

# Puget Sound Weekly Argus.



VOL. 7.

PORT TOWNSEND W. T., FRIDAY, JANUARY 11, 1878.

NO. 47

## PUGET SOUND ARGUS

IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY AT  
Port Townsend, Washington Territory.  
**ALLEN WEIR,**  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Terms of Subscription.—\$3.00 per annum  
in advance; six months, \$1.50.

### RATES OF ADVERTISING:

One inch, first insertion.....\$1.50  
Each subsequent insertion..... .50

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sertion must be accompanied by cash.  
All Accounts Settled Monthly.

### LOCAL NEWS.

From the ARGUS Extra of Saturday.

THE Dispatch took a large load of pas-  
sengers and freight across the Sound on  
her last trip. Among the former we no-  
ticed two families en route for Nootsack  
valley. Elder Fairchild went to Semiah-  
moo; Rev. Mr. Edwards, of Seattle, went  
to San Juan and Lopez, and Mr. Chas.  
McKay, of San Juan, returned to his  
home, after an absence up the Sound.  
The Dispatch is doing a thriving business  
just now, and Capt. Munroe, by his affa-  
ble and obliging disposition, is helping it  
to increase.

THE California arrived yesterday after-  
noon, on her way from Portland to Alas-  
ka, carrying U. S. mails and passengers.  
Mr. Patrick and partner, who had been  
announced to arrive, came on board of her  
to this, their destination. Among their  
accompanying effects was a handsome  
boat to be used in fishing. This smacks  
so much of actual business that we may  
expect operations to begin as soon as a lo-  
cation is determined upon.

Mr. S. D. Howe says the information  
respecting his intention to start a Plum-  
mer fruit-dryer at this place is false. A  
correction may be made by saying that he  
purchased the patent right for one or two  
counties about the head of the Sound. But  
then the mistake was not ours, so we will  
attempt no apology. Mr. Howe is just  
down from Olympia, and says the owner  
of the patent will be down here in a few  
days with a view to selling the right for  
some of the lower Sound counties.

MISTAKE.—We ask pardon of Mr.  
Oliver Flint, of Port Discovery, for an-  
nouncing the birth of a daughter to his  
wife. Mr. Oliver Flint is a bachelor, but  
somehow his name got mixed up with  
that of his brother, Mr. W. C. Flint, who  
is the fortunate fellow in this case.

OUR friend G. M. Haller, proclaims his  
intention of having lots of fun riding on  
horseback and otherwise, by bringing into  
town a pretty colt. It is from the farm  
of Mr. Maryott, and will, when broken in,  
be a desirable piece of property.

AN improvement; in the shape of a new  
bar counter in "The Office" saloon is  
noted. Mr. Wm. Melihursh presides and  
practices at the bar. "Billy" says he has  
deserted the rank and file of "hash-sling-  
ers."

The lumber having arrived for cover-  
ing the new sidewalk on Adams street,  
Mr. Morgan, the contractor, is pushing the  
work ahead with all possible dispatch.

MR. DeBarrows is about to remove his  
barbershop from the Central Hotel to a  
pleasant room in the Custom House  
building, fronting on Water street.

It is expected that the steam tug Mas-  
tick, which has been undergoing repairs at  
Seattle, will be down again some time  
during the coming week.

MANY persons have recently volunteered  
the startling information that we have  
been having uncommonly fine weather  
for this time of the year.

We are pleased to note the safe return  
once more of Mr. Frank Bowers who has  
been away for a short time up at New  
Westminster.

THE schooner Letitia left this place for  
Dungeness to-day, taking several passen-  
gers and some freight down.

CAPT. J. H. Swift, of Coveland, is  
among the recent notable visitors to this  
place.

THE country attorney's intellect  
is so obtuse that our allusion to his  
published challenge to fight is above  
his comprehension, and it is conse-  
quently misrepresented. Well, this  
only adds to the sublimity of the  
spectacle.

### WHAT DO YOUR CHILDREN READ?

A bad book, magazine or newspa-  
per is as dangerous to your children  
as a vicious companion, and will as  
surely corrupt their morals and lead  
them away from the paths of safety.  
Every parent should set this thought  
clearly before his mind and ponder it  
well. Look to what your children  
read, and especially to the kind of pa-  
pers that get into their hands, for  
there are now published scores of  
weekly papers, with attractive and  
sinuous illustrations, that are as hurt-  
ful to the young and innocent as  
poison to a healthful body.

Trenching on the borders of in-  
dency, they corrupt the morals, taint  
the imagination, and allure the weak  
and unguarded from the path of in-  
nocence. The danger to young per-  
sons from this cause was never so  
great as at this time; and every fa-  
ther and mother should be on guard  
against an enemy that is sure to meet  
the young.

Our mental companions—the  
thoughts and feelings that dwell with  
us when alone, and influence our ac-  
tions—these are what lift us up and  
drag us down. If your children has  
pure and good mental companions,  
he is safe, but if through corrupt  
books and papers, evil thoughts and  
impure imaginings get into his mind,  
his danger is imminent.

Look to it, then, that your children  
are kept as free as possible from this  
taint. Never bring into your  
house a paper or periodical that is not  
strictly pure, and watch carefully lest  
any such get into the hands of your  
growing-up boys.

### COMMUNICATED.

EDITOR ARGUS:—Having seen your ac-  
count of the trips of the Bark Camden, I  
would like to supplement it with the fol-  
lowing:

The Barkentine Joseph Perkins belong-  
ing to the same company as the Camden,  
Capt. J. A. Johnson, went on the Hono-  
lulu route in February last. The fol-  
lowing is the account of her trips from Port  
Townsend to Honolulu and return since  
then:

Sailed February 11th, arrived April 18th;  
sailed April 28th arrived June 9th;  
sailed June 25th arrived August 7th;  
sailed August 18th arrived Oct. 10th;  
sailed October 23d arrived December 16;  
sailed December 30th.

IN PROBATE COURT.—In the Pro-  
bate Court of Island County, on the  
24th of December, 1877, the estate of  
Colin Chisholm, who was lost in  
the Pacific disaster, was finally set-  
tled, and a dividend of 33 1/2 per cent.  
declared and ordered paid to some  
23 creditors whose claims aggregate  
\$5,779. This estate has been in pro-  
bate for some time; and being in-  
volved in the bankruptcy of Thos.  
Cranney, was for that reason neces-  
sarily delayed in settlement. Consid-  
ering the large amount of litigation  
and the many complications in  
which the estate was found, much  
credit is due to the Probate Judge,  
Hon. R. C. Hill, and to the attorney  
for the administrator, G. Morris Hal-  
ler, Esq., for the prompt, efficient  
and satisfactory manner in which the  
estate was wound up.

LONDON, Dec. 29.—The removal  
of the British fleet from Besika Bay  
to the Gulf of Smyrna was made ne-  
cessary because of the serious risks  
to iron-clads and crews during the  
winter at the unsheltered anchorage  
of Besika, but on the other hand the  
transfer to another point so near the  
Dardanelles signifies the alertness  
with which England intends to  
guard those important straits. While  
forcible British intervention is by no  
means believed to be imminent, the  
government certainly is omitting no  
efforts at preparations for it.

It sounds "sweet and commenda-  
ble" to hear a newspaper man, who  
can be bribed by a squaw-brothel  
manager to publish libellous attacks  
upon respectable citizens, enlighten  
the public with the startling an-  
nouncement that his paper is one of  
the only two in the Territory that  
cannot be bought by influential of-  
ficials.

Mr. Jas. McCurdy, of San Juan,  
started for Portland by Friday's boat.  
He will return in a few days. We  
are sorry not to have been apprised  
sooner of this gentleman's exertions  
to have another post office and mail  
route established in San Juan County

**J. Cal. McFadden,**  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW  
PROCTOR IN ADMIRALTY.  
Collections made, Conveyancing, &c, &c  
PORT TOWNSEND, W.

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**BRADSHAW & INMAN.**  
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In Admiralty. Port Townsend, W. T.

**H. L. BLANCHARD,**  
Attorney & Counsellor At-law  
PROCTOR IN ADMIRALTY.  
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**Dr. Thos. T. Minor**  
Managing Surgeon, Marine Hospital.  
Port Townsend, W. T.

Can be consulted, night or day, at Hospital  
Office hours at Central Hotel from 11  
to 12 A. M., and from 7 to 8 P. M.

CHAS. H. LARRABEE. C. H. HANFORD  
**Larrabee & Hanford.**  
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SEATTLE, W. T.

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**Dr T. C. Mackey,**  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.  
OFFICE AT DRUG STORE.  
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Bricklayer, Plasterer, and  
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Work done at the lowest reasonable rates.  
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**New Barber Shop.**  
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**Joseph de Barrows.**  
Shaving, Hair Cutting, and Color-  
ing, done in style.

**U. S. Restaurant and Hotel**  
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WATER ST., PORT TOWNSEND.  
Good accommodations at CASH RATES.

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

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

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

**COSMOPOLITAN HOTEL.**  
C. FRANK CLAPP, Proprietor.

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

**George Sterming,**

WISHES TO INFORM HIS PATRONS  
that he is still doing business in the  
OLD STAND known as

**STERMINE'S SALOON**  
Superior Qualities of  
Foreign & Domestic Cigars  
Constantly on hand.  
Friendly and Patrons are welcome.  
Port Townsend, Feb. 7, 1874.

## B. S. MILLER,

Head of Union Wharf Pt. Townsend  
W. T.



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WATERMAN & KATZ,

# WEEKLY ARGUS.

Port Townsend, Jefferson County, W. T.

ALLEN WEIR Editor and Proprietor

## It Isn't All in Bringing Up.

It isn't all in "bringing up,"  
Let folks say what they will;  
To silver scour a pewter cup—  
It will be pewter still.  
E'en of old wise Solomon,  
Who said "Train up a child,"  
If I mistake not had a son,  
Proved rattle-brained and wild.  
A man of mark, who fain would pass  
For lord of sea and land,  
May have the training of a son,  
And bring him up full grand;  
May give him all the wealth of lore,  
Of college and of school,  
Yet after all make him no more  
Than just a decent fool.

Another, raised by penury  
Upon his bitter bread,  
Whose road to knowledge is like that  
The good to heaven must tread—  
He's got a spark of Nature's light,  
He'll fan it to a flame,  
'Till in burning letters bright  
The world may read his name.  
If it were all in "bringing up,"  
In counsels and restraint,  
Some rascals had been honest men—  
I'd been myself a saint.  
Oh, it isn't all in "bringing up,"  
Let folks say what they will,  
Neglect may dim a silver cup—  
It will be silver still.

## Jack's Speculation.

One of the best steamboat engineers on the Mississippi is Jack Bragg. Jack Bragg is as black as the ace of spades, and his face about as broad, and before the war was a chattel planter on the river. Said planter had an interest in several steamboats, and as Jack was a trusty fellow he allowed him to run occasionally to and from New Orleans, and finally allowed him to be employed on the boats most of the time.

On one of the boats—the May Queen—the engineer discovered that Jack was intelligent and faithful, and employed him in his department. This was glory for the chattel. The roar and the sweep, and the majestic pulsations of the mighty engine, were to him a revelation. They brought out in him all that was grand and aspiring. To be able to control that wondrous array of mechanism—to be himself the man whom that stupendous power should obey—was a thought that crept into his mind, and possessed him entirely.

The engineer of the May Queen was a good-hearted man, thorough in his profession, and given to be lazy, and slightly addicted to drink. When he found Jack was eager to learn how to run the engine he gave him help; and in this he was entirely selfish, for he had made sure that the negro would very soon surpass his own assistants. And so it proved. Never was a repair made upon any part of the machinery that Jack was not watchful of the way and manner in which that part was fashioned, and whenever there was anything to be done which he could do, he did it.

His owner, at the request of the captain of the May Queen, put him on board to clean the engine—to scrub, scour, polish, and dust and clean the bright work, and to oil the running parts and bearings. In six months from that time the engineer could lie off at pleasure, feeling perfectly safe to leave Jack in charge of his engine; and occasionally, when Jack would lay him away out of sight, and do his duty for him while he was overcome with liquor, he would do the generous thing. In this way Jack saved up money. But a change was coming.

Jack's owner died, and his widow, preparatory to selling out, called in all the chattels, to have them in hand, and Jack went in with the rest. Oh, it was hard for him. The chances were that he would be sold off down the river. What should he do? He went to his old friend, the engineer of the May Queen, and asked him for help.

"But what can I do?" the man asked in return.

"Promise, fust, Mas'r Linkum, dat you'll keep my secret."

Mr. Lincoln promised.

And then Jack asked the engineer to go to a physician whom he could trust, and get some safe and simple medication by means of which he could make himself sick at pleasure, but which should produce no lasting effects.

Lincoln understood and entered into the spirit of the thing at once. In fact, Jack had been so kind to him, had taken care of him so many times when he had been too far gone with drink to take care of himself, and at the same time running his engine for him—that he felt bound to give all the assistance in his power. He knew a physician at Natchez whom he could trust with the exact business as it was—a New York man whose heart was just in the right place.

The doctor heard the story, and compounded the required article. It was simply a nauseating mixture, which would keep the stomach completely upset while being taken, without producing any effect that would endure beyond the dosing.

Armed with this drug Jack went home.

"My soul an' body, Missus, I feel kind ob cur'us! Golly! hope to m'cy I haint got none ob dem ribber fevers!"

On the next day Jack was really sick. He was too valuable a hand to be given up, and his mistress called a physician. There was no fever, but a simple derangement of the digestive organs, which he thought would be readily conquered. "You must make him well," the widow said, "for I want to set off as soon as I can, and if Jack is all that my husband claimed him to be, I certainly ought to get twelve hundred dollars for him."

Jack happened to overhear this and he grew no better very fast. In a few days his mistress became alarmed. "What can be the matter with him?" she asked the doctor.

And the doctor told her, with professional dignity, that he thought the "boy" was "breaking up." Some old disease contracted on the river—a sort of low, persistent fever, it was coming to. By and by, when Jack had stood the breaking down process as long as he could, and when he knew the physician had given up all hopes of curing him, he ventured to broach the subject nearest his heart.

"Missus," said he, as solemn as solemn could be, struggling for breath gaspingly, "I s'pees dis yer nigger's gwine fur to die. Dis ole carcass is 'bout done for an' gone up. Now, I's got a bit ob money laid away—money dat I made on de ribber—an' twon't be ob no use to me arter I'm dead an' put inter de groun'. Oh, Missus! I'd like to die a free man. Golly! 'pears to me if I could jes' for once own myself I should be de happiest nigger goin'." I could die my own mas'r."

Jack confessed that he could raise a hundred dollars, and for that sum his mistress gladly gave him the papers that made him a free man. On the next day after getting his papers he went on board the May Queen, and was hired at once by the engineer at good wages; and after cutting off his medicine he was not long in regaining his pristine health and vigor.

Jack is gray-headed now, but he is still in the land of the living, and, as I said at the outset, one of the best engineers on the river; and he loves, even at this day, to tell of his grand speculation when he made trade with his mistress.—Ledger.

## A Dog Feast.

It is the custom of the mystic brotherhood of medicine-men among the Salteaux and Crees hereabouts, to celebrate the dog feast annually about this season of the year. The nominal object of this feast is to make medicine, though exactly what this medicine is I am unable to say.

The annual dog feast was held this season in the neighborhood of Netley Creek (Manitoba), and being in the neighborhood, I was invited to attend by Sou Sou, or (Little Long Ears), a prominent conjuror, who had been smoking my tobacco quite freely for some time. The invitation was accepted I should say for the sake of novelty, and not at all for that of the boiled dog; although, having been partly eaten by a dog once, I had some desire to retaliate upon the species.

It was the afternoon of the second day of the feast when I arrived, and a multitude of children and a doubly large multitude of dogs welcomed me in truly aboriginal fashion. I found a temporary camp laid out on the plain close to the creek, and containing twenty or thirty lodges and the usual complement of squaws. At one side of the camp an inclosure about forty feet long by twenty-five feet wide, fenced in with branches of trees, was laid off on the prairie. In a line running lengthwise through the center were erected perpendicular poles with large stones at their bases, both stones and poles covered red over different parts of their surfaces by the blood of the dog sacrifice. In the enclosure I found Sou Sou and We-we-tak-gum Nagash (or the man who flies round the feathers), the head medicine-man of the Swampies, assisted by about a dozen other doctors just as fully qualified to separate the membrane from the top of the head as the most renowned scalp-takers. Immediately outside the inclosure were about sixty other Indians, painted red, yellow, blue and green, ornamented with feathers and strings of small bells, who were pounding on tom-toms, screeching with all their might, and, stooping over, dancing from one foot to the other. In the rear of these howling dervishes were as many squaws, adding to the deafening din by a series of blood-curdling yells that made every one's hair rise on his head.

As soon as I appeared Sou Sou sent one of his young men to escort me into the sacred enclosure. Upon reaching the fence, however, he informed me that, as I was possessed of the white man's devil, certain incantations were necessary to cast it out before I could enter. This task he proceeded to perform by means of three wooden pegs, which he set up on the ground. One represented the medicine-man, another the devil, while a third was supposed to indicate myself. He moved these pegs round very much after the manner of a thimble-rigger, and I seemed to have, through my peg, about as hard a time of it as the pea under the thimble usually has. However, the devil was finally cast out of me, and I was permitted to enter and seat myself against the fence. An old tin dish was handed to me, and the show went on.

The next thing in order was the medicine-dance, in which all the company joined. \* \* \* The step consisted in raising one foot straight up, and then changing positions, carrying it out to the end. Every warrior of them looked as if he had suddenly hurt his toe and was howling with pain. Pauses were made now and then to give a chance for breathing, after which they began with red-

doubled vigor. At nearly every interlude some warrior, generally a broad-shouldered muscular fellow, stepped to the centre of the field and related his own glorious deeds by flood and field.

During the progress of the dance Sou Sou designated to an old squaw the particular dogs that were his choice for the sacrifice. These would have been white in color, but the white ones having all been slaughtered the previous day, yellow dogs were substituted. One was caught and tied by a short line to a stake, and the squaw attacked him with a club. Striking at the head she missed him and hit him on the nose, whereupon the dog howled dismally. This brought out several other squaws with clubs, and a dozen more dogs, and finally the clubs beat the life out of half a dozen animals and they were ready for the next step. They were thrown on a quick brush fire, which singed off all the hair, after which the squaws scraped them well and took out the entrails. The animals were then exposed on the stones at the foot of the poles within the inclosure, during the performance of certain ceremonies by the medicine-men, whose medicine-bags played an important part in the ceremony. Then the carcasses were cut to pieces, put in a large camp-kettle and placed on the fire. In about two hours, during which time the dancing and speech-making went on uninterruptedly, the dogs were pronounced done and the feast ready. All the Indians were invited inside the fence, and each man furnished with a tin pan. Two young bucks were detailed to dish out the dog, which presented a very repulsive appearance as it was borne from man to man, that each one might select the part he intended to devour. I decline, of course, to say what part was received in my own dish, and have only to say that, bade to come to the feast, it would have been a grave breach of courtesy to refuse to partake. Sou Sou, who sat next to me, had his pan garnished with a hind leg and three joints of tail, which he soon made away with. In fact every one seemed hungry, and the dog was soon dispatched, the bones being picked as clean as though flesh had never grown on them. For the celebration of a solemn act of communion with the spirits, it seemed remarkably like an assemblage convened for the express purpose of eating dog.—New York Evening Post.

## Lung Ventilation.

The patient must with scrupulous conscientiousness insist on breathing fresh, pure air, and must remember that the air of closed rooms is always more or less bad, impure. No man, however uncleanly, would drink muddy, dirty water. Unfortunately, for detecting impurities of the air, the only organ we have is the nose, and in most persons the nose is of so obtuse a sensibility that it is of no service. Besides dust, injury to the lungs is caused principally by the products of respiration (carbonic acid and watery vapor), which acts as poison on the lungs and blood. A party which occupies a room for hours, breathing the same air, might be compared to a party of bathers drinking the water in which they bathe. The man who on the street cuts off from his lungs the "cold" air, is like a ruminant. If this literally true comparison were universally accepted and acted on, the number of cough-complaints would be reduced one-half.

The patient must keep the window of his bedroom open. Night-air is fresh air without daylight; he who fears night-air is like a child who dreads darkness; the light in the room after the lamp is extinguished is also night-air. In close, crowded, heated rooms, the patient suffering from lung-complaints requires comparatively. In winter artificial heat may be employed, but the window must be opened above, and thus we have at once both warmth and ventilation. In the city night-air is always wholesomer than day-air, being both purer and stiller.

If it be objected that "what suits the blacksmith does not suit the tailor," I reply that may be true of a plate of sauerkraut. But here the case is just the reverse. The blacksmith who has no trouble with his lungs can stand vapor-dust, heat, fatigue; but the one who has pulmonary disease risks his life if he has not always abundance of fresh, pure air. So far of the What?—lung ventilation. Next, of the Why?

On rising, let the patient drink fresh milk (not coffee), which will be relished all the more if one wakes with an inclination to cough. Then let him approach the open window, brandish the arms over the head—which enables the lung apices to inhale air more easily—and for a few minutes fetch as deep inspirations of air as possible. He must frequently take such deep inspirations in the open air.

If the lungs do not become free, let him introduce into them—not into the stomach—something to act on the dry mucous membrane—as the vapor of water or of camomile-tea.

If the cough is caused rather by a "scratchy" feeling in the throat, if it is spasmodic, let him swallow or gargle some substance that will quiet the nerves. Cold water is best—in summer ice-water; in some cases cooled fennel-tea is of service, but no syrup or any hot drink.—Popular Science Monthly.

A LONDON tailor has this sign in his window: "No American orders taken without a deposit." Above a bar in Chicago may be read: "No trust for alleged English noblemen."

A SARATOGA county, N. Y., farmer boasts that he has raised and threshed 1,000 bushels of oats this year off fifteen acres of land.

## A Doctors' Quarrel.

In regard to the killing of H. K. Knott at Benton, Ohio, the evidence before the Coroner's jury elicited the following facts substantially:

There has been a very bitter feeling, growing, no doubt, out of professional rivalry, between the parties. Dr. Knott, the murdered man, has resided in Benton about three years. Dr. F. H. Knapp came to Benton in June last, and commenced the practice of medicine, boarding at the hotel. Trouble commenced at once, and slanderous stories were circulated. About three weeks ago very violent words passed between the parties, Dr. Knott's wife taking a very active part. Some fresh provocation occurred yesterday between 12 and 1 o'clock p. m., and Dr. Knapp went and got a double barreled shotgun and started for the residence of Dr. Knott. On his way one of the barrels was accidentally discharged. Dr. Knott was at the house of a near neighbor, whom he had not found at home, and was returning with his hat drawn over his eyes, sauntering rather carelessly along, eating peanuts, and using his penknife to open them. Dr. Knapp passed and re-passed the house, and then, turning into the alley, came upon the Doctor, and leveling the gun when some twelve or fifteen feet off, shot him, the charge striking and cutting off one of his fingers and mangling his thumb, passing into the body above the navel. He then clubbed the gun, striking him over the head and breaking his skull, exclaiming, "There!—you shot at me again, will you?" He then turned back, and, in passing the house of his victim, saw Mrs. Knott in the door, and drew the gun up, threatening to shoot her. He then went to his office, where he remained until arrested by the officer, who lodged him in the jail at this place.

In company with Col. J. W. Shaw, who is personally acquainted with the prisoner, the reporter called at the jail last night, and through the kindness of Sheriff Titch, was admitted. He appeared quite communicative and justified himself, asserting that he committed the act in self-defence; that he had been maligned and traduced, his steps dogged and his life threatened; that on the day of the killing, about noon, while on the way from the stable to his office, in passing Dr. Knott's house, Knott had come out, fired his revolver, and told him that he intended to kill him the next time they met; that he started to visit a patient, taking the gun with him; that Dr. Knott intercepted him, threatened to shoot his heart out, and rushed toward him, putting his hands to his pocket, as if drawing a weapon, and that in fear of his life he shot him. He had been so maligned and slandered that he was almost frenzied. He was born in Mecca, Trumbull county, in 1830, where his father still resided. Had studied medicine in the office of Dr. Bradley, of Johnston; had gone West, where he remained until the breaking out of the war, when he returned to Ohio and enlisted in the 2d Ohio Cavalry, and was transferred to the 9th Ohio Cavalry; had spent some time in rebel prisons; was married, but his wife was dead; had a daughter living, who was married. Here he broke down and wept bitterly, regretting, on her account, the position in which he was placed. We give his version of the affair in justice to him, though the evidence before the Coroner's jury places the matter in a different light. Court convenes on the 3d of next month, when his trial will take place. It is a sad affair.—Cincinnati (O.) Gazette.

## Who Ate Roger Williams?

MACON CITY, Mo.—What is meant by the question, "Who ate Roger Williams?" Answer in your paper, and oblige,

ANOTHER ENQUIRER.

Last week we did not know Roger Williams had been eaten, and so answered. Since that time a friend has given us information of the singular event, and it occurred in this wise: Roger Williams was a native of Wales, was a Puritan and a founder of the Colony of Rhode Island. He died in Providence in 1683. Many years afterwards, the private burying-ground where he was interred was searched for the remains of himself and wife, for the purpose of erecting a monument over them. Very little was found. The shape of the coffin could only be traced by a black line in the earth. The rusted hinges and nails and a round wooden knot alone remained in one grave, while a single lock of braided hair was found in the other. Near the grave stood an apple tree, the larger root of which pushed its way to the precise spot occupied by the skull of Roger Williams, and, turning, passed around it and followed the direction of the back-bone to the hips. Here it is divided into two branches, sending one along each leg to the heel, when the roots turned upward to the toes, the whole bearing a strong resemblance to the human form. These roots are now deposited in the museum of Brown University. It was thus found that the organic matter—the flesh, the bones of Roger Williams—had passed into an apple tree, transmuted into woody fibre, bloomed into fragrant blossoms, and borne luscious fruit, which from year to year had been gathered and eaten. Those, therefore, who ate the apples from this tree ate Roger Williams.—Columbia (Mo.) Statesman.

Now that cooler weather has come, the great question everywhere is, What is to be done with the tramp? He is becoming in some localities, especially the Middle States, not only a nuisance but a terror to the community.

The fermented essence of rice, steaming hot, is the favorite drink at Japanese watering places.

## Good Night, Papa.

Another death from that horrible and mysterious disease, hydrophobia, has occurred, the victim in this instance being a child of tender years, and the cause a bite by one of that villainous breed of dogs whose presence in a city in which they literally swarm is almost as dangerous as that of so many cobras.

Mr. Charles Leibrick, a salesman in the hardware store of Shields & Brother, 119 North Third street, resides with his family at No. 1541 North Twenty-fourth street, and it is his youngest child, Charles Edward Leibrick, unusually bright for his only two years and eight months of life, who is the victim of the terrible calamity. Last evening Mr. Leibrick was called upon and related the story of the child's sufferings and death, as follows:

"Six weeks ago to-day Charley was playing with other children on the pavement in front of the beer saloon of Joseph Eichman, on the south-west corner of Twenty-third and Bolton, about two squares away from here. Eichman's child was playing with a spitzer dog, belonging to him, and the dog afterwards jumped in an apparently playful manner from one child to another, when suddenly my boy cried out that he was bitten. He was taken into Eichman's house and then brought home. He was then at once sent to my family doctor, and word was brought back that the doctor did not think it was a dog bite. I saw the marks when I came home that night; one was on the left eye-brow and the other on the left cheek, just below the eye. Both together were not as big as the head of a ten-penny nail. I did not think them the result of a dog bite, because a woman who saw the child as the dog jumped at it, said they were caused by his face striking against the wheel of a baby carriage. The marks disappeared in twelve hours.

"I had been for a long while in the habit of carrying my boy after he had awakened every morning down stairs 'piggy back,' a practice he enjoyed very much, but on last Saturday morning, for the first time, he showed a fear of falling so marked and unnatural as to excite my notice. He played all that day with his sisters, as usual, but his mother noticed he was drooping. Sunday morning he was still evidently out of sorts, but nothing happened of note until the afternoon. Then his mother stripped him for the purpose of washing him all over and dressing him. The instant the water came in contact with his body he gave a yell unlike any sound she ever heard before. I came home about six o'clock, and she reported to me what had happened. I took him up stairs and sat with him on my knee for an hour and a half. I then asked him to lie down with me. He consented, but when I laid him down he gave a yell such as I never heard anything like in my life.

"From that time he would never lie down and it was then that his convulsions began. These were from seven to ten minutes apart, lasting a minute at a time. The sight and touch of water caused them the worst; a tear that dropped from my eye upon his cheek threw him into a convulsion. The convulsions lasted all Sunday night and Monday until ten minutes past six o'clock in the evening, when he died very easily. He was sensible all through his sickness, and just before his death he said to his little sisters who were crying beside him: 'Oh! don't cry. I will pray for you all when I get to heaven.' His last words were: 'Good-night, papa.'"—Philadelphia Times.

TELL-TALE LIPS.—I have observed that lips become more or less contracted in the course of years, in proportion as they are accustomed to express good humor and generosity, or peevishness or a contracted mind. Remark the effect which a moment of ill-temper and grudgingness has upon the lips, and judge what may be expected from a habitual series of such movements. Remark the reverse, and make similar judgment. The mouth is the frankest part of the face; it cannot in the least conceal its sensations. We can hide neither ill-temper with it, nor good; we may affect what we please, but affectation will not help us. In a wrong cause it will only make our observers resent the endeavor to impose on them. The mouth is the seat of one class of emotions, as the eyes are of another; or, rather, it expresses the same emotions, but in greater detail, and with a greater irrepressible tendency to be in motion. It is the region of smiles and dimples, and of trembling earnestness; of a sharp sorrow, or full-breathing joy, of candor, of reserve, of anxious care, or liberal sympathy. The mouth, out of its many sensibilities, may be fancied throwing up one great expression into the eye—as many lights in a city reflect a broad luster into the heavens.—Leigh Hunt.

SCENE AT AN INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.—Young person (to office keeper)—"Want any general servants to-day. Eh?"

Office keeper—"Have you any references?"

Young person (affronted)—"Course not. Any gal can get a place with references; we pays you arf-a-dollar to get us a place without references."

THE council of Trinity College, London, have lately decided to throw open its higher musical examinations to women. The first examination under the new statutes will take place early next year.

MORE than 5,000,000 cans of corn are now packed in Maine, annually, and sold in every part of the world, yielding a business to that State of about \$1,550,000, and giving employment to from 8,000 to 10,000 people during the packing season.

Advice to Bachelors.

"Every dog has his day," and so has the bachelor. In all this weary old world there is no creature more hopelessly forlorn than the unmarried man who has cultivated the pleasures of his youth, and finds himself jogging alone—with ever-increasing speed, despite gout and rheumatism—down the sunset slope of life.

"No one is so accursed by fate— No one so utterly desolate But some heart, though unknown, Responds unto his own—"

then there is somewhere a desolate and dried-up old maid, stranded upon the rugged sands of time, whose life is as barren and bleak as his own—all because he neglected to find and marry her! Oh, you crabbed old customer; you selfish and sinful old bachelor, you cast upon you to repeat and turn from the error of your ways ere it is everlastingly too late, and you become so chronically sour and snappish and altogether disagreeable that no woman in the world will have you.

WOMEN'S RIGHTS BY RAILWAY.—Women have to take their chances in an English Railway carriage. Two weeks ago two Rugby ladies took seats in a compartment of the Scotch express from Euston. They were joined by a Scotch gentleman, and just as the train was starting, the porter put into the carriage an ill-looking sailor, with a large bottle of whisky sticking out of his coat pocket.

"WHERE THERE'S A WILL, THERE'S A WAY."—Liberal Scotch farmer (giving his work-people a dram): "Aww sorry, Mrs. McDougal, ye canna tak a gless on account of your temperance principles."

A Strange Story.

Thirty-three years ago a family named Benton, consisting of father, mother, son and daughter, resided in one of the Western States near a small town called Blank. The father was wealthy and lived in style, and his daughter Mabel, a child between two and three years of age, was always elegantly dressed, and George, the son, a boy of seven, was preparing to enter an Eastern school.

By the death of an uncle in San Francisco, George was left a considerable fortune, who conveyed the intelligence to him, also stated that his sister's career had been traced. A tramp on his death-bed in a St. Louis station confessed that he and two companions had stolen little Mabel Benton for her clothes and a locket which she wore, and that she had continued with them for several years, when her bright, pretty face attracted the attention of a kind-hearted lady in Ohio, who adopted her and sent her to school, where she remained until her patroness died.

Blocking a Confidence Game.—Mrs. Devereux, of Boston, reads the newspaper. Her husband also reads the newspaper; and the couple long ago agreed that no verbal order purporting to come from him for chattels should be honored by his better half. The other day there came to the door a respectable looking, plainly dressed fellow, and when the servant answered his ring, he told her in eager haste that Mr. Devereux had torn his pants in such a manner that he could not go out and expose himself to the gaze of a critical public, and had sent home for his light cassimere pants, which he wanted at once, because he must go out immediately on business of importance.

THE LONGEST RIVERS IN THE WORLD.—The following are the largest rivers, with their extent: The Amazon, in South America, falls from the Andes through a course of 2,600 miles; the Mississippi, from the Stony Mountains, runs 2,690 miles; La Plata, from the Andes, 2,215 miles; the Hoangho, in China, from the Tartarian chain of mountains, is 3,260 miles; the Yangtse-Kiang runs from the same mountains, and is 3,060 miles long; the Nile, from the Jihel Kumri Mountains, courses 2,690 miles; the Euphrates, from Ararat, is 2,020 miles long; the Volga, from the Valdais, is 2,100 miles; the Danube, from the Alps, is 1,790 miles in length; the Indus, from the Himalayas, is 1,770 miles; the Ganges runs from the same source, and is 1,650 miles long; the Orinoco, from the Andes, is 1,500 miles in length; the Niger, or Wharra, is 1,900 miles long; the Don, the Dnieper, and the Senegal are each over 1,000 miles in length; the Rhine and the Gambia are 888 miles in length.

WHILE the wife of C. J. Langdon, a brother-in-law of Mark Twain, was riding near Elmira, New York, with her child and nurse, recently, the horses ran away and were stopped by a colored man named John F. Lewis, who was rewarded by a present of \$1,000 from Mr. Langdon, \$50 and a set of his books from Mark Twain, and \$25 from another person, besides a quit claim for a mortgage of \$400 on his farm, due to a gentleman who thought the deed worthy of farther reward.

Practical Kindness.

One of the most beautiful and practical instances of real kindness I ever saw came to me in this wise: I had gone into my butcher's shop one Saturday night, and was waiting for my steak. While doing so, a man, black with the toil and dust of machinery, came in. He was old and homely, and meanly dressed, and I never should have looked upon him as a divine agent of consolation had not a little girl come in and revealed him to me. "How's father to-day, Polly?" he asked. "He's worse, to-day, and mother's down, too;" and the weary little thing began crying softly to herself. Then the man stooped and said something in a low voice, to which she only shook her head and cried more bitterly. So he took the basket from her, saying, "Run away home, Polly, or that baby—she'll be in mischief. I'll bring the basket." She offered him twenty-five cents, but he hurried her away and would not touch it. Then he chose some good beef, a piece of bacon, and plenty of vegetables, and having paid for them, walked off to a large tenement house in sight. I gave him silent reverence as he passed me, for I knew him then as one of God's messengers, unconsciously, but oh! how blessedly, taking a share in the ministry of angels! Opportunities like these are constantly thrown in our way by the angel who watcheth over our souls; but if a brother or sister be naked and destitute of daily food, and one of you say unto them, "Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled, notwithstanding ye give them not these things which are needful to the body, what doth it profit?"—Selected.

BEER PRODUCTION.—It is generally supposed that Germany is the greatest beer-producing country under the sun. This is not the case, however, and the palm of beer production belongs to England, which country made last year only a fraction fewer than nine hundred million gallons, exceeding the production of Germany more than one-third, and equalling the product of Austria, Belgium, France and the United States. Inasmuch as less than three per cent. of all the British beer is exported—the wonder is that the average Briton does not come to his beer at a less mature age than the statistics indicate.

We supposed there were, perhaps, mean men in Lockport, N. Y., but never dreamed so mean a thing could occur there as the following, which is said to have taken place on State firemen's day: "During the heavy shower in the afternoon, a crowd of people gathered under a canvas awning. Soon after, and while the rain was descending in sheets, the man who owned the awning raised it and held it up, thereby exposing the crowd to the rain. This accommodating creature kept umbrellas for sale."

PRUNING grapevines may be done just as soon as the leaves fall, or it may be delayed until early spring. If the former be preferred it is safer not to cut to the uppermost bud, which is intended to grow the next season, since that is liable to injury, unless the vines are laid down and covered.

ALL Asiatic women ride horseback astride.

Hostetter's Almanac. The edition for 1878 of the sterling Medical Annual, known as Hostetter's Almanac, is now ready, and may be obtained, free of cost, of druggists and general country dealers in all parts of the United States and British America, and indeed in every civilized portion of the Western hemisphere. It combines, with the soundest practical advice for the preservation and restoration to health, a large amount of interesting and amusing light reading, and the calendar, astronomical calculations, chronological items, &c., are prepared with great care, and will be found entirely accurate. The issue of Hostetter's Almanac for 1878, in the English, German, French, Welsh, Norwegian, Swedish, Holland, Bohemian and Spanish languages, will in all probability be the largest edition of a medical work ever published in any country. The proprietors, Messrs. Hostetter & Smith, Pittsburgh, Pa., on receipt of a two cent stamp, will forward a copy by mail to any person who cannot procure one in his neighborhood.

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Communications at the Institute or by letter free. Medicines sent by express. Address, L. J. CZAPKAY, M. D., 209 Kearny Street San Francisco.

Having given up the Agency, I will close out those on hand at reduced prices. Address CHAS. S. EATON, 128 Montgomery st., N. F.

HERBINE. NATURE'S TRUE REMEDY. Prepared from Herbs, and is highly recommended as a specific for Cancers, Tumors, Scrofula, Old Sores, Rheumatism, and diseases of the Throat, Lungs, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Blood, &c. This rare and invaluable compound is well known to thousands. None genuine but those containing the Effigy of M. DRUCES FERDINANDERL on the outside wrapper. Price 25c per bottle, or three for 75c. Sold by CRANE & BIGHAM and C. F. RICHARDS & CO., Wholesale Agents, San Francisco.

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I. M. COOPER, Stock Broker, N. W. Cor. Pine and Sansome Sts., SAN FRANCISCO.

Stocks Bought and Sold on Commission. STOCKS BOUGHT AND SOLD ON MARGINS at the following rates: Long Stocks, 2 to 25 per cent.; Outside Stocks, 25 to 50 per cent. Orders sent through Wells, Fargo & Co's Express promptly attended to.

CALVERT'S CARBOLIC SHEEP WASH. T. W. JACKSON, San Francisco, Sole Agent for the Pacific Coast.

C. & P. H. TIRRELL & CO., IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF BOOTS AND SHOES, NO. 419 CLAY STREET, Between Sansome and Battery, SAN FRANCISCO.

Manufacturers of Men's, Boys', Youth's and Children's FINE CALF BOOTS. Orders solicited and promptly filled. All sizes and qualities made at the lowest market prices. Please examine the goods and prices.

INFORMATION TO COUNTRY RESIDENTS THE ST. GEORGE HOTEL, 812 Kearny Street, San Francisco.

NEW FOUR-STORY BRICK, containing 100 Apartments, with all the modern improvements, newly furnished, to rent by the Day, Week or Month, in suite or single, at one-half the usual rates, enabling one to live in the city in fine style for the small sum of one Dollar per day. TRY IT.

INTERNATIONAL HOTEL, 524 and 526 Kearny St., San Francisco. \$1.50 and \$2.00 PER DAY. H. C. PATRIDGE, PROPRIETOR.

Two Concord Coaches, with the name of the Hotel on, will always be in waiting at the landing to convey passengers to the Hotel free. Be sure you get into the right Coach; if you do not, they will charge you.

COMMERCIAL HOTEL SAN FRANCISCO. JOHN KELLY, JR., FOR 26 YEARS PROPRIETOR of the Commercial Hotel, is now connected only with the COMMERCIAL HOTEL, on Montgomery Ave. and Kearny St., S. F. The Commercial is a first-class and commanding new 4-story hotel, with elevator, etc., and offers superior facilities at low rates. Free coach and carriage from all points. A call from former patrons respectfully invited.

THE DIME WALLET. Any agent or canvasser, or any person seeking a chance to earn an honorable living, can have sent to them a substantial, serviceable, and unique pocket-book by simply sending to the undersigned 10 cents. We include within it particulars of our business, and full information how to obtain free the greatest and latest household invention of the age. Address ALBERT DURKEE & CO., 112 Monroe St., Chicago. Publishers of "The Atlantic Weekly," immense circulation built up by agents.

AGENTS WANTED! FOR PARTICULARS, ADDRESS WILSON SEWING MACHINE CO, 529 Broadway, New York City; Chicago, Ill.; New Orleans, La.; or San Francisco, Cal.

POWLETT'S ATMOSPHERIC. Compact, Portable, Durable, Cheap. Something new. The best thing yet. Be sure to see it before purchasing an Iron Press. HOPKINS, TAYLOR & CO., 419 Sansome St., San Francisco. 1st-Class Agents Wanted.

CHEAPEST HOUSE on the PACIFIC COAST. AMOS CURRIER, (Late Currier & Winters), IMPORTER AND DEALER IN OIL PAINTINGS! Engravings, Chromos, Plain and Colored Photographs, Studies, and other Works of Art, at Wholesale and Retail. 225 Kearny St., bet. Sutter & Bush, SAN FRANCISCO.

FOR SALE! A Second-hand POTTER COUNTRY CYLINDER. Works 1,200 per hour. This press is in good condition and was sold only because the owner wished to get a better press. Address MILLER & RICHARD, SAN FRANCISCO. MERIT WILL WIN.

CALIFORNIA YEAST CAKES, M. LEFF CO'S. NEW ones on the market, and only goods of the kind made in California. For Light Doughnuts, in fact this article cannot be equalled, if made in any quantity where good yeast is required. M. LEFF & CO., Sacramento City, Cal. For Sale by Wholesale and Retail Grocers generally. Retail price, per package, 2 cents. Sample sent free by mail.

PUGET SOUND ARGUS.

Our Authorized Agents.

CROSEY & LOWE, Olympia, W. T.
G. F. RAYMOND, Seattle, W. T.
W. W. KORTHE, Seattle, W. T.
COLE, FRENCH & MANN, Puget Sound, W. T.
L. L. ANDERSON, Olympia, W. T.
DANIEL GAGE, Skagit County, W. T.
PETER McLAUGHLIN, Skagit County, W. T.
ALEXANDER BLOWERS, Skagit County, W. T.
D. C. CAMPBELL, King's Landing, W. T.
REV. J. T. WELLES, San Juan, W. T.
W. H. PUMPHREY, Seattle, W. T.
H. H. HALLOCK, Salem, Oregon, W. T.
D. H. STEARNS, Portland, W. T.
T. N. HERRIS, Victoria, B.C.

Get Up Clubs

In order to extend the circulation of the ARGUS still more, and to place it where it ought to be at every fire, we have decided to make the following offers:
To any one postoffice address, we will mail, postpaid, five copies of the paper one year for \$2.50 each. Ten copies of ten new subscribers we will make a reduction of fifty cents on each, thus enabling them to secure the largest weekly publication of reading matter in the Territory a year for \$2.50 each; also to the getter up of a club of ten we will send one copy one year free to any address.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 11, 1878.

THE NEW YEAR BEFORE US.

Having just passed a division of time known as the new year, a few remarks retrospective and prospective will not be inopportune.

While the rest of the world have been engaged in reconstructing personal habits, supplementing reformations and good resolutions with bright hopes and promises for a future course and conduct, we have been likewise profiting by a meditation upon the events of the past year, with a view to improvement in the future.

Our eight months' active experience in the journalistic field, in this place, has been fraught with incessant and severe labor. Taking the ARGUS when it was in the course of a retrograde movement, and when its former owner, subsequent to the transfer, boasted of having sold out just in time, the care, extra exertion and study of the business, necessary to staying the tide and instituting a forward movement, could not but bear heavily—especially upon shoulders to a great extent inexperienced in the profession. But our experience is not that of the slave who sees his efforts go unrewarded. Thanks to kind friends, and a desire in the public mind to encourage honest efforts in behalf of the right and popular good, day by day we behold the enterprise, in which our energies are enlisted, prospering. Our weekly circulation has more than doubled since May last; and, with the addition of two pages regularly to the size of the paper, we can safely hope for the support necessary to other improvements in the year before us, greater by far than any of the past.

Our course must necessarily be aggressive. Positive virtues rather than negative ones must be exercised. The experiences of the past, together with an earnest desire for improvement, combine to render our starting in the new year more hopeful and zealous than it could be otherwise. Our endeavors to meet the demand for all kinds of news could not rest short of publishing items direct from Washington City. At the seat of our national government there are transactions of national importance constantly going on; we have therefore made arrangements for a letter each week during the coming year, which will come direct and be intended especially for our readers. The second of this series appears with the present issue, and a careful perusal is requested therefor.

Thanking the public for the many favors so generously extended, we promise increased efforts to merit patronage in the future. Other upward movements will be indicated in due season.

THE GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY.—Now is the time for Port Townsend business men to bestir themselves and show their enterprise, by bidding in some of the mail contracts, thus securing control of them, and causing thousands of dollars to be spent here instead of elsewhere. To illustrate, we may cite the fact that the Sitka mail boat makes her headquarters at Portland, and for that reason supplies for merchants on the route are bought over there; the Dispatch, carrying the mail on the Sehome route, makes her headquarters at Seattle, hence, many settlers on her route, who would rather purchase supplies at this port, are obliged to send past here to Seattle, because she barely calls here going either way. Prompt action in this matter may be followed with immediate results for good. Bids will be received up to March 1, 1878.

We are pleased to hear of the success attending Union Academy, at Olympia, this winter. A gentleman just down from there speaks of the highest terms of this justly meritorious institution. Its management will most assuredly lead to Territorial distinction.

THE MAIL SERVICE.

We congratulate the people of Port Townsend, and of the whole of the lower Sound, on the fact that the Sitka mail will start from here instead of Portland, and that we are to have a daily mail from Tacoma and way ports. This is an act of tardily extended justice which the Government at last, yielding to the dictates of common sense, has accorded to us.

The mail service between the Sound and Sitka, was commenced in October, 1869, by the Steamship Constantine, owned by Messrs. Hutchinson, Kohl & Co., the contractors, who carried the mail till the following June, when Ben Holliday secured the contract which continued till 1874, when Selucius Garfield was the successful bidder, and the contract was awarded to him, but a decision of Attorney General Williams being adverse on the ground that the bid for proposals was defective, the contract was taken from him and given to Ben Holliday, notwithstanding the strong protests of the people of Puget Sound.

On the 6th of May, 1874, Hon. O. B. McFadden, then our Delegate in Congress, together with Gen. McKibben, of Indiana, James McNaught Esq., of Seattle, and Hon. James G. Swan, of Port Townsend, went before the Postmaster-General and endeavored to induce him to advertise for new proposals to carry the Sitka mail starting from Port Townsend; showing among other facts, that Port Townsend was and is the end of the postal route between Portland and Victoria, that the steamer from Portland had to call here for the military mail, and that the line from Portland to Port Townsend was made double by being carried via Tacoma and by ocean steamer, adding an extra and entirely unnecessary expense. The Postmaster-General admitted the truth of all the arguments of the gentlemen, and admitted that common-sense would indicate the proper route but the interest of Ben Holliday, and the influence of the Attorney-General were too much for him. Mr. Key, the present Postmaster-General, has called common sense to be his councillor, and the result is the present advertisement for proposals.

The merchants at Fort Wrangel, Sitka and other points in Alaska, can purchase their goods at Portland if they prefer, and have them shipped via Tacoma here, or they can make their purchases at Seattle or Port Townsend, or San Francisco; but wherever they purchase they can have their goods put in the warehouse here, as they did when the Constantine was running, instead of having them subjected to the delays and dangers of the Columbia River Bar.

The following are the advertisements for bids, from the Post Office Department:

No. 43096—From Port Townsend by Fort Wrangel, to Sitka, 1011 miles and back, once a month. To leave Port Townsend on the first day of every month, arrive at Sitka on the seventh, leave there on the tenth, and arrive at Port Townsend on the seventeenth. Present cost of service \$23,000. Bond required with bid, \$0,000; and check with bond, 1,300.

No. 43095—From Port Townsend, by San Juan, Friday Harbor, Lopez, East Sound, Orcas, Guemes, Samish and Sehome, to Semiahmoo, 132 miles and back, once a week. Present cost of service, \$5,014 per annum. Bond required with bid, \$3,060, and check \$280.

No. 33098—From Seattle, by Mukilteo, Snohomish, Lowell, Tulalip, Coupeville, Coveland, Oak Harbor, Utsalady, La Conner, Fidalgo and Samish, to Sehome, 146 miles and back, twice a week between Seattle and La Conner, 115 1/4 miles, and once a week to the residue. [The schedules, on routes 43097 and 43098, remain as at present]. Present cost of service, \$5,717 per annum. Bonds required with bid \$7,000, and check, \$350.

No. 43099—From New Tacoma, by Tacoma, Seattle, Port Madison, Port Gamble and Port Ludlow, to Port Townsend, 92 miles and back, six times a week. Present cost of service, \$34,911.49. Bond required with bid, \$35,000, and check, \$1,800. Mail to leave New Tacoma every day except Sunday, at 3 o'clock in the morning, and arrive at Port Townsend at 4 o'clock the same afternoon; leave Port Townsend at 11 o'clock each day, and arrive at New Tacoma at midnight.

The concert of newspaper action which has operated so strongly in bringing about the above indicated increased mail service on the Sound is worthy of note. Our friends in Snohomish, Island and Whatcom counties, who are to be served with a semi-weekly mail will doubtless feel duly thankful therefor.

As for Port Townsend, we can only say that the urgent need of daily mail communication with the up-Sound ports, so long felt, is only equalled by the gratification experienced by our people over the present prospect. Indeed the outlook savors of sunshine and prosperity, and portends increased activity in all our mercantile and in-

dustrial pursuits. A significant fact is noted in connection with the lumbering business on the Sound, viz., that the value of saw-logs is approaching a figure unknown in their sale for the past three years. This is ominous, and promises lively times in this, the most important industry of the Sound country. The business men of this place, above all, may congratulate themselves on the prospect ahead. We understand that the impetus is already felt, and that several new houses will be built when spring opens.

NOTARIES PUBLIC.

Judge Greene, in a recent test trial between the Territory vs. Joseph S. Allen, in which the defendant is charged with unlawfully holding and exercising the office of Notary Public, comes to the conclusion that the old law is not repealed by the clause which repeals all acts and parts of acts heretofore passed, relative to Notaries Public, but closes his opinion in these words which contain the whole animus in brief: "From all these considerations I conclude that the law under which the defendant entered office is still in force, subject however to whatever change has been introduced as to terms of office, and the expense fee of five dollars."

Chief Justice Lewis, on the contrary, holds and shows, by the same authority which Judge Greene cites, that when a law is repealed by act of the Legislature without any enabling clause, it completely wipes out the old law as if it had never existed. Judge Greene's opinion clearly shows that he holds that all Notaries are subject to that change in the new law which requires them to first to pay a fee of five dollars, and have their commissions extend for four years instead of three years as under the old law which has been repealed.

With due deference to the opinion of Judge Greene, we do not think his argument a very logical or a clear one. It certainly is a little foggy. On the contrary the Chief Justice is very clear that the old law has been repealed, and that all legal Notaries must pay a fee of five dollars to the Treasurer of the Territory, before they can act. We thereupon advise all Notaries who wish to transact their business in a manner that can admit of no question of legality, to at once pay the fee and take out new commissions, under the present law. The Secretary of the Territory has sent James Seavy, Esq., Auditor of Jefferson County, the following list of the legal Notaries in Jefferson County, and in the 3d Judicial District. Persons wishing notarial business transacted can feel safe in applying to these gentlemen, that no question as to the legality of their acts as notaries can arise in the future. The names are given in the order of the date of commissions: G. M. Haller, A. W. Engle, James G. Swan, Robert D. Atridge, Wm. A. Inman and J. J. H. VanBokkelen. When any other Notaries for this court or for this District, are commissioned, we will publish their names. Up to the present time no Notaries have been commissioned in Clallam, San Juan, or Island Counties. Those in Whatcom County are: Wm. R. Andrews, William Munks, Jas. A. Gilliland and E. M. Taggart.

We are informed, by the "Colonist," that Messrs. J. Goodfellow and McMichael, of Victoria, have gone to Portland, to open a branch of the bank of British North America.

Notice to Tax Payers.

ALL TAXES unpaid on the first day of February, 1878, will become delinquent and 10 per cent. added thereto with cost for collection. Those deserving credit for road-work performed or money paid supervisors will bring receipts for same or the road taxes will be returned delinquent. CHAS. C. BARTLETT, Treasurer of Jefferson Co. W. T. Port Townsend Jan. 31 1878.

Probate Notice.

IN the Probate Court of Jefferson county, Washington Territory. IN the matter of the estate of ARTHUR PHINNEY, deceased. Notice for legacy under the will. FRANK J. BROWN having this day filed his petition in this Court, asking that he may have possession of the property bequeathed to him by the last will and testament of Arthur Phinney, deceased. It is ordered that Monday, the 20th day of January, A. D. 1878, being a day of regular term, to-wit, of the January term A. D. 1878, at 10 o'clock P. M. at the Court room of said court, be the time and place for hearing said petition, at which time and place all persons interested in said estate are notified to appear and contest said petition by filing their objections thereto in writing. And it is further ordered that notice of the pendency of said petition, and of the time and place of hearing be published in at least two consecutive weeks in the Puget Sound Argus, a weekly newspaper published in said county. J. A. KUHN, Probate Judge, and ex-officio clerk Port Townsend, W. T. Dec. 20, 1877.

A. F. LEARNED

DEALER IN

Family Groceries

It is the intention to keep on hand all kinds of

Choice Groceries.

Families wishing anything in my line will find it to their advantage to give me a call, as they will get a good article at a low figure.

Have a Fine Assortment of

Hardware Crockeryware Glassware.

Holidays !!

A RICH DISPLAY OF FANCY VASES, TOILET SETS, JAPANESE WARE,

Just the things for Presents and Ornaments for Your Mantel Piece.

ALSO Fine Wines, Liquors, Cigars and Tobacco Give Him a Call.

NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to the late firm of T. Jackman & Co., will please settle their account with Thos. Phillips, being authorized to act as our agent. 44:14 T. JACKMAN, & Co.

In Bankruptcy.

In the District Court of the Third Judicial District of Washington Territory, at Port Townsend, W. T., this 21st day of November A. D. 1877.

THE undersigned hereby gives notice of his appointment as assignee of the estate of Alfred Edmondson, of Port Townsend, in the county of Jefferson and Territory of Washington, within said district, who has been adjudged a bankrupt upon his own petition, by the District Court of aforesaid district.

J. A. KUHN, Assignee of the estate of Alfred Edmondson, bankrupt. Port Townsend, W. T. 44:14

NOTICE!

As I can no longer afford to be careless about collecting outstanding accounts, I shall, within the next thirty days, politely urge a settlement, and all those to whom I may be indebted, save by note, will please present their accounts for adjustment, within that time. GEO. BARTHROP.

SUMMONS.

In the District Court for the Third Judicial District of the Territory of Washington, holding terms at Port Townsend, for the counties of Jefferson, Clallam, Island, Whatcom and San Juan.

JAMES FURLONG, Plaintiff, vs. EMILY FURLONG, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Third Judicial District of the Territory of Washington, holding terms at Port Townsend, for the Counties of Jefferson, Clallam, Island, Whatcom and San Juan in said Territory, and complaint filed in the County of Jefferson, in the Clerk's office of said District Court.

To Emily Furlong, defendant:

In the name of the United States of America, you are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named plaintiff in the District Court of the Third Judicial District of the Territory of Washington, holding terms at Port Townsend, in Jefferson County, for the counties of Jefferson, Clallam, Island, Whatcom and San Juan in said Territory, and to answer the complaint filed therein a copy of which accompanies this summons, within twenty days exclusive of the day of service, after the service on you of this summons. If served within this county, or, if served out of this county, but within the Third Judicial District, within thirty days; or, if served out of said District, then within sixty days after filing, upon the grounds of a valid attachment and description for more than one year, and for other relief, as will more fully appear by the complaint in this action, and you are hereby notified, that if you fail to appear and answer said complaint as above required, the plaintiff will make judgment by default and apply to the Court for the relief demanded in said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of divorce from the bonds of matrimony entered into between you and said Plaintiff on or about the 15th day of November, 1866, and now pending, upon the grounds of a valid attachment and description for more than one year, and for other relief, as will more fully appear by the complaint in this action, and you are hereby notified, that if you fail to appear and answer said complaint as above required, the plaintiff will make judgment by default and apply to the Court for the relief demanded in said complaint.

Witness the Hon. J. E. Lewis, Judge of said District Court, and the seal of said Court, this 21st day of January, A. D. 1878. J. A. KUHN, Probate Judge, and ex-officio clerk Port Townsend, W. T. Dec. 20, 1877.

BARTLETT'S COLUMN.

For Sale,

A Fine Stock of Holiday

Goods Just Received.

ALSO At a bargain, the hard-finished House built by Doctor G. V. Calhoun, containing 9 good sized Rooms.

Apply to CHAS. C. BARTLETT.

CHAS. C. BARTLETT

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

GROCERIES,

Dry Goods,

CLOTHING,

BOOTS, SHOES,

HATS, CAPS,

FANCY GOODS,

HARDWARE,

Ship Chandlery,

CROCKERY

WINES, LIQUORS,

Cigars, Tobacco,

Doors and Windows,

Farming Implements,

Furniture,

WALL PAPER.

Plows,

And a Large Assortment of goods not enumerated, which we will sell

THE LOWEST PRICES

Now on hand, with a large stock of

of Men's Clothing

PORT TOWNSEND, W. T.