

PUGET SOUND WEEKLY ARGUS.

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PUGET SOUND ARGUS

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ALLEN WEIR,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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SCENES IN OUR YOUTH.

Heap on more wood, the wind is chill,
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.
SCOTT.

As Christmas comes in its annual round, our thoughts wander back to the scenes of childhood's days—"The days, dear Tom, when you and I were boys." If it were possible for those cheerful old fire-places (such as our poet refers to when he says "Heap on more wood") to have tongues put into their big mouths, what wonderful tales they could unfold about the merry scenes of which they have oft been silent witnesses! But as they were created dumb, we will speak for them, "of the happy days of yore," when we used to gather in happy groups around them. Perchance it may awaken a responsive chord in the hearts of those who have passed through similar scenes. Many the time we have watched Father roll in the big back-log and pile on the well-dried wood, and, as its cheerful blaze gave out warmth and comfort, the pleasant fire-circle would be formed. Perchance neighbor Smith would be there for an evening's social chat, bringing Dolly or Charley to share our childish games.

We leave Papa and Mamma and neighbor Smith to talk of subjects too big for our little minds to comprehend, while we enjoy ourselves to our hearts' content—speculating as to probable gifts from Santa Claus or watching the flames leaping and dancing, each chasing the other as they go roaring up the chimney. Then the ever ready dishes of apples, nuts and pop-corn are brought in. Many the time our little fingers were cracked while the intended victim, the nut, went rolling across the floor uninjured—then what a "row in camp" until Mamma's ever-soothing kisses quieted the pain, and some new thought diverted our attention. What an effectual cure—all were Mamma's caresses and soothing, "there, now, don't cry any more!" When the parting, "Good night" comes, we are snugly tucked away in bed—with kisses from dear Papa and Mamma—and soon the subtle influence of Morpheus brings us visions of a tempting array of gifts from the fabled reindeer driver.

Oh, happy Christmas scenes, never to be forgotten! How our hearts are warmed with gratitude as we think of the kind, affectionate parents who anticipated our wants and provided for our youthful happiness! How we peered up the chimney, wondering how Santa Claus could come down and go up again! How, after listening to wonderful fairy tales about this famed individual, we would ask Mamma ever so many questions about him! We were generally quieted with: "My dears, you mustn't ask so many questions; but remember that only the good little children will get presents from

Santa Claus." Then there would be a chorus—"Oh, Mamma, I'm good." "Aint I good, Mamma?" "I be dood, too, Mamma?" I guess we were good, for we always found our stockings filled with just such toys and presents as we had wanted. We did not wait to be asked a second time to do a chore or favor for our parents, but each wanted to be first.

What a fortunate thing if we could carry the tender memories of childhood scenes with us through life! How they would soften the corroding cares of warning years, and bring us continued eden here below!

"Oh, happy days of our youth,
Why art thou gone?"

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

A DIRECT ROUTE TO THE SOUND.

Walla Walla ("Statesman.")
While work on the Pen 'dOrville is rapidly progressing, and must, in the nature of things, be of inestimable importance to this country, we are of the opinion that our resources demand a shorter more direct route to tide water than that chosen by the Northern Pacific railroad via Kalama. We know that the building of a direct road to the Sound across the Cascade mountains by the way of the Cowlitz pass appears a formidable undertaking, but the difficulties of its construction, if pushed with energy, would be found to be less real than they appear on contemplation, and the completion of the enterprise, although more costly in construction, would be more than compensated in possessing the advantages of a direct route, whereby the cost of running a shorter line on quicker time, and having less rolling stock to keep in repair, would be materially lessened; in addition to these advantages, the line, by tapping the inexhaustible forests of timber at the base of the divide on either side, would have not only a full supply of fuel along the entire length of its track, which it lacks at present, but it would possess the far greater advantage of practically monopolizing the traffic of this country for many years, thus placing competition out of the question, by having at its disposal right on the ground all the ties and lumber necessary for the construction of branches and feeders without having to transport them round the mountain by the present circuitous route.

Viewing only the PRESENT STATUS of this country, it was perhaps, good policy for the directors to build the North Pacific road down the Columbia, but we contend that in a scheme of this magnitude it is not unreasonable to take into serious consideration the probability—nay—the absolute certainty of a rapid development of new and a grand expansion of old industries in our young and growing empire east of the mountains; and if this hypothesis be correct, then the company have made a grievous mistake in locating down the Columbia, and for the reasons that in contemplating the giant strides with which this section is progressing towards development and wealth, a direct route across the mountains must be built to meet the necessities of the country, and when completed, it will reduce the great Northern Pacific to the condition of a mere local line which will also be brought into direct and sharp competition with the river traffic, whose freight rates will be reduced as the progress of national improvements

on this great highway facilitates navigation. We are of those who have a firm and abiding belief in our country forced upon us by the irresistible logic of its past and present growth, and an extensive knowledge of the resources of this great interior which reveals in the vistas of the near future the mighty destiny of our giant empire, and it is with this conviction strong upon us that we desire our initial railroad enterprises, which are to facilitate our progress, to be placed upon a successful and permanent financial basis that we urge the directors of the Northern Pacific railroad to reconsider the subject of a direct route to tide water, a few of the advantages of which we have enumerated. This subject is as full of interest to the Sound as to our people, and if the press of that section is wise they will give it an extensive agitation if they desire to advance their own material interests by making their country the highway over which our freight is to pass, for although we would naturally desire to ship our commodities from ports in our own territory, yet is quite within the bounds of reasonable probability that the enterprising citizens of Portland may make it more advantageous for us to ship our freight from Kalama down the Columbia than from Kalama to the Sound should the Northern Pacific road be built as now projected. We fear that our neighbors on the Sound have not yet begun to realize the importance of our section, but it is not too late for them to seize the golden opportunity which now confronts them, and if they desire to aid us in urging the Northern Pacific to abandon the river for that of a more direct route they will be cheerfully and willingly assisted in the good work, and should it become necessary we think that the people on this side of the divide would instruct our majority in the territorial legislature to lighten the labor of construction by appropriate action should the building of direct road via the Cowlitz Pass prove a more difficult undertaking than we anticipate.

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ALLEN WEIR, : : Editor and Proprietor

TEA.

They may talk of their cocktails, their toddies and punches,
Their fancy mixed drinks and their spirits taken straight,
Their tankards of beer, and their jolly cold lunches,
O'er which happy toppers till midnight debate;
They oft are enjoyed; yet a sad enervation
Is hid in each glassful so sparkling and free;
And I fall back at last on a better potation—
That genuine comfort, a hot cup of tea.
No more will I drain to the clink of the glasses,
Those brain-stealing liquids, deceitfully bright;
But fling them away for the cup that surpasses
All others in taste without dazing the sight;
So here's to the tee-total men of all nations,
May their hearts be as warm, and their fancies as free,
From mixtures impure as this king of potations,
So fragrantly steaming—this pure cup of tea.
This dear cup of tea! what a help to the ladies!
With gossip and sugar, a draught of delight,
At clubs and tea parties, where every dear maid sees
Among the cup's dregs her appropriate knight.
How it braces their nerves and awakens their fancies;
Till husbands oft quail before feminine lances,
Nor dream they were pointed by one cup of tea.
Tien tempt me no more with your heart-burning liquor,
So cursed to the taste and so bright to the eye;
The mortal that drinks it may feel his mind flicker,
His pride slowly sink, and his ambition die,
Down vendors, to hell with your black occupation,
No more of your soul-killing venom for me;
I've broken your charm, and the blessed potation
That comforts me now is a strong cup of tea.

The Road Agent.

My route, which was the only road between the town of Ireton and Chester, lay for three miles through an almost unbroken wilderness. The track had been badly cut to pieces by recent rains, and my progress was much slower than was either safe or pleasant. Sunset found me still many miles from my destination, and I began to reflect on the probability of a night's lodging in the woods in no very comfortable frame of mind.

My horse stumbled so constantly in the increasing darkness that I was forced at length to allow him to pick his way at a slow walk. I had arrived at a particularly rough part of the road, and halted to make sure that no pitfall lay in the obscurity beyond, when a form sprang out of the bushes and stood beside me. In the dull light I could perceive that it was a small, slightly-built man, clad in shabby garments, with a broad slouched hat concealing his face, and that he held a pistol in unpleasant proximity to my head.

"What do you want?" I asked, with what composure I could muster.

"Your money," was the answer. "Fling it into the road and ride on."

The voice was singularly sweet for a man—a ruffian at that—and there was a tremor in it that belied his threatening air.

"The man is a coward," I said to myself; then aloud, "Suppose I refuse to comply with your very reasonable request, what then?"

"I shall blow your brains out," was the reply. "Throw me your money, and be quick about it."

I raised my hand from my side as if to comply with his demand; but instead of doing so I suddenly lifted my riding whip and brought it down upon the temple of my waylayer. The blow was a powerful one, and he rolled under my horse's feet without a sound.

In the act of lifting his head upon my arm, his hat fell off, and a coil of luxuriant brown hair fell over my arm. Much astonished at this, I bent over the lifeless body and beheld a pale beautiful face, with small delicate features, whose expression, even in unconsciousness, was that of mingled sadness and despair. My assailant was a woman, young and bearing traces of refinement about her, despite her male attire.

After a little search I discovered the weapon with which she had threatened me. It was an old pistol broken and unloaded. With an impulse that I did not stop to question, I thrust it into my pocket. Then I examined the wound I had inflicted. It was a slight one, but would leave a life long scar upon her temple.

What should such a woman be doing

in this desolate place? What crisis of misfortune had driven her to an act so dangerous and so unwomanly? There was no time to reflect on the matter, for she stirred slightly, and a faint moan of pain came through her pale lips.

With a sense of deep remorse for the violence I had done the poor girl, I bound up her wound with her handkerchief and slipped a good portion of the money I had about me into the pocket of her coat. I felt that her need must be desperate indeed.

After a moment her eyes opened and she gazed wildly around.

"What has happened?" she said, confusedly. "Where is my father?"

Then she gazed at me wonderingly.

"Oh I remember," she cried, in a heartrending accent. "Oh, sir, if you knew why I did it! Let me go to my father—pray, pray let me go!"

"You shall," said I, soothingly; "I will take you to him, for you are not able to walk alone. Poor child! it was a mistake, and I was very brutal. Say no more, but lean on me."

She obeyed in silence, and slinging my horse's bridle over my arm, I led her down the road until she paused before a miserable hut, whose battered aspect and unlighted windows gave sorrowful evidence of the poverty of the inmates.

As I released her she suddenly seized my hand, and gazing up into my face appealingly, broke into a passion of tears.

"I understand you," I said. No one shall ever know what has occurred tonight from my lips. No wrong has been done, except through my violence and I hope that you will forgive. Now go to your father.

Waving my hand in farewell, I sprang upon my horse and rode away.

Cautious inquiry in the next town elicited the fact that the old hut I had seen was occupied by an old man named Windsor and his daughter named Julia. They had come from the East three years previous and had evidently seen better days. Even now, miserably poor as they are, they preserved a dingy, aristocratic appearance, so that their neighbors knew little about them and cared less. How they lived my informant could not guess. The father had been in feeble health for a long time, yet the daughter, a fragile delicate girl, had found the means to support him.

I had learned one of those "means," and I went away from the town with a deeper respect for Julia Windsor than I had ever felt for a woman.

Two years later found me permanently established in New York. I had nearly forgotten my adventure with the road agent, and should have forgotten it altogether had it not been for the old pistol, which I still retained.

One evening, during a reception at the house of a friend, I observed among the guests a lady whose face seemed strangely familiar to me. Where I had met her before I could not remember; but there was something in her appearance that I recognized by heart rather than mind.

On inquiring who she was, I learned that she had lately returned from the West with her father, who had experienced severe reverses of fortune some years ago, but had recently regained his property. Her name they told me was Miss Lee.

I had never known anyone of the name but I certainly knew her. While I was puzzling myself for a solution of the mystery, one of the heavy braids which covered her forehead fell aside, and I saw a small red scar upon her temple. Then I knew her—it was my would-be robber. Miss Lee or Julia Windsor; I could not be mistaken in her identity.

As may be readily imagined I was not long in seeking an introduction to her. If, on her part, she recognized me, she entertained her composure admirably. A small red spot rising in her cheek and fading instantly was the only sign of anxiety that I could detect.

If I had thought her beautiful in her ugly male attire two years before, I found her doubly so now. The expression of care and grief had passed out of her face, but it had left its traces in her soft eye and the tremendous outline of her mouth. An air of quiet thoughtfulness—the repose of a soul heavily chastened with sorrow—had a supreme charm for me.

I had not been sitting near her ten minutes before it became painfully apparent to me that my solitary life was a cold and selfish one. This beautiful girl had lived and suffered for another. If her experience had been a sad one, it had likewise been noble. Somehow my adventure with her that memorable night seemed to give me a right to her regard. Perhaps it was because I had never forgotten her, and that the simple memory of had kept her always close to me.

Be that as it may, when I left her that night it was in an unhappy frame of mind. Emotions had been aroused in me that would not be put to sleep again. For the first time in my life I knew what love meant—love for a large-

hearted noble woman.

I had hoped that I had secured the means of a familiar intercourse with Miss Lee, by which I might be enabled to enlarge my acquaintance with her. But I soon found that I was mistaken. Converse with her I might, but never freely. Enter her house when and so often as I chose, but her sympathy not at all. She seemed to hold me at a distance. With all my efforts I could not even establish a cool friendship between us.

Did she remember me, then? and hate me for my knowledge of that one dark event in her past history? It seemed so, indeed. Yet she was blind. Could she not see that I loved her? Or was it because, while sacrificing herself for her father's sake, I had inflicted the wound whose scar she would carry to the grave? Either way, I was supremely unhappy.

Six months elapsed before I summoned up the courage to put her feelings toward me to the test. One afternoon I entered her presence firmly resolved to declare my love to her and abide the result. I could not be more wretched than I was, and my love might at least teach her to respect me. She was alone when I entered. Something in my face must have alarmed her, for she arose hastily, and would have left the room had I not called her back.

"Julia Windsor," I said, calmly "will you hear me?"

"That is not my name," she faltered, turning very white.

"No; but it was your name that night, in the far West, when you pointed a pistol at my head and demanded my money. Do you remember that night?"

She made no reply for a moment, but stood with her face averted. Then she suddenly turned and confronted me with a gesture of contempt.

"Yes, I do remember," she answered, passionately. "Am I likely to forget it while this, inflicted by your hands, remains?" She pushed back her hair and laid her finger upon the scar upon her temple. "You struck me down, but to pay me for my wound you left your money in my pocket. It saved my father's life—for that I thank you. But you may cancel all. Go tell the world what you know. Wake the tongue of slander against me. Say that once upon a time I lived in abject poverty, under an assumed name, and that to succor a perishing father I robbed passengers upon the road in male attire. I do not fear you."

"You need fear nothing," I answered, quietly, "except that I shall love you too much for your noble sacrifice."

"Love me!" she echoed, looking at me suddenly, with filling eyes. "I thought that you despised me for my unwomanly action."

"Then you wronged me deeply," I returned, approaching and taking her hand. "My remembrance of that night is full of admiration and respect. Since I have learned to know you intimately I have learned to love you—how truly, I have no words to say."

"But I threatened you with a pistol," she answered, demurely.

"It was harmless," I returned, smiling. "I kept it—I have it at home now."

"Do you remember the handkerchief with which you bound my head?" she asked slyly. "More faithful to the spirit of that night than you, I have always kept it near me. I have it now."

"Julia," said I, earnestly, "answer me truly, why?"

"Because," she returned, lifting her soft eyes to mine, "I loved you from that hour. When I saw you again my love took new strength, and though I felt that you despised me, it remained unshaken, as it shall to my dying hour."

"My darling," I said, stooping to kiss her upturned face, "on that night you robbed me of more than my purse. You made wholly yours my heart, my life, my future happiness."

Though the Esquimaux are generally below the middle stature of man, their heads are as large as those of more favored races. According to Professor Flower, the average capacity of an Esquimaux skull (male) is 1,546 cubic centimetres—the average of seventy-four modern Italian skulls. This large size of the brain seems not necessary to be connected with actual development. Another distinctive characteristic of the Esquimaux skull, as pointed out by Professor Flower, is its great length and narrowness, especially in the upper part. The base is fairly broad, and the mastoid processes well developed; but, instead of expanding upward to the parietal region, it narrows, and toward the median line above, contracts so rapidly that the upper part of the skull has the form of the roof of a house. The affinities of the Esquimaux race are declared to be more with the inhabitants of Northeastern Asia than with the American Indians; and probably they are derived from the same stock as the Japanese.—Popular Science Monthly.

Latest things in boots—Hols.

Is Slavery Abolished?

How incensed were the tender sensibilities of liberty-loving New England, when the sable-hued mothers in the Southern States were separated from their children by their inhuman masters. What storms of fiery indignation burst from the lips of her statesmen against a code that licensed such outrages. What denunciations from its pulpits upon any religion that tolerated such wrongs. What burning invectives were hurled from its press upon a civilization that permitted such atrocities. How melting was the pathos of its orators over the inhumanity of this barbarous system. What floods of sympathetic tears its people shed over the victims of such heartless cruelty. And what glad peons of triumph awoke the echoes of New England's hills and dales at the downfall of this iniquitous institution. But is slavery really abolished? To-day a mother is fleeing from this land of the free and refuge of the oppressed to find in some monarchial country of the old world an asylum denied her in this land of her birth, where the babes she has borne and nursed shall not be wrenched from her protecting arms by her infuriated drunken master. But where is now the hot indignation of New England's statesman? Where the remonstrances of her pulpits—the invectives of her press—the denunciations of her orators and the tears of her people? All are strangely silent and passive. And why? Because the "panting fugitive" now is only a white woman—a New England wife and mother—and the laws by which her babes can be torn from her fond embrace were not exacted south of Mason and Dixon's line, but are New England's own time honored statutes, made sacred by their age. And if any man weakly yielding to his humane impulses shall dare to give aid or assistance to this fleeing, fugitive mother and her infants, he will do it at his peril. The whole vengeance of our most holy fugitive laws will be invoked upon his devoted head. Do people seek to justify the barbarity of their laws by reiterating the vile slanders against Mrs. Spragus? Suppose them true, what would be thought of a proposition to deprive every husband who was false to his marital vows of the custody and control of his lawful children? If such were done, the number of half orphaned children would be fearful to contemplate. But a wife may be pure as the Madonna—may be the embodiment of all virtue and wisdom, but yet in the nineteenth century many of our States give the mother no legal right to her babes, but will permit any drunken, vicious tyrannical brute of a husband to rob her of her offspring.

While Mrs. Sprague with the prestige of her father's great name and the influential friends she may command is forced to expatriate herself in order to enjoy the rights, holiest and dearest to woman's nature, the society of her children, well may we exclaim, women have no country.—Women's Journal.

Imperfectly Directed Letters.

In New York, Boston, Baltimore and other large cities, it has been the practice for years to try to forward imperfectly directed letters on their way to those for whom they are intended, and thus to prevent them from being buried for weeks or months—possibly for years—in the dead-letter office. We say years advisedly, for within a few weeks past a letter was returned to this office from the dead-letter office that was mailed well on to two years ago. The old practice was a good one, and earned a great deal of credit for the post office department. All imperfect directions are not the result of carelessness. Many of them are defaced because the writers do not know how to do better. There never was a time and never will be, until human nature shall become perfect, or until official information penetrates every humble house in every village, when all letters were or will be directed precisely as they ought to be. Every postal department has recognized this infirmity among letter writers, and has employed skillful and experienced persons to cke out the shortcomings in the addresses of letters, so as to get them to their destinations. As well suspend all this and leave the bad spellers, poor penmen and penwomen, and unfortunates who pronounce according to their understanding in foreign tongues to their fate—close the doors of the post offices against them—as to refuse to forward letters to the absolute destination of which is perfectly well known to the post office clerks, for the sole reason that they are addressed to the popular, political or geographical names of the places they are intended for, instead of the oftentimes arbitrary post office names.

The correspondent who wants to dispose of a business on account of ill health should say whether his business is unhealthy or only himself.

George Eliot's Domestic Life.

I have been reading a minute account of George Eliot, written from London by the clever correspondent of a California paper. The latter has been copied into various journals, but put up by others into paragraphs, handy for circulation. This sweet-friendly account is sometimes erroneous and often imaginative. Marian Evans was not the "daughter of a country curate," nor of a clergyman or parson of any kind. Nor was there any mysterious clerical benefactor who took charge of her or her education. He is a pure myth, probably evolved to explain how she came to write "Scenes of Clerical Life." "Adam Bede" was not published until 21 years ago, and it did not bring her the acquaintance of either Herbert Spencer or Lewes.

It is fabulous that Lewes' legal wife ever eloped with anybody once, much less twice, as this story states, it is equally mythical that the union of G. H. Lewes with George Eliot was decided upon after a consultation with his or her distinguished friends. There was no knowledge about it beforehand; it was decided on between themselves and took their friends by surprise. They disappeared together, and came back from the continent to reside under one roof. There has never been any pretense that their union is a spiritual one or their cohabitation platonic; there is probably as little ground for that report as for another foolish one sometimes seen in American newspapers, that Lewes and Miss Evans were, at some time lawfully married. Whatever these two people may have done they never did anything to include themselves among Artemus Ward's affinities, nor yet get down on their knees to beseech pardon of society by undergoing a marriage ceremony. They never wanted for society such as they cared for; they had to fence off society. They might have dined out every day in the year with cultivated and wealthy people and danced in brilliant assemblies every night, had they been so inclined.

I am happy in the belief that there is no ground for the statement in the letter which has mingled these mistakes with its otherwise valuable information that George Eliot had laid aside her pen. It is pretty certain that she is finding in continued literary work the chief solace of her heavy sorrow. The Sunday evenings at the priory, which have in the past brought together so many of the finest thinkers in London, will probably continue, and the potent influence of this great-hearted and large-brained woman will still go forth to the world through the brains of others as well as through her own pen.—M. D. Conway's letter to Cincinnati Commercial.

The Love of Flowers.

Of the many touching tributes paid to flowers, there is one associated with the closing hours of Henry Heine, the poet, which appears to be very beautiful. He was dying in Paris.—The doctor was paying his usual visit, when Heine pressed his hand and said: "Doctor, you are my friend; I ask a favor. Tell me the truth—the end is approaching, is it not?" The doctor was silent. "Thank you," said Heine calmly. "Have you any request to make?" asked the doctor, moved to tears. "Yes," replied the poet; "my wife sleeps—do not disturb her. Take from the table the fragrant flowers she brought this morning; I love flowers so dearly. Thanks—place them upon my breast." He paused as he inhaled their perfume. He closed his eyes, and he murmured: "Flowers, flowers, how beautiful is Nature!" These were his last words as his life slowly ebbed away.

Second Class.

Two boys, each employed in a different office on Griswold street, were licking a lot of one-cent stamps on a pile of circulars at the post office, when one of them asked:

"Has your boss got back from his Summer trip yet?"

"Yes; has your'n?"

"Yes. Has anybody been around the office to welcome your boss home?"

"No; he's been home three days and hasn't had a caller."

"Well, I guess he's kind o' second class," continued the other as he whacked on a stamp. "Over twenty folks were waiting in the office when my boss got home, and they said if he didn't straighten up them accounts they'd make his trouble right along! He hadn't hardly landed before most everybody knew he was home.—Detroit Free Press.

The whisper of a beautiful woman can be heard further than the loudest yell of duty.

They don't know how to manage it in St. Louis. The way to put life into a walking match between newspaper reporters is to put a bloody tragedy at the other end of it and give the word an hour before the time of going to press.

A Patent Milk Pail.

The home of Mr. Gosman, in Orange county, lies in the track of the Summer peddler, and is constantly visited by them. Mr. Gosman is a respectable milk person, who, with the help of thirty-seven cows, sends a very large quantity of milk to the market. Though during the six months from the 1st of May to the 1st of November, an average number of five peddlers and two-thirds call on him with articles for sale, he rarely buys anything. Still, being a kind-hearted and just man, he never drives the peddler from his door with violence, and it is only when he is unusually busy that he sets the dogs on an intrusive peddler, or reminds Mrs. Gosman to throw boiling water on him. There was, nevertheless, one peddler whom Mr. Gosman rather liked. He was a pleasant-faced and cheerful fellow, who never descended to anything as low as lightning-rods or as exasperating as subscription books, but who occasionally offered for sale articles that were not wholly useless, and who always dealt liberally and fairly with his customers. For example, he once sold to a neighbor of Mr. Gosman a small monkey wrench, and when the purchaser objected that he never had any monkey wrench with it, the peddler offered to procure for him a gross of monkey wrenches of the proper size, at the wholesale price. It is true that the offer was not accepted, but that it was made is a proof of the peddler's anxiety to please his patrons.

One day last October this comparatively tolerable peddler made his last visit for the season to Mr. Gosman's house and was permitted to engage in conversation with the owner thereof. It so happened that Mr. Gosman, who always milked his own cows, was at that precise time in an unusually gloomy condition. He had that very morning witnessed the loss of seven pailsful of milk, which had been kicked over by de-severed cows, and he felt the loss severely. The peddler, seeing his opportunity, produced from his wagon a patent milk-pail, which he said he had invented himself, with an especial eye to Mr. Gosman's cows. It was certainly a most ingenious affair. When not in use, it shut up in such a way as to occupy a very small space, and when properly expanded, by means of springs, it not only had a capacity of four gallons, but it served as a seat, thus doing away with the old-fashioned milking-stool. The peddler lectured on this invention at some length, showing that it would be impossible for any cow to kick over a pail on which Mr. Gosman—who weighed 211 pounds—was seated. The result was that he sold his pail, and Mr. Gosman was so much pleased with it that he ordered six more, to be delivered at the earliest opportunity.

The next morning the pail was put in use. Mr. Gosman expanded it, sat on it, and milked seven consecutive cows with perfect satisfaction to himself. The eighth cow was an animal of much prowess, who had kicked over a score of pails in her day, besides several milk-maids. Mr. Gosman approached her, smiling as he thought how completely the new pail would thwart her wicked designs. He sat down on the pail and filled it nearly half full of milk without an accident. At last, however, the cow fancied that she saw her opportunity, and, after demoralizing Mr. Gosman by switching her tail in his eyes, she dealt the pail a tremendous kick. Unhappily, her hoof hit the very spring that kept the pail expanded. Without a moment's warning the cover of the pail sank under Mr. Gosman's weight, while the sides clasped him with an inexorable grasp. Being thus firmly held he was danced upon to some extent by the hilarious cow, and when her enthusiasm cooled and he gathered himself up, he was ready to go home and reflect, in the seclusion of his room, on the merits of the milk-pail. That diabolical machine could not be induced to release him and as he walked slowly homeward he excited a good deal of speculation, it being the opinion of most people who saw him, that he was on his way to advise the editor of the local newspaper how to conduct his journal and had wisely adopted an ironical style of dress with a view to contingencies.

Mr. Gosman is now awaiting the return of the peddler with the other half dozen pails. If that peddler should happen to see this, he will be able to save his funeral expenses; but perhaps it would be just as well for him to call on Mr. Gosman and ask him how he liked the patent pail.—N. Y. Times.

A well-dressed little child, lost by some negligent nursemaid, was the center of a sympathetic crowd of gentlemen. Questions poured in upon the child from all sides, but with an effect. At last a gentleman asked, "Where were you going to, my little dear?" "None," blurted the infant, "and I'm to go to school."

Kisses.

Kisses, says The Boston Transcript, are as various as the kissers, and each kisser is unique. There were never two just alike, any more than there were ever two faces just alike.

There is the kiss given the baby. The power to do this is peculiar to woman.

No man ever kisses a baby without making a botch of it.

The reason for this is that a kiss, to be a kiss, must be something more than lip-service. It must have heart in it.

And when a man has given his whole heart to a woman (as he always does), the baby has to take his father's kisses without that which alone makes the worth having.

But when a woman kisses a baby! Bless you, what a difference!

Her kiss has heart in it; two hearts, in fact. Her own and the one her husband has given her.

And she is so lavish of those two heart-power kisses.

Oh, to be a baby!

She cares not for dirty face, she shrinks not for aught foreign or domestic that may rest upon those pouting lips. Though nose be untidy, though chin be ditto, though cheeks be daubed with every thing daubable possible for a baby to daub with, what is that to her?

Nothing!

She sees nothing but this—a baby!

She has but one impulse—to eat it!

What one may not eat, one may kiss.

And she kisses that baby!

Oh, don't she!

To fly to the other extreme, there is the kiss of friendship. This is between two of the softer sex, the kissing sex, and is a lifeless affair, the very mummy of a kiss. It is performed in this wise [for it is a performance]:

Two ladies meet. They pucker their mouths into an angular protuberance, and cocking their heads to one side, as a hen will before picking up a grain of corn, two faces, full of unspeakable resignation and inflexible devotion to duty, approximate touch, and retire.

The school-girl kiss is a very different affair. As unlike the kiss of friendship as August is unlike December, as fire is unlike ashes, as life is unlike death.

Two school girls meet. Mouth flies to mouth, and lips to lips.

Each would swallow the other. It is well it is so.

The swallowing tendency of one is offset by the like tendency of the other.

Thus are both preserved for the sons of men.

They talk while they kiss!

Each says to each, "Oh, you dear darling creature! Where have you been these ages! [since morning.] I've got so many things to tell you!" etc., etc., etc.

And all this is said contemporaneously with that kiss; in the same instant of time.

Sometimes two men kiss, but this branch of the subject is not attractive.

We have no sympathy with it.

It is an abomination.

The kiss par excellence is, of course, the kiss of love.

What is it like?

Don't ask us. It is indescribable.

Try it.

It is sweeter than honey and the honeycomb, sweeter far than the oranges that are "all sweet." It is sweetness in the concrete, concentrated, boiled down.

Try it.

The matrimonial kiss is necessarily a tame one.

Duty is apt to grow onerous.

And that is not all.

We have said that the true kiss must have heart in it.

But the man has given his heart to his wife.

The wife concentrates her sweetness upon the baby.

There can be but one sequence.

The kiss of husband and wife is but a heartless collocation of lips.

Returned to its owner.

Since the days of Ben Franklin and the generation immediately following, it has been supposed that an umbrella is common property. Within the memory of the oldest man living, these has been found no exception to the rule until last week, when Dr. Warren Frazier, was on his way to St. Louis, and, chancing to put his umbrellas down in the depot of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad at Cincinnati for a moment, returned and found it gone. He made diligent search, but left without finding it. To his astonishment, when he returned home he found awaiting him a letter from P. W. Williams, of Aurora, Ind., stating that he had taken it for his own, and had not discovered the mistake until he reached home, where he chanced to open it and found the Doctor's name in it. He asked what should be done with it, and when advised sent it per express, prepaid. This is an extraordinary variation of the prevailing umbrella ethics of the country, and deserves commendation.—From the Lexington (Ky.) Press, Oct. 30.

The Old-Fashioned Girl.

She flourished 30 or 40 years ago. She was a little girl until she was 15. She used to help her mother wash the dishes and keep the kitchen tidy, and she had the ambition to make pies so nicely that papa could not tell the difference between them and mamma's, and yet she could fry griddle cakes at ten years of age, and darn her own stockings before she was 12, to say nothing of knitting them herself.

She had her hours of play, and enjoyed herself to the fullest extent. She had no very costly toys, to be sure, but her rag doll and little bureau and chair that Uncle Tom made, were just as valuable to her as the \$20 wax doll and elegant doll furniture the children have nowadays.

She never said "I can't," and "I don't want to," to her mother, when asked to leave her play and run upstairs and down on an errand, because she had not been brought up that way. Obedience was natural with the old-fashioned little girl.

She rose in the morning when she was called, and went out into the garden and saw the dew on the grass, and if she lived in the country she fed the chickens and hunted the eggs for breakfast.

We do not suppose that she had her hair in curl papers, or crimping-pins, or had it "banged" over her forehead, and her flounces were no trouble to her.

She learned to sew by making patch-work, and we dare say could do an "over-and-over" seam as well as nintenths of the grown-up women nowadays.

The old-fashioned little girl did not grow into a young lady and talk about beaux before she was in her teens, and she did not read dime novels, and was not fancying a hero in every plow-boy she met.

She learned the solid accomplishments as she grew up. She was taught the art of cooking and housekeeping. When she got a husband she knew how to cook him a dinner.

She was not learned in French verbs, or Latin declensions, and her near neighbors were spared the agony of hearing her pound out "The Maiden's Prayer," and "Silver Threads Among the Gold" twenty times a day on the piano, but we have no doubt she made her family quite as comfortable as the modern lady does hers.

It may be a vulgar assertion, and we suppose we are not up with the times, but we honestly believe, and our opinion is based on considerable experience, and no small opportunity for observation, that when it comes to keeping a family happy, a good cook and house-keeper is to be greatly preferred above an accomplished scholar. When both sets of qualities are found together, as they sometimes are, then is the household over which such a woman has control, blessed.

The old-fashioned little girl was modest in her demeanor, and she never talked slang or used by-words. She did not laugh at old people or make fun of cripples, as we saw some modern little girls doing the other day. She had respect for elders, and was not above listening to words of counsel from those older than herself.

She did not think she knew as much as mother, and that her judgment was as good as her grandmother's.

She did not go to parties by the time she was ten, and stay till after midnight playing euchre and dancing with any chance young man who happened to be present.

She went to bed in season, and doubtless said her prayers before she went, and slept the sleep of innocents, and rose up in the morning happy and capable of giving happiness.

And if there be an old-fashioned little girl in the world to-day, may heaven bless her and keep her, and raise up others like her.—New York Examiner.

He Knew it All.

A politician who had been on terms of intimacy with actors and artists, is suddenly elevated to an important official position. One of his friends, a distinguished actor, goes to call on him, and, entering the office, says genially, "Hallo, old fel, how's—?"

"I beg your pardon, sir," says the official, in a glacial manner; "I am occupied for a moment. Be so good as to take a seat."

The actor sits down in surprise in a chair and presently his friend says, "Now, sir, what can I do for you?"

"Why, don't you know me! I'm—"

"I do not precisely follow you," says the official. "You have come to—"

"I came, sir," said the actor, in a terrible voice, jamming his hat down on his head—"I came, sir, to give you some hints as to department now that you are a public officer, but, by the nine gods, you don't need any! Good morning, sir."—E.

"Shake," as the medicine bottle said to the invalid.

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Will make allowance on all cash sales in the above line of goods.

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BUCKEYE MOWER and REAPER,

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Medicines,
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Patent Medicines of all kinds.
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Perfumery,
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And all Articles used for the Toilet.
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Quick Sales and Small Profits.

Prescriptions Carefully Compounded.

PUGET SOUND ARGUS.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF JEFFERSON CO

THURSDAY, JAN. 1, 1880

Those of our patrons who have so kindly attended to our published request to settle their accounts, will be kindly remembered. There are yet others, however, to whom we desire to convey the gentle information that we expect soon to see the color of their coin. Don't wait for repeated duns. Send along enough to at least cover back indebtedness. It belongs to us.

THE NEW YEAR.

In expressing hearty and earnest wishes for the future prosperity of our patrons, at this, the opening of a new year, we may with propriety indulge the hope that our relations with them hereafter will be as pleasant as in the past. In this age of enterprise and almost super-human effort in the profession of journalism, nothing of an ordinary or inferior character in that line will be satisfactorily received by the public. It was but natural to expect that a literary pursuit which claimed in its ranks some of the brightest minds in the world, and which has attracted and afforded exercise to the finest talent that civilization could produce, would cultivate the tastes of the masses and work their ideas of the proper standard for it up to a higher plane. Wherein we have failed in the past to meet the expectations of our readers, we crave that charitable indulgence which a generous and enlightened public is always ready to extend to a fellow being. Ours is a term in the school of experience, the opportunities of which we are endeavoring to use for profitable advancement. The blunders of the past will prove useful lessons for future guidance, and, imitating the example of the trusty pilot, we will endeavor to find where dangerous reefs do not exist.

The ARGUS is advancing steadily in public estimation, as evidenced by its increasing support. If it had pleased everybody we would have been greatly disappointed. That it accords to all as much toleration, however, as it asks for, is claimed. In entering upon the duties of a new year, our hopes of success are based upon the plain, business principle of rendering a fair exchange of values. Our subscribers and other patrons, being exclusive judges in the case, say to us by their actions that they are receiving an equivalent for their coin.

In conclusion, while reiterating our compliments to all, we may say, that by forgetting past differences and applying ourselves more assiduously to discharging the duties of the new year we will one and all increase our happiness and usefulness. In laboring for the interests of the public on the lower Sound, the ARGUS will aim to always be on the side of truth, right and justice. To those who are willing to be co-workers, on this basis, we extend fraternal greeting.

THE CORWIN.—The U. S. revenue steamer Thomas Corwin, from the Columbia river station, will visit this port during the early part of January, on her way to Seattle to coal. Formerly, this vessel coaled at Astoria, purchasing foreign coal at a high figure. Major Morris, Special Treasury agent, conferred with Lieut. John Brann, commanding the Corwin, and through their joint efforts and recommendations the Secretary of the Treasury directed that coal for the Corwin be purchased at Seattle. We are glad to see American enterprise and industry encouraged.

It is reported that Ulysses Grant, Jr., is to be married to Jennie Flood, daughter of the bonanza chief, in February.

Mr. Edward McTaggart has been appointed inspector of logs for the county of Whatcom.

TOO FAST.—The Seattle "Intelligencer," in attempting to make its town a fitting-out-place for, and the Skagit route a favored one to, the new mines, has gone a little too far and too fast to render its hasty utterances in consonance with that candor which we usually expect from "leading representative" journals. While we look upon Seattle with favor, and believe that she will get her full share of the benefits to trade through the Skagit mine excitement, we desire our neighbor "ink-slingers" up there to remember that the hub of the universe doesn't quite belong to them yet. We sometimes meet men who are bigoted enough to denounce as fools and knaves all who do not fully agree with them, and we feel something of charity for such persons because of their ignorance; but such conduct is hardly excusable in those whose positions as journalists ought to mark them as men of pre-eminently intelligent and liberal views. There are miners who will be just independent enough to take whichever route they choose to the mines, in spite of even the "Intelligencer's" verdict that they are "insane," &c. Our friends ought to remember that they will prejudice people against going by way of Seattle whenever they attempt to compel such action by denunciation and abuse.

ELOPEMENT.—Whidby Island has had a first-class elopement sensation. A Miss Douglass has left her parental roof to launch upon the fitful sea of life with her adored one—a young adonis named McCrohan, a brother of a gentleman by that name in this place. At last accounts the enraged father was coolly wiping out his trusted shotgun, muttering anathemas against his about-to-be son-in-law, and giving explicit directions to the sheriff of the county about the surest methods of capturing the truant couple. The fugitives, when last heard from, were secreted in the vicinity of Oak Harbor. No news of the impending battle has yet reached us, although we are assured that there is imminent danger of the ground over there getting so badly torn up that the pursuit of agriculture will only be followed thereafter under disadvantages.

THE TRUSTEES OF THE INSANE ASYLUM have purchased a tract of land, embracing nearly 100 acres, for the use of that institution. It possesses a never-failing supply of water, a beautiful grove of young timber situated between the Asylum and Steilacoom, the Asylum orchard and the site upon which one of the buildings stands. The price paid was \$500.

It now looks as though the republicans of Maine do not propose to submit to allowing the minority to rule. There is an indication that two legislatures will be organized in that state—one by the legally elected republican members, and the other by the legally elected democrats and the defeated candidates who were "counted in."

A FEW days ago the telegraph brought news that Col. Haller had been assigned to the command of the 23d regiment of infantry, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Gen. Jeff. C. Davis. The report lacks authentic confirmation, although the friends of the Colonel think it is true.

WITH the advent of the new year Mr. J. R. Farish, of Portland, will take charge of the editorial department of the "Sunday Welcome," of that city. The farewell editorial of Mr. Atkinson states that the paper will continue to advocate temperance, morality and sound political affairs.

DELEGATE BRENTS has introduced a bill in Congress, accompanied by a memorial from the legislature of the Territory, for the formation of a new land district on Puget Sound and the establishment of a land office at Port Townsend.

MORGAN, the meat washer, maids induce meat most magnificently.

XMAS TREE ON LOPEZ.—Our correspondent on Lopez Island sends a letter which we cannot find room for in full, but from which we extract in substance as follows: "The first Christmas tree ever gotten up on the Island was prepared on the 24th ult., at the hall over Mr. H. E. Hutchinson's store. The affair was worthy of praise, and reflects much credit on those who labored so assiduously in preparing details. It was conducted by a committee of ladies and gentlemen, and was a success in every particular notwithstanding the severely cold weather. The people came from adjacent islands, and even the San Juan band came through the snow, to make things lively. The whole thing originated in a proposition by Rev. T. J. Weekes, of San Juan, in behalf of the Sunday school pupils of Lopez. The tree, although prepared under disadvantages, was handsomely trimmed and loaded with presents both useful and ornamental, for both young and old, even to a head of cabbage and a rag doll for an old bachelor. A judicious distribution of wax candles, pop-corn festoons, &c., showed everything to good advantage. Before the distribution of presents, an address was delivered by Mr. J. H. Carr, followed by the repeating of the Lord's prayer and doxology by the audience, and the playing of Old Hundred by the band. A dialogue was also rendered by Misses Jenny Weekes and Lizzie Hummel, when the Santa Claus finally made his appearance and the distribution began. A fair share of presents were found for Rev. and Mrs. Weekes, even little Claude being suitably remembered. All were highly pleased with their presents, even the peculiarly favored bachelor who invited everybody to dine at his house, on cabbage and corn beef. After the entertainment was concluded the hall, which had been beautifully decorated, was cleared for a dance. At midnight an excellent supper was served, after which dancing was resumed and continued until nearly daylight. It is perhaps needless to say that everything passed off very satisfactorily, and that all were fully satisfied."

MR. ROTHSCHILD chartered the Dispatch on Wednesday of last week and went to Victoria, to catch the steamer Enterprise going to San Francisco. On his way across the straits, he met with an almost fatal accident by being thrown from the deck of the rolling steamer. He was rescued when sinking for the third time, and reached Victoria in safety; from there he embarked on Christmas day for the bay city. He will return early this month.

THE STEAMER CALIFORNIA arrived at this port from Sitka on Monday, bringing little news of interest. She had on board \$5,000 in treasure from Alaska and 40 pkgs of furs and skins. Among the passengers were Collector Ball and son, and Prof. J. Muir, geologist.

DURING the quarter ending Dec. 31, 1879, there were issued from the Port Townsend post office the following: 269 registered letters and 640 money orders. Amt., exclusive of fees—\$10,115.55.

LIEUT. BURKE, of the Wolcott, has been ordered to the Corwin. Lieut. Rockwell will take his place. Lieut. Burke while here made many friends who wish well.

THE OLD MAIDS of Portland are evidently resolved to improve their opportunities early this year. They are arranging for leap year parties this month.

THE GOOD TEMPLARS of this place will get up another one of their long suspended open temperance meetings on the 16th inst.

CAPT. J. C. MITCHELL, formerly 1st Lieut. on the Wolcott, and well known here has been ordered to duty at Charleston, S. C.

MORGAN murders mulish muttons, making marketable meat.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 12, 1879.

Some democratic organs affect to make light of the alarm, lest the democrats of Maine, having stolen the legislature, if they dared to do it shall also proceed to steal the Presidential electors by passing a law in their fraudulent body, giving it authority to choose these electors. This affectation will not deceive anybody. It will be recollected that they also made light of the talk about stealing the legislature, sometime ago, but they do not do it now; they claim that it is right. And it is very likely if the first part of their plot succeeds, they may proceed to carry it through. On this point all the independent newspapers are agreed that the whole thing is an outrage, and one of their remarks: "As for the scheme to have the Legislature appoint the electors, it would be entirely reasonable to expect such work from a party that could steal a legislature."

Those who have returned from the Union League Council in Philadelphia say that its session was one of the most enthusiastic and important ever held. Its resolutions demand the fullest protection to the ballot, and it is said that ample provisions were made to enforce the views of that influential body on the next campaign. It will take a more active part than it has taken in many years.

The declaration of Senator Blaine against the proposition of Sec. Sherman of retiring the legal tender circulation, meets the approval of a large majority of Republicans here. He says that if the matter comes to issue in Congress he shall vote against it, because he thinks such retirement would work injustice to a large majority of the people of the country. But even if it were not so, the impropriety of disturbing the financial question at this time will prevent any action on such a recommendation by the Secretary, and it is believed he has changed his mind about it.

The democrats have brought forward again their own bill of prohibiting federal officers contributing to election expenses, and it was assigned to the 7th of January. Mr. Conger denounced it as an infamous encroachment on the rights of American citizens, and Mr. Frye created laughter against it by remarking that it ought to be assigned to the 1st of April for consideration. The democrats are hard pressed for political capital when they must resort to such small matters.

Having found it time to manufacture capital the democrats thought it best to take a long recess, and so have voted to adjourn over from the 19th of this month to the 6th of January. They would like to make it a final adjournment to avoid blunders. The Senate yesterday confirmed ex Senator Ramsey as Secretary of War.

Leo.

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark, unathomed caves of ocean
bear;"
Fine steak at Morgan's may be seen.
But its sweetness doesn't waste on desert air."

OUR friend, Mr. O. C. Hastings, of Victoria, and formerly of this place, is visiting with relatives and friends in this city.

THE schooner Page is still ashore below Port Angeles, though report says that she is not yet materially damaged.

MR. C. P. DYER, keeper of the Smith's Island light house, is in town and looking well.

"Oh! Willie, is it you dear?" Yes; wifey, I've brought you some delicious tenderloin steak from Morgan's.

THE ship War Hawk arrived in Port Discovery from San Francisco on Tuesday.

SCHOOL will open again next Monday.

THE LATE CAPTAIN THOMPSON.

The following resolutions, adopted by the Masonic fraternity in this city, relative to the late Capt. Peter Thompson, will be of interest to the public:

"WHEREAS, Death has again visited our fraternal circle, and suddenly and unexpectedly called from among us Brother Peter Thompson, in the prime of life and usefulness; therefore be it

RESOLVED, That we deplore the sudden loss of our late brother, and offer to his bereaved widow, and his friends and his fraternal brethren the assurance of our sympathies in this sad event.

RESOLVED, That the members of Port Townsend Lodge, No. 6, F. & A. M., wear the badge of mourning for the space of 30 days and that this hall be draped for said time.

RESOLVED, That these resolutions be spread on our minutes and a copy thereof sent under seal to the widow of the deceased."

WE notice Mr. E. G. Morse and Capt. Stratton, of Port Angeles in town—also, Mr. L. Stevens, of Pyscht.

THE schooner Mist arrived yesterday from Sequim bay, with a load of clams from the cannery.

THE Dispatch arrived from Neah Bay yesterday afternoon, bringing a number of passengers.

THE Christmas entertainment at Port Discovery was pronounced enjoyable.

OUR recent "cold snap" has tapered off into a drizzling rain.

\$66 a week at home. Terms and \$5 outfit free. Address H. HALLET & CO., Portland, Me.

Puget Sound Telegraph Company.

PORT TOWNSEND, Dec. 15, 1879. The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Puget Sound Telegraph Company will take place at the office of the Secretary on Monday, Jan. 5, 1880.

T. T. MINOR, President.
D. C. H. ROTHSCHILD, Sec'y.

Notice to Creditors.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed by the Probate Court of Island county, W. T., administratrix of the estate of David W. Anderson, deceased, late of said county. All persons having claims against said estate will present them with the necessary vouchers within one year from this date to me at my residence at Port Townsend, in the county of Jefferson, or to my attorney, C. M. Bradshaw, at said place. Dated at Port Townsend, this 11th day of December, 1879.

FANNY ANDERSON,
Administratrix of the estate of David W. Anderson, deceased.

\$72 A WEEK. 412 a day at home easily made. Outfit free. Ad. True & Co., Augusta, Me.

SUMMONS.

In the District Court of the Third Judicial District of the Territory of Washington, holding terms at Port Townsend.

JAMES B. MONTGOMERY, Plaintiff,
vs.
JOHN W. CHATTERTON, defendant.

Action brought in the above entitled court, and complaint filed in the county of Jefferson, in the office of the clerk of said District court.

To John W. Chatterton, Defendant—

In the name of the United States America, you are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff, in the District Court of the 3d Judicial District of Washington Territory, holding terms at Port Townsend, in Jefferson county, for the counties of Jefferson, Clallam, Island, and San Juan in said Territory, and to answer the complaint filed therein within sixty days after date of this summons, or judgment by default will be taken against you according to the prayer of said complaint. The said action is brought and the nature thereof is to recover, first—the sum of \$1480.00 being the amount due for four years' rent of the premises, situate in Island county, Washington Territory, known as the Montgomery farm, containing three hundred and twenty acres; and second—to recover the further sum of \$1780. gold coin, with interest thereon from the 1st day of May, 1879, at the rate of one and one-half per cent. per month, compounding every twelve months, being the amount due on a certain promissory note made by the said defendant, for said sum of \$1780, payable to the order of Granville O. Haller, dated 1st May, 1879, and payable six months after date, which said note was endorsed and delivered to said plaintiff by said Haller; and further—to obtain an order of sale of the following described property, the same having been seized by sheriff of Island county, W. T., by virtue of a writ of attachment issued in this action, to-wit: One span of bay horses, set of double harness, farm wagon, five cows, four calves, seventeen hogs and pig, twenty sheep, seventy-five chickens, eighty-two sacks of barley, eleven tons of hay, and a lot of farming implements and tools and household furniture and utensils as appears by the sheriff's return to said writ.

Witness the Honorable Roger [SEAL.] S. Greene, Judge of said District Court, and the seal of said Court, this 11th day of December, 1879.
456 JAMES SEAVEY, Clerk.
G. Morris Haller, atty for pl. intiff.

BRIEF LOCAL ITEMS.

HAPPY NEW YEAR! FIREMEN'S ball last night. OUR run of job work still continues. TRAVEL on the Sound steamers is light. THE days are lengthening. So are items.

CHILDREN are playing vacation "for all it's worth." THE ladies of Port Townsend will generally receive New Year's calls today.

MARRIED—At San Juan Island, Dec. 25th, by Rev. T. J. Weekes, James Fleming and Sarah Jane Sandwith.

WE acknowledge the receipt of a complimentary invitation to the Masonic ball to be given in this place on the 22d inst.

THE steamer Dispatch went to Point no Point on Sunday, and did not leave this place for Noah Bay until Monday morning.

C. B. BAGLEY, Esq., editor of the Olympia "Courier", was in town on Monday. We received a pleasant though hurried call from him.

THE Point Wilson light house buildings have been completed, and most of the workmen have gone to Point no Point to finish up there.

THE attention of our readers is called to the advertisements of Geo. Stinson & Co., of Portland Me., inserted in today's issue. The firm is a reliable one, and those who deal with it will not regret the fact.

RECRUITS for the Skagit army are being enlisted in this place. The lack of advance money is supplied by great expectations. Most of the volunteers belong to the "insane exceptions" stigmatized by the Seattle "Intelligencer."

PERSONAL.—Our friend, Frank Bartlett, left for San Francisco on the Dakota on Sunday last. Rumor has it that he is on a very pleasant mission. Mr. H. J. Blanchard, of this place, also left on the same steamer for Frisco, on business.

THE annual week of prayer, recommended by the Evangelical Alliance, will be observed at the M. E. church in this city—commencing on Sunday evening next. Regular services will be held every evening in the week following.

MR. W. S. Bredin, traveling correspondent and agent for the Portland daily and semi-weekly "Bee", called on us this week. This gentleman is "doing" the Sound in the interest of the journal which he represents. The "Bee" is one of our valued exchanges, and we would be glad to see it generally circulated.

ELECTED.—The officers of "Port Townsend" Lodge, No. 6, F. & A. M., elected and installed for 1880, are: B. S. Miller, W. M.; C. L. Hooper, S. W.; A. A. Plummer, Jr., J. W.; R. W. deLion, Treas.; A. R. Huffman, Sec.; Isaac Cornick, S. D.; Henry Landes, J. D.; J. A. Kahn, S. S.; Wm. Delanty, J. S.; H. E. Morgan, Tyler.

CAPT. W. A. Inman, recently of the law firm of Bradshaw & Inman, of this place, has located in Colfax, Whitman county. His card appears in the "Palouse Gazette". His family will remove from this place in the spring. We wish them success in their new home. The Palouse valley is a growing locality, and doubtless friend Inman will have plenty to do there. He is a very careful, practical attorney, and will attend strictly to business.

LAST year we had in our office one of those handsome calendars prepared by "Himes the Printer," of Portland, Oregon. A few days ago we were contemplating it in mournful silence; on account of its obsolete character, we were about concluding to keep it "for the good it had done," when the mail brought another for 1880—an improvement on the old one—so now we are happy. We do not know whether Santa Claus had anything to do with the mysterious gift or not—but it was certainly just what we wanted.

REMOVAL.—We call attention to the advertisement notifying all of the removal of Mr. Landes' office to the commodious and pleasant building occupied by the Customs officials. Mr. Landes is growing into a business in which his capital is an accommodation to the public generally. Men who come to Port Townsend to sell drafts and transact similar business do not like to be subjected to the uncertainty heretofore experienced when they had to depend upon being accommodated by some one of our merchants—the latter frequently going outside of their legitimate business in order to secure custom. Now, when there is anything to do in the line of transfers of written obligations, disposing of hides, furs, wool, &c., those seeking cash equivalents of their wares will know just where to go. We wish Mr. L. the success which he deserves and which every straight-forward business man like him will be sure to attain where there is business to do.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE death of the inventor of the Minie rifle is announced.

THE steamer Libby has been thoroughly overhauled and refitted and placed on her route between Seattle and Whatcom.

WE have now in the United States at least \$150,000,000 more gold and silver coin than we had on the first of July, 1878. This is healthy inflation.

THE schooner now building at Ludlow, by the Hall brothers, has been sold to parties at Honolulu. She is 90 feet long, and will register about 140 tons. She will be ready for sea about January 15th.

IT is alleged against the Nicaragua canal route that earthquakes might destroy or seriously damage it. The same objection will apply with equal force to any of the other routes projected. There is little occasion for alarm on that score.

IT is feared that the gold excitement will materially interfere with logging business not only on the Skagit but on the Sound generally, and that logs will be scarce next summer and consequently command a good price.

RETURNS from the ship building districts of Great Britain, do not look much like hard times in that trade. In six months 196 steamers, of 237,486 gross tonnage, and 10 sailing vessels, of 18,165 gross tonnage, were built in the Newcastle and Glasgow districts, the latter including the Clyde.

WITHIN the last year a feeling has been developed very extensively among the business classes in favor of the enactment of a new National Bankrupt Act, more carefully drawn and guarded than that of 1867. The probability seems to be that some law of this kind will be introduced at the present session of Congress.

AFTER speaking of the new departure in railroading in Oregon and Washington the San Francisco "Chronicle" says: "It is impossible to overestimate the awakening that is in store for that splendid but undeveloped country. Within a few years astonishing changes will occur. The present march of progress renders such a result inevitable."

TURKEY is bankrupt. Its credit is comparable to an egg venerable with age. It is bad. The Sultan should send to Virginia for financiers who know how to dispose of debt without paying creditor a dollar. There is a royal road to liquidation, and the Readjusters believe they have found it.

A Kentucky paper says that in recognition of the services of Governor Luke P. Blackburn in pardoning a number of noted criminals and sporting men—among them Bob Atwood, who was serving a twenty-years' sentence in the State prison for forgery—the sporting fraternity have given over \$2,000 for the purchase of a magnificent carriage for the Governor.

THE "North Pacific," a new semi-monthly journal, issued at New Tacoma, from the office of Messrs. Money & Co., is meeting with general favor from the press and people of our Territory. It gives evidence of extraordinary care, labor and ability in preparation and will undoubtedly be a valuable addition to our literature.

THE anti-local-optionists of Seattle raised \$150 with which they purchased a handsome gold watch and chain for a Christmas present to Hon. W. H. White, of that place, in recognition of his gallant efforts to defeat the local option bill in the last legislature. The presentation speech was made by Hon. I. M. Hall, formerly of this place.

MAPS GIVEN.—The University was presented three maps recently, by three different individuals, all three being the latest of their kind issued. One was of British Columbia, including all of our Territory north of a line a hundred miles or so south of the 49th parallel, and taking in the whole lower Sound, Skagit, &c. Another was of Seattle and its vicinity, taking in the whole of the bay, Lake Union, &c., with depths of water and various other things of interest. The third was a map of Oregon, Washington and Idaho—the new Northwest of the United States—highly colored, mounted, &c. These were very gratefully received by President Anderson, who understood their value and knows how to make them useful.—Intelligencer.

IT is now unquestionably clear that an unprecedented degree of prosperity will be ushered in with the new year to the people of Washington Territory and British Columbia. The Northern Pacific Railroad Company will expend one or two million dollars in the construction of railroads in Eastern Washington; and the Canadian Pacific Railroad Company have completed arrangements for the expenditure of some eight million dollars in the construction of the British Columbia division of their line. These great enterprises will afford abundant employment for the surplus labor of the great Northwest. Between the railroad, lumber, mining and farming industries our people appear to be assured of profitable employment at least for the next year or two, all of which is very gratifying to contemplate.—Mail.

EXPORT OF LIVE STOCK.—The statistics of the live-stock export trade of the United States afford no support to the theories of those advisers of the British agriculturist who commended him to abandon grain-growing and go into the stock-raising business. It would seem from the inexorable facts of the case that the British farmer can no more compete with his American rival in the latter branch of production than in the former. During the last fiscal year the aggregate value of cattle exported upon the hoof from the United States—to say nothing of the stock slaughtered in New York and sent abroad under refrigerating processes—was about double that of the preceding year. For the year ending in 1878 it amounted in value to sum of \$5,844,653; for 1879, it aggregated \$11,487,764. Of this enormous amount over 70 per cent. went to Great Britain. In addition to this, a very considerable amount of canned meats was exported. These, however, do not find as much favor in England as upon the Continent, where the demand for them is steadily increasing.

WE are indebted to Mr. Thos. Phillips, resident agent at this place, of the "Travelers" Insurance Co., for a copy of a very ingenious advertising circular in the shape of a child's picture book; also a copy of the "Traveler's Record," a regular publication issued by the company. This organization exhibits great enterprise in conducting its affairs, and deserves extensive patronage for its honorable dealing.

NEW year's day, memorable as being a day dedicated to good resolutions and reforms generally, has arrived at last—and we won't be surprised to hear of numerous turning over of new leaves among our citizens. It is wonderful, though, how liberally people are supplied resolutions, compared with their "stick-to-it-iveness."

RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

Services will be held in St. Paul's church on Sunday next at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Sunday school at 2 P. M. Evening prayer on Wednesday, at 7 o'clock. Litany on Friday morning, at 10.

Preaching next Sunday in the M. E. Church morning and evening, by Rev. W. L. Cosner, pastor. Sabbath school at 2:15 P. M.—W. L. Cosner, Supt. Prayer meeting on Thursday evening at 7 o'clock.

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$5 free. STINSON & CO., Portland, Me.

THE WORD "SOZODONT,"

Which has already become a household word, is derived from the Greek, and composed of two words, Sozo and Odontes. "Sozo" translated, means to preserve, and "Odontes" the teeth—"SOZODONT" a preserver of the teeth. And it is true to its name. It beautifies and preserves the teeth, hardens and invigorates the gums, and corrects all impurities of the breath. The odor of this pure preparation is so delightful that it is a luxury to apply it. It is as harmless as water. Sold by druggists and perfumers.

"GERMAN SYRUP."

No other medicine in the world was ever given such a test of its curative qualities as Boscbee's German Syrup. In three years two million four hundred thousand snail bottles of this medicine were distributed FREE OF CHARGE by Druggists in this country to those afflicted with Consumption, Asthma, Croup, severe Coughs, Pneumonia and other diseases of the Throat and Lungs, giving the American people undeniable proof that German Syrup will cure them. The result has been that Druggists in every town and village in the United States are recommending it to their customers. Go to your druggist and ask what they know about it. Sample bottles 10 cents. Regular sizes 75 cts. Three doses will relieve any case.

REMOVAL.

MR. HENRY LANDES

Begs to inform the general public that he has removed his office from Mr. Eisenbeis' stone building to the Custom House Building, where he will be pleased to see his old patrons, and as many new ones as may give him a call.

And from this date he will transact a GENERAL COMMISSION BUSINESS, And buy for CASH at the highest market rates

Hides, Furs, Skins, Wool, &c Also is prepared to CASH MILL AND OTHER DRAFTS, at low rates.

Will sell exchange on Portland, San Francisco and

All Parts of the United States & England in sums to suit.

As in the past so in the future. Satisfaction guaranteed. 45-3m HENRY LANDES, Port Townsend, Dec. 30, 1879.

WATERMAN & HATZ, SHIPPING & COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

Port Townsend, - - W. T. Orders from abroad solicited

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE PUGET SOUND ARGUS.

ROTHSCHILD & CO.,

SHIPPING & COMMISSION MERCHANTS

—O AND DEALERS IN O—

GENERAL MERCHANDISE, WHOLESALE and RETAIL.

Dry Goods, Clothing, Boots and shoes, Shipchandlery, Hardware, Groceries, Tobacco, cigars, Wines, & liquors

Exchange Bought and Sold.

Liberal Advances made on Consignments.

The Highest Price Paid for Wool, Hides, Furs and Produce.

CALIFORNIA WINES, PORT, SHERRY, ANGELICA, AND MUSCATEL, and Wine Vinegar, imported direct by us from the vineyards, in pipes and barrels, and for sale at San Francisco rates by

ROTHSCHILD & CO.

Vessels Consigned to Rothschild & Co.

Am. bark C. H. Kenney.

NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED AGENTS OF THE ABOVE NAMED VESSEL WILL BE RESPONSIBLE FOR DEBTS CONTRACTED BY THE OFFICERS OR CREW. CAPT. FIKET, Master. ROTHSCHILD & CO., Agents. Port Townsend, Aug. 6, 1879.

German barque F. H. Drews.

NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED AGENTS OF THE ABOVE NAMED VESSEL WILL BE RESPONSIBLE FOR DEBTS CONTRACTED BY THE OFFICERS OR CREW. CAPT. W. VOESATZ, Master. ROTHSCHILD & CO., Agents. Port Townsend, Aug 2, 1879.

Costa Rican ship Mathilde.

NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED AGENTS OF THE ABOVE NAMED VESSEL WILL BE RESPONSIBLE FOR DEBTS CONTRACTED BY THE OFFICERS OR CREW. ROTHSCHILD & CO., Agents. CAPT. R. H. JONES, Master. Port Townsend, June 23, 1879.

British bark Lady Bowen.

NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED AGENTS OF THE ABOVE NAMED VESSEL WILL BE RESPONSIBLE FOR DEBTS CONTRACTED BY THE OFFICERS OR CREW. ROTHSCHILD & CO. Agents. CAPT. C. W. BARNES, Master. Port Townsend, June 23, 1879.

Por Shoalwater Bay Gray's Harbor, Port Townsend, Seattle, Victoria, and Nanaimo

And will call at other Ports should Freights offer.

THE COASTING STEAMER

ALEXANDER DUNCAN,

JAMES CARROLL, Commander

Leaving Pacific Dock, Portland,

On or about the 29th of each month.

Office on dock foot of Salmon st., Portland

Also at foot of Rothschild & Co.

Port Townsend, W. T.

281f Z. J. HATCH, Agent.

To Rent.

Several fine rooms in the ARGUS building vacant, suitable for offices, &c., terms reasonable. Apply to G. MORRIS HALLER, ESQ. at his office. 25

FRUIT & VARIETY STORE

Foreign & Domestic Fruit CANDIES, CONFECTIONERY STATIONERY, TOBACCO, CIGARS, ETC., ETC.

O. H. HOLCOMB, Proprietor.

We have also opened a First-class RESTAURANT,

And will serve the public with Meals to order at all hours.

GIVE US A CALL.

Opposite Central Hotel, head of Union wharf

PORT TOWNSEND, W. T. [6

D. C. H. ROTHSCHILD,

Consular agent of FRANCE;

" " " " " PERU;

Vice-Consul of " " " " " NICARAGUA;

" " " " " URUGUAY.

The First-class steamship

CALIFORNIA

CAPT. THORN,

WILL LEAVE

Port Townsend for Sitka,

Alaska Territory, and Way Ports,

On or about the 12th of each Month.

WILL LEAVE

Port Townsend & Portland, Ogn.

On about the 15th of each Month.

For Freight or Passage, Apply on Board,

20 Or to ROTHSCHILD & CO. Agents.

Steam Ferry.

The James Mortie

Capt. Geo. Compeldestre to announce

that he has placed the above named elegant steam launch upon the route between

COUPEVILLE and LA CONNER,

where she will make DAILY trips for the accommodation of the public. 411f

NORTH PACIFIC

CHEESE FACTORY

CHIMACUM, W. T.,

Wm. Bishop - - - Proprietor.

We guarantee our cheese to be First-Class; in fact it is of superior quality to any in the market.

Furnished in jobbing lots to suit.

Address all orders to Wm. BISHOP either PORT LUDLOW or PORT TOWNSEND.

J. F. SHEEHAN

Importer and Dealer in

STOVES, TIN PLATE, SHEET-IRON

LEAD PIPE, PUMPS, ZINC, WIRE.

And House-Hold Furnishing

Hardware. 23

WATER ST. - - - PORT TOWNSEND

PEOPLE'S MARKET,

Opposite Washington Hotel

Constantly on Hand the

Choicest of Meats

AND

Vegetables.

Also, Corned Beef and Pork, Smoked

Meats, Pork and Bologna Sausages,

Head Cheese, Tripe, &c., &c.

L. SMITH & F. TERRY

PLAIN & FANCY JOB WORK

Executed at the ARGUS OFFICE.

Searching for Sponges

I remember using sponges in my school-boy days without a thought of whence they came, how obtained, or their previous condition. Although, little the sponges which we may find exposed for sale in the drug stores and other places look unlike animals, yet by our naturalists they have been classed with the lowest order of the animal species.

The sponge may be found in the various sub-tropical waters of the world. The principal sponging grounds of the United States are the waters around Key West and along the western coast of Florida, from Tampa bay on the south to Pensacola on the northeast. The sponge schooners have two places to clean their sponges when coast sponging—one at Anclote Keys, the other at Rock Island.

Of the sponge, we have several varieties, classed according to their marketable value as "heep wool," "yellow," "fox glove," "grass," etc., besides one class, the "loggerhead," which has no value, and is not thought worth picking up. The first named is the variety mostly sought, as it bears the best market price. The most of the vessels engaged in the sponge trade are owned and fitted out at Key West. The outfit of a sponge schooner consists in a number of long poles with hooks fastened on the end for gathering, and from three to seven small boats called "Dingys," from seven to fifteen men—according to the number of boats—with provisions for from eight to twelve weeks; water-glasses, etc.

Having a curiosity to see actual sponge gathering, last Monday morning found me aboard the schooner Samfler, spinning towards the bars; but owing to light winds during the day we did not arrive till after nightfall. Tuesday morning, however, it commenced in earnest. Shortly after sunrise the "dingys," manned by two men each, with water-glasses, sponge-hooks, etc., set off in quest of sponges. One of the men in the "dingy" sculls the boat about here and there, while the other, lying across the boat's thwart with his head in the water-glass, scans the bottom for sponges. The water-glass used by the spongers is nothing but a common deep wooden pail, with a circular pane of glass for a bottom. Placing this upright in the water, and putting the head in far enough to exclude most of the light, one can easily see an object on the bottom in 6 or 7 fathoms of water. The sponger, when he sees a sponge, by the waving of his hand directs the sculler how to go, and when in a desirable position he thrusts his long pole down and hooks his sponge.

The vessels usually remain out upon the bars from Monday until Friday of each week, coming into Keys Friday night, in order to clean the sponges which they had gathered the week previous, but those gathered the present week into the crawls, put their wood and water on board, and prepare for the next week. The sponges which they gather one week are put into crawls or pens, made by driving posts into the sand, where, at low water, they will be quite or almost dry. Here they are left until the next Saturday, to be washed by the tides. On the following Saturday they are cleaned by striking them one or two light blows with a paddle. When the sponges are cleaned, they are taken aboard the schooner and strung on strings usually about five and a half feet long, when they are thrown upon the beach to bleach and dry.

The number of vessels engaged in sponging from Key West probably reaches 125, gathering annually to the value of about \$100,000 apiece. Besides the Key West schooners, we have about forty or fifty fitted out from Cedar Keys and Oglethorpe.

Taxing Babies

Under William III. registration was for the first time turned to account as a means of raising revenue. The earliest statute having this object was called "An act for granting to his Majesty certain rates and duties upon marriages, birth, and burials, and upon bachelors and widowers, for the term of five years, for carrying on the war against France with vigor." The duty on marriage under this act ranged from 2s. 6d. to £50; in proportion to the rank of the bridegroom; that for burials from 2s. to £30; and that for burials from 4s. to more than £50. That statute also exacted from bachelors and widowers above the age of 25 a yearly sum varying from 1s. to £12 10s. It imposed a penalty of £100 on those of the clergy who should neglect registration, and empowered the Tax Collectors to examine the registers without fee. As might have been expected, births were now concealed that the cost of registration might be escaped. This led to a further enactment, which required parents, under penalty, to give notice of births to the clergy within five days of their occurrence.—The Cornhill Magazine.

Vegetation on the Earth

The densely luxuriant tropical plants, with their lofty palms and wilderness of creepers; the more open woods of oak, elm, or pine, and the plains of grass or heather of temperate climes, the mosses and lichens of the far north, and the millions of minute algae on fields of snow: the enormous masses of marine plants, and the multitudinous green threads of every pond or rivulet, are one and all continually engaged during the hours of daylight in tearing from the atmosphere its carbon, and in sucking from the earth or sea its water (with the mineral substances dissolved in it) in order to build up new masses of organic substance, from these purely inorganic materials. The quantity of living matter thus daily formed may be truly termed enormous. The dry land of the earth's surface is estimated at 22,392,430 square miles. Let us assume that of this 15,000,000 square miles (or a little over two-thirds) are clothed with vegetation—neglecting altogether the vegetation of the ocean—and let but the three hundred and sixty-fifth part of an inch be the growth of this surface daily, and every year will be formed a mass one inch thick, and 15,000,000 square miles in extent, which would make a solid cube of vegetable matter about 15 miles in extent in each dimension. It is thus no wonder that we should have accumulations of vegetable debris in the form of coal in some parts of the world, (as in Pennsylvania) which may be in alternating beds 70 feet in thickness, and extending over an area larger than that of Yorkshire. The wonder at first sight is rather that the size of the solid earth does not, in succeeding ages, notably increase at the expense of its fluid and aeriform matter. But as fast as organic matter is thus accumulated so enormous and so incessantly acting a manufactory, its fabric is nevertheless much like the web of Penelope; for close upon life follows death, and with the death of all organisms, their substance (by decomposition) returns again, for the most part (as water, carbonic acid, ammonia, and various gases, etc.) to that inorganic world whence it was originally derived.—St. George Mivart, in Contemporary Review.

Perished in the Flames

Again it becomes our painful duty to chronicle death in the flames. This time a bright young man while attempting to save property and rescue those in danger loses his own life in the attempt. One week ago last night a camphene lamp exploded in the River Side Hotel, at Snohomish. The flames spread very rapidly, and in a few moments the building was wrapped in flames. The fire and smoke startled the inmates, and it was only by rapid flight they made their escape. The scene was one of intense excitement, as it was not known if all had been awakened. The flames were leaping and roaring into the air, when for one brief moment Frank Dolan, a young man about 21 years, appeared at the window and with one wild scream he threw up his hands and disappeared forever, swallowed up in the terrible furnace. The surge of anguish which swept the hearts of the spectators can never be known only by fearful experience. He had gone into the building to see that no person remained and was overtaken by the relentless fury of the sea of flames and burned to a crisp. The sad fate of the boy cast a deep gloom over the town, and as the last timber fell and the smoking ruins smoldered, silence as deep as that which envelops the city of the dead reigned in Snohomish. A young life had been yielded up while on an errand of mercy; another grave to contain the ashes of a noble martyr. Mr. Romines, the owner of the building, and Mr. Nader, the lessee, lost very heavily, but the greatest loss was sustained by the parents of the brave and noble boy who perished in the flames. Time cannot restore him to their hearthstone. His spirit has passed beyond the banks and shoals of time from whence a mother's prayers and a father's grief can never call him hence. May his charred ashes rest quietly in their tomb until the final summing up, when his noble act will shine out and deluge lesser faults by its brightness, upon the pages of the great book of life.

A Valuable Marriage

There is said, says an exchange, to be a woman in the Indiana State Prison, serving out a sentence for life, who offers \$80,000 to any man who will marry her and release her from durance vile. One heroic individual with the name of Schwartzmiller has come forward to sacrifice himself for the sum of \$80,000, but the Governor of Indiana has been forced to disappoint his aspirations; the laws of the United States contain no provision whereby a person can be released by any such romantic process.

Detectives are the spies of life.

Needle Work in German Schools.

In the elementary schools six hours a week are given to needle-work and knitting. Knitting only is taught in the two lower, but even that is done by rule. In the fourth, from March to the end of August, plain knitting backward and forward. At the beginning of September a stocking is to be begun. In the third only stocking knitting. Sometimes the children knit quietly by themselves, but they must frequently do it together, stitch by stitch, while the teacher very slowly counts or beats time. Painfully monotonous it must be for a child who has well mastered the work. At 1 the needle is put in; 2, the cotton goes over; 3, the stitch is made, and at 4 taken off the needle. In the second class—ages 9 to 10, needle-work is begun. The children are provided with squares of canvas and red cotton, and the teacher has a large frame in a stand, on which coarse netting is stretched that represents the canvas. With a thick needle and thread in her hand, she says: "I take up two threads and pass over two;" and so on, suiting the action each time to the words until she has fully made the girls understand and copy her. That is a lesson in running. In due time hemming, stitching, cross-stitch and others are taken in the same way and the canvas is filled. Then the girls have each a piece of coarse calico given them, on which they work, on the same principle of counting the stitches. So well has all been arranged that the calico piece is exactly finished by the end of the year. By paying for the materials a girl is entitled to whatever she makes in the school. In the first class each one has to make a calico chemise the size for an average girl in her eleventh year. As nature is not very accommodating, and will make her children of very different sizes, the chemises cannot be an equally good fit for all the fifty girls, but that is a secondary consideration, and the girls have the option of taking or leaving their work as it suits them.—Macmillan's Magazine.

A Girl's Encounter with a Deer.

Four or five miles back of this place, in an old log cabin, lives Thomas Hendershot. He has a pretty daughter about 18 years of age. Clara Hendershot can row a boat, shoot a gun or trap a bear as well as any man in the county. A few days ago she started across the lake known as the great Walker Pond, to visit a friend. She used a light boat belonging to her father, and carried, as was her custom, a small rifle slung across her shoulder by a leather strap. When nearly in the center of the lake she discovered an object in the water, a short distance off, and approaching nearer, found that it was a large five-pronged buck, which had been driven in by dogs. She immediately unslung her gun and, after taking aim, fired the ball passed through the deer's neck, making a painful wound. The animal, enraged, struck at the boat with its front foot, completely shattering the fragile bark, which sunk, leaving Miss Hendershot in the water with the infuriated buck. She was plucky and could swim well, and as the deer came toward her she caught it by the horns and plunged her hunting knife into its neck, killing it instantly. She then called for help, and as none arrived she swam to the shore, about a quarter of a mile and hurried home. She put on dry clothes and procuring another boat, rowed out to where the buck was floating and towed it to shore. When dressed, the animal weighed nearly 280 pounds. This is the seventh deer Miss Hendershot has killed.

How many a kiss has been given, how many a curse, how many a kind word, how many a promise has been broken, how many a heart has been wrecked, how many a loved one has been lowered into the narrow chamber, how many a babe has gone from earth to heaven, how many a crib or cradle stands silent now which last Saturday held the rarest of all treasures of the heart. A week is a life. A week is a history. A week marks events of sorrow or gladness of which people never have heard. Go home to the family, man of business! Go home, you heart-erring wanderer! Go home to cheer that awaits you, wronged waif of life's breakers! Go home to those you love, man of toil, and give one night to the joys and comforts fast flying by! Leave your book with complex figures, your dirty workshop, your busy store. Rest with those you love, for God only knows what the next Saturday night will bring you. Forget the world of care and the battle of life which have furrowed the week. Draw close around the family hearth. Go home to those you love, and as you bask in the loved presence, and meet to return the loved embrace of your heart's pets, strive to be a better man, and to bless God for giving His weary children so dear a stepping-stone in the river of the Eternal as Saturday night.

BARTLETT'S COLUMN

CHAS. C. BARTLETT!

PORT TOWNSEND, W. T.

Wholesale and Retail
—DEALER IN—

GROCERIES, GROCERIES, GROCERIES,

DRY GOODS,
DRY GOODS,
DRY GOODS,

CLOTHING, CLOTHING, CLOTHING,

BOOTS, SHOES,
BOOTS, SHOES,
BOOTS, SHOES,

HATS,
CAPS,

FANCY GOODS,

Hardware,
Hardware,
Hardware,

Ship Chandlery.

Crockery,
Crockery,
Crockery,

TOBACCO Cigars TOBACCO

Doors and Windows,

Farming Implements,

Furniture,

Wall Paper,

Plows,

And a Large assortment of Goods not enumerated, which we will sell at

The Lowest Prices.

BARTLETT'S

Jewelry Store

Central Hotel building,
Head of Union Wharf,

Port Townsend, W. T.

The Finest Stock of

SOLID GOLD AND SILVER

WATCHES WATCHES

JEWELRY JEWELRY

ON PUGET SOUND.

Also a fine assortment of

Clocks, Solid and
Clocks, Plated
Spectacles, Silver
Spectacles, Ware,
Eye, Field and Marine Glasses,
Musical Instruments,
Etc., Etc.

Goods Warranted as represented.

WATCHES AND JEWELRY

Cleaned and repaired by a first class workman and warranted for one year.

C. C. BARTLETT, Prop'r.

Port Townsend Boot and Shoe Store

Men's, Boys',
Ladies', Misses',
and Children's

Boots and Shoes

Of the very latest qualities and of the Latest Patterns.

GENTS AND LADIES'

Arctic Over-Shoes.

Gent's, Ladies', Misses' and Children's

Rubber Over-Shoes.

This is the Largest and Best selected stock of Boots and Shoes on Puget Sound, comprising

Bronze and Mattin Brooming,
Mason's Challenge Hacking,
Frank Miller's
Water-Proof Hacking,
Machine Silk and Needles
Shoe Findings of every description,
Higgin and Harness Leather,
Etc., Etc., Etc.

A complete assortment of MISCELLANEOUS STOCK.

CUSTOM WORK

And Repairing executed as usual, and satisfaction guaranteed.

A Fair Share of patronage of the Public is solicited.

I have a GREAT REVERENCE for Cash Customers.

JOHN FITZPATRICK.

H. L. TIBBALS & CO.'S SUPERIOR TEAMS.

Wharfingers

AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS!

Vessels Discharged,

Freights Collected,

Teaming of all kinds done,

At reasonable rates and satisfaction guaranteed.

Forwarding and Commission Business promptly attended to.

Good Dry and Green Wood always on hand. Also, good Bark.

TIMOTHY HAY, ALWAYS ON HAND.

—AGENTS FOR—

Steinlacom Beer,
Seattle Beer, and Levy Bro.'s Soda Water and Root Beer.

All business entrusted to our care will receive prompt attention.

To the Merchants of Port Townsend we will say that we receive all your goods and advance the coin for your freight bills, for which we certainly expect your patronage, as we have attended to receiving, shipping and delivering your goods for many years past. We are still prepared to do all your work at fair and reasonable prices.

H. L. TIBBALS & CO.,
Port Townsend, W. T.

Port Townsend HOSPITAL!

PORT TOWNSEND, W. T.

The above institution having been placed on a permanent footing, as the United States Hospital for Marine Patients on Puget Sound, the proprietor takes pleasure in announcing that no pains or expense will be spared in ministering to the comfort and convenience of private patients.

This is the largest General Hospital north of San Francisco, and by far the most complete in equipment. It has been thoroughly refitted and refurnished. Its general wards have accommodations for about one hundred patients and are peculiarly adapted for cases requiring the most careful treatment and constant supervision at limited expense. Those who desire them will be furnished with private rooms, entirely separate and distinct, at a slight additional cost.

The attention of Mill owners, and those interested in shipping, is called to the fact that seamen suffering from contagious diseases will be treated outside the Hospital without expense to the vessel.

Thomas T. Minor, M. D.,
36-1f
Managing Physician.

JOHN T. NORRIE,

—IMPORTER OF—

Stoves, Tinware,

PUMPS, — (IRON PIPE,
PUMPS, — (IRON PIPE,
PUMPS, — (IRON PIPE,

—AND GENERAL—

House-Furnishing Hardware.

PRIME QUALITY,

AND A FAIR MARKET PRICE

For every article made or sold.

A Romance.

He was young, he was fair, and he parted his hair, like the average beau, in the middle; he was proud, he was bold—but the truth must be told—he played like a fiend on the fiddle.

Barring this vice, he was everything nice, and his heart was so loving and tender, that he always turned pale when he trod on the tail of the cat lying down by the fender.

He clerked in a store, and the way that he tore off calico, jeans and brown sheeting, would have tickled a calf, and made the brute laugh in the face of a quarterly meeting.

He cut quite a dash with a darling mustache, which he learned to adore and cherish; for one girl had said, while she dropped her proud head, that 'twould kill her to see the thing perish. On Sundays he'd search the straight road to the church, unheeding the voice of the scorn; and demurely he sat, like a young tabby cat, with the saints, in the amen corner.

He sang like a bird, and his sweet voice was heard fairly tugging away at long meter, and we speak but the truth, when we say that this youth could out-sing a hungry mosquito.

She was young, she was fair and she scrambled her hair, like the average belle of the city; she was proud but not bold—yet the truth must be told—the way she chawed wax was a pity.

Barring this vice, she was everything nice, and the world admired her bustle; and the Evanston boys, being calmed by the noise, walked miles to hear it rustle.

She cut quite a swish, did this wax chawing belle, and men flocked in crowds to meet her; but she gave them the shirk, for she loved the young clerk, who sang like a hungry mosquito.

So she hemmed and she hawed, and she sighed and she snawed, till her heart and her jaws were broken; then she walked by his store, where he stood at the door, awaiting some loving token.

She raised up her eyes with a mock surprise, and tried to coax the scowmer, but to tell the truth, she grinned at the youth who loved the amen corner.

They met—alas! what came to pass was sweet, and brief, and precious; they wooed, they cooed, he talked, she chawed—oh! how he loved! Good gracious! They had to part, he 'rose to start; her gait cannot be painted; these are the facts; she swallowed her wax, then screamed, then choked, then fainted.

Her pa appeared; her beau quite scared, rushed out to get some water; the watch dog spied his tender hide, and bit him where he 'oughter."

The tale is sad, the sequel stern—so thinks the youth thus bitten. He sings no more, as oft of yore—he gave the girl the mitten.

She pined apace, her pretty face looked slender and dejected; her father kind, but somewhat blind, beheld her and reflected.

His income tax he spent for wax—she smiled, and called him clever. She went to work, forgot the clerk, and chawed in bliss forever.

Come and See Me.

Never take "Come and see me" as a phrase meant in earnest, unless it is accompanied with a date. Such an invitation amounts to nothing at all. If a lady or gentleman desire your company, he or she will appoint a time for your visit. "Call on me when you can make it convenient;" "Drop in as you are passing;" "Make up a visit when you have an hour or two to spare," are social ambiguities by which men and women of the world understand that they are not expected to do the thing requested. When people wish to be cheaply polite, there is nothing like this sort of vagueness. The complimentary small change of society must always be taken at a large discount. It is never worth its face, or anything like it. Yet it is a convenient medium of exchange, and heavy debts of gratitude that ought to be requited in a better coin, are often paid with it. People that have more polish than principle use it lavishly—plain, blunt, honest men, sparingly or not at all. Whoever makes a friendly visit to a fashionable house on the strength of a mere "Come and see me," will very often find that the family circle he has dropped into by request is as uncongenial as the Arctic circle, and he will probably leave it with a chilly feeling that will prevent him from venturing into the same high latitude again. But when a whole-souled man, whom you know to be your friend, grasps you vigorously by the hand and says, "Come home and dine with me to day—dinner on the table at five o'clock—be sure to come; shall expect you," you can take it as certain that your presence is warmly desired. It is pleasant to make or receive a visit from a friend, but a nod on the street is enough from a fashionable acquaintance.

The atmosphere is rather cool and suggests approaching winter.

If you are going to paint your house, barn, wagon or machinery, the wonderful Imperishable Mixed Paint is surely the best, for it is warranted by their agents in your own town not to crack, peel or blister; to cover better and work easier than any other paint. The Imperishable Paint was awarded the first premium, over all other paints, at the California State Fair, 1878, and the gold medal at the Oregon State Fair, 1878. Get a circular from their Agent, which explains this wonderful discovery. Try the stu and you certainly would have no other.

A minister relates his experience thus: I take pleasure in adding to my many testimonials, that last Thursday (Thanksgiving Day), not being able to preach on account of Rheumatic pains in the shoulder, I bought a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, which, after using several times, relieved me wonderfully. Dr. B. Pick, Rochester, New York.

A new portable family fruit drier best style, may be bought for \$85, by applying at the BEE office, Portland, Oregon, au 22-tf

10,000 extra fine Peach trees of choice varieties. Send to J. H. Settlemier, Woodburn, Oregon, for a catalogue and special rates.

In making any purchase or in writing in response to any advertisement in this paper you will please mention the name of the paper.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

The Oregonian of a recent date contains the following: Several Oregon journals have complained because a Postal Agent has been sent out here from the East. They have thought it strange that no man could be found in Oregon or Washington for the position. The fact is the Department has taken this step because it had no efficient service here in the office of Postal Agent for some years, and therefore decided to send from the East a competent and efficient man. The above is sufficiently answered by the following letter received by Mr. Steel, the retiring Postal Agent, from the chief of his department: POSTOFFICE DEPARTMENT, Division of Mail Depositions, Office of Chief Special Agent, Washington, D. C., Oct. 3, 1879. G. A. STEEL, Esq., Portland, Oregon—Dear Sir: The Postmaster-General accepted your resignation, as you know, of course, by this date, to take effect the 1st inst. If, however, you did not cease performance of duty at that date, as order can be made continuing the pay until you received notice of acceptance and discontinued work. You cannot, however, draw salary in your new position for some time. Special Agent Reynolds, an experienced agent, has been selected to work in Oregon and Washington Territory for a few months, and I bespeak for him such information and assistance as you can give. In this connection I beg to say that you leave the Department with an unalloyed record. No doubt is entertained that you gave honest and intelligent service at all times, I hope you may succeed in your new sphere to your perfect satisfaction. Very truly yours, etc. DAVID B. PARKER, Chief Special Agent.

PILES.

Pfunder's Oregon Pile Salve is a Simple but Certain Cure for all forms of this annoying disease. Try it. All druggists sell it. Price, 25c.

TRENKMANN & WOLFF, MACHINISTS.

Tools for Planing, Molding and Turning, Cuttle Branks, Steam Hoop Work, and all kinds of Brewery Work done to order. Also Farm Machinery repaired on short notice. Particular attention paid to Boiler Work. Mill Picks made and repaired. Iron Fencing a specialty. No. 40 Front Street, Portland, Oregon, aug 2-tf

Assorted Canned Table Fruits

Consisting of selected Peaches, Prunes, Plums, and Grapes of the three choice, Maine Varieties. The Tables of the O. S. & C. Co. are supplied by this establishment. M. M. GUNNING, Proprietor of Vineyard and Orchard, The Dalles, Oregon, nov 4-tin

GUNS! Remington's, Sharp's and Winchester Rifles. And Cartridges of all kinds at reduced prices, by WM. BECK & SON, City, Portland, Oregon

WEDER ARE THE BEST PIANOS

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE UNRIVALLED STANDARD AND ESTY ORGANS. D. W. FRENTICE & CO., Music Dealers, Portland, Oregon

J. A. STROWBRIDGE, Direct Importer and Dealer in LEATHER AND SHOE FINDINGS, No. 121 Front St. Portland, Or

Cosmopolitan Hotel, THE DALLES, OREGON. Is open for the reception of guests, with everything new and elegantly furnished. A liberal share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited. The house will be kept open all night, and a free coach to and from the trains. THOMAS SMITH, Formerly of the Empire Hotel, oct 23-3m

Oregon Kidney Tea!

No More BACKACHE. No More Kidney Complaint. FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS; Hodge, Davis & Co., Proprietors.

Benjamin Snipes, Orion Kinersly, SNIPES & KINERSLY, (Successors to H. J. Waldron.) Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Drugs, Paints, Oils and Glass, Also, Books and Stationery. The Dalles, Oregon. Physicians' Prescriptions Compounded Day and Night. nov 1-1m

W. A. LEWIS, Architect and Superintendent. Office and residence—No. 31 Madison street, Portland, Ogn. REFERENCES—Wadhams & Elliot, Portland, Ogn.; Thos. Smith, Prop'r Cosmopolitan Hotel, The Dalles, nov 1-1m



As a prompt relief and cure for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Gout, and all general pain relieving and healing liniment, no preparation on earth equals the German remedy, St. Jacobs Oil. Its remarkable action has mystified medical men, delighted sufferers, who after years of torturing pain and unceasing doctoring, found it their only hope and cure; and it has dispelled the doubts and prejudices of the most incredulous. Many persons occupying prominent stations in life, and who are well and favorably known throughout the land, have from their own experience and observation, accorded the most enthusiastic endorsements, to St. Jacobs Oil.

Rev. Dr. Bishop Gilman, Cleveland, Ohio.—The St. Jacobs Oil has benefited me greatly. I consider it excellent for Rheumatism (and kindred diseases).

Rev. F. W. Fuchs, Wausau, Wis.—Used the St. Jacobs Oil in the case of a lady of his congregation who had been bed ridden with rheumatism for 17 years. She used the St. Jacobs Oil for three days, and was able to leave her bed.

Rev. Dr. B. Pick, Rochester, N. Y.—Suffered so intensely from Rheumatic pains that he was unable to preach. Several applications of the St. Jacobs Oil "relieved him wonderfully."

Hugo Meyer, Esq., National Candidate for Lieut. Governor of Ohio, 1878.—It cured me of Rheumatism and other ailments.

Hon. Thomas B. Price, U. S. Treasury Dept., Washington, D. C. recommends the St. Jacobs Oil as the most wonderful pain-relieving and healing remedy in the world. His testimonial is endorsed by some of the head officials of the Treasury Department who have been cured of Rheumatism and other painful complaints.

Mr. R. Schaefer, No. 31 Brown St., Alleghany City, Pa. had the Rheumatism for eight years, and had used every known medicine without relief. A single bottle of St. Jacobs Oil cured him.

Gustav A. Hellmann, Editor of the "Pittsburg Daily Republican."—Suffered with rheumatism for three years, and lay many a night unable to sleep on account of terrible pains. Two bottles of St. Jacobs Oil cured him.

Mr. F. Willie, Lafayette, Ind. reports a case where a man suffered so badly with Rheumatism that he could not move. His legs were swollen and he had the most terrible pains. Twelve hours after the first application of the St. Jacobs Oil the pains were gone and the swelling had disappeared.

Mr. Henry Shaefer, Millersburg, Ohio. was cured of Rheumatism in the hips.

Mr. Henry Lear, Patriot, Ohio. had such a pain in the left shoulder that he could not move. St. Jacobs Oil cured him after a few applications.

The St. Jacobs Oil is for sale by all Druggists, Dealers in Medicines, and General Storekeepers at Fifty Cents per bottle. Where parties are unable to obtain the article through the usual sources and cannot induce their druggists to promptly order for them, they will, by remitting Five Dollars to us, (per money order or registered letter), receive Ten Bottles by Express, expenses prepaid.

Address **A. VOGELER & CO.** Baltimore, Md. The trade supplied by **MESSRS. HODGE, DAVIS & CO.** Portland Ore on. sep 22-6m

Dissolution Notice.

The co-partnership heretofore existing between N. M. Fletcher, James McCoy and James R. Kelly, under the name of the Imperishable Paint Company, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. James R. Kelly alone is authorized to collect the outstanding accounts of the company, and will pay all claims against the said company. (Signed) A. M. FLETCHER, JAMES MCCOY, JAMES R. KELLY.

San Francisco, Oct. 25, 1879.

Having sold out our interest in the Imperishable Paint Co. to Mr. James R. Kelly, we most cordially recommend him to our friends and patrons. (Signed) A. M. FLETCHER, JAMES MCCOY, JAMES R. KELLY.

San Francisco, Oct. 25, 1879. nov 9-1w

USE ONLY

MOLSON & SONS' CELEBRATED

Beer, Ale and Porter

Which is superior to all others

Send for your orders. **MOLSON & SONS,** 25 St. Portland, Oregon

D. SIDDALL, (Of British Columbia.)

DENTIST—DENTIST—DENTIST. ROOMS—Over the Bank; French & Co.'s Building. **The Dalles, Oregon.** nov 1-1m

DuBOIS & KING, GENERAL AGENTS,

Commission and Forwarding Merchants, 108 Front street, 411 Washington street, Portland, Ogn. San Francisco, Cal. Special attention given to the sale of Wool, Flour, Grain and Produce in Portland and San Francisco. feb 19-1m

Benson's Capcine

Porous Plaster

A Wonderful Remedy. There is no comparison between it and the common slow acting porous plaster. It is in every way superior to all other external remedies, including liniments and the so-called electrical appliances. It contains new medicinal elements which in combination with rubber, possesses the most extraordinary pain-relieving, strengthening and curative properties. Any physician in your own locality will confirm the above statement. For Lamé Back, Rheumatism, Female Weakness, Stomach and Neglected Colds and Coughs, Diseased Kidneys, Whooping Cough, Affections of the heart, and all ills for which porous plasters are used, it is simply the best known remedy. Ask for Benson's Capcine Porous Plaster and take no other. Sold by all druggists. Price 25 cents. Sent on receipt of price, by Seabury & Johnson, 21 Platt Street, New York. feb 25-1m

THE CHEAPEST HOUSE IN OREGON

TO BUY:

Dry Goods, Clothing, Groceries

P. SELLING,

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Sept 23-3m

SMITH BROS. & WATSON,

IRON WORKS!

MANUFACTURE AND KEEP ON HAND ALL SIZES & LATEST IMPROVED STYLES ENGINES AND BOILERS. Furnish Saw and Grist Mill Machinery, complete; Quartz Mills, Steam and Hydraulic, Hoisting and all other kinds of Machinery made to order. Plans and estimates for Mills and other work, and competent men furnished when desired to set up machinery. Also manufacture Gold's Patent Hygienic Furnaces for heating houses, public buildings, etc. Have best facilities for turning out first-class work at short notice. Repairs promptly attended to. sep 17 **SMITH BROS. & WATSON, Portland, Ogn.**

COLLIE DOGS and GORDON SETTERS At Auction.

We are instructed by Wallis Nash, Esq., to sell at our Auction Saleroom, No. 45 First street, Portland, Oregon **On Thursday, December 11, 1879.** At 10 o'clock A. M., the following described FINELY BRED LOGS, viz: **SCOTCH COLLIE, sheep dogs.**—Both Pure Bred and Prize Dogs—**GORDON SETTERS, Bird Dogs.**—Five Collie Puppies, 8 months old; partly handied and broken to stock. Three Collie Puppies, 4 months old; Four Collie Puppies, 1 week old. The parents chosen last autumn, by one of the best judges in Scotland, from among the Prize Winners at the Jodburgh Sheep Fair. **FOUR GORDON SETTER PUPPIES, Five Months Old.** The father bred from the Champion bitch at both Birmingham and Crystal Palace Dog Shows in England. The mother bred at Gordon Castle, Scotland, in the kennel of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, and thence obtained direct. Parties desiring further information may address the Auctioneers, **GILMAN & CO.,** No. 43 First Street, Portland, Oregon. nov 12-1d

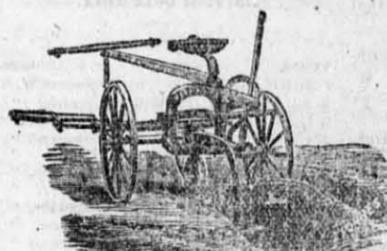
HAWLEY, DODD & CO.

PORTLAND, OREGON.

Offer for Sale at the Lowest Prices Possible,

HARDWARE, IRON AND STEEL

Agricultural Implements, SOLE AGENT FOR JOHN DEERE'S CELEBRATED



SULKY PLOWS Over 1,000 Sold in Oregon and W. T. in the last 3 years. The peculiar arrangement of this unrivalled implement needs only to be seen to be appreciated. Ask your neighbor what he thinks about it. No complication of levers. A boy can manage it, and do better work than a man with a walking plow, and twice the quantity per day.

Deere's 40, 60 and 72 Tooth Harrows. Farm, Feed and Grist Mills, **RANDALL'S PULVERIZING HARROWS,** Buckeye Broadcast Seeders & Grain Drills, **Schuttler, Farm, Freight and Spring Wagons** **STUDEBAKER WAGONS,** with Patent Roller Brake. Too well known to need comment. Send for Circulars and Price Lists. **HAWLEY, DODD & CO.**

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The Pacific Monthly

AND

OFFICIAL GAZETTE!

The edition of the OFFICIAL GAZETTE published by me two years ago has been entirely exhausted, and has added its proportion to the influences which are attracting the thousands of immigrants to our

RICH AND PRODUCTIVE LANDS

And accelerating the development of our natural resources. The demand for such a work is constantly increasing, and to meet that demand I shall widen the scope of the GAZETTE, change its form and issue it hereafter in regular monthly parts under the above title. It will be

Devoted to Statistical Information

Concerning the material resources of Oregon and Washington Territory, including a full description of the Cities, Towns, and Counties, Topographical Appearance, Population, Growth, Business Enterprises, Lists of Officers, and a complete

Business and Official Directory!

Of the State and Territory. Our agricultural advantages, as well as the mining, manufacturing and all other material interests of the entire State and Territory will be fully represented.

Mr. H. M. Clinton will have immediate supervision of the details of bringing out the work, and will visit all parts of the State and Territory personally to insure its accurate completeness.

D. H. STEARNS, Publisher, PORTLAND, OREGON.

