

Puget Sound Argus.

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OUR PICTURE.

AS DRAWN BY A STRANGER.

The following items are taken from
advance sheets of a pamphlet written
up by Newton H. Chittenden, who
recently made a tour of the Sound
country:

THE SAN JUAN ISLANDS.

At Eureka, the Yaquina took on
board over 700 barrels of lime from
the kiln of McLachlan & Lee. It
burns perpetually, producing about
8000 barrels annually, worth at their
landing from \$1.00 to \$1.25 per bar-
rel. The lime rock is apparently inex-
haustible. An analysis shows it to
be remarkably free from clay, silica,
oxide of iron, bitumen, carbon or other
deleterious substances. Toward
evening, on the 16th, we sailed from
this beautiful little harbor for McCurdy's
kiln, situated on the south side
of the island. The combined land-
scape of these islands is exceedingly
picturesque and charming. Their
shores present a continuous surprise
of cozy coves and harbors, with an
occasional stretch of clean, gravelly
beach, overhung with the evergreen
cedar and fir.

In many places the off-lying waters
are so deep that ships may run their
bowsprits among the forest trees
without touching bottom. Leaving
the islands of Shaw, Orcas and Stewart
on our right, we are soon in the
waters of the Canal de Haro. Here
such a strong head wind is encoun-
tered, that we turn back and anchor
for the night close to the shore in 33
feet of water, in Roche Harbor, the
rendezvous of the English fleet dur-
ing the joint occupation of San Juan.
The following morning the Yaquina
received 500 more barrels of lime at
McCurdy's. These are the most ex-
tensive lime-works on the upper coast.
A perpetual kiln with a daily capacity
of 125 barrels burns day and night
the year round. About 2000 barrels
a month are shipped, the principal
markets being Portland, Victoria, B.C.,
and points on the Sound. The depos-
it of lime rock here is immense—a
mountain cliff extending back from
the shore and downward for an un-
known depth, estimated to be inex-
haustible for two or three generations,
at an annual product of 30,000 bar-
rels. A force of about thirty men are
employed in mining, burning, cooper-
ing, etc. The lime is of superior
quality and in great demand for hard
finishing and other fine plaster work.

Here I bade good-bye to the officers
and crew of the Yaquina, and with
the injunction from Capt. Denny, not
to get lost, started through the forests
for Thornton's landing, some eight
miles distant. There is no regular
communication between these islands
or them and the main land, except by
the little steamer Dispatch, which
calls for mail once a week, and she is
now ashore on Shaw's island. Their
principal traffic except the shipment
of lime, is carried on by sloops and
small boats.

I had previously arranged to meet
Capt. Dake at the landing mentioned,
and sail with him to Victoria, B. C.
Through a general disagreement as
to location, the roads of San Juan
are in a bad condition. For several
miles I found only a tortuous trail;
but with the aid of a compass and
previous experience, after many de-
tours of marshy places and difficult
passages of dense fir thickets, I reach-
ed Friday Harbor just in time to es-
cape a severe storm. But few of the
settlers along the way were at home;
they generally live in small frame or
log cabins, cultivate small fields
among the stumps, raise a little
stock and a few chickens, and hunt
and fish. I passed one Swede, two
Irishmen, one English woman, one
Canadian, one half-breed, and one
American.

At Friday Harbor I was fortunate

in meeting Mr. Izett, special cruising
inspector of customs, a pioneer of
1854, who has children over twenty
years old who were born on Whidby's
island. He complains of the ineffi-
ciency of his service, owing to the
want of a steam launch to enable him
to overhaul any vessel suspected of
smuggling. This is the county seat
of San Juan, and comprises a wharf,
store and restaurant, owned by Mr.
Sweeney, the county building and a
few residences.

Learning that Capt. Dake would
touch at Eureka, I proceeded to that
point again, guided by Mr. Thomas
Cain, assistant inspector of customs.
Capt. Dake, or "Red Charley" duly
arrives with his sloop "Commodore."
She is 32 feet long, 12 feet wide, with
a cabin 6x9, 5 feet in height. When
I wish to stand erect, I remove a
slide in the roof and get the addition-
al foot required. Her cargo consists
of 20 barrels of lime, 14 sheep, in the
hold; 20 sacks of potatoes and two
dozen chickens on deck, and 300 doz-
en eggs in the cabin, which fairly in-
dicates the character of this island
trade. Red Charley—a rosy-faced,
good-hearted son of the Emerald Isle
—offers his best hospitality, and in-
vites me to take a "little Hudson
Bay" with him from a two-gallon jug
sitting under his bunk. Upon de-
clining, he pours down half a glass
with evident relish. We get under
way a little past noon on the 19th, but
a strong adverse current detains us
so long at Limestone point, that it
was nearly dark when the captain
rounds to for the night in a perfect
little harbor one mile from the Eng-
lish camp. At daylight the following
morning, we are running about four
miles to the left of Sidney, Dorsey
and James islands, B. C. When
about half way to Victoria, there is
so little wind that the use of the oars
becomes necessary to make any head-
way. Soon it begins to blow in fitful
gusts, and the captain starts up,
remarking, "It's going to blow like
fury—guess I'll put a reef in the
sail." I seize the rudder as a pretty
severe squall strikes us, causing our
little craft to take water and the cap-
tain to swear "blue blazes," as he
reefs with difficulty the flapping can-
vas.

"This is getting quite interesting,"
I observed.
"Yes, it's blowing wicked. We've
got all we want—that's sure. I can't
reach Victoria, but I'll make for Cad-
boro bay," he replied. "We've got
all we want, that's sure," repeated
the captain, as the boat fairly bound-
ed over the last tack from Jimmy
Jones' islet toward the quiet waters
of the bay. Safely in, we drop an-
chor under the welcome protection of
the Vancouver shore. It is sparsely
wooded with dwarf oak and pine, re-
ceding gradually with a few comfort-
able farmhouses and rich pastures in
sight.

The road from the bay to Victoria
—about three and a half miles—is a
very excellent and pleasant one. Well
kept farms, many fine residences, and
the principal race-course in the prov-
ince lie along the way. The build-
ings and fences are generally good,
the stock fat, and the people evident-
ly prosperous.

PORT DISCOVERY BAY

Is about ten miles in length, varying
in width from one and a half to two
miles, with a great depth of water—
seldom less than twenty-five fathoms
in the channel, and in many places
over forty. It abounds with fish and
water fowl, and has been a favorite
resort of Indians from times unknown.
On the south shore, about three miles
from the head of the bay, are situated
the Port Discovery saw-mills, among
the largest in this region, and the ex-
treme northwestern in the United
States.

Mr. Woodman ferried me over in a
small boat in the morning, and I be-
gan my examination of the great lum-
ber resources and manufacturing
establishments of the territory. Wash-
ington comprises an area of
69,994 square miles, or 44,796,160
acres. That portion lying west of the
Cascade mountains, known as West-
ern Washington, contains an area
approximating 20,000 square miles,
and is estimated to contain upwards
of twenty million acres of timbered
lands. Fir, cedar, spruce, hemlock,
alder, cottonwood, maple, tamarack,
and other varieties, comprise this vast
forest. The stately fir prevails, and
furnishes most of the great timber
and lumber product shipped to all
parts of the world. It is unsurpassed
for size, length, toughness and dura-
bility. The largest and finest spars

carried by the ships of England,
France, Germany, China, South Amer-
ica, and other foreign countries, come
out of these forests. They are as yet
comparatively untouched. Most of
the timber now cut, after supplying
the enormous demand of the past
twenty years, now amounting to
300,000,000 feet annually, is obtained
from two to five miles from the shores
of the Sound and the banks of its
tributaries. Some of the choicest
bodies of available fir grow along the
Skagit river in Whatcom county, upon
Whidby, Vashon and Bainbridge
islands, on the shore of Hood's Canal
and near the mouth of Pysht river.

The great lumbering companies—
especially the Puget, owning the Port
Ludlow, Port Gamble and Utsalady
mills—have in various ways obtained
possession of immense tracts estimat-
ed at millions of acres.

The mills are supplied with logs by
contractors, who receive from \$5 to
\$8.50 per thousand feet, when deliv-
ered in navigable waters. They estab-
lish temporary camps, fell the choicest
trees, haul them with powerful twelve
ox teams, sometimes by windlass, and
more recently by steam power, fre-
quently chenting them down steep
mountain slopes, shores, Sound and
river banks, for nearly half a mile.
Two or three lines of narrow gauge
railroads are utilized, and others are
now building for the purpose of reach-
ing the more remote timber. The
delivery at the mills is completed by
powerful steam tugs, which tow the
great rafts into the booms. Here
they are seized by the sharp iron
grappling-dogs of an endless chain,
drawn up an incline into the mill,
where cross-cut, rotaries, circulars,
and gang-saws, planing and lath ma-
chines, of the largest and most im-
proved manufacture, convert it into
lumber at the rate of from fifty to
two hundred thousand feet a day.
The refuse lumber and the saw-dust,
which the engines do not consume, is
dumped by means of endless bucket
and grappling irons, over perpetual
fires. The finished lumber is slid di-
rectly from the mills into their ships,
which, expressly built for the trade,
receive it through large openings at
the prow, and transport it to San
Francisco, South America, Australia,
and other foreign markets, at the rate
of 175,000,000 feet annually. The
price of common lumber at the mills
is from \$10 to \$12 per 1000, dressed
bringing from \$14 to \$22 per 1000.
The demand is great and constantly
increasing, the foreign and home re-
quisitions of the present season ex-
ceeding the capacity of all the mills
now operated to promptly fill. Since
the great depression in the lumber
business, a few years ago, which
proved so disastrous to many com-
panies on the Sound, a powerful
combination has been formed among
the heaviest owners and dealers in
San Francisco, which has closed many
mills by subsidies. Of the largest,
however, is Port Ludlow, Port Gam-
ble, Port Blakely, Port Madison, Port
Discovery, Utsalady, Seabeck and
Tacoma. All are in operation except
the first mentioned. A new mill, of
immense proportions, is now in course
of erection at this port which, when
finished, will be the largest and most
complete on the Pacific coast.

The Port Discovery mills were built
in 1856 by S. L. and L. B. Mastie, the
present owners. It has a capacity
for cutting 100,000 feet every twelve
hours, employs eighty men, produc-
ing about 24,000,000 feet annually, of
building, bridge and ship lumber and
timbers, shipping in its own vessels,
principally to San Francisco, South
America and Australia. The steam
tug Mastie, the ships War Hawk and
Mary Glover and brig Deacon, be-
long to the company, having an ag-
gregate tonnage of 2060 tons. They
own about 20,000 acres of timber
lands, some 15,000 acres of which re-
main untouched. The average log
cuts about 800 feet, the largest over
4000. They are at present hauling
from two to three miles, by railroads
and oxen. The town comprises some
sixty buildings, including, besides
the mill, machine shops, boarding
houses, a store, school-house, Pugh's
hotel and several good residences.

The business failures of the past six
months numbered 6 in Washington Ter-
ritory, the liabilities being \$45,751, and
the assets \$16,912. The failures of Ore-
gon during the same time numbered 22,
the liabilities being \$137,632, and the
assets \$50,426. Arizona had 24 failures,
with \$225,017 liabilities, and Nevada 11
failures with \$52,775 liabilities. The re-
cord of our Territory was the best on the
coast, considering either population or
business, or both.—*Port-Intelligence.*

TELEGRAPHIC.

WASHINGTON, July 7.—Twenty-six post
office employees have been discharged
owing to the failure of appropriations.

It is unofficially stated at the War De-
partment that four additional light bat-
teries have been equipped. It is also
understood that General Sherman is in
favor of a detail for three years for cap-
tains and five years for lieutenants on
light artillery duty.

DENVER, July 7.—Another Indian was
killed at the agency near Ignacio, N. M.,
last night, by hands of western Indians
who, when leaving the agency yesterday,
stole several horses. Six or eight Utes
pursued them, and this morning the
body of one of the pursuing party was
found dead. Chief Ignacio is hard on
the trail. It is expected today that the
agency Indians will protect the whites.

PORTLAND, July 7.—Gen. Wm. Meade
and C. Dunhouse, chiefs of the Umatilla
Indians, leave by to-night's steamer en
route to Washington, for a conference
with the Secretary of the Interior regard-
ing the new land grant.

WASHINGTON, July 8.—Internal re-
venue receipts for the past year were nearly
\$150,000,000, being \$10,000,000 in excess
of last year.

A second mining expedition has just
started for Alaska, where it is expected
to open very rich silver mines, exceeding
in value anything known in this genera-
tion. The company prospected the
ground last season, and it is said to be
sure of success.

WHEELING, July 8.—Seven bodies were
recovered near here from the Scioto
wreck, and four more were taken from
the water seventeen miles below here. It
is reported that others were found nine
miles above. Many of them are not yet
identified and the search continues. Each
discovery increases the list of deaths, as
few of those identified were known to
have been on board. One whole Eng-
lish family are now known to have em-
barked on the boat and all went down.
Four bodies were found today at Wells-
burgh.

CHICAGO, July 8.—The Pacific Mail
Steamship Company have ordered their
agents to increase the rate for freight
from 25 to 33 per cent. in consequence of
the proposed closing of the Suez canal.

WASHINGTON, July 8.—Secretary Chan-
dler will today telegraph to Engineer
Melville of the lost steamer Jeanette
giving him permission to return home
with his party.

SAN ANTONIO, (Texas) July 8.—A spe-
cial from Piedras Negras, Mexico, says
that there was a battle yesterday between
eighteen contrabandistas and forty sol-
diers. The contrabandistas were over-
taken by the troops about ten leagues
from Piedras Negras while in camp. Part
of the troops attacked them mounted
and others opened on them from a ravine.
The smugglers fought desperately, having
one man killed and one mortally wound-
ed. The Mexican custom house officer
at Piedras Negras was killed. Upward
of forty bales of goods, about forty horses
and a number of guns and nine of the
smugglers were captured.

NEW YORK, July 8.—Advices from Ha-
vana say there have been three fatal
cases of yellow fever among the canal
employees, and seven soldiers died.

LONDON, July 8.—The Gibraltar troop
ship Orontes has sailed for Egypt with
the first battalion of a Berkshire regi-
ment.

Maj. Gen. Sir Archibald Allison, chief
of the intelligence department of war
office, will proceed to Malta immediately.
Two regiments on foot have left Alder-
shot for Gibraltar.

PARIS, July 8.—A formal invitation of
the Powers to the Porte, asking him to
intervene in Egypt, will be delivered on
Monday. A reply is asked for by Wed-
nesday. If the Porte refuses or seems
afraid to act, 25,000 men, with 15,000 in
reserve, will be concentrated by the in-
tervening powers. The army will land
at Abouker and be divided into two
parts; one will march on Alexandria and
be supported by a fleet, which will open
fire as soon as the artillery is landed.
The other portion will cross the dry lane
of Abouker to Kafr Devas and seize the
railway at Dallahora, Arabi Pasha's
only means of retreat, and will then
force him to either fight or surrender.

Malta, July 8.—The British ironclad
Achilles and the torpedo boat Hecla sail-
ed for Alexandria today.

CONSTANTINOPLE, July 8.—The sultan
has rejected the proposal of the council
of ministers to appoint a delegate to the
conference. In conversation he com-
plained of the want of friendship shown
him by England in the unjust suspicion
and erroneous interpretations placed on
his actions. He also complained of the
injustice of the foreign representatives
at Alexandria, who to justify their caus-
ing the departure of their countrymen,
made unfounded statements respecting
their security in Egypt. The sultan
again invited Gen. Wallace, U. S. Min-
ister, to his palace and conferred with him
long time. The sultan has approved the
contract for 200 Bardon torpedoes.

ST. PETERSBURG, July 8.—Court circles
maintain that the coronation of the next
czar must take place on the 1st of Sep-
tember next.

MUSKOGON, Mich., July 10.—Five men
were drowned here today by the capsiz-
ing of a small boat.

PORTLAND, July 10.—Lee and Graham,
two convicts confined in the penitentiary
at Salem, made a break for liberty this
afternoon, which resulted in the death of
the latter.

TUCSON, July 10.—The Star's Mexican
advices are that the black smallpox is
raging at Mazatlan. Guaymas is quar-
antined against it. Fifty deaths have
occurred in Mazatlan.

FRESNO, Cal., July 10.—Last Friday
evening at Visalia, Mr. Bollarch and son
got into a quarrel with some Chinamen,
and during it a Chinaman drew a pistol
and shot the father through the heart,
killing him instantly. The son, it is
supposed, stabbed the Chinaman to
death.

TUCSON, July 10.—A Citizen's special
from Camp Thomas says that reports
from McMillan via Globe state that on
the 7th about forty Indians attacked the
town, but were repulsed by citizens, who
had been warned and were waiting for
them. The fight lasted half an hour
during which the Indians tried to set
fire to several buildings, but without
success. One white man was wounded.
Indian casualties are unknown.

WASHINGTON, July 10.—Col. H. C.
Dahma has declined a position in the
customs service in Arizona, tendered
him by Secretary Folger.

The announcement that Guitau's
bones are bleaching in the sun on the
roof of the Medical Museum draws a
large crowd of the curious today. The
bones it is said, were removed from the
boiling vat on Saturday and washed.
They will be exposed to the sun daily
for two weeks, afterwards they will be
wired together, and the skeleton then be
ready for inspection. The bones are
constantly guarded on the roof by col-
ored men, to prevent their being stolen.

CALCUTTA, July 10.—The Government
of India has reached final and definite
orders to dispatch its contingent to
Egypt under Sir Herbert Macpherson,
who commanded a brigade in the Af-
ghan war. A large siege train is prepar-
ing at Agra and Bombay arsenals. No-
tice of the bombardment of Alexandria
was given this morning by a letter ad-
dressed to the Government by Admiral
Seymour. Cartwright, Acting British
Consul, is here. He has written Raga-
bah Pasha, head of the Egyptian Minis-
try, announcing the suspension of rela-
tions with the Egyptian Government,
and another letter to Dervish Pasha,
Turkish Commissioner, declaring he
will be held responsible for the safety of
the Khedive. The Eastern Telegraph
Company is transferring its office on
ship board. Ships having on board offi-
cials of the Ottoman Bank Credit Lyo-
nnaise have already left. The twenty-four
hours expires tomorrow, when the bom-
bardment will commence. Admiral
Seymour yesterday summoned his cap-
tains aboard the flag-ship, and settled
the details of bombardment. The
French fleet will not participate in the
bombardment.

AT JAMES JONES'

Just received, a large quantity of
California Port, Sherry and Amber
Wines, direct from the vineyard.

FOR SALE.

THE SCHOONER MIST.

In first-class condition. Recently
been thoroughly overhauled and repair-
ed. Rigging, sails, etc., complete and
new. Will be sold cheap. Apply to
H. LANDES,
Port Townsend.

NOTICE.

My wife, Norah Hitchens, having left
my bed and board, this is to warn the
public that I will not be responsible for
debts contracted by her.

EDWARD HITCHENS,
Orcas Island, W. T., June 30, 1882.

Right of Fishing.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE
COLUMBIA
Vancouver Barracks, W. T., June 1, 1882.

Written proposals will be received by
the undersigned at Vancouver Barracks,
W. T., until August 1st, 1882, for the
right of exclusive fishing on the Point
Roberts Military Reservation, (extremity
of peninsula between Georgia and Bound-
ary bays, Puget Sound), during the next
fishing season. The right to reject any
or all bids, as may be deemed best, is re-
served by the undersigned.

O. D. GREENE,
Major and Assistant Adjutant General,
Brevet Brigadier General U. S. A.

SHEEP FOR SALE.



Persons wishing to purchase sheep
for breeding purposes will find it to their
advantage to address

A. BARLOW,
Lopez Island, San Juan county.

The Mysteries of Shoes and Stockings.

Throwing the shoe after the wedded pair was, no doubt, intended as an augury of long life to the bride. In Yorkshire the ceremony of shoe-throwing is termed "thras-hing," and the older the shoe the greater the luck; and in some parts of Kent the mode of procedure is somewhat peculiar.

After the departure of the bride and bridegroom the single ladies are drawn up in one row and the bachelors in another. When thus arranged an old shoe is thrown as far as possible, which the fair sex run for, the winner being considered to have the best chance of marriage.

She then throws the shoe at the gentlemen, when the first who gets it is believed to have the same chance of matrimony. A somewhat similar custom prevails in Germany, where the bride's shoe is thrown among the guests at the wedding, the person who succeeds in catching it being supposed to have every prospect of a speedy marriage.

Many auguries are still gathered from the shoe. Thus, young girls, on going to bed at night, place their shoes at right angles to one another, in the form of the letter T, repeating this rhyme:

Hoping this night my true love to see,
I place my shoes in the form of a T.

As in the case of the stocking, great importance is attached by many superstitious persons as to which shoe they put on first, in allusion to which Butler, in his "Hudibras," says:

Augustus, having b' oversight,
Put on his left shoe 'fore his right,
Had like to have been slain that day
By soldiers mutin'ing for pay.

An old writer speaking of Jewish customs, tells us that "some of them observe, in dressing themselves in the morning, to put on the right stocking and right shoe without tying it; then afterwards to put on the left shoe, and so return to the right, that so they may begin and end with the right one, which they account to be the most fortunate."

A Suffolk doggerel respecting the "wear of shoes" teaches us the following:

Tip at the toe: live to see you;
Wear at the side: live to be a bride;
Wear at the ball: live to spend all;
Wear at the heel: live to save a deal.

Among some of the many charms in which the shoe has been found efficacious may be mentioned one practiced in the north of England, where the peasantry to cure cramp are in the habit of laying their shoes across to avert it.

Richness--The Colossal Fortune of Vanderbilt.

Talking to a friend of William Vanderbilt, yesterday, who was defending his genial character, the following remark was dropped: "The wealth of Mr. Vanderbilt is the most preposterous thing about him of our times. To think that an individual has \$10,000,000 more invested in the Government bonds than the entire banking capital of the city of New York! The money which moves this vast city and all its connections amounts regularly to \$60,000,000, and Mr. Vanderbilt has one-sixth more money in the Government bonds than all that. Fortunately he is not much of an enterprising, absolute, tyrannical man, or that amount of money would work a degree of corruption about the Legislature, and even on Congress, that would be fatal to public liberties. I hope to God we shall have few such fortunes accumulated in this country."

The same man said what I was surprised to hear—a good thing for James Keene. "My observations on Keene," said this gentleman, "are that he is a modest man. It is true that he wears a dress-coat and a white necktie in the evenings wherever he goes, whether to a cafe, or a club, or a theater. But that is the English mode, now extending to a certain circle in this country; and I think there is no use inferring from it that Keene is anything of a lady's man. He is somewhat ambitious in a social way, but is modest withal. Considering that he is a speculator, he is about as natural a man and as modest a one as any person of his wealth could well be."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Antidote to Snake Poison.

From a note to the Paris Academy, it appears that M. de Lacerda has discovered a fact of considerable scientific and practical importance—viz., that permanganate of potash counteracts very effectively the poison of serpents. In a first series of experiments a water solution of the poison was injected into the cellular tissues of dogs, under the legs; and its usual effects were large swellings, with abscesses, loss of substance, and destruction of tissues. But when an

equal quantity of filtered (one per cent) solution of permanganate potash was injected one or two minutes after the poison, those local injuries were quite obviated; there was merely a slight swelling where the syringe had entered. Next, introduction into the veins was tried, and the permanganate again succeeded admirably. In only two cases out of more than thirty was there failure, and this is attributed to the animals being very young and weak and badly fed; also to the antidote being given at too long an interval after the poison, when the heart was already tending to stop. In one series of cases the permanganate solution was introduced half a minute after the solution of venom, and the animal showed no derangement beyond a very transient agitation and acceleration of the heart for a few minutes. In another series the characteristic troubles caused by the poison were allowed to manifest themselves (dilation of the pupil, quick breathing and heart action, contractions, etc.) before the antidote was given. In two or three minutes, sometimes five, the troubles disappeared; a slight general prostration followed for fifteen or twenty minutes, after which the animal would walk, and even run about, and resume its normal aspect. Other dogs poisoned similarly, but not receiving the antidote, died more or less quickly.—Sydney News.

The Ideal Sexton.

Josiah H. Haywood, sexton of the Church of the Unity, Boston, has recently celebrated his silver wedding. Among the incidents of the festive occasion was the reading of a letter from the Rev. M. J. Savage, his pastor, in which he said:

I propose, therefore—entirely for your own good—to suggest a few faults. If you can only manage to cure these you will have become the ideal sexton, and you can command a salary of \$10,000 a year, or perhaps earn more than that by traveling with Barnum as the greatest curiosity of the age. The faults I allude to are such as these:

First—You have not yet learned how to make the church hot and cold at the same time. You must learn how to have one pew marked 75 degrees Fahrenheit, while the next one to it is down to a point where it would be comfortable for an Esquimaux.

Second—You do not seem to know how to have a free circulation, a plenty of fresh air, and yet not have any draught anywhere. You must invent some way to make all the draughts skip the pews where rheumatic and bald-headed people sit.

Third—You have not yet acquired the art of having the church flooded with light while all the blinds are shut at the same time. This should be attended to at once, and you should not offer any such poor excuse as that it is impossible. To a sexton nothing should be impossible.

Fourth—You must find out some way of giving everybody the best seat, right in the center of the house, no matter whether the pews are already full or not.

Fifth—You must learn how to fill all the pews with strangers without making anybody "mad" about it, and at the same time have plenty of room left for regular pew-holders.

Sixth—And finally, you will spend your leisure time in inventing a patent church that shall be just warm enough and not too warm; not too light, but just light enough; not too draughty, but with just draught enough; where all the people, whatever their mental, moral or physical condition, will be perfectly comfortable, and—crowning achievement of all—that shall have all the seats in the middle.

What is a sexton for, anyhow, if he can't please everybody at the same time?

The other morning a man with a load of fowls, country produce, etc., stopped in front of the house of a prominent citizen, and the good wife came out to inspect the display. "Guess I'll take those two wild ducks for to-morrow's dinner." "Guess you'd better take something else, Madam," said the produce man. "I met your husband on the road this morning, with a wagon, two horses, three dogs, and a hundred rounds of cartridges, making for a big duck-slug." "Oh! indeed. The poor man!" replied the lady. "You had better give me four ducks. He may want some when he gets home."

They were standing just by the front gate of the old farm-house, Father Robinson leaning on the gate-post. "Well, Miss, I hope you have enjoyed yourself this summer. We haint put on much style for you, but we've meant to treat you sort o' so so." "Don't mention it, pray," replied Miss Fitzjoy. "It's been the most delightful season I ever knew. Why, I've learned so much about farming that I really believe I shall set out some cucumber trees in the conservatory, and have them fresh for breakfast all winter."

The Household.

FRED E. E. ARMITAGE, an eighteen-year-old genius of Jamestown, N. Y., recently constructed an upright steam engine of about one-fourth horse power. On the initial trial it worked perfectly.

The longest span of wire in the world is used for a telegraph in India, over the River Kistnah, between Bezorah and Sctanagram. It is more than 6,000 feet long, and is stretched between two hills, each of which is 1,200 feet high.

We must not be surprised to hear of a paper furniture factory starting into existence before long. Paper can now be made of strong fibers and compressed into a substance so hard that only a diamond can scratch it. A foreign journal says that wood will be superseded by paper.

PROFESSOR HENRY DRAPER, the astronomer, considers the late aurora borealis the finest since the aurora of August, 1860. The science of aurora, in the opinion of the Professor, is not yet entirely clear. The manifestations occurred at from 100 to 150 miles above the earth, where the air was very rare.

A FRENCH statistician has calculated that if all the telegraph wires at present laid were tacked on end to end they would reach forty-six times around the world. Belgium has a greater telegraph mileage in proportion to its superficial area than any other country in Europe. Switzerland comes second and Great Britain third. Russia has the least.

AFTER his experience with them during his "voyage of the Beagle," Darwin pronounced the Patagonians to be a race degraded below the possibility of improvement. But thirty years later, on learning of the changes wrought by English missionaries there, he frankly admitted his mistake, and became a contributor to the funds of the South American Missionary Society.

FROM observations made during many years in Senegal and other inter-tropical regions in Africa, Dr. A. Corre is inclined to believe that the African blacks are destined in course of time to disappear and be supplanted by a superior race of European emigrants. Beyond the possession of immunity against yellow fever and malaria, he thinks the blacks in every way inferior to the whites.

UPON the supposition that the upper air currents are such that a balloon starting from the United States, and kept at an altitude of about 2,000 feet, would eventually reach Europe, Mr. King, the aeronaut, proposes to construct a balloon with a capacity of 300,000 cubic feet of gas, and attach to it a rope 5,000 feet long. He argues that this balloon could not ascend much higher than 2,000 feet, on account of the weight of the rope, nor fall much below that altitude, the rope being buoyed up by the ocean. By this simple contrivance he supposes that a uniform elevation could be maintained, and that the eastward air current would waft his air ship to Europe.

SOME additional experiments have been made in London to test the value of the new method of preserving carcasses by the injection of boracic acid. At a dinner where mutton had been preserved in this way for forty days, boiled and roast joints were served. The meat retained its natural juiciness and flavor, and was free from any taint or taste of the antiseptic chemical which had been used. Five or six ounces of the boracic acid seems sufficient to preserve the carcass of a sheep of eighty or ninety pounds. The antiseptic is used by injecting it into a vein while the animal, though stunned by a blow on the head, is still alive, and the action of the heart is relied upon to pump it through every part of the body into which the arterial system ramifies.

DR. P. Ebell, of Hanover, draws attention to the use of peroxide of hydrogen in dentistry. Sauer made successful experiments with it in bleaching discolored and carious teeth. In cases where the teeth are colored with matter such as Lichen dentals, etc., he used the peroxide of hydrogen in conjunction with finely levigated pumice-stone as a means of cleaning in place of water. Teeth, the native elements of which were filled with colored matter, became somewhat paler after several applications. A suitable liquid for cleaning teeth and mouth is prepared by mixing one part of three per cent. of peroxide of hydrogen with ten per cent. of water. In case of carious teeth the peroxide, locally applied with wadding, gave good results.

CLASSICAL—Instructor in Latin: "Miss B. of what was Ceres the goddess?" Miss B.: "She was the goddess of marriage." Instructor: "Oh, no; of agriculture." Miss B., (looking perplexed): "Why, I'm sure my book says she was the goddess of husbandry."

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About Emetics.

Emetics are a nauseating subject, we are aware, but then there's science and common sense to be displayed in the use of them, in the way of inducing the nausea, after all. These medicines, among a certain class of people, are favorite remedies in the treatment of numerous complaints, and we do not know that they are used as often as they ought to be, in the place of other remedies, among the people in general. Emetics, at certain times, are very valuable agents and nothing else will take the place of them. They are just as important, in their particular places, as cathartics, or opiates, or astringents, and yet, we suppose, from their imagined inelegant mode of operating, are often substituted for more agreeable if not more suitable remedies. A man has overloaded his stomach, for instance. He is much oppressed, feels squeamish and uncomfortable, and perhaps has a little pain. A heavy load is experienced under his waistcoat, his mouth is foul, and he is more or less troubled with flatulence. He wants to get rid of a great deal of the "stuff" he has swallowed, he knows he does, and he knows that by his feelings his gastric friend is overburdened and irritated by his indulgence; but he does not do it. His stomach labors on in the work he has imposed upon it, and, to assist in the process, he swallows a dose of brandy, or takes a dozen cathartic pills to hurry it through his organism. This isn't common sense, for the veriest idiot would know that all that was necessary was to evacuate the stomach. Sometimes, too, after eating, digestion goes on for an hour or two, and then is suddenly arrested by a remaining indigestible particle or portion, and more or less spasm, nausea or cramp in the stomach is experienced. Nature rebels against such food, and the stomach is unable to dispose of it, and hence the outcry and evident desire for its removal. In this instance, also, a gentle "horn" is resorted to, or else the high-pressure pills, and then the difficulty is disposed of. We say disposed of; it is not disposed of at all. It's smothering an artery to stop its bleeding or blowing it out with powder to hasten the end of the process.

Happily, many individuals are the possessors of stomachs that are capable of summarily getting rid of unwelcome substances of their own accord, of going it on their muscle, and of disposing of this or that in whichever way their own good judgment seems fit to dictate. The man or woman who digests their food through the agency of such an organ as this is possessed of a wealth that money can't be compared to, or that money cannot buy. Now, it is to serve this purpose that emetics, in their various forms, have been given us.

All medicines were intended for some good object, to assist some organ of our body, or the bodies of the lower animals, to perform their duty, or to correct them when disposed to wander from the path of rectitude. Emetics are prominent remedies in the indications which arise in our daily life for the need of some corrective; but, as a class, they are very little made use of, and very little understood in the walks of life. They are infinitely more useful than cathartics, the great resort of people of the present day, and at all times a much less harmful and exhaustive remedy. People of olden times made use of these remedies with the utmost impunity. An emetic was administered for everything, from a simple toothache down to the most extensive and dangerous ills, and often they were taken for pleasure, as we take a glass of wine, "to clear the head and facilitate the flow of animal spirits." It is related in some work on materia medica that individuals in those days were in the habit of "discharging their dinners" by these convenient means, that they might have the pleasure of again going through the process of eating. The deed was often done two or three times in succession, that thus they might prolong the pleasures of the table till their appetites were thoroughly satisfied.

This would be rather too much of a "good thing," yet we believe it is wrong that they should have fallen into such general disuse as they have to-day. Cathartics could divide half of their glory; or even more, to this class of medicines, with a great deal of benefit to the people. But this is the way we go, first way up and then way down; first one extreme than another. Years ago we abused emetics, to day we are doing the same thing with cathartics, and it should not be. A discrimination should be made between the two; they both should be on one pantry shelf, or in one medicine chest, for they are excellent general remedies, and the one used when it is indicated, and the other let alone. As we have intimated, emetics, as a class, are much less disposed to injure than cathartics. Children take them with perfect impunity, and with every degree of safety. Young ladies are not in the least injured by them, unless they are given in excessive overdoses. In adult life they are never attended

with evil results, unless some condition exists—as a rupture, aneurism, or heart disease—where the strain of their action has a deleterious effect on the disease. In these instances, and in extreme old age, when the blood vessels may be weakened from various causes, they should never be used. In a sound and healthy body they may be used almost at any time. But there are different classes of emetics. Some are exhausting or weakening in their action, and others are the opposite, or stimulating. The former act by being absorbed from the stomach, and producing its contraction by nervous influence; and the latter work by their irritating effect upon the inner coat of the stomach, thus provoking it to contraction. The former are slow in operating, the latter are quick, and these various qualities and properties are of great importance in making a selection for use. Where the simple effect of unloading the stomach is the motive for the use of an emetic, the stimulating kind should always be used, for they act promptly, with but little trouble, and no exhaustion or weakness following; the same also are the ones in case of poisoning. But when a child is suffering from the croup, or a decided impression is wished to be made on the system, the former are the proper remedies. They act slow, that is, they are some time producing the proper emesis—but a wretched feeling of nausea and weakness comes on pretty soon after administration, which increases in severity until vomiting is produced. Every one must have noticed in this respect the great difference in the action of emetics if they have ever taken any. Therefore when a remedy of this kind is about to be used, exercise the judgment as to the most suitable one for the occasion. Tartar emetic, ipecac, squills, lobelia, are prostrating emetics; tartar emetic very considerably so, and the squills and lobelia so much so as to be rather the wrong remedies in unprofessional hands. Sulphate of zinc, sulphate of copper, mustard, common salt, etc., are stimulating emetics, and the former two so very stimulating as to be ranked as poisons when taken in overdoses. For general use ipecac and Cox's hive syrup—which contains minute proportions of tartar emetic—mustard and common salt are the best remedies of their kind; their action in all instances may be promoted by copious draughts of lukewarm water, etc.

But perhaps we have said enough. Emetics should come into more general use, and cathartics should not be so often resorted to. How many, many little children would be saved from aggravated affections of the bowels, brought on by undigested food or irritable substances, if, instead of being allowed to go through the body and making disturbance everywhere, it should be simply evacuated, as a chicken would evacuate a spider that it was found impossible to swallow? How many headaches and foul-tasting mouths would be avoided, if emetics were more universally resorted to? How many dangerous diseases would be nipped in the bud, if a decided impression were made in the system by an intelligent use of these excellent remedies at the commencement? We do not know, but we warrant they would be infinitely less than they are under the present regimen. We are not fond of taking medicine; we do not advocate its continued or promiscuous use; but when a remedy is needed, why not take the most proper, beneficial and sensible one—and let all others go to the dogs?—Godey's Lady's Book.

Agricultural Schools.

The year 1862 is usually regarded as marking the beginning of a new era in the progress of agriculture, since it was then that the department of agriculture was created as an independent bureau, and Congress made its liberal appropriation of 30,000 acres of the public land for each representative of the endowment in each State of an agricultural college. Twenty years have passed since then, and the States have mostly drawn and used up their appropriations in different ways and with different results. The experiments continue with varying success, but have gone quite far enough to show that the hopes raised by the legislation of 1862 have not been realized, and that a vast amount of the public domain has been unwisely squandered without agriculture being any the better for it.

In the April *Atlantic*, Eugene W. Hilgard reviews these State efforts to found schools for the special education of farmers, and points out what he regards as the causes of their failure. He was for some years a professor in an agricultural college, and he remarks dryly that his paper is due to "the abundant leisure and opportunity for reflection" which such a position afforded him. Pennsylvania and Massachusetts divided the fund, applying one part to instruction in agriculture and the other to instruction in mechanic arts, both purposes being embraced in the original donation. The other States have not

separated the fund, but have either endowed a school for these special purposes or have added the endowment to some existing institution.

Inasmuch as the funds realized from the Congressional donation were seldom sufficient to endow a separate institution, the only feasible way of utilizing them seemed to be the adding of agricultural and mechanical departments to existing institutions; but in many States there was a popular demand for separate schools for farmers or none at all. "The radical error of the advocates of this plan," says Prof. Hilgard, "was that in their anxiety to protect the agricultural student from possible sneers, arising from the antiquated idea that all manual labor is beneath the dignity of educated men, they proposed to make that idea a determining factor in the choice of the location, connection and organization of the new schools by withdrawing them as much as possible from contact with the existing centers of high culture. In this dignified seclusion they hoped to convince the pupils, uncontradicted, of the dignity of labor, surrounding them with a dense agricultural atmosphere through which no other rays should penetrate." But "the average student is obtuse to the amusing features of plowing, hoeing and weeding, and the more so the greater his familiarity with them at home. He form his acts to the prescribed discipline, but it may be gravely questioned whether, as a rule, such compulsion is conducive to a preference for the pursuit of agriculture as a life occupation." And this is proved by the small proportion who actually do become farmers.

Prof. Hilgard's conclusions are, in substance, that education corresponding to that given in the peasant schools of Europe, impressing upon the pupil the rules and practice of agricultural operations by means of constantly repeated manual exercise and at the same time giving him a merely elementary general education, proves unsatisfactory and unacceptable in this country. Neither is there a demand for high scientific training in agriculture, apart from the need of teachers for the agricultural schools themselves. As for the colleges which combine agricultural labor with study, their influence in improving the methods of agriculture is slight, except so far as they have assumed the character of experiment stations. "Otherwise they are in most cases potted on the one hand and condemned as comparatively useless on the other, in public discussions, in the newspapers and in the legislature to which they must periodically apply for pecuniary aid to supplement their inadequate endowments."

It's funny but a soft-palmed woman can pass a hot pie plate to her nearest neighbor at the table with a smile as sweet as distilled honey, while a man with a hand as horny as a crocodile's back will drop it to the floor, and howl around like a Sioux Indian at a scalp dance.

He was wealthy but penurious, and this is what he said to the suitor for his daughter's hand: "Yes, you can have her. But you must elope with her. I can't afford the expense of a swell wedding, and the romance of the elopement will make up for the lack of show and we'll save \$500 on expenses. Go it."

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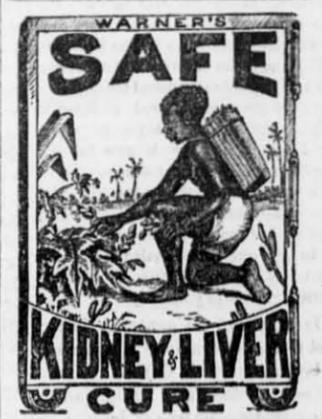
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Editorial Notes.

BRITISH Columbia people are unnecessarily agitated over their election. We hope they will send good material to Ottawa. Mayor Shakespeare's chances seem to be first class.

ONE of our Portland exchanges says that every republican paper in Oregon except the *Oregonian* has come out in support of Hon. J. H. Mitchell for U. S. Senator from that state.

THE European war-cloud is rather increasing if anything. If those Egyptian troubles are not settled soon there will be trouble. England, France and Germany are all afflicted with a jealousy which the least change of position on the part of the Egyptian government may fan into open hostilities.

WE have received the initial number of the *Seattle Daily Herald*. It is a neat looking, eight-column folio, giving evidence of splendid ability and enterprise deserving of success. We take exceptions, however, to that part of its salutatory containing the words: "The *Herald* will aim at a higher and more honorable plane of journalism than has ever been attempted in this Territory." There are other newspapers in the territory that occupy and justly claim a plane of journalism fully as high and honorable as the *Herald* can hope to attain. If that paper is in earnest, we must remark that it will have to come down from such stilted claims; they are unjust slurs on others.

AMONG the many complimentary newspaper notices of Dr. Minor's oration at Seattle, the following extract from the *Seattle Herald's* account of the celebration is perhaps the neatest and comes nearest doing the matter justice: "Among those whom the *Herald* reporter noticed on the platform was Judge Lewis, President of the day; Grand Marshal Hillar; Chaplain, Reverend Harrington; His Honor, Mayor Smith; ex-Governor Ferry; and last but by no means least, Dr. T. T. Minor, who delivered the oration in a manner which surprised the audience who were quite unprepared to listen to such a masterly and eloquent oration. The Doctor's delivery is graceful and free from unnecessary gestures, possessing a voice that is unsurpassed for richness and clearness of tone. The writer has heard innumerable orations, but has yet to hear one that equals the masterly efforts to which our citizens were permitted to listen to yesterday."

IT may not be generally known that Jefferson county is in a fair way to be overrun with Canada thistles, but such is the fact. Unless something is done by way of legislation, and that right soon, to provide for the destruction of these noxious weeds, they will doubtless become a public nuisance of no little magnitude. We called attention to this a year ago, but the result was little more than to provoke a few jokes. While the people are sleeping over this question the thistles are spreading and growing as fast as ever they can. The true mission of a newspaper is to keep an eye ahead and warn the public of what ought to be done, hence we invite discussion upon this topic to the end that there may be something done before it is too late. The thistle question and the pilot law question must be settled at the next session of the Legislature. Jefferson County is interested in the result.

IT is high time something was done to avert such injustice to Port Townsend as the paying off of crews of vessels in such a way as to allow them to go to other ports before being discharged. Last week two vessels paid off their crews with money out of a Port Townsend safe, and yet the sailors were not allowed to land here, but were carried up the Sound. Had they been discharged here, those sailors would have spent at least four-fifths of that money in the town. According to law, the crews of such vessels can demand their wages and discharge here. If they proceed further at the instance of ship-masters through ignorance of their rights, every step ought to be taken to en-

lighten them. Of course the masters and owners of vessels bound for up Sound ports would keep sailors on board if possible till their vessels are moored at their final destinations, in order to avoid increased expense, but our business men should see to it that trade which legitimately belongs here should not be carried to other points when such a course might be avoided.

WITH pleasure we announce that the *DAILY ARGUS* is paying a little more than current expenses, though barely a margin. We believe it has given local satisfaction, generally speaking, yet there are some who imagine that they ought to receive as large a paper as the *Oregonian* because that daily costs no more. Lend us your ear, Mister, if you are one of those. We want to whisper to you that those large dailies all had small beginnings. As the boy said: "Great aches from little toe corns grow." If Port Townsend people don't support their daily in its infancy they can hardly hope to have the benefit of it after it has grown to manhood, because it would never grow. We shall endeavor to faithfully chronicle all local incidents, asking the public to let us know everything of interest that transpires, and at the same time we will give as much general news as can be got in type with the limited force of types that we can afford to employ. If business men and property owners here do not find the paper up to their expectations and desires, let them subscribe and advertise more liberally, and they will find that such "bread cast upon the waters" will not be long returning. There a few property owners who have not as yet offered to aid the paper a dollar's worth, yet they are just as eager to borrow a copy from somebody to read as though its life depended upon their perusal. Such persons are really more interested in the success of the paper than its publisher is, for it is destined to aid in the growth of the town, enhancing the value of property therein; the owners of land here will be benefited more by this paper than the poor editor who has no land. Already several strangers have been more favorably impressed with the town and its surroundings than they would have been if no daily paper had existed here; and as to residents here, a gentleman recently remarked: "after that daily has been published awhile folks wont know how to get along without it." We aim to treat all impartially, keeping in view the public good. If any have grievances they will be candidly heard. We have an abiding faith that this daily is going to live long and prosper. It occurs to us also that the public will pay for a larger and better paper before they get it.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH BUILDING.—Great activity in the building of sacred edifices is generally considered a mark of denominational prosperity. The Presbyterian church has had the honor of erecting 213 new places of worship during the past year in the United States which is an increase of 37 upon the previous year. These churches were distributed through 38 states and territories, and are under the care of 89 Presbyteries. Our Presbyterian friends evidently believe that "the prophet Israel" alone can cure Naaman of his leprosy, and accordingly have planted 25 churches in Utah—the plague spot of America. Three have been raised in the wilds of Alaska, and four in our own Territory. It is reported that there still 600 "Homeless Churches" of this denomination in the United States, and an effort is to be made during the current year to build on their behalf. An eccentric individual once, while remarking upon the pioneering qualities of the Methodist Church, said he believed that this country would be taken yet by dog fennel and Methodism. If Methodism don't look well to its laurels, Presbyterianism will come out ahead.

IN recommending our readers to support the *West Shore*, we take pleasure in noting the fact that it is not only a representative journal of the great northwest, but that it always keeps in the advance line. Mr. Samuel has made it from the start a successful and enterprising publication. It is now in its ninth volume, and continues to improve in attractive features. Its value to the country consists mainly in its profuse and lifelike illustrations, together with descriptive articles. These afford strangers a better idea of this wild country, than all other agencies that have ever been employed. Another very important matter is the printing of the journal in German as well as English. By this means our German friends, the most desirable class of foreign immigrants, are encouraged to make their homes here. Success to the *West Shore*. Send \$2 to L. Samuel, publisher, Portland, Oregon, and he will mail it to you for a whole year.

ADULTERATION OF LIQUORS.—A retired wholesale dealer once said to an interviewer from the *N. Y. Times*: More than two-thirds of the stuff sold for brandy in this country is the meanest kind of poison. It is manufactured from an oil of cognac. In most of the gin sold there will be found oil of vitriol, oil of turpentine, oil of almonds, sulphuric ether, and extracts of grains of paradise. You can purchase oil and essences from which "whisky of any age" can be produced. This style of whisky when tested will show sulphuric acid, caustic potassa, benzine and nux vomica, and other poisons. This is the kind of stuff that bores into the coatings of the stomach and creates ulcers. In porter you will find opium, henbane, capsicum, cocculus indicus, copperas, tobacco and sulphuric acid. In beer, alum, opium, nux vomica, green copperas, vitriol, sub-carbonate of potash, and jalap are used. Cocculus indicus is used largely in cheap beer. Three grains will produce nausea and prostration; ten grains will throw a strong dog into convulsions. Fox-glove and henbane are used for about the same purposes as cocculus indicus. Oil of vitriol is used to increase the heating qualities of liquor, wormwood is used for its bitter and stimulating qualities; green copperas gives porter a frothy head. In astringent wines you find alum, Brazil wood, oak sawdust, lead and copperas. Sugar of lead and arsenic are also used in wine. In pale sherry sulphuric acid, prussic acid and alum are among the "harmless" ingredients used to give color and the appearance of age.—*Christian Instructor*.

German Carp.
Numerous inquiries are made to me regarding the time when applicants may expect to receive a supply of Carp. The following postal card, recently received, will explain the matter:
"U. S. COMMISSION OF FISH AND FISHING, Washington, May 19, 1882.
"Your application for German Carp has been made out for 1882, and placed on file. In compliance with your request, the fish will be forwarded per express as soon as a supply is available for distribution. Ample notice of the date of shipment will be mailed to you so you may be prepared to receive and care for the fish."
S. F. BAIRD, Commissioner.
As soon as I receive notice of the shipment of the fish I will notify all applicants.
JAMES G. SWAN, Assistant U. S. Fish Commissioner.

A HAPPY THOUGHT.
It was a happy thought that led to the production of a concentrated fruit syrup, so harmless in its nature that it may be given either to the mother or her babe, relished alike by both, and of such wonderful efficacy that all who take it feel brighter and happier. Messrs. N. D. Hill & Son will furnish anyone wishing Syrup of figs a trial bottle free of charge or sell 50 ct and \$1 bottles.

NOTICE.
Mrs. Wells would like to say to the ladies of Port Townsend that she will keep a nice assortment of Ladies' and Children's Underclothing, Ladies' Dressing Sacks and Children's Clothing a specialty. At the residence of Mrs. REVELL.

Horse and Top Buggy FOR SALE.
The horse is an A 1 Buggy Horse and a good traveler. The harness is new and the buggy in good repair. Will be sold cheap for cash. For further particulars apply to F. W. PETTYGROVE, Jr., At Waterman & Katz' Store. 22 W-41

SHERIFF'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

BY VIRTUE OF AN EXECUTION issued out of the District Court of the Third Judicial District of the Territory of Washington, holding terms at Port Townsend, in the suit of J. C. Kellogg, Plaintiff, and Belle Thomas, Rachel Morgan, Charles Morgan, Thomas N. Potter, Sarah E. Vrooman and Sydney B. Vrooman, Defendants, duly attested the 23d day of June, A. D., 1882, I have levied upon the real estate described as follows, to-wit: All of the east half of the south-west quarter (e 1/2 of sw 1/4) lots two (2) and nine (9) and the east half (e 1/2) of lot eight (8) in section twenty-one (21) and lots one (1) two (2) and three (3) in section twenty-eight (28) all in township thirty-two (32) north of range one (1) east of the Willamette meridian, in Island County, Washington Territory, and containing one hundred and sixty-two and 54-100 acres, as the property of said Defendants. Notice is hereby given, that on MONDAY, the 7th day of AUGUST, 1882, at the hour of 11 o'clock, A. M., in front of the Court House at Coupeville, in Island County, I will sell all the right, title and interest of the said Belle Thomas, Rachel Morgan, Charles Morgan, Thomas N. Potter, Sarah E. Vrooman and Sydney B. Vrooman, in and to the said above described property, to the highest bidder, for cash, gold coin of the United States, or so much thereof as will satisfy a judgment of four hundred and thirty-nine (\$439) dollars, and costs of said suit, amounting to seventeen and 75-100 (\$17.75) dollars, and accruing costs.
Dated this 3d day of July, A. D., 1882.
JOS. C. POWER, Sheriff of Island County.

Francis W. James,
WATER STREET, - - - PORT TOWNSEND, W. T.
Exchange on San Francisco Bought and Sold
Money to Loan at low rates, on Approved Security
County Orders or Scrip, and Foreign Exchange, Purchased
Cash advances made and Vessels disbursed. Consignments collected
Money remitted to all parts of England, and Collections made
HONORABLE DEALING GUARANTEED
Reference, by permission, The Bank of British Columbia, Victoria, V. I and San Francisco, Cal.

FARMERS' STORE!
NEW DUNGENESS, W. T.
JUST RECEIVED IN ADDITION TO OUR USUALLY FULL AND COMPLETE STOCK OF General Merchandise the Largest and Best Selected Stock of Clothing ever brought to Clallam County.
Come and see our \$10.00 suits. " " " Dry Goods. " " " Boots and Shoes. " " " Rifles and Shot Guns. " " " Groceries.
Come and see our Cutlery. " " " Furniture. " " " Stoves and Tinware. " " " Crockery ware. " " " Hats and Caps. " " " New Sewing Machines, the best and cheapest in the world, sold on easy time without interest.
N. B.—Come and see the only person on Puget Sound who will buy any thing and every thing from a COON-SKIN to a FARM.
Drafts bought and sold on liberal terms.
17-11 C. F. CLAPP.

JOHN LAW,
Watch-maker and Jeweler
Central Hotel Building, Port Townsend, W. T.
Dealer in Waltham, Elgin and Springfield Watches.
All kinds of Watch, Clock and Jewelry Repairing, Done in the Best Manner, AT Reasonable prices.
Work sent from Any part of the SOUND, Will receive PROMPT ATTENTION.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

Capt. R. W. de Lion. Capt. Chas. A. Enell.
R. W. de Lion & Co., STEVEDORES,
In all Ports in Puget Sound.
From our long experience in the business, we guarantee satisfaction.
OFFICE, New Wharf, Quincy Street, PORT TOWNSEND, W. T.

N. H.—Capt. Chas. A. Enell, Agent San Francisco and Philadelphia Board of Marine Underwriters for Strait Juan de Fuca and Puget Sound. AGENT for the Tacoma and Biz, W. T. February 3, 1882—no 31

Vessels Consigned to R. W. de Lion & Co.

CHILIAN BRIG MIRAFLORES.
From Antofagasta.
NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED agents will be responsible for any debts contracted by the officers or crew of the above named vessel.
H. G. KRUNSE, Master.
R. W. DELION & CO., Agents, Port Townsend, July 3, 1882.

HONDURAS BK. BOLOMBURA.
From Callao, Peru.
NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED agents will be responsible for any debts contracted by the officers or crew of the above named vessel.
J. AGUIRRE, Master.
R. W. DELION & CO., Agents, Port Townsend, July 5, 1882.

Bark JONATHAN BOURNE,
From Hong Kong, via Victoria.
NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED agents will be responsible for any debts contracted by the crew of the above named ship.
A. DOANE, Master.
R. W. DELION & CO., Agents, Port Townsend, June 26, 1882.

British Bark Osseo.
From Buenos Ayres, via Astoria.
NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED agents will be responsible for any debts contracted by the officers or crew.
S. WILLIAMS, Master.
R. W. DELION & CO., Agents, Port Townsend, June 24, 1882.

Ship H. S. Gregory.
From Philadelphia.
NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED agents will be responsible for any debts contracted by the officers or crew.
E. A. WATTS, Master.
R. W. DELION & CO., Agents, Port Townsend, June 15, 1882.

Bark Nonantum,
From Wilmington, Cal.
NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED agents of the above named vessel will be responsible for any debts contracted by the officers or crew.
FRANK B. FOSTER, Master.
R. W. DELION & CO., Agents, Port Townsend, June 12, 1882.

BARK W. H. BESSE.
From Hong Kong, via Victoria.
NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED agents of the above named vessel will be responsible for any debts contracted by the officers or crew.
B. C. BAKER, Master.
R. W. DELION & CO., Agents, Port Townsend, June 9, 1882.

Chilian Ek. Aconcagua.
FROM VALPARAISO.
NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED agents of the above named vessel will be responsible for any debts contracted by the officers or crew.
JOHN GRIFFITH, Master.
R. W. de Lion & Co., agents, Port Townsend, May 27th, 1882.

Ship Iroquis.
FROM NEW YORK.
Neither the captain nor the undersigned agents will be responsible for any debts contracted by the crew of the above named ship.
ALBERT V. NICKELS, Master.
R. W. DELION, Agents, Port Townsend, May 19, 1882.

British Ship Nineveh
FROM HONOLULU.
NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED agents will be responsible for any debts contracted by the officers or crew of the above named vessel.
JOHN L. CLUTOW, Master.
R. W. DELION & CO., Agents, Port Townsend, March 27, 1882.

SHIP INDIA.
FROM PHILADELPHIA.
NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED agents will be responsible for any debts contracted by the crew of the above named vessel.
J. S. RICH, Master.
R. W. DELION, Agents, Port Townsend, April 13, 1882.

Chilian Ship Julia.
FROM CALLAO.
NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED agents of the above named vessel will be responsible for debts contracted by the officers or crew.
I. G. WILSON, Master.
R. W. DELION & CO., Agents, Port Townsend, Mar. 25, 1882.

British Bark Yuca.
FROM VICTORIA.
Neither the captain nor the undersigned agents will be responsible for any debts contracted by the crew of the above named vessel.
JOHN JAMES, Master.
R. W. DELION & CO., Agents, Port Townsend, May 6, 1882.

Ship Syren.
FROM HONG KONG, via VICTORIA.
Neither the captain nor the undersigned agents will be responsible for any debts contracted by the crew of the above named vessel.
GEO. W. BROWN, Master.
R. W. DELION & CO., Agents, Port Townsend, May 17, 1882.

SHIP CORA.
Neither the Captain nor the undersigned Agents will be responsible for debts contracted by the crew of the above named vessel.
J. S. THOMPSON, Master.
R. W. DELION & CO., Agents, Port Townsend, March 28, 1882. no 7

Chilian Bark Oregon.
NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED agents will be responsible for any debts contracted by the crew.
THOMAS HARDY, Master.
R. W. DELION & CO., Agents, Port Townsend, March 24, 1882.

Ship Osceola.
FROM SAN DIEGO.
Neither the captain nor the undersigned agents will be responsible for any debts contracted by the crew of the above named vessel.
CHAS. P. ROWELL, Master.
DELION & Co., Agents, Port Townsend, April 25, 1882

Ship Jeremiah Thompson.
FROM IQUIQUE.
Neither the Captain nor the undersigned agents will be responsible for any debts contracted by the crew of the above named vessel.
NICHOLAS KIRBY, Master.
R. W. DELION & CO., Agents, Port Townsend, April 15, 1882.

SHIP ANNIE H. SMITH.
FROM PHILADELPHIA.
NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED Agents of the above named vessel will be responsible for debts contracted by the officers or crew thereof.
J. F. BARTLET, Master.
R. W. DELION & CO., Agents, Port Townsend, April 2, 1882.
Fresh butter from Brook Farm Dairy (Hall Davis, Proprietor), FOR SALE at James Jones' Grocery Store

PUGET SOUND ARGUS.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF PORT TOWNSEND.

LOCAL ITEMS.

From Thursday's Daily.

Dr. Mison received a vote of thanks and no end of compliments for his oration at Seattle.

The Seattle Daily Herald has made its appearance. How that city is going to support three large daily papers is a mystery.

We have heard complaints that strangers at the ball the other night couldn't get introduced to ladies. What was the matter with the floor managers?

We learn that Messrs. Briggs, Mastick and others are going to start soon in the Mary Taylor for a trip around to Gray's Harbor. They want to explore the country.

The Seattle base-ball club beat the Victoria boys on the Fourth. We learn from the Chronicle that these clubs will probably play another game this fall at Port Townsend.

We have not heard from the Dungeness celebration of the Fourth, but as they always have a big time it may be safely presumed that the present year was no exception.

From Friday's Daily.

From those who ought to know, we learn that the steam-tug Mastick makes excellent time since her last repairing.

The cellar for Mr. Eisenbeis' new stone building has been dug, and the work of laying stone will soon be begun.

A most excellent sign of prosperity is the fact that there are very few idle men about town. Nobody need be without employment, and there is room for more.

Mr. Fred Cosper, son of the pastor of the M. E. Church here, has obtained the appointment of head-keeper of Tillamook light house, off the coast of Oregon. His salary is \$1,000 per year, and he has three assistants.

We had the pleasure of a peep through Mrs. Tucker's Boarding House. The rooms on the second floor are not furnished yet, but soon will be. Everything about the establishment is new and neat. Evidently the accommodations are first-class.

Judge Swan has shown us a choice collection of Indian curiosities, in the shape of carvings, etc., which he will soon forward to the Smithsonian at Washington. It is expected that Mr. C. C. Bartlett, who is to leave in a few days for Alaska will purchase another invoice of these articles, in which event the Judge will open a regular museum and salesroom.

The next session of the Grand Lodge of Good Templars will be held at New Tacoma. At the recent session in Goldendale, but fourteen lodges were represented. On account of lodge records, rituals, etc., being destroyed at Olympia by the recent fire there, the officers of last year were allowed to hold over, no election being had. This leaves W. E. Jones, of Seattle, G. W. C. T.; W. H. Roberts and Jos. Chilberg, of Olympia, G. Treas. and G. Sec., respectively.

Last evening the following officers were installed for "Juan de Fuca" lodge, No. 51, A. O. U. W., for the term ending Jan. 1, 1883, by Allen Weir, Dist. Deputy; C. M. Bradshaw, Past Master; A. Weymouth, Master Workman; J. F. Sheehan; Foreman; J. Roesech, Overseer; D. H. Hill, Recorder; H. L. Tibbals, Jr., Financier; H. Landes, Receiver; P. Kane, Guide; J. Lemaster, Outside W. Watchman. The Grand Lodge will convene at Olympia on the 12 inst. Allen Weir is representative of "Juan de Fuca" Lodge.

From Saturday's Daily.

The Holly Tree Inn is the place to get ice-cream.

D. W. Moon, Esq., is back again, looking as hearty as a bear.

D. W. Higgins, editor of the Victoria Colonist, is taking a trip over the Sound.

SEATTLE has practically settled the right of way question for railroad companies, so that there is now no obstacle in the way.

A neat and substantial fence is being constructed around the lot on which the Episcopal church building stands. When the improvements are completed it will be quite attractive.

Mr. O. C. Hastings, who attended the Dungeness celebration, says they had a very pleasant time. A picnic was had in the day time, supplemented by races and out-door sports, the whole winding up with a grand ball at night—and a few drunks of course.

The Seattle Herald wants a perpetual Fourth of July arrangement in that city, for celebrating every year, and announces that it is for SEATTLE first, last and all the time. In other words, when other towns on the Sound are generous enough to give way and contrib-

ute to SEATTLE'S greatness well and good, but when they claim a return of the favor they can "whistle for it." It may be a paying business for Seattle's organ to make extravagant claims in her behalf, but instances have been known where such efforts were overdone.

EXPLORING.—The exploring party mentioned by us a few days ago, to leave in the schooner Mary Taylor, got away today. It consists of E. B. Mastick, jr., Chas. Hyde, Fred Watkins and another gentleman from Port Discovery, and Judge Briggs of this place. They will proceed by water to Quinault, and from there will prospect inland, perhaps dividing into two parties. By establishing a base of supplies thirty or forty miles inland, they expect to do very effective work over a large scope of country. If they find any prospect of gold, coal, iron, copper or other mineral, worth attention, they will endeavor to find a feasible pass through the mountains so as to come out at some point on the Sound or Straits. Success to the expedition. Its members are certainly deserving of great credit for their enterprise. We hope for a good report.

From Monday's Daily.

COLLECTOR BASH left yesterday on the outgoing Elder, en route for the east on leave of absence for a short time.

THOSE in want of a good horse and buggy will find it to their interest to consult our advertising columns.

THE editor left this morning for Olympia, to attend Grand Lodge of A. O. U. W.—and anyone who is "spoiling for a muss" will have to interview the Devil.

CAPT. KEENE and wife passed through here yesterday on their way to Victoria. The Captain has had a severe stroke of paralysis and looks quite ill yet. He was to have commanded the Evangel had not sickness prevented.

We had the pleasure of meeting Lieut. Morriss, late of the U. S. revenue marine service on the Atlantic coast. He recently joined the Wolcott on this station, succeeding Lieut. Willey who was transferred to the Corwin. Mr. Morriss is delighted with Puget Sound.

THE P. C. Co's steamship Idaho, Capt. Carroll, arrived here yesterday from San Francisco, via Portland, and left again for Alaska. She had on board a large number of passengers and a heavy freight. Bishop Paddock was on board, as was Mr. C. C. Bartlett, of this place.

THE steamship Geo. W. Elder sailed last night for San Francisco, via Victoria, with 500 tons freight and the following passengers: Mrs. H. Raymond, C. H. Potter, F. S. Grimshaw, E. A. Whitney, A. M. Springer, M. F. Hall, B. McCone, T. B. Morris, Wm. Hammer, Mrs. W. E. Saunders, & child, D. Hampton & wife, H. J. Weir, Mrs. O. S. Willey and 28 in steerage.

THE Californian for July is at hand and contains an unusual amount of interesting articles, poems, etc., among which are the following: "A fragment of China," with illustrations, by Will Brooks; "Does it pay to be educated?" by Andrew McF. Davis; "A logical sequence," by Warren Cheney; "Transmitted tendencies," by Evelyn M. Ludlum, and many other sketches, etc. This magazine should be in every home, and can be had for \$4 per annum. Address the Californian Publishing Co., 408 California St., San Francisco, Cal.

ELECTION RETURNS.—At the city election today 127 votes were cast. Of these

FOR MAYOR, 126 votes.
FOR COUNCILMEN,
H. L. Tibbals received 102 "
H. Landes, " 74 "
J. J. Hunt, " 66 "
J. F. Sheehan, " 60 "
J. G. Clinger, " 54 "
Thos. Jackman, " 28 "
Wm. Harned, " 8 "
Chas. Jones " 19 "
H. L. Tibbals, H. Landes, J. J. Hunt, and J. F. Sheehan were elected.
Chas. Finn, candidate for Marshal received 119 votes.

THE MILL-POND.—Teams are busily at work removing the gravel from the bottom of the lagoon at Point Hudson so as to form a pond for the reception of logs for the mill. It is intended to lower the present grade, three feet. This will afford ample depth of water to float the logs at all times. It is thought the time necessary to remove this body of earth will be about six weeks. When completed it will be the best mill pond in the Territory. The work which has just commenced is under the energetic directions of Mr. James Salley who has six double teams busily engaged with scrapers, and a force of Chinamen digging a ditch at the head of the lagoon to lower the water. The work on the mill which has been unavoidably delayed will now be prosecuted with vigor.

From Tuesday's Daily.

THE Sailor's Magazine for July has a capital yarn by Capt. John Codman, of Boston, entitled "An old East India Voyage." We advise our nautical friends who can get a copy of that most excellent monthly to read Capt. Tom Leach's invitation to Capt. Codman to "hold a survey at his house in Manchester, Mass., to see if the spice he made with Mary Jane, holds good after fifty years' service, and if no strand has drawn under the long strain, to see if it is still strong enough to tow the worthy couple into port." For nautical parlance it is the best thing we have seen since the times of old Father Taylor in his celebrated Bethel in North Square, Boston.

ARRIVAL OF THE EVANGEL.—The mail steamer Evangel hence for Sitka, which broke down at Nanaimo, returned here this morning. The mails were taken from her at Nanaimo by the steamer Mastick, and are probably at Wrangle by this time. It seems the trouble with the Evangel was the leakage of some of the pipes which had not been thoroughly tested previous to leaving for Alaska. These will be properly adjusted in Seattle and the steamer will then be fit for service. She has proved herself an excellent sea-boat, and would make a first-class packet for the Neah Bay trade. We learn that she will be employed on the Sound wherever business may be found for her, and that a larger steamer will be employed in the Alaska trade by the company owning her.

NEW ORLEANS is anxious to secure a part of the immigration that now nearly all finds its way into the country through New York, and its newspapers are advising that a place like Castle Garden be purchased for their reception and temporary accommodation. It is urged that the immigrants who come to New York pay \$12,000,000 annually the steamship companies. A steamer load of the City of Paris is worth \$45,000 to that vessel, and so valuable is the trade that she only stays one day in port, and then returns to Europe for another load. Some of these emigrant vessels have been offering to carry grain to Europe as ballast free of charge, to anticipate the efforts of New Orleans to control the emigrant business.—S. F. Chronicle.

GUTEAU left instructions for an inscription, should a monument be raised over his remains. It was needless trouble, as, after the nine days' wonder over his hanging, he will be as dead as a door nail. The people whom he fondly imagined took an interest in him were merely on the lookout for an advertisement. They secured a good puff for the small sum which they spent on his autographs and pictures. But no such capital can be made out of his corpse, and no crank will rise up to do him honor.—S. F. Chronicle.

Shipping Items.

PORT TOWNSEND, July 7.—Arrived barkentine Quickstep, from Onalaska. The barkentine Kitsap, lumber laden from Port Gamble for San Pedro, was towed out this morning by the tug Goliah.

PORT TOWNSEND, July 8.—The schooner Letitia, from Dungeness to this city with live stock and produce, went ashore a short distance from that place this morning. No loss will result except from detention.

Ship Jeremiah Thompson lumber laden from Tacoma, and ship Syren lumber laden from Seattle, were towed in this evening by the tug Mastick.

Arrived, ship Prussia, from Guaymas. **PORT BLAKELEY, July 8.**—Arrived bark Lizzie Marshall, brig Miraflores, ship Hope.

PORT DISCOVERY, July 9.—On the 8th, sailed schooner Annie F. Briggs; 9th sailed schooner Emily Stephens. Both for S. F.

PORT TOWNSEND, July 11.—Barkentine Quickstep was towed to Nanaimo yesterday by the Canadian tug Pilot to load coal.

Arrived, ship Toppallant from San Francisco. Loads at Blakeley. **PORT TOWNSEND, July 11.**—Sailed, ship Jeremiah Thompson for Melbourne. Sailed, ship Toppallant, for Port Blakeley.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE CRIPPLES.—Congress has passed a law increasing to \$40 per month the rate of pension for loss of a limb or equivalent disabilities. The bill affects those now receiving \$18 to \$31.

BIRD seed for sale at LATIMER & Co's.
For a good Cigar, smoke "Hollowbone's Own." None better in Port Townsend.

Immense arrival of cooking stoves at Sheehan's. Also steamboat fittings, gas pipes, and pumps.

For good cigars, go to James Jones's head of Union Wharf opposite Central Hotel.

Why should you cough while you can get a preventative by going to LATIMER & Co's?

Just received at Jas. Jones', a large lot of Sensides, double, elephant drawing paper, Drawing pencils, tracing cloth, etc.

DIED.

In Port Townsend, July 7th, Rachel, daughter of John C. Appleton, aged about 4 years.

French Barque Notre Dame Auxiliatrice. FROM NEW CALEDONIA.
NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED AGENTS will be responsible for debts contracted by the officers or crew of the above named vessel.
F. JANSOIE, Master.
ROTHSCHILD & Co. Agents.

Am. Bark Charles B. Kenney. FROM SYDNEY, N. S. W.
NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED AGENTS will be responsible for debts contracted by the officers or crew.
H. M. G. DAILER, Master.
ROTHSCHILD & Co. Agents.
Port Townsend May 25, 1882.

JAMES JONES' CASH GROCERY STORE.
I have just added a full Line of Groceries to my Stock of Stationery, &c., and intend to SELL CHEAP FOR READY PAY
In Either Produce or Cash!
Consisting in part of
Fine wines and liquors;
Choice Butter, Cheese, Honey, Foreign and Domestic Fruits, Provisions and Supplies, Flour, Oat and Corn Meals, Bran, Oregon Apples, Dried Fruits, all Kinds.
STATIONERY, a complete Stock & Cheap. The BEST Brands of Cigars and Tobacco.
CANNED GOODS—All Kinds, Coffees, Choice Teas of all kinds. Best Brands of Extracts, Ground and Whole Spices, Raisins, Zante Currants. Full assortment of Soaps, Toilet, Washing, Sal Soda, Fine & Coarse Liverpool Salt, Columbia River Salmon. Coal Oil and Candles.
Agent for the Celebrated
"WILDWOOD" WHISKY,
Covington, Kentucky,
For Port Townsend and Vicinity.
JUST RECEIVED—A large lot of Imported and Domestic Cigars of the best brands.
Subscriptions received for all books, newspapers and periodicals published in the United States, at publishers' prices.

ROTHSCHILD & CO.,
Port Townsend,
SHIPPING and COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
Custom House Broker  Ships Disbursed.
AGENT FOR STEAM TUGS,
Goliah, Blakeley and Politkofsky.
Letters and Telegrams addressed to our care will be promptly delivered on Board.
D. C. H. ROTHSCHELD,
CONSULAR AGENT OF FRANCE, CONSUL OF COSTA RICA
VICE-CONSUL OF NICARAGUA, CONSULAR AGENT OF PERU
VICE-CONSUL OF URUGUAY.
Port Townsend, W. T.
JUNE 1, 1882

Vessels Consigned to
ROTHSCHILD & CO.

AMERICAN SHIP PLEIADES
From Valparaiso.
Neither the Captain nor the undersigned Agents will be responsible for debts contracted by the officers and crew of the above named vessel.
Wm. E. Frost, Master.
Rothschild & Co., Agents.
Port Townsend, July 6, 1882.

AMERICAN SHIP HOPE.
From Callao, Peru.
Neither the Captain nor the undersigned Agents will be responsible for debts contracted by the officers and crew thereof.
H. G. Curtis, Master.
Rothschild & Co., Agents.
Port Townsend July 6, 1882.

BRIG T. W. LUCAS.
From Guaymas.
Neither the Captain nor the undersigned Agents will be responsible for any debts contracted by the officers or crew of the above named vessel.
C. F. Kroeger, Master.
Rothschild & Co., Agents.
Port Townsend, July 1, 1882.

BR. STR. GLAMIS CASTLE.
From Nanaimo, B. C.
Neither the Captain nor the undersigned Agents will be responsible for debts contracted by the officers or crew.
B. J. C. Tod, Master.
Rothschild & Co., Agents.
Port Townsend, June 28, 1882.

French bk. Louis IX.
From Melbourne, Australia.
Neither the Captain nor the undersigned Agents will be responsible for debts contracted by the officers and crew of the vessel above named.
FRANCIS THOMAS HUGHES, Master.
Rothschild & Co., Agents.
Port Townsend, June 27, 1882.

AM. SHIP MATILDA.
From Iquique, Peru.
Neither the Captain nor the undersigned Agents will be responsible for debts contracted by the officers or crew of the above named vessel.
J. G. MERRYMAN, Master.
Rothschild & Co., Agents.
Port Townsend, June 27, 1882.

British bark Malinche.
From Callao, Peru.
NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED AGENTS will be responsible for debts contracted by the officers or crew.
L. KIRKHAM, Master.
ROTHSCHILD & Co., Agents.
Port Townsend, June 17, 1882.

German Bk. Black Diamond.
From Nagasaki, Japan.
Neither the Captain nor the undersigned Agents will be responsible for debts contracted by the officers or crew.
Geo. Boyd, Master.
ROTHSCHILD & Co., Agents.
Port Townsend, June 8, 1882.

French Barque Prudent.
FROM MANZANILLO, MEXICO.
NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED AGENTS will be responsible for any debts contracted by the officers or crew.
A. AILLET, Master.
ROTHSCHILD & Co. Agents.

British Bark Carmel.
FROM VALPARAISO, CHILE.
Neither the Captain nor the undersigned Agents will be responsible for debts contracted by the officers or crew.
NEIL McCALLUM, Master.
ROTHSCHILD & Co. Agents.
Port Townsend, May 27, 1882.

British Bk. Star of Peace.
FROM MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.
NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED AGENTS will be responsible for debts contracted by the officers or crew of the above named vessel.
H. B. FRANCIS, Master.
ROTHSCHILD & Co., Agents.
Port Townsend, May 18, 1882.

Barque John Worster.
FROM NEWCASTLE, N. S. W.
via TAHITI
Neither the captain nor the undersigned Agents will be responsible for debts contracted by the crew of the above named vessel.
F. A. HOUGHTON, Master
Rothschild & Co. Agents
Port Townsend, April 27, 1882

Ship Majestic.
BOUND SYDNEY, N. S. W.
Neither the captain or the undersigned Agents will be responsible for debts contracted by the crew of the above named vessel.
J. A. HATFIELD, Master.
Rothschild & Co., Agents.
Port Townsend April 26, 1882

BRITISH BARK KEBROYD.
FROM HONOLULU
Neither the Captain nor the undersigned Agents will be responsible for debts contracted by the officers or crew of the above named vessel.
JOHN STOREY, Master.
Rothschild & Co., Agents.
Port Townsend March 28, 1882.

British Bark Birchgrove,
FROM SYDNEY N. S. WALES.
NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED AGENTS of the above named vessel will be responsible for debts contracted by the officers or crew.
J. B. FRANCIS, Master.
ROTHSCHILD & CO., AGENTS.

French Bark Prospero.
FROM NANTES, FRANCE
Neither the Captain or the undersigned Agents will be responsible for debts contracted by the officers or crew of the above named vessel.
F. DUBREUILLE, Master.
Rothschild & Co., Agents.
Port Townsend, March 28, 1882.

German bk Martha Brothelmann,
FROM SHANGHAI.
NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED AGENTS of the above named vessel will be responsible for any debts contracted by crew.
JACOB KLEIN, Master.
ROTHSCHILD & Co., AGENTS.

British Bark Martha
FROM SHANGHAI.
NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED AGENTS of the above named vessel will be responsible for debts contracted by the crew.
ALEX. WITHERSON, Master.
ROTHSCHILD & CO. AGENTS.

Holland Bark Hollander.
FROM SHANGHAI, CHINA
NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED AGENTS will be responsible for debts contracted by the officers or crew belonging to the above named vessel.
J. G. VAN BEEST, Master.
ROTHSCHILD & CO. AGENTS.

British Bk Earl of Elgin.
FROM SHANGHAI, CHINA.
NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED AGENTS of the above named vessel will be responsible for debts contracted by the officers or crew.
JAMES MORRISON, Master.
ROTHSCHILD & CO. AGENTS.

When days are over!
Oh, my true love,
I'll be with you again!

The Duel about Miss Imogene.

Miss Imogene de Forest was eighteen years old, a beauty and a belle.

Besides, she had a very respectable private fortune, though young Jefferson Duval and Captain Milton Fontaine both averred that was the very least point in her charms, and not worthy to be named with her dark eyes and bewitching smile.

Herbert, though both were pretenders to Imogene's favor, they had preserved the semblance of friendship.

One lovely evening in the charming May of May is charming in central Texas—Imogene was slowing riding across a prairie that was one billowy sea of grass and flowers.

Both pushed their horses to their utmost speed, but the prospect was not cheering. In fact the question was this: Would the bull or the horses have the best of it in a race of over two miles of open prairie?

"He is gaining on us, and I am turning sick and faint. Oh, what shall I do?"

Suddenly the shouts of the men behind attracted their attention. Imogene glanced fearfully around. The two horsemen she had noticed were coming on at a thundering pace; and before she could check or turn her horse, one of them had risen in his stirrup and thrown a lasso around the infuriated animal. It was now evident that Governor De Forest was

one of these horsemen; the other, who still held the rope, was quite unknown both to Duval and Imogene.

The governor quickly dispatched the bull with his rifle, and then, as the herd were evidently growing uneasy, the whole party rode rapidly home. Thanks and introductions were practically delayed, although the stranger knew that no thanks or introduction would ever be more satisfactory to him than the glance he had received in the swiftest moment from Imogene.

Duval was very unhappy. He wondered if he had behaved in a cowardly manner. The whole affair had been so sudden and rapid, he could neither analyze his feelings nor his actions. Imogene had only said that she "quite excused him." Had there been anything to excuse? And then this stranger. He was quite as inexplicable. Governor De Forest had simply introduced him as "Mr. John Winthrop." He was a little man, with a plain, positive face. His skin was tanned, his hair light, and his eyes of that steely blue which always annoys weak and incapable persons.

Mr. Winthrop made very light of the adventure, and gave all credit of the rescue to the Governor, except perhaps for one moment, in which he and Imogene once more exchanged eyes. The news spread through the little town, and Fontaine was very indignant at fate. "If only he had been with Miss Imogene! Managing wild cattle was a trifle to him. He would rather have enjoyed the encounter than otherwise. He had half a dozen plans ready for such emergencies as that," etc. And really he did look so gallant and handsome that most girls would have been willing to face a herd of wild buffalo under his protection.

Duval felt Fontaine's bravado a personal slight, but he did not wish to make Imogene the subject of a quarrel, and after a rather unsatisfactory visit, the two went home together.

However, next morning Captain Fontaine had the most graceful little note from Miss Imogene, asking him to bring his guitar and assist her in entertaining a few guests that evening. Duval had also one equally flattering; for it touchingly referred to their mutual danger and escape, and hoped he would come prepared to finish the exquisite poem which had been so terribly interrupted.

The evening was a remarkable one in many respects. Scarcely ever had the ex-governor's mansion been so profusely decorated and so brilliantly illuminated, and to the magnificent feast prepared all the principal magnates of the neighborhood had been invited.

Imogene had never looked so bewitchingly unreal and poetic. Her oval face, with its creamy color and soft dark eyes, was crowned with great waves of dark hair and snowy flowers, and her long drapery of some soft silky tissue seemed to shimmer and glance like a fairy robe, as, with winning smiles and gracious, graceful manners, she flitted to and fro among the guests.

John Winthrop was among them. He did not dance and he did not sing, and he smiled queerly at the very idea of reciting poetry; consequently, neither Fontaine nor Duval felt uneasy about his influence. Indeed, he seemed only to be able to converse on two subjects—property and politics.

Still he had one great advantage, he stayed in the same house with Imogene, and could see her in many favorable moments forbidden to less happy mortals. But Duval, who watched him closely, was soon convinced that he was indifferent to this immense favor; for Duval had found opportunities of putting very clever leading questions to Mr. Winthrop, and that gentleman had answered him with the greatest candor.

Indeed he was so much more polite and sympathetic than he expected, that Duval, who really longed for a confidante, poured out his whole soul to him, and asked John candidly what was his opinion about his own and Fontaine's chances. Did he really think that Fontaine would win Imogene?

John said he knew very little of women, but he thought Fontaine would not win Miss Imogene.

It is a comfort to have a confidante, and Duval brightened so much under the process of pouring out his hopes to John that Fontaine noticed the change, and began to fear that his rival had comfort and encouragement of which he did not know.

He was pondering this question very gloomily one night, when he met John Winthrop. How it happened he never could tell, but in two minutes the two were talking of Imogene, and Fontaine had told John of all his hopes in regard to her. John listened with interest, and even encouraged the conversation, though he tried to moderate Fontaine's complaints of Duval.

"For," said he, "it is only right to tell you that I am also Duval's confidante. I must say the affair is full of interest to me, and I can partly understand how it fills and colors all the hours of your two lives. For me things are different. If I should fall in love, I could not afford to lose an hour's time or an hour's sleep about any woman."

In this way matters went on for some weeks. John was the known confidante of both men, a post not half so difficult as it appears at first sight. For Fontaine often wanted to say something about Duval that he did not care to say to Duval's face. He therefore made the remark to John, hoping that he would be his mouth-piece, and it is needless to say that Duval followed the same plan.

John smiled, and smoked, and listened, and kept very quiet, a thing easy enough to do, for both lovers only cared to hear themselves complain. That they kept up so long an appearance of friendship was entirely due to John's wise reticence, and charitable rendering of such scraps of conversation as he felt obliged to report.

But smouldering fire cannot always be controlled, and one night when Imogene had been very haughty and cross both to Duval and Fontaine, they unfortunately met on the piazza of their hotel. Duval was despondent and prostrate. Fontaine angry and scornful, and Duval's air naturally irritated him.

"How ill-tempered Miss Imogene was to-night!" he said, fretfully, flinging his half-smoked cigar into the street.

"Miss Imogene is never ill-tempered," said Duval, warmly. "I will not allow you to say such a thing."

"You won't allow me? Understand I shall say what I like about that young lady. I do not recognize your right to defend her."

"Nor I yours to blame her."

"Perhaps I have more right than you know of."

"That is a lying insinuation; you are no gentleman to make it."

"Do you dare to say it is a lie?"

"Yes; and I don't mind saying it is a solid lie."

"You know the consequences of that speech, I suppose?"

"I know them very well. I am not afraid of you."

"Duval! Duval! I'll—"

"Oh, keep cool, Fontaine! Send your second to me to-night. If your valor holds till morning I'll give you a chance to prove it."

"Very well, sir. Understand, this goes to the bitter end. I will receive no apology—not the most abject one."

"No apology will be offered you."

Then Duval flung his hat on his head, untied his horse, and rode rapidly up the street. He went, in fact to John Winthrop, to ask him to make the proper arrangements for a meeting between Fontaine and himself the next day. After a little persuasion, John agreed to do so; but, ere Duval left, Fontaine tapped smartly on John's door and made the same request. The two opponents bowed to each other, but left all speech to John, who, in truth, seemed admirably adapted for the part he found himself almost obliged to play.

He tried first to effect a reconciliation, but, finding that impossible, made the strange proposition to act as second for both. "Gentlemen," he said, with a winning courtesy, "you are both equally my friends, and I am honestly disposed to do equal justice to each. Fix on some place and hour, and I will bring my friend Dr. Allen and see everything as pleasantly and honorably settled as possible."

Both Duval and Fontaine bowed to this proposal. Perhaps neither of them was in his heart as bloodthirsty as he pretended, and a peaceably inclined second had a good deal in his power. So a little wood about two miles out of town was fixed upon, and sunset the following day was the fated hour. John had insisted on this delay partly, he said, because he hoped the principals might change their minds, and partly because it would allay any suspicion which their quarrel and late visit to himself might arouse.

So both Duval and Fontaine were at their usual desk in the morning, and their evening horseback ride was so common and natural, that no one attached any unusual meaning to it. Both men arrived at the designated spot by different roads, but within two minutes of each other. Duval bowed, leaned against a tree, and smoked what might be his last cigar. Fontaine passed nervously up and down, waiting with great impatience John's arrival with the appointed weapons, which both men had entrusted to him. The sun set. The little wood got darker and darker—so dark at last that Duval's cigar made a distinct glow. Still, John did not come.

Neither liked to make the first remark, yet it was evident that for some cause or other their wounded honor would have to endure another twelve hours' wrong. Yet Duval was just lighting another cigar, when a little negro boy came running through the wood.

"Done found you at last, Mas'r Jeff. Thought you'd done shot each other, for sure. I've been a-lookin' all round yer since sundown."

"What have you come here for?"

"Mas'r John Winthrop send dese two letters—for sure he did, now."

"Where is he?"

"Done gone."

"Fontaine," said Duval, "will you have a match to read your's by?"

"Thank you, Duval, I will."

So by the light of a succession of lucifers both gentlemen read the following words:

"My friends, I am opposed to duels on principle; so is my dear bride, who hopes you will both remember her too kindly to stain her name with your blood. Your little foolish quarrel hurried our arrangements, which had been made for a month later. You will see now the wisdom of the advice I have always given you both."

JOHN WINTHROP.

There was a moment's dead silence, then Duval said: "Fontaine, we have no quarrel now, and if we have, we have no weapons. Suppose we go back to the hotel and have supper?"

—Harper's Weekly.

The Artist's First Triumph.

Behind the Alps is the land of miracles, the world of adventure. We do not believe in miracles; adventure, on the contrary, is very dear to us—we listen to it with willingness—and such a one as only happens to genius took place in Bologna, in the year 1834. The poor Norseman, Ole Bull, whom at that time no one knew, had wandered thus far southward. In his fatherland some persons certainly thought that there was something in him; but most people, as is generally the case, predicted that Ole Bull would amount to nothing. He himself felt that he must go out into the world in order to cherish the spark into a flame, or else to quench it entirely. Everything seemed at first to indicate that the latter would be the case. He had arrived at Bologna, but his money was spent, and there was no place where there was any prospect of getting more no friend, not a countryman, held forth a helping hand toward him; he sat alone in a poor attic, in one of the small streets.

It was already the second day that he had been there, and he had scarcely tasted food. The water-jug and the violin were the only two things that cheered the young and suffering artist. He began to doubt whether he really was in possession of that talent with which God had endowed him, and in his despondency breathed into the violin those tones which now seize our hearts in so wonderful a manner—those tones which tell us how deeply he has suffered and felt. The same evening a great concert was to be given in the principal theater. The house was filled to overflowing; the Grand Duke of Tuscany was in the royal box; Madame Malibran and Monsieur De Beriot were to lend their able assistance in the performance of several pieces. The concert was to commence, but matters looked inauspicious—the manager's star was in the ascendant—Monsieur de Beriot had taken umbrage, and refused to play. All was trouble and confusion on the stage, when, in this dilemma, the wife of Cossini, the composer, entered, and in the midst of the manager's distress related that on the previous evening, as she passed through one of the narrow streets, she had suddenly stopped on hearing the strange tones of an instrument, which certainly resembled those of a violin, but yet seemed to be different. She had asked the landlord of the house who it was that lived in the attic whence the sounds proceeded, and he had replied that it was a young man from the north of Europe, and that the instrument he played was certainly a lyre, but she felt assured that it could not be so; it must either be a new sort of an instrument, or an artist who knew how to treat his instrument in an unusual manner. At the same time she said that they ought to send for him, and he might, perhaps, su p'y th' place of Monsieur de Beriot, by playing the pieces that must otherwise be wanting in the evening's entertainment. This advice was acted upon, and a messenger dispatched to the street where Ole Bull sat in his attic. To him it was a message from heaven. Now or never, thought he; and, though ill and exhausted, he took his violin under his arm and accompanied the messenger to the theater. Two minutes after his arrival the manager informed the assembled audience that a young Norwegian, consequently a "young savage," would give a specimen of his skill on the violin instead of Monsieur de Beriot.

Ole Bull appeared. The theater was brilliantly illuminated. He perceived the scrutinizing looks of the ladies nearest to him; one of them, who watched him very closely through her opera-glasses, smilingly whispered to her neighbor, with a mocking mein, about the diffident manners of the artist. He looked at his clothes, and in the strong blaze of the light they looked rather the worse for wear. The lady made her remarks about them, and her smile pierced his very heart. He had taken no notes with him which he could give to the orchestra; he was consequently obliged to play without accompaniment. But what should he play? "I will give them the fantasies which at this moment

cross my mind!" And he played improvisatory remembrances of his own life—melodies from his soul. It was as if every thought, every feeling passed through the violin, and revealed itself to the audience. The most astounding acclamations resounded through the house. Ole Bull was called forth again and again. They still desired a new improvisation. He then addressed himself to the lady whose mocking smile had met him on his appearance, and asked for a theme to vary. She gave him one from "Norma." He then asked two other ladies, who chose one from "Othello," and one from "Moses." Now, thought he, if I take all three, unite them with each other, and form one piece, I shall then flatter each of the ladies, and perhaps the composition will produce an effect. He did so. Powerfully as the rod of the magician, the bow glided across the strings, while cold drops of perspiration trickled down his forehead. There was fever in his blood; it was as if the mind would free itself from the body; fire shot from his eyes; he felt himself almost swooning; yet a few more bold strokes—they were his last bodily powers.

Flowers and wreaths from the charmed multitude fluttered about him, who, exhausted by mental conflict and hunger, was nearly fainting. He went to his home accompanied by music. Before the house sounded the serenade for the hero of the evening, who meanwhile crept up the dark and narrow stair-case, higher and higher, into his poor garret, where he clutched the water-jug to refresh himself. When all was silent the landlord came to him, brought him food and drink, and gave him a better room. The next day he was informed that the theater was at his service, and that a concert was to be arranged for him. An invitation from the Duke of Tuscany next followed, and from that moment name and fame were sounded for Ole Bull.—Hans Christian Andersen.

Lumbermen Cutting the Key-Log.

The first thing to be done is to find out where the jam occurred, and then to discover what is called the "key-log," that is to say, the log which holds the base of the "jam." An old, experienced "jam-driver" is soon on the spot, for the news is soon carried up-stream that there is a jam below. Every minute is of consequence, as logs are coming down and the jam increasing in strength. The "key-log" being found, there is a cry for volunteers to cut it. Now, when you consider that there are some hundred big logs of timber forming a dam, and the instant the key-log is cut the whole fabric comes rushing down with a crash, you will see that, unless the axman gets instantly away he is crushed to death. There are usually in camp plenty of men to volunteer, for the man who cuts a key-log is looked upon by the rest of the loggers just as a soldier is by his regiment when he has done any act of bravery.

The man I saw cut away a log which brought down the whole jam was a quiet young fellow some 20 years of age. He stripped everything save his drawers. A strong rope was placed under his arms, and a gang of smart young fellows held the end. The man shook hands with his comrades and quietly walked out on the logs, ax in hand. I did not know what the loggy-road one felt, but I shall never forget my feelings. The man was walking quietly to what might be his death. At any moment the jam might break of its own accord, and also, if he cut the logs, unless he instantly got out of the way he would be crushed by the falling timber.

There was a dead silence while the keen ax was dropped with force and skill on the pine log. Now the notch was near half through the log; one or two more blows and a crack was heard. The men got in all the slack of the rope that held the axman; one more blow and there was a crash like thunder, and down came the wall, to all appearances on the axman.

Like many others I rushed to help haul away the poor fellow, but to my great joy I saw him safe on the bank, certainly sadly bruised and bleeding from sundry wounds, but safe.—The Field.

THERE was an entertainment at Laramie a few evenings ago, at which the guests appeared in such costumes as their taste suggested. The following will give some idea of the occasion: Mr. Nye wore a Prince Albert coat with the tails caught back with red yarn and home-made sunflowers. He also wore a pair of velvet knee breeches, which, during the evening, in an unguarded moment, split up the side about nine feet. This, together with the fact that one of his long black stockings got caught on the top of a window cornice, tearing a small hole in it, letting out the sawdust and baled hay with which he was made up, seemed to cast a gloom over the countenance of this particular guest. With one large voluptuous calf, and the other considerably attenuated, Mr. Nye seemed more or less embarrassed.

"Mending the Old Flag."

BY WILL CARLETON.

In the silent gloom of a garret room,
With cobwebs round it creeping,
From day to day the old flag lay—
A veteran worn and sleeping,
Dignity, each wrinkled fold
By the dust of years was shaded;
Wounds of the storm were upon it's form;
The crimson stripes were faded.

'Twas a mournful sight in the day twilight,
This thing of humble seeming,
That once so proud o'er the cheering crowd
Had carried its colors gleaming;
Had faded with the braids of gold
That had flashed in the sun-ray's kissing;
Of faded hue was it's field of blue,
And some of the stars were missing.

Three Northern maids and three from glades
Where dreams the South-land weather,
With glances kind and arms entwined,
Came up the stairs together;
They gazed awhile with a thoughtful smile
At the crouching form before them;
With clinging holds they grasped its folds,
And out of the darkness bore them.

They heeded its scars, they found its stars,
And brought them all together,
(Three Northern maids and three from glades
Where smiles the South-land weather);
They mended away through the summer day,
Made glad by an inspiration
To fling it high at the smiling sky
On the birthday of our nation.

In the brilliant glare of the summer air,
With a brisk breeze round it creeping,
Newly bright with a glistening light
The flag went grandly sweeping;
Gleaming and bold were its braids of gold,
And flashed in the sun-ray's kissing;
Red, white and blue were of deepest hue,
And none of the stars were missing.

The Wrong Card.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

A bleak, wintry, February day,
When passers by drew their mantles
Closer as the winds came sweeping
Through the streets, or bowed their
heads to avoid the stinging of
the fine mist that filled the air.

Out of doors all was clouds and
storm, but within the handsome
house of Lawyer Ferris all was
warmth, light and beauty.

Laura Ferris, the only daughter of
the house, had been away from home
for a few weeks and was intending
to celebrate her return by an informal
gathering of her friends.

Miss Laura was invisible just now,
but as the supper bell rang, she came
down in a pretty wrapper of crimson
cashmere, for her toilet for the evening
was only partly made, and as only
papa Ferris would be present, Miss
Laura would take her supper in *neg-
lige*.

"Has anyone called, Lucy?" asked
Miss Ferris, meeting her maid on the
stairs. "I thought I heard a ring
just now."

"Yes, ma'am. I was just coming
up to tell you. It was a boy with a
basket of flowers for your reception
to-night."

"Ah! where are they, Lucy?"
"I put them on the little marble
table in the front parlor, Miss Laura."

"Very well, Lucy, that was right.
You may go up to my room, and lay
out my maize-colored sash and gloves,
please, and the pearl-handled fan."

"Yes, Miss Laura."
Laura passed down stairs, went in
to the small back parlor, and saw that
it was neatly arranged for the ex-
pected company, and then to the
large front parlor, which was also
tastefully arranged, all its appoint-
ments elegant, and even luxurious.
The Ferrises were people of both
means and taste.

Upon a small marble flower table,
with its drooping gilt chains, and
faintly carved standard, stood a
lovely basket of choice, hot-house
roses, whose crimson, fragrant hearts
infused a ray of summer warmth and
beauty into the chill February day.

"Oh! how sweet! You dear little
beauties, how I love you!" said Laura,
stooping with a bright smile, which
had a heart throb in it, for a nearer
breath of their rich perfume. "I
wonder who sent them?" was her next
thought. "I am almost sure I know.
Wonder if he sent a note?"

She glanced around, and her eyes
fell upon a card, lying close beside
the basket, bearing upon its smooth,
white surface a gentleman's name,
"Col. Dick M. Whiting."

A look of blank disappointment
chased all the brightness out of
Laura's face. She tossed the card
carelessly into the Swiss receiver
which stood also upon the little table,
beside the basket. Then, with a sec-
ond thought, she caught it up, and
flung it into the glowing, old-fash-
ioned grate.

"There!" she said, with a tone and
look of intense contempt. "I'm in-
clined to toss the basket after it!"
But no, I'll let the roses stay to or-
nament the room. Nobody will know
where they come from, and they are
so lovely. They will do no harm."

She sighed deeply, and hastened
away to the supper table.

No harm, Laura? Perhaps not.
But the innocent basket of roses came
nearly ruining two lives.

It was no wonder, then, that their
charm had gone for Laura. She be-
lieved them to be the gift of Dick
Whiting, and she had already refused
the hand of Col. Whiting. He was
rich, but she knew he was dissipated,
and it was only as the friend of her
brother that she tolerated him at all.

"I supposed George asked him here
to-night. He knew I would not," said
Laura, as she left the parlor.

After supper she went up stairs,
with a light cloud of disappointment
still resting upon her fair brow. For
when she saw the lovely basket, her
heart had whispered, "Larry Halcomb
sent it!" And she had a vision of a
fine, frank face, and a manly form
which always brought a sense of rest
and protection when he was near.

But the thought and the vision
vanished with the sight of Richard
Whiting's card, and only the in-
nocent roses' own beauty and sweet-
ness saved them from sharing its fiery
fate.

A merry, though small company,
met in Miss Ferris' elegant rooms
that night, and all seemed to enjoy
the flying moments. Laura was not
annoyed by the presence of Colonel
Whiting. George had not invited
him, and he was not there.

In the middle of the evening, Laura,
on Mr. Halcomb's arm, paused
before the basket of roses. Larry
bent down and severed one lovely
bud.

"Permit me," said he, gently mak-
ing a movement as though to fasten
it in her hair.

But Laura drew back with a motion
of dissent.

"No, please!" she said, half smiling.
"Did I offend?" asked Larry Hal-
comb, looking pained.

"No. But," with a curl of her lip,
"I chance to know who sent those
flowers, Mr. Halcomb, and I despise
him so utterly, I will not wear his
gift."

Had she looked up as Harry Hal-
comb dropped the bud, she would
have wondered what had so suddenly
stricken all light and color from his
pale, set face. But someone else
claimed her just then; and she saw
Mr. Halcomb no more that evening.

"What made him leave so early, I
wonder? Without even saying good-
bye, too! It is very odd, she mused,
as she let down the heavy tresses of
her perfumed hair, alone in her own
room after her guests were gone.

And her thoughts wandered to
other evenings when Larry Halcomb
had lingered behind the rest for more
than one good-night, and to one or
two, when he had left his farewell
imprinted upon her delicate hand,
and once, she well remembered, upon
her brow.

This, she knew, meant something.
Larry Halcomb was no trifler.

But when day after day passed;
and after that little party he came no
more, she wondered and wondered,
and did not know what to think.

When they met accidentally, he
passed her with a distant bow, and an
averted face, and she could not help
seeing that he avoided her whenever
he could.

Laura was a proud girl; she could
neither complain of his conduct, nor,
even to herself, explain its cause.

She never mentioned him to any-
one, nor showed in any way the pain
she felt. But it is a pity young
hearts ever have to ache, as Laura's
did, in secret.

At last she heard that Larry Hal-
comb was going out to California,
and then she roused for action.

"There is a meaning in it, and I
will know it!" she said to herself.
"He shall not go this way! I cannot
seek him, but if he gives me the very
least chance, I will ask why he has
changed so. Surely, in common
politeness, he will call to say good-
bye."

But time passed, and every day
Laura was more and more convinced
that he did not mean to call, or
say good-bye.

The very last day of his time had
arrived, and he had not come. For
over a week Laura had not even seen
him in the street.

"What shall I do?" she asked her-
self, in distress. "I am sure there is
some misapprehension in this, which
I could explain, if he would only give
me a chance. But he seems deter-
mined not to do it; and how can he go
so? I know he did care for me once,
I know he did, and I don't see how he
can do it."

Once she wrote him a note, and
asked him to come and see her, but
she could not bring herself to send it.

"No," said she, "there is one last
evening. He may come yet; but if
he does not, he must go, and I shall
never care for any one again! I'll be
an old maid, and stay at home and
take care of papa!"

And then she gave a little, odd
laugh, and wondered if she would
ever look as old, and wrinkled, and
withered as Miss Agnes Keesbee did,
and wear such skimpy and old-
fashioned clothes.

And then she remembered that she
had promised to spend the day with
her friend, Jenny Burford.

It was a wild, blustering March
day, with signs of snow, but she was
too nervous and restless to spend the
long day alone at home, and no one
was likely to come—Mr. Halcomb, if
he called, would not come before
night, and she would return early.

She decided to go, and soon stood
before her bureau, nicely dressed in a
handsome black cashmere, with trim-
mings of soft, cardinal ribbons. Car-
dinal loops were in her hair, and at
her throat, which was shaded, like her
round, white wrists, with soft, rich
lace.

Wrapping herself in seal-skin cloak
and furs, and putting on the pretty

walking cap with its long plume, she
went out into the racing, tearing
wind, leaving word that she would
not be at home for dinner, but would
get back early in the evening.

As the day wore on it grew rougher
and wilder. Late in the afternoon,
as Laura was preparing to return
home, the threatened snow storm
came on.

Jenny entreated her to stay all
night, and at any other time Laura
would gladly have done so, for the
two girls were very warm friends.
But to night she had a lingering
hope that even at this last moment
Larry Halcomb might call, and the
thought that she might miss her very
last chance, made her resolve to brave
the worst weather that ever fell, on
the faint hope of seeing him.

Resisting her friend's entreaties to
let her, at least, send for a carriage,
and declaring she did not mind the
walk at all, would rather enjoy it, in
fact, she took leave of the Burfords,
and began her walk home.

But the weather outside was rougher
and wilder than the girls in the
well-warmed parlor at Jenny's had
realized.

The fierce wind blew and buffeted
poor Laura about so that she could
scarcely keep her feet, and the snow
blinded her, stinging her like tiny
needles.

But she kept bravely on, struggling
with the storm, until, turning a cor-
ner, she ran full against another pe-
destrian, who, like herself, well
wrapped up, with head down, was
trying to breast the wild gale, every
instant growing wilder.

"I beg your pardon, madam!" said
the gentleman, trying to save her
from falling. "I was rushing along
so heedlessly, I did not see you."

And Laura looked up with a little
cry of surprise and excitement, for
the voice was the well-known voice of
Larry Halcomb.

As he recognized her, his apology
was stopped in sudden astonishment.

"Miss Ferris! Why, is it possible?
I did not recognize you at first.
What can bring you out in this terri-
ble storm?" he said, losing his late
coldness in his surprise.

"I was at Jenny Burford's. She
tried to make me stay, and I ought to
have stayed, I suppose. But the
storm was not so bad when I started,
and I was so anxious to get home."

She stopped, blushing, as she remem-
bered why she had been so anxious.
"And I must hurry on now," she
ad led.

"You can't go on just now," said
Mr. Halcomb. "I think this flurry
will soon be over, but you can't go on
while it lasts. See, we are just in
front of the Spencer House. I shall
take you in there until the storm less-
ens. You must not think of going
on."

"I had a notion to stop in at some
of the stores," said Laura, "but I was
afraid the darkness would overtake
me while I was alone."

"You are not alone now. I shall
not leave you, of course, until you are
safe at home," said Mr. Halcomb, with
something of a return to his cold
manner.

He took her into the ladies' parlor
of the Spencer House, out of the pit-
iless storm, and led her, trembling and
exhausted with cold and fatigue as
well as excitement, to a seat on the
sofa in the warm room, where the gas
was just lighted.

Not a soul was in the room, for
with Laura was very thankful.

"Oh isn't this delightful after the
blinding storm," sighed Laura, draw-
ing a deep breath of relief, as she
dropped into her seat.

"Rather better, I admit," said Mr.
Halcomb, seating himself beside her.
"Now rest until the storm lightens.
I am afraid you've suffered from ex-
posure already."

"Oh, no, I have not," said Laura,
brightly, for she felt a curious sense
of happiness, safety and comfort,
which was always inspired by Larry
Halcomb's very presence.

A silence of a few moments fell be-
tween them. Larry seemed deeply
occupied by his own thoughts, what-
ever they were, and Laura was really
engaged, thinking most earnestly
what to do next.

"This is my opportunity," she
thought. "Not given by himself, it
is true, but brought to me by a kind
fortune and this lucky storm! Oh,
how lucky I am that I did not stay at
Jenny's! How shall I begin what I
must say to him? I must! It's now
or never! But I can't see the way to
begin. What shall I say? What
shall I do?"

What she did do was to turn to the
silent, almost stern figure at her side,
and say in gentle tones:

"Mr. Halcomb, I heard that you
were about to leave us."

He bowed gravely.

"Your information was correct, Miss
Ferris."

"For California?"

"Yes, Miss Ferris."

"To-morrow?"

"That is my present intention."

Laura was silent for a short time.
When she spoke again her voice was
unsteady and faltering.

"Mr. Halcomb, I would like to ask
you a question. Will you allow me?"

"Anything you please, of course,
Miss Ferris."

His tone was cold and haughty.
He did not mean to help her, that
was clear. But Laura was firmly re-
solved now, and her courage rose to
meet the occasion.

"Were you going away off there
without calling to bid me good-bye?"
He bowed his head haughtily.

"I was, Miss Ferris."

Laura's cheek burned scarlet, but
she would not give up without one
more effort.

"We were friends once. I think
that gives me a right to ask why?"
she said, simply.

Mr. Halcomb turned his face, and
looked directly into Laura's eyes, as
he answered:

"Miss Ferris, I have no objection
to tell you why. I am not hopelessly a
fool, and when a lady tells me plainly,
in her own house, and with her own
lips, that she entirely despises me, I
conclude, of course, that she desires
no further acquaintance with me, and
I can only act accordingly."

Laura's breath fluttered with her
blank surprise.

"Do you mean that I ever told you
such a thing?" she cried.

"I certainly mean that."

The girl flamed all over in defense
instantly.

"Mr. Halcomb, look at me!"

"Well, Miss Ferris?"

"I wanted to see if you had gone
crazy! I utterly deny your charge!
I firmly declare that I never said any-
thing like that to you, or to anyone
else of you! Never! Never in my
life!"

"Miss Ferris, it isn't polite to con-
tradict a lady, nevertheless, I can
prove it to you."

"Prove it then," cried Laura, with
eyes that flashed and cheeks that
burned until Halcomb thought her
perfectly beautiful. But he only
answered, coolly:

"I can call the exact time to your
memory."

"Do it, then?"

"Do you remember the last evening
I spent at your house?"

"Perfectly well."

"Can you recall my offering to
place a rosebud in your hair?"

"Distinctly."

"Do you remember forbidding me,
saying that you despised the giver of
those flowers too much to wear his
gift?"

"Oh, yes! But my words could
not have applied to you, because
Richard Whiting was the giver, and
you know what he is?"

"How do you know Richard Whit-
ing sent them?" asked Larry.

"Because I found his card close be-
side the basket."

"Did you really think he sent the
flowers, Miss Laura?"

"Indeed I did."

There was a glorious change in
Larry Halcomb's fine face, as he
turned it towards Laura, saying:

"And suppose you were mistaken!
Suppose I had sent the roses, would
you have said that?"

Laura raised her glance to his and
answered frankly—

"You know I would not!"

He bent very low, all his soul in his
eyes, and said in a deep and intense
tone—

"You were mistaken. The basket
of roses was my gift. I sent them to
you because you were dear, so dear to
me, Laura. If you had thought so
then, tell me what you would have
done."

Laura raised her eyes once more,
and reading his eloquent face too
well to misunderstand him, too proud
and truthful herself to trifle with
him, she answered:

"I would have worn them in my
hair and on my bosom, Mr. Halcomb."

Larry caught both her hands in a
firm, strong clasp.

"My darling! I loved you then;
I love you now. I shall love you for-
ever! I left you because I thought
you wanted to banish me. I was go-
ing away because I could not live
without you. Laura, my love, need I
go at all?"

"Not if it depends on me to keep
you," replied Laura, showing him a
very bright face.

"It depends upon you. If I stay
I want it to be for a home of my
own, and a dear wife in it. Can I
have that, Laura?"

"You can have it, Larry."

Well, you know they were in the
public parlor of a hotel, and it was
no place for raptures. They had to
content themselves just then with
fervent words and hand-clasps. But
that was a good deal to people who
had hardly been on speaking terms
for a month or two.

Pretty soon Laura said:

"Has not the storm lightened, so
we can go? They will be uneasy
about me at home, especially if papa
happens to send to Jenny's, and finds
I am not there."

"I will see," said Mr. Halcomb.

He went to the door, and presently
came back, reporting that the snow
had ceased falling, and the wind was
so much abated, he thought they
might venture out.

and they cared little for storm or
darkness without.

Larry Halcomb did not go to Cali-
fornia the next day.

In fact he did not go at all. And a
few months later there was a gay
wedding at Lawyer Ferris' house,
and Jenny Burford was the brides-
maid.

Never the sun shone on a happier
pair than Larry and Laura Halcomb.
But it was a long time before Laura
happened to discover that Col. Whit-
ing's card had fallen from the Swiss
card receiver, by accident, when Lucy
set the basket of flowers upon the
table.

Nor did they soon forget how near
the finding of the wrong card was to
wrecking the happiness of both their
lives. And they never wearied to
bless the happy hour when, in the
midst of the blinding storm, they be-
came reconciled.

How Leather Scraps are Utilized.

Every little scrap of leather that
flies from the cutters' knives in the
Auburn shoe shops is saved, and ei-
ther goes into leather-board, shoe-
heels or grease. Who says this isn't
an economical age? About two
months ago a factory was started for
making shoe-heels in Auburn. They
now have about twenty-five hands at
work, and are making about 120 cases
of heels per day, or about 1,500 heels.
The heels are made entirely of small
scraps of upper leather. The scraps
are first cut into the right shape by
dies. They are then packed and sent
to Chelsea, Mass., where the oil is ex-
tracted from them by a secret process.
They come back dry, and are then
pasted together in wooden heel
molds. The grease is extracted in
order that the heels may be bur-
nished. They take as nice a polish
as a genuine sole-leather heel. All
the pieces that will not go into the
heels are tried out, and the firm gets
two or three barrels of grease per
week from this source. It is again
used for leather dressing. The firm
is endeavoring to obtain possession of
the naphtha process of extracting the
oil from the whole pieces, and thus
save the expense of shipping to Mas-
sachusetts. Their heels are largely
used in Auburn, and sell at \$1.30 to
\$2.40 per case.—*Leicester (Me.) Jour-
nal.*

Anecdote of Schiller.

An anecdote of Schiller, the German
poet, illustrates the fearlessness which
marked him when a small boy:

Black clouds, one day, announced
an approaching thunder-storm. Flashes
of lightning began to dart through
the atmosphere. Inquiry was made
for the boy, but he was nowhere to
be found. The tempest, meanwhile,
came nearer and nearer; the thunder
rolled awfully, and lightning burst
from the bosom of the murky clouds.

The whole family was employed in
seeking him. He was at length
found, just at the moment of descend-
ing from the top of a very tall lime
tree near the house. The father
cried:

"Why, my son, where have you
been?"

"I only wanted to see," replied the
fearless boy, "where all that fire came
from."

As old bachelor says: "One of the
delights of a slushy morning is to
have a wet gossamer containing a
woman, neither young nor handsome,
sit down by you in a street-car and
stay until your new overcoat has ab-
sorbed all the water and mud on one
side of it, and a rheumatic twinge
begins to shoot through all your
joints." And the response comes that
next to this the happiest situation
imaginable is to have the old bachelor
come into the car with an overcoat
wet through, sit plump down on your
new silk circular, set his umbrella to
drain upon your skirts, and adjust
his hat brim so that the exuding
moisture trickles down between the
back of your neck and your collar.

The most valuable result of fish
culture is expected from the culture
of the German carp, the eggs and
fry of which have been distributed
all over the country. The carp is so
easily raised and thrives so well in
ponds where other fish would die
that it is known in Europe as the
poor man's fish. Any pond will do
for it, and it does not require animal
food. There are three hundred
places in New York, where carp are
now growing in ponds unfit for other
fish. Instances are known in which
carp introduced into the ponds two
years ago, when less than two inches
long, now measure eighteen inches.

"Good morning. Congratulations.
Hearty congratulations." Thus said
a New Haven man to his neighbor
this morning. "What for?" was the
astonished inquiry. "What have I
done?" "Why, I heard that you had
twins born to you last night." "It's
all a mistake; that was Robinson, next
door." "Well, well; then it wasn't
you, I declare! You are to be con-
gratulated in earnest."

What an Eastern Lumberman Says.

Some time ago a Mr. Putnam, a Wisconsin lumberman, visited Puget Sound. After returning he wrote up the lumbering business here as follows: "I have just walked over a raft of logs towed in this morning, a special lot from 100 to 200 feet long. There were 500,000 feet in the raft, the logs scaling 6,000 to 9,000 feet each, straight as an arrow, about one-quarter clear, without a knot. They are mostly for ship building. One vessel is now loading for Melbourne, Australia, one for San Francisco, and two left this morning for China and Japan respectively. I saw logs put in yesterday from the stump to the roll-way. There is and can be very little similarity between Wisconsin and Washington Territory lumbering. Logs require more teams to handle them here, and the mills more power and solidity, and they must be run slower. If our Chippewa mill men waste timber, here they throw it away, regardless. I am surprised at the beauties of Puget Sound, with its deep, blue waters—almost within anchorage, so deep are they—and its bold, forest-covered shores over 1500 miles in extent. As a general thing, the bowsprit of a 2000 ton ship will run into the woods before her keel will touch the sandy beach, and during the forty-eight hours I have been on the Sound, scarcely a wave has rippled its placid waters."

MINING NOTICES.

BRYANT MINING COMPANY—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Harris Mining District, Takona country, Alaska Territory. Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 14th day of June, 1882, an assessment (No. 1) of One Cent per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room No. 1, 609 Sacramento street, San Francisco, California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the Twelfth Day of August, 1882, will be delinquent, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on FRIDAY, the Fifteenth Day of September, 1882, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors. WM. M. PIERSON, Secretary. Office—609 Sacramento street, San Francisco, California. Jy14-3w

CAZAR MINING COMPANY—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Harris Mining District, Takona country, Alaska Territory. Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 14th day of June, 1882, an assessment (No. 1) of One Cent per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room No. 1, 609 Sacramento street, San Francisco, California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the Twelfth Day of August, 1882, will be delinquent, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on FRIDAY, the Fifteenth Day of September, 1882, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors. WM. M. PIERSON, Secretary. Office—609 Sacramento street, San Francisco, California. Jy14-3w

GENERAL MILLER MINING COMPANY—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Harris Mining District, Takona country, Alaska Territory. Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 14th day of June, 1882, an assessment (No. 1) of One Cent per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room No. 1, 609 Sacramento street, San Francisco, California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the Twelfth Day of August, 1882, will be delinquent, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on FRIDAY, the Fifteenth Day of September, 1882, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors. GEO. W. REYNOLDS, Secretary. Office—609 Sacramento street, San Francisco, California. Jy14-3w

JAMESTOWN MINING COMPANY—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Harris Mining District, Takona country, Alaska Territory. Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 14th day of June, 1882, an assessment (No. 1) of One Cent per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room No. 1, 609 Sacramento street, San Francisco, California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the Twelfth Day of August, 1882, will be delinquent, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on FRIDAY, the Fifteenth Day of September, 1882, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors. GEO. W. REYNOLDS, Secretary. Office—609 Sacramento street, San Francisco, California. Jy14-3w

JEANNETTE MINING COMPANY—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Harris Mining District, Takona country, Alaska Territory. Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 14th day of June, 1882, an assessment (No. 1) of One Cent per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room No. 1, 609 Sacramento street, San Francisco, California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the Twelfth Day of August, 1882, will be delinquent, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on FRIDAY, the Fifteenth Day of September, 1882, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors. GEO. W. REYNOLDS, Secretary. Office—609 Sacramento street, San Francisco, California. Jy14-3w

MARYLAND MINING COMPANY—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Harris Mining District, Takona country, Alaska Territory. Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 14th day of June, 1882, an assessment (No. 1) of One Cent per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, room No. 1, 609 Sacramento street, San Francisco, California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the Twelfth Day of August, 1882, will be delinquent, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on FRIDAY, the Fifteenth Day of September, 1882, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors. WM. M. PIERSON, Secretary. Office—609 Sacramento street, San Francisco, California. Jy14-3w

NOTICES OF FINAL PROOF.

U. S. LAND OFFICE, Olympia, W. T., July 6, 1882. Notice is hereby given that PATRICK GORMAN has filed notice of intention to make final proof before the Judge or his absence, the Clerk of the Probate Court, at his office, in Friday Harbor, W. T., on Friday the 15th day of August, A. D. 1882, on Homestead application No. 234, for the nw 1/4 of sw 1/4, sw 1/4 of nw 1/4 of sec. 22, sec. 23, and the hf of nw 1/4 of sec. 21, tp 33 n, r 3 west. He names as witnesses: Daniel Madden, Charles McKay and Patrick Bign of San Juan county, W. T., and John Crook of Friday Harbor, W. T. JOHN F. GOWEY, Register.

U. S. LAND OFFICE, OLYMPIA, W. T., July 6, 1882. Notice is hereby given that JOHN H. CARR has filed notice of intention to make final proof before the Judge or his absence, the Clerk of the Probate Court, at his office in Friday Harbor, W. T., on Saturday the 19th day of August, A. D. 1882, on Homestead application No. 292, for the lot 4 and sec. 2, tp 34 n, and the hf of nw 1/4 of sec 23 and se 1/4 of sec 34, tp 35 n, r 2 west. He names as witnesses: Andrew P. Mann, Warren C. Mail, James L. Davis and T. J. Weekes all of Lopez Island, W. T. JOHN F. GOWEY, Register.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, Olympia, Washington Territory, July 6th, 1882. Notice is hereby given that EDGAR J. BROWN has filed notice of intention to make final proof before the Judge or his absence, the Clerk of the Probate Court at his office, in Friday Harbor, W. T., on Friday the 18 day of August, A. D., 1882, on Homestead application No. 269, for the wf of nw 1/4 of sec 29 and e hf of nw 1/4 of sec 30, tp 35 n, r 2 west. He names as witnesses: Robert Firth, Jr., Thomas Sutcliffe, James M. Fleming and John Hankinson all of San Juan, San Juan Co. W. T. JOHN F. GOWEY, Register.

U. S. LAND OFFICE, Olympia, W. T., July 6th, 1882. Notice is hereby given that THOMAS FLEMING has filed notice of intention to make final proof before the Judge or his absence, the clerk of the Probate Court, at his office, in Friday Harbor, W. T., on Friday the 18th day of August, A. D. 1882, on Homestead application, 264, for the e hf of sw 1/4 of sec 30 and e hf of nw 1/4 of sec 29 tp 35 n, r 3 west. He names as witnesses: James M. Fleming and T. A. M. Fleming of San Juan, W. T. John Hankinson and Frank M. Boyce of Friday Harbor, W. T. JOHN F. GOWEY, Register.

Notice of Application to Purchase Timber U. S. DISTRICT LAND OFFICE, OLYMPIA, WASHINGTON TERRITORY. Notice is hereby given that, in compliance with the provisions of the Act of Congress approved June 3, 1878, entitled "An Act for the sale of Timber Lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada and Washington Territory," WILLIAM SANFORD of King county, Washington Territory, has this day filed in this office his application to purchase the sw 1/4 of sec 28, in tp 30 31 n, r 3 west of the Willamette Meridian. Any and all persons claiming adversely the said described land, or any portion thereof, are hereby required to file their claims in this office within sixty (60) days from date hereof. Given under my hand, at my office, in Olympia, W. T., this 15th day of May, A. D. 1882. J. T. BROWN, Register of the Land Office.

UNITED STATES DISTRICT LAND OFFICE, OLYMPIA, WASHINGTON TERRITORY. Notice is hereby given that, in compliance with the provisions of the Act of Congress approved June 3, 1878, entitled "An Act for the sale of Timber Lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada and Washington Territory," CHARLES A. MYERS of Clallam county, Washington Territory, has this day filed in this office his application to purchase the nw 1/4 of sec 26, in tp 25 26 n, r 2 west of the Willamette Meridian. Any and all persons claiming adversely the said described land, or any portion thereof, are hereby required to file their claims in this office within sixty (60) days from date hereof. Given under my hand, at my office, in Olympia, W. T., this 17th day of June, A. D. 1882. J. T. BROWN, Register of the Land Office.

UNITED STATES DISTRICT LAND OFFICE, OLYMPIA, WASHINGTON TERRITORY. Notice is hereby given that, in compliance with the provisions of the Act of Congress approved June 3, 1878, entitled "An Act for the sale of Timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada and Washington Territory," JOHN CHADLER of Jefferson county, Washington Territory has this day filed in this office his application to purchase the sw 1/4 of sec 27, and e hf of sec 28, in tp 29 n, r 2 west of the Willamette Meridian. Any and all persons claiming adversely the said described land, or any portion thereof, are hereby required to file their claims in this office within sixty (60) days from date hereof. Given under my hand, at my office, in Olympia, W. T., this 14th day of June, A. D. 1882. J. T. BROWN, Register of the Land Office.

Notice is hereby given that, in compliance with the provisions of Act of Congress approved June 3, 1878, entitled "An Act for the sale of Timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada and Washington Territory," JOHN CHADLER of Jefferson county, Washington Territory has this day filed in this office his application to purchase the sw 1/4 of sec 27, and e hf of sec 28, in tp 29 n, r 2 west of the Willamette Meridian. Any and all persons claiming adversely the said described land, or any portion thereof, are hereby required to file their claims in this office within sixty (60) days from date hereof. Given under my hand, at my office, in Olympia, W. T., this 14th day of June, A. D. 1882. J. T. BROWN, Register of the Land Office.

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Delinquent Notice. PUGET SOUND IRON COMPANY. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Irondale, Washington Territory. NOTICE—There are delinquent, upon the following described stock, on account of Assessment No. 1, levied on the 18th day of May, 1882, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective shareholders as follows:

Chas. H. Simpkins, Trustee, balance of 1 3049 \$3,049 And in accordance with law, and an order of the Board of Directors, made on the 18th day of May, 1882, so many shares of each parcel of such stock as may be necessary, will be sold at public auction at the Office of the Company, No. 328 Montgomery street, Room No. 7, San Francisco, California, on Thursday, the 20th day of July, 1882, at the hour of 2 o'clock P. M., of such day, to pay delinquent assessments thereon, together with costs of advertising and expenses of the sale. A. HALSEY, Sec'y. Office, 328 Montgomery street, Room No. 7, San Francisco, California.

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