand. "Sergeant Albert Hosten, does your Catherine reciprocate your sentiments?"

"Yes, commander. She loves me—she loves me to desperation; but excuse the first moment—she is in reality as delighted as I am. She thanks the king; she thanks you—we both thank you. Again the drums were heard. 'Is it not so, my good Catherine? Then, in a low voice—'It is for Ludwig. He is lost if you do not give me your hand.'"

Catherine was quite distracted at these words; it was the only thing which could shake her determination. If Ludwig were in danger, she would do anything to save him. She was silent. The sound of the drums decreased.

"For Ludwig," repeated Albert, emphatically; and poor Catherine could no longer resist, and gave her hand to Albert.

"You see, major," cried Albert, triumphantly, "she has given me her hand."

"So much the better! Now, Sergeant Hosten and young Catherine Reisel, you have only to sign the engagement, which is on the table."

At these words they looked at each other in consternation; for they knew that if they signed, they could never retract.

"Yes, major—certainly; I am going—" Then hearing the drums, he started, and approached the table. He hesitated, but the drum beat again; he took the pen, then threw it down, and passed his hand across his forehead in great perplexity. The drums continued to beat. "Shoot! shoot!" thought he, "quickly taking up the pen again, and preparing to sign."

Catherine, who had been eagerly watching his every movement, caught his hand. "Oh! you will not do that, Albert!"

"No, never!" cried Albert, recovering himself; "rather die!" Then after a pause, during which the last beat of the drums grew fainter and fainter, and at last ceased, Keller, who had been atten-

tively observing the scene, now said, as he slowly rose:—"You have not signed!"

"No, sir," replied Catherine, resolutely. "I will marry no one on this earth but Ludwig!"

"No, major," chimed in Albert, in the same tone; "I shall look forward to meeting Charlotte in heaven."

"Well, execute your orders," cried Keller to the two soldiers. "Arrest the sergeant. Forward, march! To the court-martial, to be instantly judged, and shot as a rebel to the commands of the king!"

"Albert!" shrieked Catherine.

"Parwell, Catherine!" answered Albert, surrendering his arms to the soldiers, and preparing to follow them. "Be happy with Ludwig, and tell Charlotte that I die for her." At these words Catherine sunk into a chair, in a paroxysm of grief. But just as the soldiers were leaving the room with Albert, the sound of drums was again heard. There were cries of "To arms! to arms!"

"What is that?" cried Keller, in a tone of astonishment.

"Some soldiers belonging to the king's escort here entered the apartment, and among them was Ludwig. They were followed by an officer, who announced 'His Majesty, the King!'"

Catherine's eyes suddenly met those of Ludwig, "Ludwig here!" cried she. "What good angel sent you?"

"My company entered the fort at the same time as that of his Majesty, and Charlotte—"

"Charlotte with the king?" exclaimed Albert, scarcely daring to believe his eyes.

"Yes, Charlotte," said the king, advancing, holding the trembling girl by the hand.

Keller bent one knee to the ground, but was immediately raised by the king, who said, "No ceremony here, major; I saw here, *enroute*, I bring Charlotte Reisel, in order to convey her by a little rebel against the commands of his Majesty."

"How is that, sire?"

"On an hour ago I was walking in the fields, like a simple mortal, when I met the goddess of grace, who answers to the name of Charlotte. I considered that, in marrying her to a handsome soldier, I should make an admirable couple. You know that this is one of my qualities. I therefore gave her a letter for you, as a slight token of my knowledge, I charged you to find her a husband."

"I received the letter, sire, but this young girl was the bearer," said he, pointing to Catherine.

"Ah! ah! Catherine, the sister of my messenger, she who had the courage to take her place! Another rebel!"

"I was ignorant, sire, that I had the honor of carrying an order from your Majesty," said Catherine.

"And if you had known it, what would you have done?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, I should not have delivered it. I should have found some one else—my brother, for instance, or my great aunt, who is sixty-six. We should have seen if the major would have found some handsome soldier to marry her."

"Courageous and clever, as they told me—very charming, in fact, at her sister," said Frederick, kissing her on the forehead. "Kings have the same privilege as old men," continued he. "Imagined my surprise, major, when about half an hour ago, passing the place where I met Charlotte, I still found, quietly watching her goats, the young girl whom I believed to be already wedded to a grenadier at Marienburg. She told me all—she asked my pardon, said she was smiling. But I am angry! I have been relentless, and have brought her to trial to the fort, where I intend that my commands shall be executed by a regular marriage."

"For pity's sake, sire," entreated Charlotte, looking at Ludwig; "my hand is not free; I am already betrothed. I conjure you to take my sister in my place."

"Always your sister! But it is probably too late. I suppose you have already married Catherine, major, as I commanded?"

"Nearly, sire. I have measured *mademoiselle*; above five feet. I have measured my choice soldier, and chosen one of five feet six inches—Sergeant Hosten. Here he is," said he, pointing to Albert.

"But I don't!" said Ludwig, pointing to the young girl.

"The young girl rejoined—the sergeant made very free; in short, I was just threatening him with the court-martial and discharge of military, when your Majesty—"

"Discharge of military!" exclaimed the king; "Oh, major, that was rather too military."

"The guns were not yet loaded, sire," replied the major, smiling. "It was merely a joke of mine. I know the fir—"

"And why, *mademoiselle* Catherine Reisel?" continued the king, "would you not marry Sergeant Albert Hosten?"

"Because I am betrothed to Sergeant Ludwig Hosten," answered she, boldly.

"That has been her song for the last hour, and I would not believe her," said the major. "A trial was brought me from your Majesty—a command to marry the bearer. The bearer was Catherine. I have not deviated from that; I only attended to the orders. Catherine will marry Albert, unless your Majesty give a counter order."

"Oh, sire, a counter order!" pleaded Charlotte, on her knees.

"Sire, a counter order, in the name of Heaven!" implored Ludwig and Albert, kneeling before the king.

"How is it that you do not join the entreaties, Catherine?" asked the king.

"Because, counter order or no counter order, I will marry no one but Ludwig, my betrothed."

"Charming, charming!" cried the king, laughing. Then, addressing the three young people kneeling at his feet, "Rise, my children. Albert and Charlotte, stand here," said he, pointing to his right. "When they had done as he commanded, he added, 'Ludwig and Catherine, stand there, pointing to his left. They obeyed. "Two brothers—handsome grenadiers," said he, smiling; "two sisters—superb girls. Now, Major Keller, measure each of their couples."

Keller gravely unsheathed his sword, and proceeded to measure the young people. "Five feet six inches against five feet one inch and a half; and five feet five inches and a half against five feet two inches."

"What do you think of that double proportion?" asked the king.

"The two couples are not amiss; but Albert would be more suitable to Catherine," responded the major.

"Bah! for half an inch!" exclaimed the king. "Deities, Catherine and Ludwig may grope yet. Decidedly, I will give the counter order, and make two matches instead of three. Of course, I shall add two hundred golden florins to those I have already given."

"Oh, sire, how can you thank you enough?" cried the four young people at once.

The two couples were united; and then the cloud which had so suddenly obscured their bright hopes was as quickly dispelled, and only remained the sunshine of their happiness to seem the brighter.

THE PUGET SOUND HERALD

Is the Oldest and Largest Newspaper published in Washington Territory, and has the Largest Circulation.

Published every TUESDAY MORNING, at \$1 per annum in advance; if paid within six months, \$4; after the expiration of six months, \$5; for six months, in advance; single copies, 15 cents.

Advertisements, to be inserted without delay, should be handed in on or before Wednesday of each week.

It shall be pleased to furnish matters of news and others entered upon, with files of the Herald, on application at this office.

L. P. FISHER, 609 Washington st., San Francisco.

Is authorized to act as the Agent of this paper in receiving advertisements and subscriptions in San Francisco and elsewhere, and collecting and remitting for the same.

THE columns of the PUGET SOUND HERALD are open to communications on all questions of public policy and interest, and the advocacy of all sides of every question shall be freely heard; but such communications are not of a general public nature, or are intended for the furtherance of individual ends, will be charged as advertisements.

PUGET SOUND HERALD. STEILACOOM, W. T., Thursday Morning, Oct. 2, 1862.

A SHIP-LOAD OF WOMEN.—Some three hundred and fifty young women, we learn by allusions in the Victoria papers at hand, have arrived at that place from England within the last two or three weeks.

The bay is surrounded by mud flats, which are bare at low water. The mouth of the Chehalis is pretty near due east from the entrance, at a distance of twelve miles from Point Brown.

The greatest width north and south is some fifteen miles; the area of the bay being about one hundred and fifty square miles.

Gray's Harbor was discovered on the 7th of May, 1792, by Capt. Robert Gray, of Boston, the renowned discoverer of the Columbia River.

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GRAY'S HARBOR, AND THE VALLEY OF THE CHEHALIS.

To those who are looking around, with a view of locating farms or claims in this Territory, we commend the region of country which forms the subject of this article.

Gray's Harbor was discovered on the 7th of May, 1792, by Capt. Robert Gray, of Boston, the renowned discoverer of the Columbia River.

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LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY OF WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

Convenes at Olympia on Monday, December 1st, 1862, and may continue for sixty days, and consists of a Council and House of Representatives.

The following is a list of members of the Council for the next session, with the expiration of their respective terms of office:

Whitcomb, Island and Snohomish.—B. F. Shaw, of Whitcomb, 1862-64.

Jefferson and Clallam.—Paul K. Hubbs, of Jefferson, 1862-63.

King and Kitsap.—John Webster, of Kitsap, 1862-63.

Pierce and Skamania.—Frank Clark, of Pierce, 1862-64.

Thurston, Lewis and Chehalis.—Obadiah B. McFadden, of Lewis, 1864-65.

Clark, Cowlitz, Waukegan and Pacific.—Hiram Cochran, of Clark, 1864-65.

Sinclair, Klittak, Walla Walla and Spokane.—John A. Simms, of Walla Walla, 1862-63.

Walla Walla, Mouna and Shoshone.—J. M. Moore, of Shoshone, 1863-64.

Idaho and Nez Percé.—Ralph Bloise, of Idaho, 1864-65.

The House of Representatives cannot exceed thirty members, elected annually, and is as follows:

Whitcomb.—Paul K. Hubbs, Jr. Island and Snohomish, Joint Member.—Morris H. Frost, of Snohomish.

Clallam and Jefferson, Joint Member.—John D. Bagley, of Clallam.

Jefferson.—Albert Briggs, contested by L. B. Hastings.

Kitsap.—Benj. R. Stone and Walter T. Weed. King.—Joseph Foster.

Pierce.—Charles Eagan and Antonio B. Ralston. Thurston.—William McLean, Thomas Hunt and James Longmire.

Snohomish and Chehalis, Joint Member.—E. W. Perrin, of Sawannah.

Lewis.—James Urquhart. Cowlitz and Waukegan, Joint Member.—James Huntington, of Cowlitz.

Pacific.—Miles G. Griswold. Clark.—Jay D. Potter, Thomas J. Fletcher, and William Kanke.

Klittak and Skamania, Joint Member.—J. Leo Ferguson. Walla Walla.—N. Northrop, Henry M. Chase, S. D. Smith.

Shoshone.—S. J. Slater, A. B. Andrews, James Orr. Idaho.—Thomas M. Read.

Nez Percé.—Wm. Deunston. Mouna.—L. P. Baker. Spokane.—Charles P. Campbell.

DRAFTING.—Who is EXEMPT?—By the laws of the United States the following persons are exempt from enrollment: Officers, judicial and executive, of the Government, the members of both Houses of Congress and their respective clerks, Custom House officers, and their clerks.

Inspectors of exports, pilots, mariners employed in the sea service of a citizen or merchant within the United States, Postmasters, Assistant Postmasters and their clerks, Post officers, Post riders and stage drivers in the care and conveyance of the mails of the United States, ferrymen employed at any ferry on the post road, and the artificers and workmen in the United States armories and arsenals.

A volunteer receives the full bounty—\$27 advance bounty, one month's pay (\$13), in advance, and \$75 at the end of his term of service, together with the usual 160 acres of bounty land. Besides all this, his family receives pecuniary assistance during his absence. The drafted militia receive but \$11 per month, and no money bounty.

They can be held to service out of the State for three months by order of the Governor. Let no one, however, deceive himself with the idea that drafted soldiers will serve only three months, for after the militia are drafted, Congress can very easily hold them to serve during the war.

THE HUMAN SYSTEM.

The delicate structure and intricate combinations of the human system are well calculated to impress the mind with the wonderful mechanism of our physical organization.

Like a truly complicated and delicate machine, we are indeed "feebly and wonderfully made." Who does not wonder at the extended duration of human life, even under the most favorable circumstances?

Still more strange is it that, when subjected to the influence of irregular habits, improper diet, a deleterious atmosphere and unskillful treatment, it does not, like a disorganized machine, rush to immediate destruction.

Such, however, is not often the case. Like a fine machine, clogged and foul for want of careful cleansing and good management, we see it with its combinations deranged, and its functions obstructed, laboring and struggling for a precarious existence under a complication of diseases.

That, too often, render life a curse rather than a blessing to its possessor.

Millions are thus afflicted, and drag out a miserable existence through ignorance of their condition and the want of a proper remedy and skillful treatment to remove the cause and restore them to health, vigor and happiness.

Whoever is enabled to provide a safe and speedy remedy is entitled to the fond appellation of being the benefactor of his race, and should have a monument erected in commemoration of his large benevolence.

Such a remedy has been found, and is now doing its work in the restoration to health of millions of invalids in all parts of the world.

The unrivaled Pills and Ointment produced by the celebrated Thomas Holloway are above all competition in the cure of diseases incident to all climates, and more especially those peculiar to the changeable and bilious climate of this and many other parts of the world.

The FEVERS of the low lands as well as the coughs, colds, consumption, rheumatism, diphtheria, sore throats and asthmatic affections of the highlands, and every other disease peculiar to both, all yield to their influence, and give way before them, as by the power of enchantment.

Such is the testimony of all who have been blessed by the use of those extraordinary medicines, and their admiration of Professor Holloway is unbounded. He has "a monument more durable than brass," erected in the hearts of the countless millions who have shared the benefits of his extensive beneficence.

None, therefore, need suffer, who will apply the unailing remedy everywhere to be found within their reach.—Annapolis Record.

GEN. PRICE'S ARMY.—A correspondent of the Chronicle and Standard has given the annexed description of Gen. Price's Rebel Army: "The army of Gen. Price is made up of the extremes. It is a heterogeneous mixture of all human compounds, and represents in its various elements every condition of Western life.

There are the old and the young, the rich and the poor, the high and the low, the grave and the gay, the planter and the laborer, the farmer and clerk, the hunter and the woodsman, the merchant and the woodsman, the man, too, who have come from every State and been bronzed in every latitude, from the mountains of the Northwest to the pampas of Mexico.

Some are in black—full citizen's dress, with beaver hats and frock coats; some in homespun shirts, some in gray, blue and striped; some in nothing but red shirts, pants and big tops; some attempt a display with the old-fashioned militia uniforms of their forefathers; some have banners floating from the "outer walls" in the rear; some would pass for our friend the Georgia major, who used to wear nothing but his shirt-collar and a pair of spurs."

YEAST POWDER.—Every housekeeper knows how difficult it is to make good bread, and we therefore take pleasure in calling attention to the fact that to insure uniformly good, light, sweet and nutritious bread, it is only necessary to use Redington & Co.'s Yeast Powders, which in every respect excel all similar preparations ever offered to the public. See advertisement in another column.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS.—Rheumatic and nervous pains.—The chilly mornings and evenings will provoke these tortures in constitutions susceptible of such maladies. Nothing affords so much relief as Holloway's Ointment, when rubbed upon the skin, after repeated warm fomentations. Thousands of testimonials bear witness to the wonderful comfort obtained from this safe and simple treatment, which all can adopt. Holloway's Ointment, assisted by a judicious use of his Pills, are especially serviceable in assuaging the sufferings from cramps and other muscular pains, whether they be acute, chronic, external or internal. It is earnestly recommended that every sufferer from such pains should give to Holloway's remedies a few days' trial, which will fully convince the invalid that a cure will be the reward of continued perseverance.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

MILL AND WATER POWER FOR SALE.

I NOW OFFER FOR SALE MY DOUBLE SAW-MILL, together with 200 acres of Land, lying adjacent to the mouth of the Chehalis River, and immediately on the Chehalis River. The mill is in good order, and ready for immediate use.

THE PROPERTY being one of the best water powers in Washington Territory, and must soon become immensely valuable. In addition to driving the mill already erected, the water is adapted for a Saw-Mill, Tannery, or machinery of any kind.

On the premises are the dwellings and several outbuildings, and a moderate interest, secured by mortgage of the property.

THOMAS M. CHAMBERS, 1214

GRIST-MILL NOTICE.

NOTICE TO WHEAT-HOLDERS.—In consequence of the prevalence of frost, last season, I was compelled to refuse to grind wheat till fall. As there is no snow this season, I have again resumed the custom of grinding for fall.

THOMAS M. CHAMBERS, 1214

BLACKSMITHING.

HAVING FORMED A PARTNERSHIP WITH CHARLES STEWART, I am prepared to execute all orders for repairing, etc., done in order. Shop at Peter Ringquist's old establishment, in Commercial street.

DUNLAP & REQUEST.

NOTICE.

SEVERAL PROPOSALS WILL BE RECEIVED BY the undersigned at Steilacoom, on SATURDAY, Oct. 11th, for the supply and delivery of 20,000 lbs. of good merchantable OATS, in sacks or without sacks; the Oats to be delivered on or before the first day of December following, 50 cts. to the bushel.

This will be considered for the full amount, or in quantities of 100 bushels and over, and the whole amount from one contractor is preferred. The Oats to be delivered in Steilacoom.

Terms of payment as follows:—One-fourth the amount of pay when the Oats are delivered, and the balance when the contract is filled.

The names of two responsible persons as sureties for the faithful performance of the contract will be required, and satisfactory for the payment will be given.

Bids to be addressed to the undersigned, at the Post Office in Steilacoom city, W. T.

WINSON & LAMAY 163

Steilacoom, Sept. 24, 1862.

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

RAILROAD MEETING.

To whom it may concern.—The undersigned, copartners of the Puget Sound and Columbia River Railroad Company, hereby give notice that a meeting of the charter members, etc., by the Act of Incorporation, are made Commissioners to transact certain business, will be held at the Masonic Hall, in STEILACOOM, on SATURDAY, the 11th day of October, 1862, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M., for the transaction of such business as by law they can or are required to transact.

Dated August 27th, 1862.

FITZ J. MOTTREY, W. W. MILLER, J. B. WEBBER, H. Z. WHEELER, J. K. KACH, JAS. BILPS, LAPAYETTE BALCH, A. DENNY, THOMAS CHAMBERS, AND EW. J. CHAMBERS, E. K. CLARK, CHAS. PLUMMER, E. S. FOWLER, PAUL K. HUBBS, CYRUS WALKER, WM. M. MORROW.

DISOLUTION.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE Partnership heretofore existing between J. V. Meeker and H. D. Montgomery, known as Meeker & Co., is this day dissolved by mutual consent.

The business will be continued by J. V. Meeker. J. V. MEEKER, H. D. MONTGOMERY, 164

NOTICE.

HERBERT MEYER'S WALKING SHOES PATENTED BY PIERCE COUNTY that the Tax List is in my possession, and all are requested to call and settle, as the delinquent tax must be turned over to the Sheriff on the 15th of October next. Office in Post-Office building, next to Hall's.

J. H. MEERER, Treasurer Pierce County, Steilacoom, Sept. 19th, 1862.

J. A. MCCREA, AUCTION AND COMMISSION MERCHANT.

Fire-Proof Brick Store, WHARF ST., VICTORIA, V. I.

CASH ADVANCE MADE ON COMMISSION. Goods purchased and shipped on commission. Particular attention given to the Puget Sound trade.

Elk-Horn Market.

THEIR SUBSCRIBER HAS OPENED A MARKET adjoining his store for the purpose of supplying the community at large with all kinds of choice

MEATS, VEGETABLES, &c., At the lowest market prices for cash. Mills, Logging Camps, and all other places that get their supplies at Elk-Horn, and have them put up in light-weight style.

Also—Cash will be paid for choice Beef, Pork, Mutton, Turkey, Butter, etc., on delivery.

J. V. MEERER.

Fresh Meat!

THE PUBLIC WILL PLEASE TAKE NOTICE that we have and will keep on hand a constant supply of

BEEF, PORK, AND MUTTON, which we propose to sell at the lowest possible rates. Also, constantly on hand.

Corned Beef, Corned Pork, Bacon, &c., &c. ALSO, MILCH COWS AND WORK OXEN.

Shop at the old stand of E. Meeker, Dutch street, Steilacoom, W. T.

J. V. MEERER.

ATTENTION, VOLUNTEERS!

THE UNDERSIGNED HAS BEEN AUTHORIZED TO RAISE AND ORGANIZE A COMPANY FOR THE 1st WASHINGTON TERRITORY INFANTRY, Col. Buchanan, for duty in the 3rd Army District of Oregon. The Regiment is now rapidly filling up, and an opportunity is offered for immediate service to the best disciplined and most thoroughly equipped Regiment on the Pacific Coast.

Pay from \$10 to \$21 per month, with abundance of good clothing, comfortable quarters, subsistence and medical attendance, furnished by the Government. Bounties for this Company will be immediately sent to Fort Steilacoom and Proctor's Bay.

Enlistment will be for "three years or during the war," and every soldier entering this Regiment and honorably discharged by the Act of Congress, entitled to \$1000 BOUNTY. Discharge will be given at Steilacoom, Pierce County, and at Fort Vancouver, Jefferson County, W. T.

DIRECTED BY TUCKER, Captain, WILLIAM KAPPA, 1st Lieutenant.

H. G. WILLIAMSON, LATE H. G. WILLIAMSON & CO.

KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND, AT THE old stand of H. G. WILLIAMSON & CO., all the finest brands of

WINE, LIQUORS AND SYRUPS, ALSO, GROCERIES OF ALL KINDS, BACON, HAMS, LARD, TOBACCO, CANDLES, CAN FRUITS, HONEY, OYSTERS, BOOTS, SHOES, CLOTHING, DRY GOODS, &c., &c.

All of which will be sold cheap for cash.

H. G. WILLIAMSON.

WANTED.—50,000 lbs. of Butter or Clear Grease, at the Union Soap Works, STEILACOOM, W. T.

SOFT SOAP—30 cents per gallon. Try It.

J. V. MEERER.

UNION CLOTHING STORE

PINCUS & PACKSCHER,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

HEAVY AND FINE CLOTHING,

DAVIS & JONES'S SHIRTS, BOYS' CLOTHING,

YANKEE NOTIONS, MIRRORS, SOAP, CANDLES, &c., &c.

By recent orders, per ship Messrs. Messrs. Messrs. (etc., and other goods, they have made large additions to their stock, and will continue to add from time to time such goods as the trade demands. The following, among other articles, we have now in store for sale cheap:—

HATS, CAPS, GENTLEMEN'S AND CHILDREN'S CLOTHING, BOOTS AND SHOES, GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS, DAVIS & JONES'S SHIRTS, CLOTH, HAIR, SHOE, STOVE AND PAINT BRUSHES, BRISTLE DUSTERS, &c., &c. FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC LIQUORS, CIGARS AND TOBACCO OF EVERY KIND.

Those who have as with their patronage may rely on strict attention being paid to their wants. All orders promptly attended to.

Orders and small profits in the rule we have adopted in our business.

Call and examine our stock.

PINCUS & PACKSCHER, Commercial st., Steilacoom, W. T.

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