

Tacoma Adams Room

# Puget Sound Weekly Argus.

VOL. 8.

PORT TOWNSEND W. T., THURSDAY, JULY 11, 1878.

NO. 21.

## PUGET SOUND ARGUS

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

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in advance; six months, \$1.50.

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

### A TIRED WOMAN'S LAST WORDS.

Here lies an old woman who always was tired.  
For she lived in a house where help wasn't  
hired.  
Her last words on earth were, "Dear friends,  
I am going  
Where washing ain't done, nor churning, nor  
sewing,  
And everything there will be just to my  
wishes,  
For where they don't eat there's no washing  
of dishes.  
I'll be where loud anthems will always be  
ringing,  
But having no voice I'll get rid of the singing.  
Don't mourn for me now and mourn for me  
never.  
For I'm going to do nothing forever and ever."

### A CALL.

The Republican Territorial Committee  
will please meet at New Tacoma, on  
Thursday, July 18th, next, at 11 A. M.,  
for the transaction of important business.  
A full attendance is desirable.

DANIEL BAGLEY,  
Chairman.

Seattle, June 27, 1878.

TERRITORIAL UNIVERSITY.—The annual  
catalogue of the University for 1878 is is-  
sued. From it we learn that 123 pupils  
were in attendance during the past year,  
59 of whom were female and 67 male.  
That these students were not all residents  
of Seattle will be seen when we state that  
Oregon furnished 2, California 2, and  
other parts of our own Territory 47.  
The students comprised 67 in Latin classes, 9  
in German, 7 in geometry, 3 in trigono-  
metry, 4 in botany, 7 in school law, 9 in  
U. S. Constitution, 34 in book-keeping,  
77 in natural philosophy, 25 in physiology,  
408 in spelling, reading, writing, geograph-  
y, arithmetic, grammar, history and  
algebra classes. The courses of instruction  
are scientific and classical, each divid-  
ed into three years; normal, divided into  
two years; and preparatory, of about one  
year. The first term of the ensuing year  
will commence on the 21 of September  
and end on the 25th of November; the  
second term will begin on the 21 of Decem-  
ber, and end on the 14th of March; the  
third term beginning March 17th and  
ending June 13th. Rates per quarter \$9,  
\$11, \$13, \$15, according to the year. The  
latter years of the course being the high-  
est priced.—Seattle "Tribune."

A NEW PAPER.—We have received  
number one, volume one of the "Resources  
of Oregon and Washington"—a monthly  
journal just issued in Portland by Du-  
na G. Pearson. The new paper has for its  
object the dissemination of all useful in-  
formation relative to the condition and  
prospects of life in Oregon and Wash-  
ington. Mr. Pearson who has been for  
some time traveling correspondent of the  
"Resources of California", is eminently  
fitted for the management of such a paper.  
The aim of the journal is a good one, and  
we wish it all the success which its evident  
merits deserves. It is published monthly  
at \$1.50 per year.

Old Winston was a negro preacher in  
Virginia, and his ideas of theology and  
human nature were often very original.  
A gentleman thus accosted the old gen-  
tleman one Sunday: "Winston, I under-  
stand you believe every woman has seven  
devils. How can you prove it?" "Well,  
sah, did you never read in de Bible how  
seven devbles were cast out'er Mary Mag-  
dalin?" "Oh, yes! I've read that." "Did  
you eber hear ov 'em bein' cast out'er  
any oder women, sah?" "No, I never  
did." "Well, den, all de odders got 'em  
yet."

THE STARR STEAMERS.—It has been de-  
termined to run the Starr steamers about  
as follows: Leave New Tacoma every  
evening at 6 o'clock, and arrive at Seattle  
about 8 1/2. Leave Seattle next morning  
at 5, and arrive at Port Townsend about  
11. Leave Port Townsend at 12, and arrive  
at Seattle at 6 and New Tacoma  
about 9; each boat as stated by us before,  
making the round trip one day and laying  
by the next.

Very few persons go into an argument  
in order to discover the truth of the mat-  
ter. They want to hold their own and  
out the enemy. Hence the general loss  
of temper.

"Jennie, what makes you such a bad  
girl?" "Well, mamma, God sent you  
the best children he could find, and if they  
don't suit you I can't help it!"

The woman suffrage movement is rep-  
resented at the Walla Walla Convention  
by Mrs. Dunway and Mrs. Dennison.

Printers' Ink is the oil that moves the  
hinges of trade, and makes the great doors  
of trade swing easily. Advertise!

### OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 21, 1878.

The population of this District does not  
exceed 150,000 souls all told, perhaps 125,-  
000 is a more accurate approximation.  
Washington is exceptional, in that it has  
next to no commerce, very little manu-  
facturing, that little being restricted a few  
articles to supply local demands. We  
probably have fewer really wealthy men  
in proportion to the total population than  
almost any city in the world though we  
may have our proportional part of men in  
easy circumstances. About one-third  
of our total population are colored. A vast  
majority of them came here during the  
war and since as contrabands, or as freed-  
men, women and children, wholly with-  
out means, and have remained—most of  
them—similarly impecunious. An un-  
certain number of them—thousands cer-  
tainly—lives wholly or in part by beg-  
ging. Their children are taught the  
"profession" and go from door to door  
soliciting food and clothing and refusing  
nothing portable. Twenty calls a day at  
the same place is no unusual occurrence. It  
is readily seen how little this element can  
contribute in the way of taxes. Aside  
from members of Congress who average  
half the time here, but who, with few ex-  
ceptions, are as unprofitable to the Dis-  
trict Treasury as those just considered, no  
small part of our population is made up  
from the thousands of Governmental and  
other Government employes, great and  
small. Only a small fraction of these pay  
any taxes. But the real tax-payers have  
provided five streets lighted at night,  
police protection and school facilities for  
all three of the classes last enumerated.  
Excluding the Cumberland coal, grain  
and flour trade, Georgetown has little to  
boast of over the city in the way of trade.  
Let all this be remembered in connection  
with the fact that Congress in or about  
1871 abolished our old form of Govern-  
ment and substituted therefor a territorial  
form. The Board of Public Works, con-  
sisting of a few men, was the essential  
feature of the new experiment. How no-  
torious they soon became is not likely to  
be forgotten this century. Though hand-  
ling millions upon millions of public  
funds, its members are wholly irrespons-  
ible. Bonds to the extent of not one cent  
were exacted for the honest and faithful  
performance of their duties. They were  
arrogant and insolent, and disposed of  
citizens' property according to the dictates  
of caprice, private or personal grudges, or  
otherwise, in accordance with their own  
sweet wills without let or hindrance.  
There was positively no redress and the  
full history of their few years' misrule yet  
remains to be written. An investigation  
early in 1874 stopped their career and it  
was then found that the debt of this Dis-  
trict comparatively insignificant when  
they assumed power, had been carried up  
to between \$25,000,000 and \$30,000,000.  
Subtract from the total population the  
classes above enumerated as paying nothing  
and it will be seen how little hope the  
small remainder have that are held for the  
payment of this debt of avoiding absolute  
confiscation if full payment is exacted; and  
the forlorn character of this hope will  
appear still more decided if the smallness of  
their aggregate means are still kept in  
mind and the limited number of avenues  
open to them to make money rapidly.  
Now for the bearing of all this on the ac-  
tion of the Congress just adjourned. After  
two-fifths of the property of citizens had  
been sold to pay taxes, the matter got be-  
fore the Courts and the several decisions  
rendered were to the effect that the assess-  
ments for special improvements were un-  
constitutional, fraudulent and oppressive.  
Some time ago the Senate passed a bill in  
effect commanding District officials to go  
on and collect these taxes under existing  
laws. During the closing hours it was  
half surreptitiously hurried to the House  
and rushed through when no quorum was  
present. It looks like an effort of certain  
members of Congress to frighten citizens  
into paying these assessments made in the  
interest of the First National Bank of  
New York, which holds the tax-lien cer-  
tificates. The President and every mem-  
ber of his Cabinet are reported of the  
opinion that the action of Congress in no  
sense legalizes what was unconstitutional  
and illegal, and that it bars none from  
seeking redress in the Courts. The  
amount of these "special improvement  
taxes" yet unpaid is said to be about \$1,-  
500,000; and the enforcement of their pay-  
ment now will result in the loss of their  
homes to many poor families who have  
struggled through nearly five years of de-  
pression, barely managing to pay ordinary  
taxes. It is also said that at about the last  
hour the bill to exempt Mrs. Sprague from  
the payment of all taxes on an estate left  
her by her father, was passed. Tax-payers  
here cannot help feeling this is one of the  
most bare-faced and flagrant of the many  
outrages practiced on them by Congress,  
first and last. Bills for the relief of others  
abundantly able to pay their assessments  
have been introduced from time to time.  
Members of Congress will understand that  
every dollar abated in behalf of these  
favored few must be made up by the mass  
of the poorer tax-payers who have Congres-  
sional influence just in about the propo-  
tion with their wealth or lack of it. I trust  
the love of fair play inherent in most of  
our fellow-citizens elsewhere, will excite  
this entire letter devoted to District affairs.  
We are wholly in the hands of Congress  
except as the Courts interfere in our be-  
half. But we want an opportunity of let-  
ting others know of our ruined and undone  
condition and solicit their sympathy and  
good offices.  
KNGZ.

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**BRADSHAW & INMAN.**

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Ship Wright and Caulker  
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access by the traveling public. Its table will  
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either sex, right in their own local-  
ities. Particulars and samples  
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land, Maine.

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## WATERMAN & KATZ,

Smile Whenever You Can.

When things don't go to suit you,  
And the world seems upside down,  
Don't waste your time in fretting,  
But drive away that frown;  
Inco life is oft perplexing,  
'Tis much the wisest plan  
To bear all trials bravely,  
And smile whenever you can.

Why should you dread to-morrow,  
And thus despoil to-day?  
For when you borrow trouble,  
You always have to pay.  
It is a good old maxim,  
Which should be often preached—  
Don't cross the bridge before you  
Until the bridge is reached.

You might be spared much sighing,  
If you would keep in mind  
The thought that good and evil  
Are always here combined.  
There must be something wanting,  
And though you roll in wealth,  
You may miss from your casket  
That precious jewel—health.

And though you're strong and sturdy,  
You may have an empty purse,  
(An earl, his many trials  
Which I consider worse);  
But whether joy or sorrow  
Fill up your mortal span,  
'Twill make your pathway brighter  
To smile whenever you can.

The Foundation of Two Old Myths.

BY ALINE WINSLOW.

Stop, bright-eyes! Don't skip my story, because foundation is a dull-looking word, and you do not know what myth means! I want to tell you something wonderful and true. We'll look in "Webster" and find out about "myth."

A myth is a fabulous or imaginary statement—a tale of some extraordinary personage or country. For example, Baron Munchausen's stories and Gulliver's adventures among the giants of Brobdignag and the little people of Lilliput, are all myths.

The old story of a race of pigmies in Central Africa, who every year waged fierce wars with the cranes, has been supposed to be equally fabulous; but recent travelers in Africa tell us that there actually is in Central Africa a tribe of little people about four feet high. They have large heads, slender necks and bodies. The lower jaw and chin protrude, giving the face an ape-like expression not at all handsome.

They are very agile; even the old men will dance in a wonderful way for a long time, and they are noted for their fights with wild elephants. All the tribes of the interior hunt the elephant, but these dwarfs are the most successful. The skin of the elephant is so thick on his back and sides that it takes a long time to destroy him with their weapons, but these little men dart underneath the elephant and wound him in the belly, and then get out of the way of the maddened creature in safety.

Schweinfurth tells about being surrounded one morning by a troop of impudent boys as he supposed, who danced about him with strange grimaces and took aim at him with their darts and arrows; then retreated as suddenly as they had appeared. He found out afterward that he had really been in danger, for these pigmies were not boys, but full-grown men, warriors well trained to fight.

He did not succeed in penetrating into their country, but the king gave him one little man who was his companion for months, and of whom he took great care, hoping to bring him home with him. He killed himself, however, by over-eating, a fault of which it was impossible to cure him.

Du Chaillu has written a book about this desert nation, and others have seen and written about them; so we must acknowledge that Herodotus and other ancient travelers had some foundation for their stories.

You've heard some of the old Greek and Roman myths; perhaps you've read in "Hastings' Tanglewood Tales" how Cadmus sowed the dragon's teeth and reaped a harvest of armed men; and of the cruise of the Argonauts in quest of the golden apples of the Hesperides. You've heard of Scylla and Charybdis. Do you remember about the Sirens, the singing mermaids, who sang so sweetly that all who heard them forget their homes and were allured to destruction? Wise Ulysses made all his men stop their ears with cotton, and caused himself to be bound firmly to the mast when they called by; so he heard the song and escaped destruction.

Modern science has found a foundation for these old stories of the Sirens in the musical sound produced by certain fishes.

You thought fishes were mute? Few people know that some sorts can sing, though Aristotle wrote about it centuries ago.

Lately, scientific men have been making extensive observations, and have found that out of the more than three thousand species that exist, fifty-two are now known to produce sounds. Some of these make grunting, or grating, or humming noises, but some utter very sweet sounds.

The fisherman told Sir J. E. Tendent, late Governor of Ceylon, that certain sounds resembling the faint, sweet notes of an Æolian harp proceeded from the

bottom of a neighboring lake; that both they and their fathers were familiar with these sounds made by two species of shell fish. They call them "crying shells." So Sir J. E. Tendent took a boat and went out on the lake, one moonlight night, and thus describes the sound he heard: "They came up from the water like the gentle thrills of a musical cord, or the faint vibrations of a wine-glass when its rim is rubbed by a moistened finger. It was not one sustained note, but a multitude of tiny sounds, each clear and distinct in itself; the sweetest treble mingled with the lowest bass. On applying the ear to the wood-work of the boat, the vibration was greatly increased in volume." The sounds varied considerably at different points, and they did not hear them on all parts of the lake. Did you ever rub the edge of a thin goblet round and round, after dipping your finger in water? If not, ask your mother to let you try it some time after dinner, that you may know how fishes' music sounds.

A party of five intelligent persons heard music in the harbor of Bombay, described as "like the protracted booming of a distant bell, the dying cadence of an Æolian harp, the note of a pitch-pipe or tuning fork, or any other long-drawn-out musical note." The fish that was said to produce these sounds closely resembled in size and shape the freshwater perch. The sounds rose from the surface of the water all around the boat. Singing fish seem to me almost as wonderful as mermaids, but I assure you on the authority of M. Dufosse, an eminent French naturalist, that this fish-story is a true story.—*Work and Play.*

A Curious Trial in India.

A correspondent of the London Times, telegraphing from Calcutta, says:

A special High Court Bench, consisting of the Chief Justice and two Puisne Judges, will sit to-morrow to hear an appeal in the case of the Rajah of Pooree. The Advocate General, on behalf of the Government, will support the conviction. No case since the famous Baroda trial has excited so much interest. The Rajah is the hereditary guardian of the Temple of Juggernaut, his special duty in that capacity being to sweep the space in front of the throne when the god leaves the temple for the Juggernaut car. He is also the secular head of the Hindoo religion in Orissa, and is worshipped by the Orayah people as the visible incarnation of Vishnu, being regarded as the lineal descendant of the old Hindoo Kings of Orissa, whose dominions are said to have extended from the Ganges to Godavery. The murdered man, a Hindoo ascetic of great sanctity, enjoyed a special reputation for curing diseases. The salient facts of the case, as given in the judgment of the District Court, are shortly these: The victim of the murder was discovered by the police in front of the Lion Gate of the Juggernaut Temple, covered with burns and other marks of indescribable torture. He lived fifteen days in agony. His statement was that two servants of the Rajah had come to his house and told him that their master wanted him. He was accordingly conducted into the gymnasium of the palace, where the Rajah, with ten or twelve servants, was present. He was then thrown down and overpowered, and after being tortured for three hours was thrust out through a small back door. After crawling some distance he was eventually discovered by the police. The motive for the crime is a mystery. The murdered man was unconscious of having offended the Rajah, but stated that the Dowager Rane had consulted him regarding the state of the Rajah's mind, and he had given directions for his cure. He had only once visited the palace. It was possible that the Rajah was induced to believe that he was employed by the Dowager Rane in the work of incantation against him, or that there was some intrigue between them. The trial, which lasted a considerable time, created a profound sensation in Orissa, in consequence of the special sanctity both of the accused and the murdered man. The Assessors were for acquitting the Rajah, but the Judge convicted him, though curiously enough he sentenced him only to transportation for life.

Roosting Places.

Far less attention is paid to providing suitable roosting places for fowls and chicks than is given to a host of other and less important matters connected with poultry and poultry houses. We have seen neat, tasty poultry houses, which appeared from an outside view to be the most comfortable places fowls could wish for, yet an inspection of the inside revealed the roosts from five to six feet high, far too high for heavy fowls. In "ye olden times," when light bodied fowls were the go, it did well enough to let them roost high, especially as the hen house was not carefully closed at night to prevent the visits of predatory rats, weasels and other animals with a natural relish for chickens in the rough. Now we have heavier fowls, are more particular in regard to the condition of the plumage, and take more pains with them, so these aerial roosting places can readily be dispensed with, a substitute being readily found in the now popular roosting benches, which can be made but with a small outlay of time, labor and money, and are movable, permitting the fancier to move them wherever necessary. These benches can be made from twelve to sixteen inches high and of 2x1 inch slats. There is no regular length for these benches, from five to six feet being a very convenient size, though if the compartment be not too wide, they can be made to conform to the width of the house, being careful to make them set true on the floor, with wide spread legs well fastened on.—*Poultry Journal.*

Relics of Washington.

The House Committee on Appropriations has under consideration the expediency of purchasing a great number of relics of General Washington which are now, and have been ever since the death of that eminent man, in the possession of the Lewis family, of Virginia. This family is one of the oldest in the State, and its members are the immediate relatives of General Washington. In common with nearly all the prominent families of what is known as the "Northern Neck of Virginia," where it resides, the Lewis family was much reduced in wealth and prosperity by the devastations of the war and the abolition of slavery, so that the preservation of these relics in the family can no longer be the easy matter it once was.

The examination of these relics and the questions of their purchase have been intrusted to the Commissioner of Patents, and that gentleman made his report on the 6th of May to the Secretary of the Interior. In the recapitulation of the relics occur the following:

"Mirror" chairs, one on which the General sat a few minutes before his death.

One double brass candlestick, by which the farewell address was written.

Silver candlesticks.

One field-glass; spy-glass used in the Revolution.

One ledger kept monthly by General Washington.

Knives, forks, one plated cake-basket. Portrait of Washington.

The robe in which he was christened. Silver-plated lamps; thirty-six pieces of chinaware.

One bedstead, presented to Mr. Lawrence Washington by his friend Admiral Vernon, and by Lawrence left to his brother the General.

Several surveys made by the General himself.

One guitar, presented by General Washington to Miss Nellie Curtis.

Miniature portraits of the General and Mrs. Washington, on wood, painted by Trumbull.

One shaving-glass in frame, with drawer.

An engraving of the Countess of Huntington, presented by her to General Washington.

The Commissioner says that these articles have been in possession of the Lewis family since the death of General Washington; that they are all in an excellent state of preservation, and that there can be no doubt whatever of the genuineness of every article. The half-length portrait of General Washington is of life-size, clear and well-preserved. It is a matter of tradition that it was the best likeness of the General ever painted. Of more interest than that is the ledger, which contains the record of all of Washington's private transactions for more than twenty years. Most of the record is in his own hand. Every item of receipts and expenditures, including even his losses and gains at cards, he set down with the most scrupulous exactness. The articles of household use are in their original condition, and illustrate the style of living of the first President of the United States. The whole collection is far superior to that now in the possession of the Government. The total number of articles is more than ninety. Added to those in the possession of the Government they would form the largest and best collection of the relics of Washington that could now be made.

The family is reluctant to part with these relics, but is impelled by the consideration that inevitably in a few years, with the separation of the family, the articles will be scattered, and perhaps a great number in course of time lost or destroyed. The family feels that every citizen will be glad to have these relics made public property and accessible to all. The sum suggested for them (\$12,000) the Commissioner says does not appear to him to be excessive. In his judgment the relics could be sold for that amount, and perhaps more, to private persons. This statement and recommendation of the Commissioner of Patents, aided by the natural feeling of veneration cherished by all Americans for the name and services of Washington, will probably lead Congress to make the necessary appropriation to put these relics beyond the risk of possible loss, or of transfer to a foreign museum.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

LET those who are curious in coinage—numismatology is the learned name of that particular weakness—collar twenty-cent pieces, if they can, and lock them up securely in their cabinets. What twenty-cent pieces will bring twenty years hence, at auction or by private treaty, who can tell? Fabulous sums, perhaps, for no more of them are to be coined, the bill to that effect having passed both Houses. So they lapse into the category of curiosities, and the pockets which knew them will know them no more forever. They will be scarce as Hebrew shekels or Massachusetts pine tree shillings, or any of the old colonial coppers. They have never been much admired by a money-spending public because of the faculty with which they might be taken in change for quarters. So they go into banishment and desuetude, and as they disappear, we remember, not altogether affectionately, divers discarded coins and tokens which have gone before them.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

A BALTIMORE man has been arrested for playing ghost by dancing around at night on the tops of houses in his night-shirt, his object being to depreciate property in his neighborhood so that he could buy it cheap.

In the moral as in the physical world, the violent is never the lasting; the tree forced to unnatural luxuriance of bloom bears it and dies.

Bread-Making.

Within a few years, unbolted wheat or Graham flour has become quite popular throughout the country, and deservedly so, on account of its pleasant flavor, as well as its well-known superiority in regard to healthfulness. For mush, gems, griddle cakes or soda muffins, there is nothing superior to it if rightly cooked, though many are so prejudiced against it,—considering it little better than bran or cattle feed—that they will make no use of it. It should always be kept perfectly clean, so as to require no sifting, for the most beneficial properties are supposed to lie in the hull, and in whatever form it is cooked, it should be mixed thinner than if fine flour were used, else it will be dry.

Graham bread is made similar to white bread, with the exception of sweetening a little with molasses, and mixing quite soft—so soft that it is very difficult to mould, and is usually baked without.

Probably no article of food has been more improved in quality, since the introduction of stoves, than corn and rye bread. The old-fashioned brown bread, which was mixed hard enough to stay in a round heap on the bottom of the brick oven, although once a staple article in every household, would now find few admirers, except, perhaps, an occasional elderly person who whimsically believes that food cooked in the old-fashioned way would taste as good to them now, as it did in the growing, romping days of their childhood.

In order to induce the present generation (which appreciates too well the luxury of light and tender fine flour cooking), to patronize coarse bread very liberally, it must be made as appetizing as possible, without affecting its healthfulness; it must be moist, light, a trifle sweet, and baked with as tender a crust as possible. Brown bread, mixed thick enough to make a rounded, heaped up mass, and baked four, five, or six hours, is usually so dry and hard that it is anything but tempting, after twenty-four hours old.

For some years past, we have mixed ours thin enough to require no smoothing off after pouring into the baking tins, unless the meal is unusually fine. Our experience has been that, the thinner it can be mixed without falling, the lighter and more moist it will be when baked. Whether this rule holds good when yeast is used, I am unable to say, as I have had no experience with that kind, but can see no reason why it should not. Although some may consider either yeast or sour milk necessary to make good brown bread, I think, should they try the following method, that they would be well satisfied with the result:

Sift three-fourths of a quart each of rye and Indian meal together, add three-fourths of a cup of molasses, and one teaspoonful of soda nicely dissolved; mix with warm water as thin as it will bear—no quantity can be given, as meal varies so much in quality, the coarse requiring to be mixed much thinner than that which is fine. Bake two or two and one-half hours in a hot oven—not hot enough to burn it, but sufficiently hot to bake it nicely, in that course of time; if kept closely covered while baking, the crust will be much more tender, and consequently, better relished by the majority of people.

TO CLEAN THE HAIR.—Ammonia should not be used on the hair; it injures the gloss and softness, causing the hair to become harsh and dry. The best way to cleanse the hair and keep the scalp healthy is to beat up a fresh egg and rub it well into the hair, or, if more convenient, rub it into the hair without beating. Rub the egg in until a lather is formed; occasionally wet the hands in warm water, softened with borax; by the time a lather is formed the scalp is clean; then rinse the egg all out in a basin of warm water, containing a tablespoonful of powdered borax; after that rinse in one clear, warm water.

SCOTCH CAKE.—One pound brown sugar, one pound flour, one-half pound butter, two eggs, one teaspoonful cinnamon; roll very thin and bake.

SUEDE'S CAKE.—One cup of butter, two of sugar, three of flour (heaping), and four eggs. Sift one tablespoonful of cream of tartar and half a teaspoonful of soda in the flour.

CRAB APPLE SWEET CIDER.—Heat a pint of vinegar and a pound of sugar, juice, and cloves together, and pour over the crab-apples for six mornings. Plums, cherries, and peaches make delightful pickle done in that way.

TO USE UP COLD MEATS.—Prepare your meat as for hash; fill a deep dish with boiled macaroni; on top of that place the hash; cover it with tomatoes, over which sprinkle bread crumbs, with a little butter; bake until nicely browned.

BUTTERMILK MUFFINS.—One quart buttermilk, two eggs, butter the size of an egg, two flat spoonfuls soda mixed in a little water, or one spoonful saleratus, two spoonfuls salt, flour to make a thick batter. Bake in rings in a quick oven.

CRUMFETS.—Three cupfuls raised dough, work into it one-half cupful soft butter, three eggs, and mix sufficient to make a stiff batter; turn into buttered pans and let it remain fifteen minutes before baking; bake one half an hour.

BEEF TEA.—One pound lean beef, chopped fine; put in clean vessel with a cover; add one pint cold water, and four drops of muriatic acid; stand on back of range one hour; then simmer two hours; strain and add four cloves and one teaspoonful salt.

ALWAYS tell the truth; you will find it easier than lying.

The Nestor of American Science.

Few men in the present century will leave a more permanent impression upon American science than the late Professor Henry. As a discoverer, he stood in the front rank. His name will be indissolubly connected with the invention of the electric telegraph, with the system of daily weather reports, with the use of the fog signals in our light-houses. But important as were these researches, they were not more valuable to science and to the world at large than the plans and systems of which he was the author and organizer, that had for their object the interchange and extension of knowledge. The Smithsonian Institution owes its method and its usefulness chiefly to Professor Henry. It is the scientific exchange of the world, and serves as a clearing-house by which the investigators in each line of research may be informed of what advances are made, what discoveries indicated, all over the globe. Besides this, the Smithsonian employs its funds in publishing the abstracts but valuable works of specialists; works that would not find a popular demand sufficient to pay for the proof-reading, but having the possibility of priceless worth to science. As the President of the National Academy of Sciences, Professor Henry was also the leader in aiding special researches by means of his funds. In all these matters he took the large view of the value of knowledge; never permitting the question, "What use is it?" to interfere with aid to a method of study that promised new results.

Although at the opposite extremes of the scientific field, the one being devoted to physical and the other to natural history inquiries, Professor Louis Agassiz and Joseph Henry had many points of similarity. Both made their greatest discoveries in their earlier years. Both when they grew older laid broad plans for the future of science in this country, and paved the way for their success. Both lived long enough to earn the title of venerable, and in his advanced years Professor Henry was justly called "the Nestor of American Science." Both surrounded themselves with a circle of younger men of like pursuit, bound to them alike by gratitude and admiration; and both were beloved. Each left behind him an unfinished work, but with the foundations so well laid and the plan so clearly outlined that other hands can complete it. Each by his energy and whole-souled devotion has given a material impulse to scientific discovery in this country, and helped to place the United States in the foremost rank of nations engaged in the quest of knowledge.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Morrissey and Wood.

The death of John Morrissey and the failure of Ben Wood recall the celebrated bout between these two gamblers, when the latter won \$124,000 from the former. The New York correspondent of the Buffalo Courier describes the occasion. Ben was in the habit of dropping into Morrissey's place occasionally for a little recreation, and one night, about ten years ago, he sauntered in as usual and fell foul of the bank. Morrissey was there and many men about town, all of whom knew Wood's pluck and hang-on-attitude, and the party settled down for some lively work. Wood had about \$3,000 in his pocket, and as the betting was heavy he managed to get to the bottom in about an hour. In fact he was cleaned out. But his blood was up that night, and as his reputation for pluck was at stake among the boys, he decided that once for all it should make or break. His ready cash was gone, but he owned valuable property on Tryon row, where the Staats Zeltung building now stands, and he proposed to hypothecate the property to Morrissey against whatever sum, up to its value, he should loan. The offer was accepted, and the great night began. It lasted all night and up to 9 o'clock next morning, and when a truce was finally called, Ben had won back the \$3,000 he started with and scored about \$120,000 ahead besides. With the money that Morrissey had advanced him on the hypotheated property, he turned around and gave John the worst whaling he ever received at the card table. Not a sign of wincing was shown on either side till physical exhaustion forced a cessation of hostilities. Both men were true grit to the last and neither showed the least ill-temper from beginning to end. It was on that occasion that Ben performed the extraordinary feat of smoking \$90 worth of cigars in one night. Morrissey had a special brand of cigars at \$1 each for his flush customers, and Wood, who is a tremendous smoker (or chewer, rather, for he merely chews furiously at a cigar, and then flings it away) managed to spoil ninety of them while the fight lasted.

She had invited him to stop to supper, and he was trying to appear easy and unconcerned, while she was on her prettiest behavior. "Have you used the sugar, John?" inquired the mother in a winning manner. "John don't want no winning manner." "John don't want no sugar," ejaculated the young heir, abruptly. "Why not?" inquired the father, curiously, while John, in his surprise, swallowed a bit of toasted crust, and nearly cut his throat open. "Cos he don't," explained the heir, in artful manner. "I heard him tell Mary last night—" "You keep still," interrupted Mary in an hysterical manner, while the young man caught his breath in dismay. "I heard him say," persisted the heir, with dreadful eagerness, "that she was so sweet that he shouldn't ever use no more sugar no more—ah! then he kissed her, ah! I said 'I'd tell, ah!'" The young heir was lifted out of the room on his ear, and the supper was finished in moody silence.

Wit and Humor.

A "ricked nine"—The Muse. A sweet thing in combs—Honey. ISLES are found in every Bishop's see.

WHEN a man is rooted to the spot, does he branch out before he loses? WHY are hand cuffs like guide books? Because they are made for two wrists.

How should a wife speak to a grumbling husband? "My dear, I love you still."

A NEW comic song has been issued called "The Gas Bill." It doubtless has a very long meter.

UTAH paper says: "The pretty girls in this territory used to marry Young, but they won't do so any more."

BILL RUS has been made a post office. There was considerable of a stamp etc there once, you remember.—Hartford Times.

In England, recently, a mob broke up the wedding of an old wretch of eighty years, who was marrying a girl of eighteen.

PHOTOGRAPHER.—"Now, sir, if you will look a little less as if you had a note to pay, a little more as if you'd been left a legacy, you'll get a picture."

MR. CAMPBELL, of Newfane, New York, drank corrosive-sublimite instead of champagne. These things shouldn't be put up so much alike—some Congressman will be the next victim.

Two enraged duellists meet upon the dark and bloody ground. Just as their swords are about to be handed them the first enraged duelist, in a voice trembling with suppressed bravery, says: "One of us two must remain on this field." "You're talking," says the second enraged duelist. "And it shall be you," says the first enraged duelist; "for I'm going." (Goes with the velocity of a quarterhorse.)

THE pious trooper, very much inebriated, is striving to clamber into the saddle, at every effort calling on a saint. "Saint Peter, to my aid," he hiccups, "Saint Paul, lend me a hand! Saint Fidelis of Sigmaringen, martyr, boost a fellow up!" With a mighty effort he throws himself into the saddle and rolls off on the other side of the horse. "Not all together, — you! One was enough," yells the pious trooper.

A GOOD story is told of a Rochester, N. Y., deacon, who thought he recognized a young lady friend leading a little boy up the street, and stepping to her side he asked: "Why, Mary, where did you get that child?" The scarlet face instantly turned to his was that of an entire stranger, and her quick reply fully satisfied him. "I came by it honestly," was all she said, and the good old man had something to think about all the way home to dinner.

A LITTLE fellow who has seen scarce half a dozen summers, and at whose home hens have been kept for but a few weeks, visited a neighbor's day or two since to get company in his play, where he was informed that his oft-time playmate was suffering from chicken-pox. The lady of the house, in tones of curiosity not a little tinged with solicitude, asked the little fellow if he had had the chicken-pox over at his house, and was much amused at the reply, with all gravity: "No; we haven't had our hens long enough yet."—Providence Journal.

A Story of the Irish Bar.

A favorite story is told of a trial at quarter-sessions in Mayo, which developed some of the ingenious resources of Paddy when he chooses to exercise his talent in an endeavor not to pay. A doctor had summoned a man for the sum of one guinea, due for attendance on the man's wife. The medico proved his case, and was about to retire, triumphant, when the defendant humbly begged leave to ask him a few questions. Permission was granted, and the following dialogue took place:

Defendant.—"Dochter, you remember when I called on you?"

Doctor.—"I do."

Defendant.—"What did I say?"

Doctor.—"You said your wife was sick, and you wished me to go and see her."

Defendant.—"What did you say?"

Doctor.—"I said I would if you'd pay me my fee."

Defendant.—"What did I say then?"

Doctor.—"You said you'd pay the fee, if so be you knew what it was."

Defendant.—"What did you say?"

Doctor.—"I said I'd take the guinea first, and may be more at the end, according to the sickness."

Defendant.—"Now, dochter, by virtue of your oath, didn't I say, 'Kill or cure I'll give you a guinea?' And didn't you say, 'Kill or cure, I'll take it!'"

Doctor.—"You did, and I agreed to the bargain. And I want the guinea accordingly."

Defendant.—"Now, dochter, by virtue of your oath, answer this. Did you cure my wife?"

Doctor.—"No, she's dead, you know."

Defendant.—"Then, dochter, by virtue of your oath, answer this. Did you kill my wife?"

Doctor.—"No; she died of her illness."

Defendant, to the bench.—"Your worship, see this. You heard him tell our bargain. It was to kill or cure. By virtue of his oath, he done neither!—and he axes the fee!"

The verdict, however, went against poor Pat, notwithstanding his ingenuity.—Chamber's Journal.

Forcing Rhubarb.

Rhubarb or Pie-Plant has of late years become so universally popular as an early spring vegetable that we often wonder why it is not more generally forced into growth in winter. It is a plant possessing great vitality, and not readily killed by neglect, besides it will grow almost anywhere, provided the temperature is above freezing point. Any family who has a warm kitchen or cellar in which to set the plants may have plenty of rhubarb in winter if they will take the trouble to put a few roots into large pots, boxes or tubs this fall, and store them where they can be had when required. It is better to take up the roots in September than later in the season, because the soil will have sufficient time to thoroughly settle about the roots and new fibres issue before cold weather. Very little light is required or necessary for forcing rhubarb, as the stalks are more tender and less acid when grown in the shade than when fully exposed to light. The kitchen is the best place to force the plants, provided the heat is kept up during the night—at least the temperature should not be allowed to sink below 40 or 50 degrees Fahr. A good rank rhubarb plant in the kitchen or elsewhere is not only an ornament, but a useful thing to have about the house in winter, and every housewife will know how to cover a coarse tub or box with moss, or coarse cloth to make it correspond with other furniture of the room. When one set of plants begins to fail, throw away and bring another from the store room, because of their little intrinsic value, as every farmer is supposed to have plenty of rhubarb. If the first plants started in the fall or early in winter are potted in rich soil and well cared for, they will usually last through the season, or until spring, and a further supply will not be required.—Rural New Yorker.

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.—It pays to treat domestic animals kindly. There is no animal so stupid as not to know the difference between kind and unkind treatment, and none so vicious or ungrateful as not to respond in kind to the hand that pets and caresses it. The vicious horse has almost always been a timid colt, and required only kind and gentle treatment to drive away fear and establish confidence, to render him docile.

It is the nature of all animals to resent ill treatment, even from one of their own species, and to fight when imposed upon. Thus the horse will return a kick or a bite, while the horned animal will do battle with the arms with which nature has furnished it.

A timid and spirited colt is very naturally and rapidly changed into a vicious and unmanageable horse by rough and unkind handling—and the timid heifer, by the same treatment, becomes an ugly hooking and kicking cow. Domestic animals recognize kind words as well as kind acts, and a cross word at a critical moment will bring fight and determined opposition, where a kind word would have calmed fear and subdued anger. In handling domestic animals, that man is the most successful who governs his own passions. With domestic animals, kindness begets kindness, and passion begets passion.

CARE OF CELLARS.—At this season of the year cellars need looking after. The cellar under the house should never be used as a store-house of vegetables and fruits, except in small quantities, during the winter. Keeping several hundred bushels of roots under the rooms where families live is something which should never be tolerated. But where it is done the whole should be cleaned and purified as early as possible. Chloride of lime is a cheap and common preventive of foul odors. Chloratum is another, nearly as cheap and even more efficacious. With all decaying vegetables removed and buried in some out-of-the-way place, and the sound vegetables placed where they will be dry, there need be no fear that these disinfectants will not prevent any evil odors making their way to the family living in rooms. As warm weather approaches, cellar windows should be opened to allow a circulation of air.—Country Gentleman.

ONE of the most valuable Indian relics we have ever seen was brought into our office to-day. It was a combination pipe and tomahawk. The handle and pipe-stem is made of sugar-tree wood. Apparently machine turned. The mouth-piece, however, has been removed. The handle is embellished with silver hands fastened to it with faultless regularity. On the pole of the tomahawk is to be observed a smooth silver emblem, not unlike the shield of the United States. This strange object was plowed up in the garden of O. D. Montgomery, near Shackie Island, Sumner county. The spot was cleared about the year 1793. When found, this peculiar piece of mechanism was wrapped in rawhide covered with an oleaginous compound.—Nashville Banner.

TO ABSORB THE BAD AIR.—In cases of small-pox, scarlet fever, or other fever, onions sliced and kept in the room will absorb the bad air; the fever will soon disappear; they must be changed very often.

DYSPEPSIA—A simple and effectual remedy for dyspepsia is to abstain from drinking immediately before and during meals, and for an hour afterward. Also use no milk in either tea or coffee.

SOME people scorn to be taught; others are ashamed of it, as they would be of going to school when they are old; but it is never too late to learn what is always necessary to know; and it is no shame to learn as long as you are ignorant—that is to say, so long as we live.

Cheerful Women.

In marrying, men should seek happy women. They make a terrible mistake when they marry for beauty, or for talent, or for style. The sweetest wives are those who possess the magic secret of being happy under any and all circumstances. Rich or poor, high or low, it makes no difference, the bright little fountain bubbles up just as musically in their hearts. Nothing ever goes wrong with them—no trouble is too serious for them "to make the best of it." Was ever the stream of calamity so dark and deep that the sunlight of a happy face falling across its turbid tides would not wake an answering gleam? Why, then, joyous tempered people don't know half the good they do. No matter how cross and crabbed you feel, no matter if your brain is full of meditation, or "sufficing dispensations," and your stomach with medicines, pills and tonics; just set one of those cheery little women talking to you, and we are not afraid to wager anything she can cure you. The long drawn lines about the mouth will relax—the cloud of settled gloom will vanish, nobody knows where, and the first thing you know you will be laughing! Ah, what a blessing are these happy women! How often their little hands guide the ponderous machine of life, with almost an invisible touch! How we look forward through the weary day to their fireside smiles! No one knows, no one ever will know until the day of judgment reveals, how much we owe to these helpful, hopeful, uncomplaining, happy women.

A CAT STORY.—A friend of ours tells the following cat story, and vouches for its truthfulness: Coming into the house one day Mr. K. remarked to his wife, "I have found Daisy's kittens."

"Well," she returned, "I am glad, for they must all be drowned."

On going to get the kittens no trace of them could be found. A few days afterwards, remembering that the cat was in the room during the conversation, Mr. K. took her up and said: "Daisy, if you will bring me your kittens I will not let her drown one of them. The cat immediately left the room, and coming back with a kitten in her mouth laid it at his feet with evident faith in his word. "Now, where are the others," he asked, and she went and came until the four were on the rug at his feet. MONA E.

Eating is a Torture.

And sleep often a mere travesty of repose, to the dyspeptic. Appetite is correspondingly impaired by the most prevalent of mal-dies, and headaches, biliousness, constipation, poverty of the blood, loss of flesh and of vitality, and a thousand annoying and indescribable sensations, are its concomitants. It is, moreover, the progenitor of numerous and formidable bodily disorders. Obstinate as it is, however, its complete eradication may be effected by the persistent use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a medicine which communicates both vigor and regularity to the organs of digestion and secretion, relaxes the bowels gently but thoroughly, enriches and purifies the blood, promotes appetite, and gives tranquility to the nervous system. Persons of weakly constitution and feeble physique who use this superb tonic infallibly derive from it the stamina of which they stand so much in need, and it is invariably successful in remedying and preventing malarial diseases.

The Brooklyn.

Let us call the attention of visitors to San Francisco to the fact that this old-time favorite Hotel, under the able management of Messrs. Kelly & Shields, is enjoying an increased degree of all its old-time popularity. Mr. Shields is a genial, pleasant gentleman, and Mr. John Kelly, Jr., is too well known to the people of this coast to need any commendation of ours. The table is supplied with the best that the market affords. The house is entirely renovated—repainted and refurnished. Prices are reasonable. In short, the Brooklyn is one of the most desirable and pleasant Hotels in the city in which to make your home during your visit.

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Boots and Shoes. JOHN SULLIVAN, N. E. cor. of Battery and Jackson sts., San Francisco, offers to make to order the best French Calf Leather BOOTS, at from \$5 to \$9; California Leather Boots, \$6; Gaiters and Apat's Ties to \$4; French Calf Oxford Ties, \$1; California, \$1 50; Boys' and Children's Boots and Shoes made to order. Persons in the country ordering boots and shoes to the amount of two Dollars or more will be allowed a reduction of four per cent. so as to make the express charges light. Call on Sullivan and shoes of MY OWN MAKE! ACTUALLY ONLY. Boots and Shoes sent C. O. D. Positively one price.

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

CALVERT'S CARBOLIC SHEEP WASH 25c per gallon. T. W. JACKSON, San Francisco, Sole Agent for the Pacific Coast.

Yerba Buena Bitters Purifies the Blood. Yerba Buena Bitters Revivifies the Liver. Yerba Buena Bitters Regulates the Bowels. Yerba Buena Bitters For Biliousness. Yerba Buena Bitters For Liver Complaints. Yerba Buena Bitters Cures Dyspepsia. Yerba Buena Bitters Cures Jaundice. Yerba Buena Bitters For Indigestion.

CRANE & BRIGHAM, Agents, S. F. JOE POHEIM THE TAILOR, 203 Montgomery St. and 103 Third, S. F.

Business suits made to order, in 21 hours, from... \$5. Pants made to order in 21 hours, from... \$4. First Diagonal, Cassimere and Scotch Cheviot Suits to order... \$25 to \$45. Fine Dress Suits to order... \$40 to \$50. Overcoats, from... \$10 to \$25. Rules of Self-Measurement Sent Free.

GOLDEN GATE ACADEMY AND CADET SCHOOL. 1877 Next year will commence July 15th, 1878. For circulars, address D. P. SACKETT, A. M., Principal, Oakland, Cal.

PACIFIC BUSINESS COLLEGE. 320 POST STREET, SAN FRANCISCO. THE oldest and most complete Commercial College on the coast. Elegant halls; new furniture; thorough instruction; practical teachers; high standing with the public. Students can commence at any time. Day and evening sessions. Circulars may be had free on application.

THE FOOTLIGHT An Illustrated Eight-page Weekly Dramatic Journal, ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY. 177 A Portrait of some Professional Celebrity appears on the First Page of each number, and the columns are devoted to recording the principal events occurring in the Dramatic and Musical World. Annual Subscription, prepaid, within the United States or Canada... \$3 00 Six Months... 1 50 Single Copies... 10 For sale by principal newsmen.

J. D. ROBERTSON, - - - - - Publisher 320 Sansome St., Halleck Block, San Francisco.

UNIVERSITY MOUND COLLEGE, SAN FRANCISCO. Boarding School for Young Men and Boys. For Catalogue, apply to JOHN GAMBLE, E. A., Principal

100,000 lbs. CHOICE SMOKING TOBACCO, Packed in two, four and eight ounce sacks from Forty to Sixty-Five Cents per Pound. These Tobaccos will be found superior to any in the market or of the price. We will send them to any one address in lots of not less than five (5) pounds. C. O. D. Address, E. BRIGGS & CO., Tobaccoists, 523 and 527 Market St., San Francisco.

H. P. Paper Manufacturer of Printing & Lining 655, 657, 659, 661, Broadway St. San Francisco, Cal.

PACIFIC WATER CURE AND Eclectic Health Institute, NORTHWEST CORNER 7th AND L STS. SACRAMENTO, CAL.

Being fully prepared to treat all forms of disease on the latest and most scientific principles, together with good rooms and board, and with confidence ask for public patronage. For further particulars address M. P. CLAYTON, M. D., Proprietor.

CAMPING TO YOSEMITE AND BIG TREES. A DELIGHTFUL, INSTRUCTIVE, HEALTHFUL AND INEXPENSIVE TRIP. Parties take the most direct route for Coulterville, thence by a good road (45 miles) to Yosemite, passing Bower Cave and Pilot Peak, through Merced Grove Big Trees and Merced River Canyon, by and in near view of Cascade, Indian, British Yell and Yosemite Falls, and the mighty Granite Cliffs and Domes of the Canyon and Yosemite Valley—the grandest mountain, forest, rock and water scenery in the world.

Our Authorized Agents.

ROBERT & LOWE	Olympia, W. T.
F. RAYMOND	Seattle, Wash.
W. M. ROBERT	Port Townsend
COL. ERSCH MAY	Athens Island
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PETER McLAUGHLIN	Statewood
ALVAH BLOWERS	Comely Hill
G. D. CAMPBELL	King's Landing
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H. H. HALLOCK	Salem, Oregon
D. H. STRAESS	Portland
T. N. HUBBEN & CO.	Victoria, B.C.

THURSDAY, JULY 11, 1878.

OUR CITY ELECTION.

A light vote was cast on Monday, only 119 ballots being counted. The tally stood as follows:

FOR MAYOR:	
Chas. Eisenbeis	110
[No opposing candidate.]	
FOR CITY COUNCILMEN:	
Chas. C. Bartlett	113
H. L. Tibbals	110
Nath. D. Hill	109
F. W. James	90
D. C. H. Rothschild	84
Jas. Dolganilo	84
Wm. H. Newton	79
A. H. Tucker	45
C. F. Clapp	34
FOR CITY MARSHAL:	
Chas. Finn	93
Jno. McNear	22
Scattering.....9.	

It will be seen that the last two named candidates for councilmen were defeated, the other seven composing our present City Board. The mayor and five out of the seven councilmen serving last term were re-elected. We believe the interests of the city are entrusted to safe and reliable men, and that their constituents will have no cause for serious complaint.

**RUSSIAN FLEET.**—A private letter from Lieut. W. F. Kilgore, formerly of this place, but now of the U. S. revenue steamer Hamilton, of Philadelphia, Pa., contains information as follows: "There are three vessels here, at the yard of Crampton & Sons, lately purchased by the Russians, and undergoing a thorough change in their rig and outfit. The number of Russian officers and men in daily attendance upon the repairs would dispel the mystery that is represented by the various periodicals, regarding the purchase. The finest ship in the fleet will be the State of California, and we learn that she is to be the flagship of the squadron. She is about 2,000 tons register, and was being constructed for Messrs. Goodall & Perkins, of San Francisco, to run between that place and Portland. Many changes in her rig and outfit have taken place, both internally and externally. As she is the first vessel ever built in this country and rated according to the English Lloyds, there is no question but she would have been the finest vessel on the Pacific coast if they had completed her for the purpose intended when commenced. There is another one, however, about to be built on nearly the same plans; the keel blocks have already been laid. The steamship Saratoga, built last year, by John Roach & Son, of Chester, Pa., is a fine specimen of an American ship—2,285 tons, and was, up to the time of her purchase, in the New York and Havana trade. The steamship Columbus was built by Wm. Cramp & Son, in 1873, was also in the New York and Havana trade and carries 1,573 tons. They are making a thorough change in her rig and outfit. All three of these vessels are to be bark rigged, and will each carry a battery of two pivot guns and a mortar. They will be propelled by steam, of course, and I presume an average speed of 15 knots per hour is expected. It will be two months or more before they are ready for sea—except the Saratoga, which is farthest advanced.

**OPPOSITION.** On Monday afternoon the fine, dashing steamboat Olympia, Capt. Stoddard, made her way along side of Union Wharf, having come from San Francisco since noon on the 4th inst. An eager crowd of visitors rushed down to the landing to inspect the new arrival and ask questions, while visions of half-fare tickets and free passes occupied the ordinary mind. It is rumored that she has secured the contract for carrying the mail between Victoria and this port, twice per week, for \$12,000 per year, and that she will run to Olympia and way ports each trip. If this is true we may expect lively times on the Sound in steamboating, as Captains Starr and Finch are each capable of "hanging on."

COMMUNICATED.

LOPEZ ISLAND, July 6, 1878.

**ED. ARGUS:**—Your numerous readers must have noticed, that a prominent and very commendable feature of your paper, is the frequent and extensive recurrence of items, letters and articles, treating of our agricultural interests. This, I repeat, is most commendable, as our farmers comprise the very grit, muscle, stamina and enterprise, of our people, so that the columns of your journal could not be devoted to more worthy and noble news items. I append the above—by way of introduction—to a new enterprise recently started on Lopez Island, for which preparations have been maturing, during the past two years. The new adventure, is that of "seed culture," embracing the staple varieties of vegetable and other seeds.

The person to whom the credit of this undertaking belongs, is Judge Swift, (the very name "perse" being indicative of speedy growth, of the seeds raised by him.) We understand, that, in the ensuing season, there will be a 1,000 lbs., of seeds for disposal to the good people of the Sound, at very reasonable prices. We called at the place, to look over the seed gardens, and were first conducted, to the department, where (seed) carrots graced the soil, here we noticed fine varieties, viz: yellow Belgem, Alltringham, half long, early Short Horn, and long Orange. We then proceeded to the next lot, where choice beets held sway, and there we noted, three kinds of these roots, as follows: early scarlet, early dark Egyptian, extra long dark blood. From thence to the cabbage bed, where we found the early Jersey, Wakefield, short-stem, Brunswick, and the drum-head. We then entered the turnip patch, and noticed the Robertsons, golden bell, eclipse, hybrid, and pomerian white globe. Of the Swedish kind, there were: the improved purple top, yellow, and ruta bega. Of lettuce and parsey, two varieties each. Other departments embraced: sugar parsnips, student's parsnips, (I should judge, that this kind will meet with a ready sale, being good, I presume, for brain culture.) Onions too, of different varieties, with other things, all from the best selected vegetables. If you deem this new undertaking, worthy of insertion, please find a place in your columns, if not, let it go to seed. TRAVELLER

COMMUNICATED.

**ED. ARGUS:**—For the information of "Justitia" who seems to be somewhat belogged in the matter, the writer would respectfully state—that the policy hitherto adopted of preventing citizens from obtaining material from the public streets wherewith to fill in and improve private property, and portions of the streets adjacent thereto, has been very wisely departed from by the present Hon. Mayor and members of the City Council; and, on the contrary, every facility, (when not in conflict with the city's interest or the rights of private parties) is offered to any and all citizens to grade, plant trees, and otherwise utilize and beautify private as well as public property.

The removal of the black earth from a portion of Washington and Jefferson streets is a necessary preliminary to the widening of the streets; and, as such earth is worse than useless for grading purposes, it is at the service of any citizen requiring the same (notice of which has been repeatedly given) all that is necessary is that the earth be taken from within certain plainly marked limits, which will be cheerfully shown (if required) by the Street Commissioner.

FRANCIS W. JAMES.

As we understand the law, all City Councils simply have the streets of their respective municipalities in charge for the time being. They hold them in trust for the public. They can improve them but cannot deed a street for any consideration to any private party, or give a cart load of dirt from a public street for any private purpose. Streets are public property and cannot be, in whole or in any part, made private property. Mr. James says our Council has done it as regards some of our streets; but, as the acts of a Council are set forth in its published ordinances, and as we are not aware of such an ordinance having been published, we think he must be in error. Lastly, soil is as good for street filling as any other material when overlaid with cement.

**FOR ALASKA.**—The revenue cutter Benjamin Rush, has received orders to take on board five months' stores. She was to leave San Francisco yesterday, for a cruise in Alaskan waters. We glean the above from a private letter kindly placed at our disposal.

**No Proof.**—The cowardly charges preferred against Governor Ferry, at Washington, were no doubt intended merely to manufacture capital from for the approaching Territorial election, by a few who wish to break down, if possible, the Governor's political influence. No other object could possibly have been in view, as Delegate Jacobs called at head quarters to inquire into the matter and was told that on account of the charges being so vague and no proof accompanying them, no notice whatever would be paid to them. The Governor has sent on his demand that the matter be investigated; and that too by some one outside of Washington Territory, so as to leave no room for the cry of "whitewash." His object is not only to vindicate himself but to obtain grounds for prosecuting the malicious individuals who have shown him so much attention.

AMONG other notable evidences of the prosperity and progressive condition of the lower Sound vicinity, we are gratified to chronicle the enlarged and improved appearance of the B. B. "Mail." That paper comes to us containing four columns more reading matter than formerly, besides being in many ways much improved. We have frequently heard it remarked that Mr. Power, in occupying an outpost in journalism, has necessarily undergone an immense amount of labor in proportion to his remuneration, and hence we are pleased to note his success.

**SENSIBLE.**—A circular letter from Hon. John Sherman, Secretary of the U. S. Treasury, informs us that an act of Congress, approved June 20, 1878, provides that all government advertising may be paid for at commercial rates. This is the only sensible course to take as, under the old prescribed rates, many of the Pacific coast journals refused to do any advertising.

For Sale.

**No 4 CHAMPION MOWER AND REAPER**

Apply to **C. C. BARTLETT**

**Administrator's Sale OF REAL ESTATE AT PUBLIC AUCTION**  
In the Probate Court of Jefferson county, W. T.

IN THE MATTER OF THE ESTATE OF **CHARLES BELL, dec.**

**NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN** That in pursuance of an order of the Probate Court of Jefferson county, W. T., made on the 28th day of June, 1878, in the matter of the above entitled estate, the undersigned administrator of said estate will sell at public auction upon the terms and conditions hereinafter stated, and subject to confirmation by said said Probate Court on **Saturday, the 3d day of August A. D. 1878.**

At the hour of one o'clock P. M., at the School house in Chimacum valley, in Jefferson county, W. T., to the highest bidder, all the right, title, interest and estate of the said Charles Bell, deceased, at the time of his death, in and to the following described real estate, situated, lying and being in the county of Jefferson, Territory of Washington, and described as follows: The east half of the south-west quarter, and the west half of the south-east quarter in section twenty-one (21), township 29, North Range one west; containing 160 acres; title, U. S. patent. There is a log house and a good barn on the place, and about 15 acres cleared and under cultivation; the fences are good, and there is a running stream of water on the place; there is a good road to the place, and it is about 2 1/2 miles distant from the North Pacific Cheese Factory.

At the same time and place will be sold all the household furniture and farming implements belonging to said estate.

Terms and conditions of sale of real estate—ten per cent. cash on the day of sale, balance on confirmation of sale; personal property—cash, payable in lawful money of the United States.

Deed at expense of purchaser.  
**F. H. POOR,**  
Administrator of the estate of Charles Bell, deceased.  
**J. C. McFADDEN,** att'y for estate. 21

Notice.

**Executrix' Sale of real estate At Public Auction.**

In the Probate Court of Jefferson County, Washington Territory.

IN THE MATTER OF THE ESTATE OF

**Enoch S. Fowler, dec.**

**NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN,** that in pursuance of an order of the Probate Court of Jefferson County, Washington Territory, made the 29th day of April, A. D. 1878, in the matter of the above entitled estate, the undersigned Executrix of said Estate, will sell at public auction, upon the terms and conditions hereinafter stated, and subject to confirmation by said Probate Court, on

**Tuesday, the 6th day of August, A. D. 1878,**

Between the hour of ten o'clock, A. M., and the setting of the sun of that day, and to adjourn from day to day until completed

**In front of the Court house door (Fowler's Hall) in Port Townsend, in said Jefferson County.**

all the right, title, interest and estate of the said Enoch S. Fowler, deceased, at the time of his death, and all the right, title and interest that the said estate has, by operation of law or otherwise, acquired other than, or in addition to, that of said Enoch S. Fowler, at the time of his death, in and to all those certain lots, pieces and parcels of land situate, lying and being in the County of Jefferson, in said Territory of Washington, bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Half interest in lot three (3) section 1, township 29, north range 1 west, 11 70-100 acres.

Half interest of north-west qr. of north-east qr sec 12, township 29, north range 1 west, 20 acres.

Seven acres in Pettygrove and Plummer's claims near brewery.

S E qr of N E qr sec 20, town 30, N R 1 west, 40 acres.

**LOTS AND BLOCKS IN TOWN OF PORT TOWNSEND.**

Lot No 8, in block No 4; lot No 6, in block No 5.

Lot No 2 in block No 6; lots No 7 and 8 in block No 7.

Lots No 5 in block No 39; 27 1/2 feet of lot 3, in block No 42.

Lot No 4 in block No 42; 31 1/2 feet of lot No 5 in block No 42.

Lot No 6 and 8, in block No 42.

Lots No 7 and 8, in block No 44; lots No 6 and 8 and 1/2 of 2 and 4, block No 86.

Lots No 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 and 1/2 of 7 in block No 93.

Half of lots No 2 and 4 in block No 103.

Lots No 5, 6, 7 and 8, in block No 107.

Lots No 5, 6, 7 and 8, in block No 132.

Lots No 1 and 3 in block No 137.

Lots No 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8, in block No 141.

Lots No 5, 6 and 8, in block No 137.

And all of block No 10 in Al. Pettygrove's addition.

Terms and conditions of sale: twenty-five per cent. cash, gold coin, and remainder in three months, secured by mortgage on the property, with interest from day of sale at ten per cent. in gold coin. Deed at expense of purchaser.

**MARY FOWLER,** Executrix, of the Estate of Enoch S. Fowler, dec. Port Townsend, W. T., July 2, 1878. **BRADSHAW & INMAN,** att'y's for estate.

NOTICE.

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF CLALLAM COUNTY, W. T.

In the Matter of the Estate of **JOHN VIDLER, Deceased.**

**NOTICE** is hereby given that on the 27th day of May 1878, by an order duly made by said Court, Fanny H. Vidler was duly removed as executrix of said estate and F. A. Bartlett, duly appointed administrator in her stead.

**W. L. ROGERS,**  
Probate Judge.

June 24, 1878.

**T. M. HAMMOND & SONS**  
PORT TOWNSEND.

ALL KINDS OF **TEAMING AND EXPRESS WORK**  
DONE WITH DISPATCH.

Carriages at all times to convey passengers **To Port Discovery, Chimacum, or Port LUDLOW.**

Dispatches carried day or **Night, Horses on Livery.**

Travelling agents will save by going with us, as we intend to use all men alike. Pleasure Parties driven out any time. Hay and feed on hand and cord wood for sale in any quantity, by

**T. M. HAMMOND & SONS.**  
N. B.—Rhododendron Plants Shipped any place, Carefully to Order.

**For Sale by D. C. H. R. & CO.**

**2 500-gallon Magnificent Iron Water Tanks.**

**5000 gallons Dog-fish oil, in quantities to suit.**

**Highest cash price paid for hides, skins, furs and wool by Rothschild & Co.**

**CHAS. C.**

**BARTLETT**

PORT TOWNSEND, W. T.

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 at

The **LOWEST PRICES**

Now on hand, with a large addition to arrive, a full Stock of

Men's Clothing.

**JUST RECEIVED**

**A New stock of**

**Furniture**

**Wall Paper!**

**C. C. BARTLETT**

LOCAL NEWS.

The following, kindly forwarded us by Mr. J. T. A. Buflinch, of Dungeness light-house, is a correct list of the vessels passing that point during the year ending Sept. 30, 1878: For quarter ending Sept. 30, 77: ships, 23; barks, 127; brigs, 8; schrs., 87; sloops, 9; stuns., 155; total 419. For quarter ending Dec. 31, '77: ships, 11; barks, 114; brigs, 9; schrs., 94; sloops, 15; stuns., 120; total 363. For quarter ending March 31, '78: ships, 20; barks, 87; brigs, 5; schrs., 90; sloops, 15; stuns., 121; total, 338. For quarter ending Jan. 30, '78: ships, 26; barks, 103; brigs, 17; schrs., 84; sloops, 3; stuns., 151; total, 384. Total for year: ships 80; barks, 431; brigs, 30; schrs., 355; sloops, 42; stuns., 557. Grand total for year: 1,504.

"MISFORTUNATE."—A portly gentleman belonging to the revenue service is forcibly reminded that the rough places in this city should be smoothed down by some means or other. A few days ago, when tripped by a rickety step, and compelled to temporarily personate a miniature pile driver, these reflections first found a being in his mental process. The boys who laughed and called out that "The mail must be in" won't do so any more. It's dangerous past-time for them. Our hero faintly muttered (as he hobbled off to a tailor shop enquiring a portion of his dilapidated wardrobe) "Jeeminy, my poor shins!" He thinks he went through his harness on remarkably short notice.

Our Whidby Island friends by no means forgot to observe the Fourth by demonstrations indicative of a patriotic community. A few of the young men, who attended from this place, spoke very enthusiastically of their enjoyment. A picnic during the day, an oration by lawyer Burke, of Seattle, and a grand ball in the evening were among the entertaining features of the occasion, besides numerous sports common to such occasions. The above refers to Compeville. We understood that Oak Harbor was to celebrate, but have not heard from there yet.

VESSELS IN PORT.—According to the report of Mr. Chas. O'Hara, of the Teekal Hotel, Port Gamble, the following is the list of vessels in that port on Tuesday morning last: ship Sagamore, bk. Atlanta, bk. Buena Vista, bk. Catherine Sudden, bk. Jos Perkins, schrs. Compeer, Wm. L. Beebe, Letitia and American Girl. The stuns Yakima and Cyrus Walker are laid up for repairs, and the bark David Hoadley, is still undergoing the process of rebuilding.

The bark John Jay put back the second time, arriving here on Monday last. She was leaking somewhat fast, however, we were told, not fast enough to endanger any lives. She had proceeded to the vicinity of Cape Flattery before turning around. On Tuesday she proceeded to Seattle to discharge her cargo, after which she will be overhauled.

REVIVED.—Mr. Ray Phillips, a former employe in the Olympia "Courier" office, informed us a few days ago of his intention, in connection with another young man, to revive the Steilacoom "Express." It remains to be seen what kind of a paper the new publication will be. We would suggest that it be called the "Sphinx."

We invite the attention of farmers, having mowing to do, to the change in the advertisement of Mr. Chas. C. Bartlett, announcing a first-class mower for sale. Mr. Bartlett knows how to get just what suits his customers, and we may take for granted that they will be no less satisfied in this matter than in others.

We learn that Rev. T. J. Weekes, of San Juan, delivered the oration on Lopez Island on the 4th inst., and that a very creditable celebration was had. The feature seems to be a new one for that section, though one in which the settlers united to contribute toward the enjoyment of all.

MARRIED.—On Saturday morning last at Portland, Mr. William H. Cushman, Inspector of Customs at San Juan, and Miss Crissie Johnson, of Portland, were married at the residence of Mr. A. Nolner. The happy couple, immediately thereafter, left for their future home.

OUR Good Templar friends will be pleased to hear that G. W. C. T. Shakespeare, last week, re-organized "Lone Star" lodge in White river valley. He is carrying the good work along with energy and zeal enough to "move mountains."

REV. JAS. AGNEW, of this place, will preach in Port Gamble on Sunday next. It is expected that his pulpit here will be filled morning and evening, by Rev. Mr. McAfee, of Olympia.

MARRIED.—In Port Townsend, on July 31, by Judge Kuhn, Mr. William Pennington and Jane Dixon, all of Jefferson County.

WOKO EYEYENS.

The shades of night are fast creeping over our little town, and the "glorious 4th of '78" will soon be numbered among the days of the past.

One year ago to-day how different the situation in Clallam Bay; then all was silence, and the curling smoke from the old rancher under the hill, was about all the signs of life visible; while to-day, the evergreen hills echo and re-echo the boom of our—ah, anvil while the song and merry shout of men, women and children are heard along the shore.

Long before daylight we were awakened by the loud report of our National salute, done up in good style by two of our young and enthusiastic gunners. Amid many rousing cheers for "The dear old Flag, America," The land of the free and the home of the brave, etc., etc., etc. Boat, canoe, and various other races were the order of the day till evening when Capt. William Gilbert of the U. S. mail schooner Winnefred, favored us with a brilliant illumination in the way of rockets, etc., etc.

Charley, an intelligent Indian of the Clallam tribe, in company with a number of his friends, came in a few evenings since for a "wa wa," and in answer to a request that he open the meeting, proceeded about as follows: "We want to say, that the Indians, who live here, are very sorry to learn that the Father at Washington will soon take all of our tribe and put them with the Makahs on the Neah bay reservation. You know the Makahs and Clallams were never very good friends, and cannot live together in peace; our ways of making a living are different, and there are many other reasons why we do not want to be put on the reservation at Neah Bay. You see these old men, they have lived in Clallam Bay all their lives, their fathers before them for ages back, have made this their home, and fished over the same grounds that they now do, died, and are asleep upon their shores, so they are deeply attached to their old home, just as the white man loves the home of his fathers, so do they love this quiet retreat, and if permitted, will pass their few remaining days here in peace.

Ever since the treaty made with our fathers, by the Father at Washington, we have lived in peace with the white man, and have never caused one dollar expense, by our disregard of any part of the treaty, and we do not understand why the white man will seek to drive us from our old homes to live among strange Indians with whom we do not and cannot affiliate. It will be very hard indeed for our tribe, and to the old men and women it will be a far greater trial; in fact, the old men would rather die, than be forced away from Clallam Bay."

Well Charley, we certainly feel very much interested in your case, and are sure that nearly all the people in Clallam and Jefferson Counties prefer that your tribe remain where they are, at their various homes along the straits, under the care of your good friend Mr. Eells; but of course we have no voice in the matter, and can do nothing but offer suggestions, and give our views on the subject, for the great Father's consideration; he may pay some attention to our protests and he may not, you will for the present have to wait and hope for the best—good night.

"Lo, the poor Indian," is very much troubled by the rumors afloat regarding the probable change in Indian affairs, and more especially as it interests the Clallam tribe.

The removal of the Sound Indians to the Neah Bay reservation, or to any other would be, as Charley says, a very serious affair to them, and gives food for many long, earnest "wa-was" around their campfires. The sorrow of the older men and women, is especially noticeable, and it is no doubt true, that they would submit to almost any punishment, in preference to a removal from their old homes.

Is it not possible for some of our prominent men, who are in correspondence with those in high places at Washington, to raise their voices in a loud, long, earnest protest, against this great wrong which is now threatening these peace-loving and law abiding Indians? To the front now gentlemen! and do these Sound tribes a service they will never forget, and when the right to vote is accorded them, and our beloved Territory becomes a State, who knows but you will be well repaid for your trouble? Echo—who knows?

O. KOKE MAN.

MARRIED.—On the Fourth of July at the Skokomish Reservation, by Rev. M. Eells, Dick Lewis, Head Chief of the Iwana Indians and Susan, William Adams and Mary Jackman, Frank Waterman and Annie Williams, and Joseph D. Davis and Clara, all of them Iwana Indians.

Notice to Creditors.

**Estate of Algernon E. Jones**  
NOTICE is hereby given by the undersigned executor of the estate of Algernon E. Jones, deceased, to the creditors of said deceased, to present them with the necessary vouchers within one year after the date of this notice, to me as such executor, at my residence, at Dungeness, W. T.  
SMITH TROY,  
Executor of the estate of Algernon E. Jones, deceased.  
Dungeness, June 10, 1878. 20:4w

R. W. DELION. CHARLES CASE.

**De LION & CASE, Stevedores,**

PORT TOWNSEND  
P. O. BOX 37.

SHIPS LOADED AT EVERY PORT ON Puget Sound.

**The First-class steamship**

**CALIFORNIA**  
CAPT. THORN,  
WILL LEAVE

Port Townsend for Sitka, Alaska Terr'y, and Way Ports, or or about the 3d of each Month.  
WILL LEAVE  
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**NOTICE.**

I TAKE PLEASURE to state that I have transacted my business through Messrs. Rothschild & Co., and that they have given me entire satisfaction. I take pleasure in recommending them to Captains of vessels coming this way, to avail themselves of their valuable services.  
JAMES S. THEOBALDS,  
Master ship Ventus.  
Port Townsend, Dec. 9, 1877.

**CONSIGNED TO ROTHSCCHILD & CO.**

**Brig Sea Waif.**  
NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED consignees of above named vessel will be responsible for debts contracted by the officers or crew.  
Capt. P. J. MUNSEN, Master.  
ROTHSCCHILD & CO., Consignees.  
Port Townsend, June 23, 1878.

**French Barque Sanvic.**  
NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED Consignees of above named vessel will be responsible for any debts contracted by the officers or crew.  
ROTHSCCHILD & CO., Consignees.  
L. CHATRELL, Master.  
Port Townsend, June 23, 1878.

**Barque Fortuna.**  
NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED agents of above named vessel will be responsible for debts contracted by the officers or crew.  
D. CHAMA, Master  
ROTHSCCHILD & CO, Agents  
Port Townsend, June 25, 1878

**Gnat Ship Frederica Maria.**  
NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED Agents of the above named vessel will be responsible for debts contracted by the officers or crew.  
ROTHSCCHILD & CO., Agents.  
CAPT. L. KNORP, Master.  
Port Townsend, June 29, 1878.

**French barque Nonvean Nomade.**  
NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED Agents of the above named vessel will be responsible for debts contracted by the officers or crew.  
ROTHSCCHILD & CO., Agents.  
P. QUEEHE, Master.  
Port Townsend, June 29, 1878.

**Italian ship Ravenna Padre.**  
NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED Agents of the above named ship will be responsible for debts contracted by the crew.  
ROTHSCCHILD & CO., Agents.  
F. DEANDREIS, Master  
Port Townsend, June 2, 1878.

**Honduras Barque Chiclayo.**  
NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED Agents of the above named bark will be responsible for debts contracted by the officers or crew.  
ROTHSCCHILD & CO., Agents.  
JULIO BOLLO, Master.  
Port Townsend, May 13, 1878.

**Schr. Superior.**  
NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED agents of the above named vessel will be responsible for debts contracted by the officers or crew.  
ROTHSCCHILD & CO., Agents.  
JOHN LEE, Master.  
Port Townsend, May 15, 1878.

**French barque Bleville.**  
NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED Agents of the above named vessel will be responsible for debts contracted by the officers or crew.  
ROTHSCCHILD & CO., Agents.  
J. FLAMBARD, Master,  
Port Townsend, Feb. 23, 1878.

**Italian Barque DueSorelle.**  
NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED Agents of the above named vessel will be responsible for debts contracted by the officers or crew.  
ROTHSCCHILD & CO., Agents.  
G. CAVASSA, Master.  
Port Townsend, March, 25, 1878.

**ROTHSCCHILD & CO.,**

**Shipping and Commission**

**MERCHANTS,**

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Dry Goods, Clothing,  
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CALIFORNIA WINES, IMPORTED BY US DIRECTLY FROM THE vineyards, in pipes, barrels, or quantities to suit. For sale at San Francisco rates by **ROTHSCCHILD & CO.**

BEST ASSORTMENT OF CALIFORNIA MANUFACTURED GOLD Sets, Ear Rings, Finger Rings, Breast and Cuff Pins, Sleeve and Collar Buttons, Studs, Lockets, &c., that have ever been offered for sale on Puget Sound, received by last steamer, and for sale by **ROTHSCCHILD & CO.**

**WAGONS, WAGONS!**

**THE CAR LOAD OF**

**HEAVY AND LIGHT WAGONS!**

Manufactured expressly for our trade, by

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Have arrived on schooner Beebe, and are now for sale at San Francisco, prices, by

**ROTHSCCHILD & CO**

Port Townsend, W. T.

**Finest of JAPAN TEAS!**

Imported direct from Japan,

AND PACKED EXPRESSLY FOR ROTHSCCHILD & CO

—Also a—

Lot of wheat and oats, bran and chopped feed.

At GREATLY REDUCED RATES

### That Awful Phonograph.

The phonograph is certainly the most wonderful invention of this or any other age, and the purposes to which it may be devoted are manifold and surprising.

Mrs. Carmeen need no longer sit up until midnight for a late husband—that is, late coming home. She can now speak her lecture in the diaphragm of the phonograph, attach one end of a cord to the crank and the other end to the knob of her chamber door, and retire to her downy couch, with the sweet and comforting assurance of having "spoken her mind" where it will do the most good. Carmeen will come sneaking up stairs, but no sooner does he open his bedroom door than that awful phonograph will up and tell him in his wife's well-known voice, what she thinks of "such conduct as this," winding up with the stern command: "Now, come to bed, you old fool, and don't sit there blinking like a sick owl!" And all the time this performance is in progress, Mrs. Carmeen may be reveling in sweet dreams, in which spring bonnets and the latest lovely thing in polonaise predominate.

The phonograph is also capable of playing some pretty shabby tricks, and if Deacon Peppers could have laid his hands on the inventor, a few nights ago, he would probably have torn him into two thousand fragments—more or less.

The Deacon is—or rather was—a good man and a class-leader in the Brownsville Church. He visited New York recently and wandered into an establishment where several phonographs were on exhibition and for sale. He became much interested in the instrument; and when he spoke into the mouth-piece of one of the machines, and heard his own words ground out with startling distinctness, he manifested his astonishment in one prolonged "W-h-e-w!"

Then a happy thought struck him. He usually made a brief address at class meetings on Friday evenings, and he suddenly conceived the idea of speaking his piece in the phonograph, purchasing the invention, and surprising the brethren and sisters at the next meeting. The idea was carried into execution—to some extent. The Deacon charged the phonograph with an appropriate address, and whilst he was bargaining with the owner for the instrument, in another part of the room, a rough, bushy-whiskered individual, attired in corduroy pantaloons, and a speckled shirt, slipped in unobserved and howled a lot of stuff into the same machine. The Deacon paid for and carried off the phonograph, entirely ignorant of the frightful sentences injected into it by the rough person, who, as subsequent events proved, was the intellectual driver of a mule-team, and not very choice in his language.

The next day was Friday, and in the evening the Deacon marched into the church with his phonograph under his arm, and his face illuminated with a radiant smile.

"My friends," he commenced, "I have a little surprise for you. I do not intend to address you this evening. I have brought a substitute to speak for me. This little instrument I have here (holding up the phonograph) will now address you briefly on your duty to the church and suffering humanity."

Then the Deacon, with a smile extending from ear to ear, gave the crank a couple of turns, and all the color faded from his face as the phonograph thundered forth:

"Git up there! you dashed old cripple! Whoa, Sall you blind—"

It was awful. The hair of the brothers in the front pews stood straight up, a sister in the back part of the house fainted dead away, and the sexton yelled "fire!"

"There—is—some—terrible—mistake here," gasped the Deacon, after a few minutes of painful silence. "I must have turned the crank the wrong way—or maybe the lynch-pin is loose, or the safety-valve has lost a screw, or something." And, perspiring at every pore, the Deacon essayed another turn, and the machine yelled:

"Gee, Bill! Where in the darnation are you going, you son of a mule! Pedit-whoa-a! Blast your eyes, can't you—"

The awfulness became more awful. Three more sisters fainted, several brothers clapped their hats on their heads and their fingers into their ears, and started for the door shouting "police!" and the sexton hallooed "murder," while the Deacon wildly clutched the phonograph by the neck and choked it until it was black in the face, and its eyes bulged out a inch.

But 'twas no use. The internal arrangements of the machine were evidently demoralized, and the cylinder continued to revolve, grinding out the most frightful language ever heard outside of a political ward convention; and when the audience were saluted with "I'll knock your dashed brains out, you long-eared!" they didn't wait for the remainder of the "address," but got up as one man—and one woman—and made a dash for the door in a decidedly panic-stricken manner. The old deacon, with his face the color of a small-pox flag, threw the phonograph over the pulpit, sprang after it, and kicked it down the aisle into the street, where the sexton smashed it with an axe, just as the Deacon's address began to issue from its mouthpiece, and then placed it under the hydrant and let a stream of water run on it all night.

A committee was appointed on the spot to investigate what appeared to be the Deacon's highly improper and painful conduct, and that well-meaning person has concluded to move West and grow up with the country.—*J. H. W., in Puck.*

### The Total Eclipse of the Sun.

On the 29th of July next a total eclipse of the sun takes place under such circumstances as to present opportunities that occur scarcely once in a generation for the study of some of the most interesting phenomena with which astronomers have to do. The path of the totality of this eclipse runs diagonally across the center of the United States from Montana to Texas, and is somewhere about 140 miles wide. Many of the best points for observing the eclipse are therefore accessible by railroad, and several expeditions might be sent out fully equipped in as many different points, without spending so much money upon them all as it would ordinarily take to equip a single expedition to a more distant point.

Recent discoveries have rendered it probable that most of the meteorological changes in progress upon this planet are caused by events taking place upon the sun, and many questions relating to the physical constitution of that orb, and the changes there taking place, can only be studied during a total eclipse. It is said by Admiral Rodgers, of the Naval Observatory, that the sum of the opportunities which all the astronomers of the world can get for observing such eclipses does not exceed five or six hours in a century, and it is therefore important that every advantage should be taken of the very favorable conditions for observation under which the present eclipse occurs. All the principal European governments recognize the importance of studying the phenomena attendant upon the total eclipses, and send out costly expeditions, even to their antipodes when necessary, for this purpose; and there is no doubt that there is a general impression abroad that our government would make ample provision for the study of a matter of such general interest, that is visible almost exclusively within our borders, or the different foreign governments would no doubt be preparing to organize expeditions for observation on our territory. Our government, however, has so far done nothing, and it is possible that one of the best opportunities that may occur in many years for the study of solar phenomena may pass away without any advantage being taken of it.

The Naval Observatory is awake to the importance of the occasion, and has asked Congress for an appropriation of \$8,000 for the purpose of sending off seven expeditions, two of which it is designed to send to Montana, two to Texas, two to Colorado, and one to Wyoming, each to consist of three astronomers. The sum asked for was simply to pay traveling expenses and the cost of transporting and setting up the instruments in their temporary observatories, nothing being requested for salaries, as the most eminent astronomers will gladly volunteer their services for such an important occasion.—*Scientific American.*

### Shelley.

There is one account of Shelley's appearance and manner which has been very frequently quoted, but it is so highly characteristic that I must re-introduce it here. I mean the narrative which Troloway has given of his first meeting with the poet, in Pisa.

"The Williamses," he says, "received me in their earnest, cordial manner. We had a great deal to communicate to each other, and were in loud and animated conversation when I was rather put out by observing in the passage near the open door, opposite to where I sat, a pair of glittering eyes steadily fixed on mine. It was too dark to make out whom they belonged to. With the acuteness of a woman, Mrs. Williams's eyes followed the direction of mine, and, going to the doorway, she laughingly said, 'Come in, Shelley, it's only our friend Tre, just arrived.' Swiftly gliding in, blushing like a girl, a tall, thin stripling held out both his hands; and, although I could hardly believe—as I looked at his flushed, feminine, and artless face—that it could be the poet, I returned his warm pressure. After the ordinary greetings and courtesies, he sat down and listened. I was silent from astonishment. Was it possible this mild-looking, headless boy could be the veritable monster at war with all the world, excommunicated by the fathers of the Church, deprived of his civil rights by the fiat of a grim lord chancellor, discarded by every member of his family, and denounced by the rival sages of our literature as the founder of a Satanic school?"

"I could not believe it; must be a hoax. He was habited like a boy, in a black jacket and trousers which he seemed to have outgrown; or his tailor, as is the custom, had most shamefully stunted him in his 'sizings.' Mrs. Williams saw my embarrassment, and, to relieve me, asked Shelley what book he had in hand. 'Calderon's "Magico Prodigioso." I am translating some passages in it.' 'O! read it to us.' Shoved off from the shore of common-place incident that could not interest him, and fairly launched on a theme that did, he instantly became oblivious of everything but the book in his hand. The masterly manner in which he analyzed the genius of the author, his lucid interpretation of the story, and the ease with which he translated into our language the most subtle and imaginative passages of the Spanish poet, were marvelous, as was his command of the two languages. After this touch of his quality, I no longer doubted his identity. A dead silence ensued. Looking up, I asked, 'Where is he?' Mrs. Williams said, 'Who? Shelley? Oh! he comes and goes like a spirit; no one knows when or where.'—*The University Magazine.*

Some mourn more the shame which sin brings, than the sin which brings the shame.

### Faithful to the First.

The recent death in Paris of Mr. Cass, son of General Lewis Cass, has revealed a bit of sentimental romance not common in these later days, and which is thus related by a writer in *Lippincott's*: Mr. Cass resided in Paris several years, and resumed in that brilliant capital an acquaintance which had begun in the little frontier town of Detroit more than forty years before. Miss Emily V. Mason (now well known as an authoress, traveler and educationist) when just blooming into womanhood, presided over the gubernatorial mansion at Detroit, the capital of the then Territory of Michigan, of which her brother was the Governor. The family of General Cass, the most distinguished citizen of the Northwest, and the family of Governor Mason were united by the closest ties of friendship, and of course the General's son and the Governor's sister were thrown much together. Young Cass formed an ardent, and, as it has proved, a lasting attachment for the dashing Kentucky girl. The death of Governor Mason obliged his sister to return to her father's house before the lover had declared himself.

Years passed: Miss Mason's father and mother died. Refusing the many wealthy homes that were offered her, she determined to be independent and support herself by her own hands. A small market farm was purchased in Fairfax county, Virginia. Here the daughter of General Mason, assisted by the children of a widowed sister, earned a laborious livelihood. Their home became a little paradise, peace and plenty rewarded their exertions, and there was no happier home in Virginia than the cottage of Miss Emily Mason. The civil war broke out: this little Eden was made desolate; its trailing vines were destroyed; its innocent inmates were forced to fly. Miss Mason went to Richmond and devoted herself to the sick, wounded and dying soldiers. Confederates and Federals shared alike her gentle ministrations. At the close of the war she entered a new field of benevolence—the education of Southern orphans. Many young girls have been thus enabled to earn an honorable and respectable living.

For some years Miss Mason has been residing abroad, chiefly in Paris. Here she met once more Mr. Cass, the lover of her youth, now an old man. He had lived in France so long that he had acquired much of the tender gallantry of a Frenchman, and, in asking his first love to be his last, he begged her to honor him by consenting to be his widow. But Miss Mason had long resolved not to marry, and so informed her faithful admirer. He bowed to her decision and accepted the position of friend. Mr. Cass had told his confidential secretary to send for Miss Mason in case he died suddenly. One night he retired, and the next morning was found dead in his bed. A telegram was sent to Miss Mason, who was traveling in Spain, and she immediately returned to Paris. Mr. Cass's will was opened. To Miss Mason he bequeathed six thousand dollars, his watch and three diamond rings, making her joint executor of the will, and requesting her as a last favor to convey his remains to Detroit, the place endeared to him by so many sweet and tender associations of early life, not the least of which was his love for her. Over his grave he directed that a modest monument should be erected, with a suitable inscription. Miss Mason will carry out the last request of her dying friend.—*Home Journal.*

### Gold in Midian.

There is gold in the land of Midian. Captain Burton's expedition returned to Alexandria on April 20, after an absence of eighteen weeks. He found evidences of ancient mining operations, and brought back with him twenty-five tons of specimens, including all the precious metals, turquoise, alabaster, sulphur, coins, inscriptions, fragments of glass and potteries and a variety of relics, from thirty-two ruined cities. He discovered important traces of gold and quartz, threaded with veins of silver, yielding, according to a correspondent of the *London Times*, 15 per cent. to a careless process. The inhabitants of Midian have been brigands for hundreds of years, and are now exceedingly hostile to strangers; but the khedive intends to work his new property and to protect the miners whom he will send thither. Captain Burton describes it as a land of ruined mines, with shafts, tunnels, furnaces, workmen's towns, and princely cities—a land once rich and prosperous as mining could make it, and now the very picture of dreary desolation. On the bank of a wild watercourse he found the ruins of a beautiful little temple, built of white and variegated alabaster. The northern wall had been washed away, and the adjacent bed was strewn with fragments of columns, vases and capitals, all cut in the simplest and purest style of Greek art. This is ancient Midian, where the children of Israel, after the Exodus, made war upon the mining population, slew their kings, burnt their cities and spoiled them of "gold, silver, brass, iron, tin, and lead, jewels of gold, chains and bracelets, rings, earrings and tablets;" the wrought jewels of gold, at the command of Moses, being brought into the tabernacle as a memorial.

ONE of the marvels of this age of emigration and enterprise is the rapid settlement of the Yellowstone valley. At the point on Tongue river, where Gen. Miles encamped in 1876, there is now a town with a population of 1,000. The battle-fields of Custer and his men are occupied by farmers, and the country from which Sitting Bull was driven is in the peaceful possession of the pioneers of civilization.

### How to Restore the Navy.

"I have great faith," said the old Sea Dog, rubbing his horny hands together, "I have great faith in Putty. And I suppose if my predecessor in office had paid more attention to Putty, the Navy wouldn't be where it now is. I remember," he continued, with a sort of N. E. by S. glance at the post, "what Putty did for me when I was a boy. I had a boat, built by myself with my own jack-knife, that carried a brown-paper main sail, and I thought it would beat any boat on the raging Wabash. She looked well on the kitchen table, but when I put her to sea, she invariably went down. Invariably I fished her up again—but float she wouldn't."

"Many hours, alas, I sequestered from scholastic exercise to ascertain the reason for her lack of buoyancy, but without avail; till at last, one morning, Eureka! I discovered that the chip, from which she was constructed, was full of worm-holes. Then, then I discovered the use of putty. I puttied up those worm-holes. Putty saved my boyhood's craft, and Putty shall now save the American Navy!"

And the hero of the Wabash canal hitched up his trousers, yawed about the room, and requested the reporter to shiver his tarry top-lights.

Grog and tobacco rations being secured, the reporter ventured to ask in what way Putty was to be used.

"If you were an older man," replied the Secretary, "you wouldn't ask that question. What was the trouble with your boat on the raging Wabash? Worm-eaten. What is the trouble with the American Navy? Worm-eaten, too!"

"You mean the hulls?" the reporter asked.

"What d'yer say!" shouted the Secretary; "the hulls? Yes, the hull darned concern—root, stock, an' branch!"

"Where would you propose to—p-putty up the affair?" inquired the reporter, in some trepidation.

This seemed so important a question that, before answering it, the hero of a hundred canal-storms served another grog ration. Then he hitched his chair nearer the reporter and whispered:

"Right here! I'd commence right here: The trouble with the American Navy is that it's leaky."

"The ships?"

"Shiver the ships! They don't amount to shucks. It's the bureaus that are leaky."

Now the reporter had heard of ornamental sideboards and rocking-chairs, and other fancy furniture having been put aboard ship by our luxurious naval officers—more than by the feminine soul than to ships—bureaus, never! And if the bureaus did leak, how should that affect the navy? Too much conjecturing made the reporter sad, and he wanted to go home, but duty forbade, and he could only murmur, interrogatively, "Bureaus?"

"Ay, my hearty!" cried the Secretary, "they all leak. The Bureau of Equipment and Repairs, the Bureau of Yards and Docks, the Bureau of Construction, the Bureau of Steam Engineering, are all leaking. The Navy Yards leak; see leak here—and," with a lurch to leeward, as he put his finger to his nose, "I'm not sure but I'm leaking to you."

"But how is Putty going to help you?"

"Well, first and foremost, there's the ships. We've got any quantity of iron-clads that would sink if they weren't aground on the iron-rust that has scaled from their sides. Now, water can't get through putty. Why shouldn't I putty the iron-clads?"

"And the wooden ships?"

"Better and better! We've got dozens of wooden ships with a heroic record, that are only kept afloat by the buoyancy of the barnacles on their bottoms. Putty is the thing for them, too."

"But your bureaus?"

The sad-eyed Navigator of the Wabash gave a sigh (nautically speaking, it is the only thing he ever does heave), then ordered grog, and moodily remarked:

"Grog is good!" He remained sunk in deep thought for many minutes, at length he raised his head and asked:

"My son, when you were a boy, did you ever play with Putty?"

"Certainly," the reporter replied; "terrible stuff! So soft! So sticky! Dough's a delight compared to it!"

"Did you ever," inquired the Secretary, pursuing a train of thought, "did you ever, when handling Putty, find it possible to employ your hands in anything else?"

"Certainly not!"

"Then," cried the Secretary, "if I were to supply plenty of Putty to the Bureaus, and mark it 'Public Property,' don't you think the Bureaus, with their Commissioners and Deputies, and Second Assistants, and the rest, would plunge their hands in it to the relief of the public treasury?"

"True," answered the reporter. "It is so. Selah!"

"It shall be done," murmured the tarry old shell-back, and, as he seemed to be about to wear ship, the reporter proceeded to withdraw.—*Puck.*

UNKNOWN REGIONS.—According to an English writer, there are four vast areas which have never been traversed by civilized man, and which among them constitute about one-seventeenth of the whole area of the globe. Of these the greatest is the Antarctic region, the extent of which is about seventy-five times that of Great Britain; the second lies about the North pole; the third is in Central Africa, and the fourth in Western Australia. The areas of these unknown regions of the globe are estimated approximately at about 11,000,000 square miles.

### Opening the Paris Show.

Not many minutes later a retreat from the tribune and a commotion in the gallery announced the forming and starting of the procession. Ill luck awaited it and attended it. Scarcely had the Marshal put his foot on the path when a fresh shower came pouring down. The Prince of Wales, who was near him, looked up and looked back, as if not quite sure whether he would go on or not. But the stout old Marshal had no notion of giving in; he marched straight through the rain, heedless of the drenching he got. The Prince, with English practical prudence, spread his umbrella. The archbishop of Paris fairly tucked up his purple petticoats over his arm and strode through the mud with much the same gait you have seen in the heroine of the burlesque when the heroine is a man. Not far behind, the Chinese ambassador waddled painfully along in his queer junk shoes. Senators and searfed deputies were abreast of the Marshal, and ought to have been mentioned with him; for you are to remark that the legislative bodies had insisted on their equal precedence with the executive, and had declined to appear on the scene as guests, preferring to play the part of hosts conjointly with the president of the republic. The president of the Senate, Duc d'Audiffert Pasquier, hated of the Bonapartists, and the president of the chamber of deputies, M. Grevy, one of the predestined successors of Marshal McMahon in the chair of the republic, each at the head of his colleagues, marched sturdily forward on a line with the Marshal. The police scattered about outside had thus far made a feat of keeping the public on the paths and off the turf, but curiosity broke all bounds as soon as this cortege appeared, and men and women rushed up to the very bayonets of the troops, who formed the two walls of the aisle along which this motley throng of great men advanced.

For a while, perhaps, till they had got half way down the hill, some sort of order was kept in the official array. Not for long, however. The foothold was insecure beneath; the rain above was pitiless, and soon the column began to show gaps here and there; stretching out into a parti-colored line one moment, and the next all huddled into groups and batches of men. It had no more semblance of order than the exhibition it was on its way to open. It became a scramble. The cheers of the people, which were not very hearty or loud, could not inspire it, and the members of it who were not in uniform, but wore only the swallow-tail and white tie of the civilian, began to stray away from the files and to mingle with the crowd, the soldiers readily opening their ranks to make way for the fugitives. By the time it had reached the bridge it had lost half its strength. On the bridge it wavered to and fro. A strip of red cloth divided the floor of this structure, but oddly enough the Marshal would not walk on it; he walked on one side of it, and some of his train on either side, as if it were too sacred to be trodden by human feet. Soon the procession and the people became confused and intermingled. You could no longer distinguish from the heights in the rear even the line of red trousers, and once in the Champ de Mars all effort to keep order was abandoned, for a time at least. Here it was that the reporters broke in. Here also the police made a desperate effort to re-arrange matters, succeeding only in shutting out numbers of official people and shutting in numbers of the public, who enjoyed the joke. And in that mixed and humiliating state the Marshal and his retinue passed out of the sight of those who were standing, as I was, on the slopes of the Trocadero Hill.—*G. W. Smalley, in the N. Y. Tribune.*

### Some Odd Witticisms.

Most witticisms, especially jokes and puns, lose something of their flavor when repeated. But surely the following pun, made by an English wit on a gentleman famous for his liberality, reads well: "That's a man," said the punster, "who carries his aversion to niggardliness so far as to even detest a mean temperature."

Scarcely any of the savageness of Dr. Johnson's reply to an authoress escapes in repeating it. She sent him a manuscript poem, with the remark, "I have other irons in the fire." "I advise you, madam," wrote the cynic, "to put the poem with the irons."

The humor and impudence of Hook's address to a pompous dandy whom he once met in the street are only faintly shadowed forth in print. "Pray, sir," said the impudent joker, "may I take the liberty of asking if you are any one in particular?"

The audacity of Gabrielli, a famous singer of the last century, can be appreciated, even in her words. Catherine II of Russia, invited her to sing at St. Petersburg. Gabrielli demanded five thousand ducats in compensation.

"Five thousand ducats!" exclaimed the Empress. "I do not pay that sum to any of my field marshals."

"In that case," replied the bold singer, "your Majesty has nothing to do but to make these field marshals sing."

The audacity of the reply amused Catherine, and the exorbitant syren received her ducats.

A WESTERN member of Congress lounged into the bar-room of a fashionable up-town hotel one morning recently, to get his matutinal invigorator. When the necessary utensils were placed before him, the Hoosier statesman deliberately filled the glass to the brim with whisky. "Goodness gracious," exclaimed the astonished bar-keeper, "that isn't a drink; that's a temperance lecture."

## The Herculean Hunter of the Great American Plains.

About three miles down the Illinois shore, near the little town of Cahokia, lives a very queer Indian, who has a history as remarkable as it is romantic. He is a full-blooded Cherokee, and, according to his own assertions, is over 100 years old. His name is John Meehoo, and he was born in the county of Jefferson, Mississippi, where his tribe resided over a century ago, and from which region they were transported to the Indian Territory. John, or the "Big Indian," as he is familiarly termed, is an extraordinary person in appearance, being six feet four inches in height, weighing about 190 pounds, and in spite of his age is erect and comparatively robust. His hair is now perfectly snow-white; he has but a few teeth left, and within the last two or three years he has grown somewhat bald. He is a fisherman and frog-hunter by profession, and has a wife about sixty years of age, a French woman, who does not speak English. His first wife was an Indian half-breed, by whom he had two children, both living in the vicinity of Cahokia, and hunters and sportsmen by vocation.

At the age of seventeen Meehoo had already become noted for his physical strength and great powers of endurance. Unfortunately he became involved in a quarrel with the chief of the Cherokees, Mahanatal, and slew him. Meehoo, while making an effort to flee, was apprehended by his tribe, and, after a trial according to the forms common to the Cherokees, he was condemned to be burnt at the stake, but during his short confinement, preparatory to his undergoing this terrible penalty, he escaped. He went to the northern part of the territory of Mississippi, where he joined the Chickasaws. Here, too, his belligerent disposition broke out again, and he killed two of the Choctaw chiefs and made captive a woman of the tribe, with whom he fled. His life since then has been a series of wandering from one State to another. From Mississippi he proceeded to Louisiana, from thence to Texas, and from Texas to Missouri, and for the last fifty years he has been living in the vicinity of St. Louis, where he has followed the precarious avocation of frog-hunting. He has always been famed for his remarkable strength. During his earlier life he was able to lift 1,000 pounds on a dead level. On one occasion he carried upon his broad shoulders a barrel of pork weighing 300 pounds, from the landing at East St. Louis to his then home below Cahokia, a distance of six miles. Several years ago he lived in the old town of Kaskaskia, in Illinois, where he was employed in the flouring mill. Remarkable stories are told of the wonderful feats of muscular strength performed by him. It is said that he was in the habit of placing upon his shoulders two bags of wheat, weighing 200 pounds each, and carrying them up a flight of stairs. This labor he would perform for two hours, never seeming to tire.

While roaming through the woods one day his dogs, which were following him, bayed a huge stag in the bed of a dried creek. Meehoo was unarmed, and after several ineffectual efforts to club the deer with such bludgeons as he could pick up, he seized the infuriated beast by the antlers, and by main strength hurled him over his head, breaking the animal's neck.

Meehoo at one time was probably the mightiest hunter that roamed the wilds of the American bottom. Forty and fifty years ago bears were plentiful in the thick forests of the swampy regions skirting the eastern shore of the Mississippi, and bear-hunting was Meehoo's favorite sport.

He still carries upon him the marks of more than one terrific contest with savage brutes. To a reporter who visited him on Thursday last, he gave a recital of a remarkable struggle he had with a bear in the winter of 1820, while hunting through the Dry Creek bottom, about seven miles south of where Centerville station is now situated. It was on the 24th day of December, and a light snow covered the ground. Meehoo had gone out for the purpose of hunting wildhogs, and had with him one dog that was trained for that peculiar sport. While traversing the bottom he was suddenly confronted by a huge black bear. The dog rushed at him, but the bear at one blow of his powerful paw stretched the poor brute dead, and at the distance of thirty feet bruin poised himself on his hind legs as if throwing down the gauntlet of battle. Meehoo immediately pulled down upon him with his rifle, but to his dismay the powder refused to go off. The cap exploded with a loud noise. It was immediately replaced by a fresh one, but before Meehoo could fire a second time, the bear was upon him, and in such close proximity that it was impossible for him even to use the rifle as a club. The man and beast closed in a terrific struggle, the bear in his characteristic game of hugging, the desperate Indian struggling to draw his knife from his belt. Meehoo laughingly said to the reporter, "I tell you, my son, the hug that bear gave me was the worst I ever had in my life. At first I thought my very ribs were broken, and I felt as if my entire body was mashed to a complete jelly. My breath was entirely taken away, and for a moment I was entirely exhausted, but, realizing the desperate nature of my situation, I made a struggle to free my right arm and succeeded in drawing my knife. Before I could use it the bear hugged me again, but I managed to get a small cut in upon his fore shoulder. The animal released me and began to snap at me with his teeth, and he struck me with his fore paw. One blow felled me to the ground and almost

stunned me into insensibility. By the time I rose the bear was upon me, but I had my knife in time and gave him a thrust that made him growl with anger and howl with pain."

The old man then proceeded to relate to the reporter the several details of the fight and its result. The contest lasted ten minutes, the bear getting in blow upon blow, knocking his antagonist down, but never succeeding in getting in a hug upon him. In the meantime Meehoo used his knife in savage desperation, though for a long time unable to touch a vital part of the monster. Finally he managed to stab the bear in the heart and kill him.

Meehoo now owns forty acres of land and lives with his squaw in a very primitive cabin. He is an inoffensive old man now, and continues his daily avocations, molesting no one.

### Don't Call a Man a Liar.

Never tell a man that he is a liar unless you are certain that you can lick him; for, as a general rule, when you say that it means fight. I have arrived at this conclusion through sad experience. I know that it is not safe to give the lie to a muscular Christian. I did once. I am sorry for it now; as I never grieved for anything else in the whole course of my life.

We were standing on the sidewalk in front of the club, when I made the statement, talking politics; and men who talk politics, and get angry over it, are, to put it mildly, lunatics or else want an office. This man made an assertion, touching the fair fame of my favorite candidate, which I believe to be untrue. It is probable that if it had been as true as it was false, I should have taken the same course, because you understand a man has no sense who talks politics anyhow. I think I said that before, but it is all the same. I want to make it strong, and get you to understand how I got my ornamental eye.

I mildly suggested that a man who would make such a statement as that was lost to all sense of shame and would be guilty of any base crime.

He disagreed with me on that point. As for himself he never made a statement except upon the most ample proof. My candidate was the meanest man unhung.

I told him he lied. I have been kicked by a mule; have fallen out of a second story window on a hard pavement; eaten green persimmons; heard Miss Blow read poetry for two hours and a half; skated; hunted; rode a sharp backed horse of mustang parentage, an adept in the art of "bucking," suffered griefs of various kinds, and still cling to life; but all these are feathers in the balance as compared with that little word liar.

Immediately after saying it, I sat down—not in the way people usually sit down. I sat on the rim of my right ear, about ten feet from the spot where I had been standing when I made use of the expression quoted above. I am not used to sitting in that position and do not think it agrees with me.

I have heard of people who "got up on their ear" and walked off. I wish I knew how to do it, and would have propelled myself away from that spot immediately if I had possessed this happy faculty. I proceeded to bring myself to a perpendicular fully intending to use the means of locomotion which nature had given me; but when I came right side up, something heavy ran up against my nose, and as I felt rather tired, I sat down on my other ear. I like a change—it is too monotonous doing the same thing over and over again.

Somebody took my large friend away, and I was quite pleased when he was gone. I have concluded to look twice at a man before I give the lie again. My eye is in mourning, my nose swelled to the size of a citron with the color of a blush rose, and my store clothes look as if they had been run through a patent sausage machine. I would not have that man's temper for anything in the world.

They are telling a pleasant story in England, just now, about a meeting between the Chinese minister to that country, who is himself a poet, and Mr. Robert Browning. During the interview Mr. Browning asked, "What kind of poetry does his excellency write—pastoral, humorous, epic, or what?" There was a pause for a short time. At length the interpreter said that his excellency thought the poetry would be better described as "enigmatic." "Surely," replied Mr. Browning, "here ought, then, to be the deepest sympathy between us, for that is just the criticism which is brought against my own work and I believe it to be a just one." This reminds us of the story told of Douglas Jerrold's first reading of Browning's poem of Sordello. He was alone in the house at the time, having been some time confined by illness. Being unable to make head or tail of that extraordinary production he began to fear that his illness had affected his intellectual powers. The appalling thought seized him that he was losing his mind. Waiting with great anxiety for the return of some member of his family, he thrust the book into the hands of the first who entered and asked him to read "that passage." "What do you make of it?" "Why," replied the puzzled reader, "it is nonsense." "Thank God," said Jerrold "I've not lost my wits!"

TWELVE years and more ago thousands of hoop-skirts were manufactured annually in this country. Now the business is completely dead, not a single hoop-skirt manufactory being in operation—and thousands of goats are deprived of their principle article of food.—*Norristown Herald.*

ADVERSITY successfully overcome is the highest glory.

### Not as it Ought to Be.

The death of John Morrissey elicited elaborate eulogies in several of the first papers in the land. Unquestionably John Morrissey deserved a certain degree of credit for his political and legislative integrity, and we desire not only to be just but to be generous to the memory of the deceased.

It is universally conceded that in his legislative course he was never swayed by pecuniary considerations. He could not be bribed. In this respect, he set a good example.

Nor would we condemn a man with undue severity, born with such surroundings as those of John Morrissey in his childhood, for the errors of his youth. But, on the other hand, when we are told that he began life as a prize fighter, and afterward reformed, we ask what sort of a reform it was? And we are assured that he became a gambler. Reformed from a pugilist into a gambler strikes us as a very doubtful kind of reform. A professional pugilist is bad enough, but, as it appears to us, a professional gambler is much worse. His occupation is more noxious to the community. He does more harm to others. It is his business which leads hundreds of young men astray. Defalcations, frauds, flight, suicide follow naturally in his wake. Families are beggared and shattered by the losses incurred at his illusive games.

If all who have been made wretched by a single gaming establishment had followed John Morrissey to his grave it would have made an unusually long funeral procession.

It is not pleasant to make these remarks. But the *Ledger* would not be true to the duty it owes to the young men of the country, just coming on the stage of action, if it did not caution them against the lure of a false light like that which shines in the inconsiderate, unqualified eulogies upon John Morrissey. We cannot feel that things are just as they ought to be when we read that the Senate Chamber of the State of New York and a noted gambling house in Twenty-fourth street are both draped in mourning for the same man, and for the reason that he had a seat in the one, and was proprietor of the other!

We have no idea that a better gambler ever represented us in Congress or in the State Senate than John Morrissey; but we hope no professional gambler will ever represent us again.—*New York Ledger.*

### Cast a Line for Yourself.

A young man stood listlessly watching some anglers on a bridge. He was poor and dejected. At last, approaching a basket filled with wholesome-looking fish, he sighed, "If, now, I had these I would be happy. I could sell them at a fair price, and buy me food and lodgings." "I will give you just as many and just as good fish," said the owner, who chanced to overhear his words, "if you will do me a trifling favor."

"And what is that?" asked the other, eagerly.

"Only to tend this line till I come back. I wish to go on a short errand." The proposal was gladly accepted. The old man was gone so long that the young man began to be impatient. Meanwhile the hungry fish snapped greedily at the baited hook, and the young man lost all his depression in the excitement of pulling them in; and, when the owner of the line returned, he had caught a large number.

Counting out from them as many as were in the basket, and presenting them to the young man, the old fisherman said, "I fulfill my promise from the fish you have caught, to teach you, whenever you see others earning what you need, to waste no time in fruitless wishing, but to cast a line for yourself."

A BUFFALO clergyman, the Rev. D. R. Frazer, of the First Presbyterian Church, being disturbed by the exit of three young men who marched out with squeaking boots just after he had announced his text, said: "That strikes me as the coolest piece of impudence I have experienced in some time."

MEN who are apt to promise are not less apt to forget.

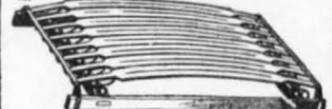
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**CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.**

**POWERS AND AMENDMENTS.**

The following have been submitted to the Convention for consideration as clauses of State Constitution.

**DISTRIBUTION OF POWERS.**

**SECTION 1.** The powers of the government of the State shall be divided into three separate and distinct departments, to-wit: the legislative, the executive and the judicial.

**SECTION 2.** No person or persons holding any position in, or exercising any authority under one of these departments, shall fill any office or exercise any authority whatever under either of the others, except what may be expressly provided for in this constitution.

**AMENDMENTS.**

Any amendment or amendments to this constitution may be proposed in either branch of the legislature; and, if two-thirds in each house shall agree to such amendment or amendments or to any, where more than one is proposed, the legislature shall cause the same to be submitted to the people for their approval at the next general election, and if a majority of all the votes cast throughout the State shall be in favor of adopting the same, it or they shall then become a part of this constitution; but when more than one amendment is proposed, the people shall vote upon each one separately. The legislature shall also cause the amendments that are to be submitted to the people to be published in some weekly newspaper in every county where such newspaper is published throughout the State.

**STATE BOUNDS.**

On the ninth day of the Constitutional Convention, Mr. Leland as Chairman of Committee No. 3, submitted a report containing subdivisions of the proposed constitution as follows: Preamble, Boundaries, Distribution of Powers and Amendments.

The proposed boundaries of the new State are as follows:

"Commencing one marine league west from the mouth of the middle channel of the Columbia River where it enters the Pacific Ocean, thence extending up said middle channel of said river to where the forty-sixth parallel of North latitude intersects the same near Wallula, thence east along said parallel to where it intersects the forty-fifth parallel of North latitude, thence east along said parallel to where it intersects the meridian 37 deg. 30 min. west, thence north along said meridian to the boundary line of the British Possessions, thence westerly along the line of the British Possessions to a point one marine league west from the mouth of the middle channel of the Straits De Fuca, thence southerly at a distance of one marine league west from the East shore of the Pacific Ocean to the place of beginning."

The following proposition was submitted by Judge Dennison and referred to the appropriate committee:

"No person in this State shall be denied the right to pursue any lawful occupation, calling or profession, on account of sex, nor shall such right be, in any manner, abridged on account of sex."

Judge Dennison presented one relative to common carriers, providing as follows:

"In actions against common carriers of passengers, to recover damages for personal injuries occasioned by negligence on the part of the carriers, slight contributory negligence on the part of the person injured shall not constitute a defense, but the damages shall be apportioned according to the degree of fault."

The same learned member of the bar also presented the following propositions relative to navigable waters:

1. All navigable waters within the State shall be and remain public highways, free to all citizens of the State and the United States, without tax, impost or charge, and no tax, wharfage or charge shall be demanded or received from the owner of any merchandise or commodity, for the use of the shores or any wharf erected on the shores, or in or over the waters of any navigable stream, unless the same be expressly authorized by law.

2. No navigable stream in this State shall be obstructed by any person or corporation without the authority of law.

Also the following propositions relative to the rights of husband and wife:

1. All property, both real and personal, of the wife, owned by her before marriage, and that acquired afterwards by gift, devise or descent, shall be her separate property; and upon her death shall descend to her heirs at law unless otherwise disposed during her life-time, in such manner as may be prescribed by law.

2. [Same as to the husband.]

3. All property, acquired after the marriage of husband and wife, or either, except such as may be acquired separately by gift, devise, or descent, shall be common property, and upon the death of either shall descend, subject to community debts, to the survivor and the surviving children of each, and of both in equal parts.

4. Laws shall be passed relieving married women from the common law disabilities of coverture, and plainly defining their rights to make and enforce contracts relating to their separate property and personal rights.

5. Tenancy in dower and tenancy by courtesy shall not exist.

6. Laws shall also be passed clearly defining the rights of husband and wife, during marriage, and providing the manner in which the common and separate property may be controlled, enumerated and disposed of during marriage, and providing for their equal rights in the possession of their children.

The separate property of the wife shall not be liable for the debts, obligations, and engagements of her husband, and may be devised or bequeathed by her as if she were unmarried.

Mr. Hanna submitted a proposition providing for the sale of swamp and tide lands, the proceeds to be used in the construction of the state house, penitentiary and insane asylum.

Send us the news. When anybody dies, gets married, runs away, strikes a rich gravel or quartz mine, steals anything, builds a house, makes a big sale, whips a man (or his wife), breaks his leg or gets the senses knocked out of him by a mule or does anything remarkable, and you have reason to believe you know as much about the occurrence as anybody else, don't wait for some other person to report or trust us to find it out by instinct, but come and tell us about it or send us the facts on a postal card. This is the way news is furnished, and it takes a goodly supply of that necessary article to make a good home paper. See if you improve and let us know every item of interests that transpires in your neighborhood.

M. Basilewski, called the Rothschild of Russia, has died at the age of 92. He was the owner of gold mines in Siberia, and has left about \$4,000,000.

**A Living Witness.**

Do not despair of ever finding relief from that dreadful disease dyspepsia, or its mate liver complaint. A single trial of White's Prairie Flower will make you a witness to its infallibility. Druggists say they never sold a medicine they can more heartily recommend. It cures chronic rheumatism, cutaneous and ulcerous scrofula, organic debility, nervousness, etc. etc. For female complaint it has no equal. Prairie Flower is gathered from the prairie of the far west, and then carefully prepared in the form of a liquid medicine by an experienced physician. Is positively purely vegetable and harmless in any reasonable amount, yet a powerful purgative if taken in over doses. Directions in full are with each bottle. For sale by all druggists. Trial size, 25 cts. Large size, 75 cts.

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**Dissolution Notice.**

NOTICE is hereby given that the partnership heretofore existing under the name and style of Hoxsie and Fowler, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. Mr. E. S. Fowler retiring from the firm. B. S. Hoxsie is authorized to sign the firm name in liquidation.

B. S. HOXSIE,  
E. S. FOWLER.

N. B.—All accounts owing by the late firm must be presented at once for payment; and persons indebted to said firm will please settle without delay.

B. S. HOXSIE,  
E. S. FOWLER.

Port Townsend, July 1, 1878. 20

**NOTICE.**

IN THE MATTER OF THE ESTATE OF **Enoch S. Fowler deceased,**

ON READING AND EXAMINING the petition of Egor Baravakoff, filed and recorded in this Court on the first day of June, A. D. 1878, praying for an order directing the Executrix of said estate to convey to him lot 8, in block 4, in Port Townsend.

It is hereby ordered that

**Monday, the 22d day of July, 1878,** at 2 o'clock P. M., that being a day of the regular term of this Court, at the Court-room of this Court be the time and place for the hearing of said petition, at which time and place all persons interested in said estate, are required to appear and show cause why the prayer of said petition should not be granted, by filing their objections thereto in writing.

J. A. KUHN, Probate Judge,  
Port Townsend, W. T., July 2, 1878.

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Merchant Tailor,

AND MANUFACTURER OF **Gents' and Boys' Fashionable Suits.**

PREPARED TO MAKE UP GENTS' clothing according to the latest fashions. Special attention paid to repairing and cleaning. Terms moderate. Has constantly on hand a lot of fine French Cloths and Cassimeres, Oregon and Mission Cassimeres, from which parties can select for themselves.

Orders from a distance promptly attended to.

Parties wishing to buy the best Sewing Machine should call on John P. Peterson, Port Townsend, and examine the New White. Mr. Peterson will be pleased to show all about the machine and give full instructions free. Every machine warranted to please.

**JOHN P. PETERSON,**  
Agent, Port Townsend.  
**SAM'L HILL,** 19 Montgomery st.,  
San Francisco, Gen Ag't Pacific coast

**PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.**

**SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.**



The splendid sidewheel

**Steamship Dakota,**

2100 Tons. H. G. MORSE, COMMANDER.

WILL LEAVE ON THE DATES HERE

after mentioned:

Fare from Port Townsend to San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO.	PT. TOWNSEND.	VICTORIA.
July 10	July 18	July 20
Aug. 30	Aug. 8	Aug. 10
Sept. 20	Sept. 28	Sept. 30
Oct. 10	Oct. 18	Oct. 20

**Steamship City of Panama,**

1500 tons. W. B. SEABURY, COMMANDER

WILL LEAVE ON THE FOLLOWING

dates:

SAN FRANCISCO.	PT. TOWNSEND.	VICTORIA.
July 20	On arrival.	July 10
Aug. 10	" "	" 30
Sept. 30	" "	Sept. 10
Oct. 20	" "	Oct. 30

Passengers from up-Sound ports will take Puget Sound mail steamer and make connection with the City of Panama at Victoria. Steamer Dakota goes through to Olympia.

These steamers leave Victoria at noon on the day advertised. Tickets are good only on the steamer for which they are purchased, and are not transferable. For freight or passage apply on board, or to **H. L. TIBBALS,** General Agent for Puget Sound, Port Townsend.

**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.**

AGENT FOR **Stellacoom Beer,**

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

ALL BUSINESS ENTRUSTED TO OUR care will receive prompt and careful 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 as needed 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.

**BUY THE BEST!**  
ASK YOUR MERCHANT FOR **Men's and Boys' Clothing** of **Made of OREGON CITY CASSIMERES,**  
The Cheapest, Best and Most Durable Clothing in the Market  
**JACOBS BROS. & CO.,** PORTLAND, OGN.  
Sole Manufacturer and Wholesale Dealers,  
N. B.—A full Stock of Oregon City Blankets, Flannels, Cassimere Yarns, Underwears Etc., always on hand.

**Notice to Shipmasters.**

I beg to give notice to all ships masters visiting Puget Sound to load for foreign ports with lumber or spars, that on and after the 1st day of July, 1878, I shall be prepared to load vessels at the very lowest rate. Having had an experience of 20 years in the business, and having the recommendation of all the ship owners on Puget Sound, I guarantee satisfaction.

**W. H. GILBERT,**  
Oldest Stevedore on Puget Sound.

**O.F. GERRISH & CO**

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

**GENERAL**

**MERCHANDISE**

**OF EXTRA QUALITY.**

**HARDWARE,**

House and Ship Carpenter's Tools,

SHIP CHANDLERY,

**GROCERIES,**

PROVISIONS,

Boots and Shoes,

WINES,

**LIQUORS,**

CIGARS, &C., &C.

**AGRICULTURAL**

**IMPLEMENTS**

Of all Kinds.

AGENTS FOR THE

**BUCKEYE**

**MOWER & REAPER**

**HAIN'S HEADER**

Sweepstake Threshers,

SEED-DRILLS

Taylor's Sulky Rakes,

MOLINE PLOWS.

Mitchell's Farm Wagons

&c., &c., &c.,

AT THE

**Lowest Prices**

PORT TOWNSEND, W. T.

**CALEB BILL,**

Blacksmith, Wheelwright

LOCK and GUNSMITH.

ALL KINDS OF SHIP SMITHING

OX SHOES & ANCHORS made to ORDER.

All orders attended to promptly.

Port Townsend, - - W. T.

**FREE A VALUABLE INVENTION.**  
**THE WORLD RENOWNED**  
**WILSON SEWING MACHINE**

In workmanship is equal to a Chronometer Watch, and as elegantly finished as a first-class Piano. It received the highest awards at the Vienna and Centennial Expositions. IT SEWS ONE-FOURTH FASTER than other machines. Its capacity is unlimited. There are more WILSON MACHINES sold in the United States than the combined sales of all the others. The WILSON MENDING ATTACHMENT for doing all kinds of repairing. WITHOUT PATCHING, given FREE with each machine.

AGENTS: **WILSON SEWING MACHINE CO.**

827 & 829 Broadway, New York; New Orleans, La.; Cor. State & Madison Sts., Chicago, Ills.; and San Francisco, Cal.

**DRUGS, PAINTS, OILS**

**STATIONERY, &C.,**

Wholesale and Retail, by

**N. D. HILL,**

Port Townsend, W. T.

DRUGS.

MEDICINES,

CHEMICALS,

AND TRUSSES;

Patent Medicines of all Inds.

GLASS,

PAINTS,

OILS,

AND BRUSHES;

A Large Assortment.

SOAPS,

PERFUMERY,

POMADES,

HAIR OILS,

And all Articles used for the Toilet,

&c., &c., &c.

Quick Sales & Small Profits

Prescriptions carefully compounded. 4ly

**PIANOS AND ORGANS!**

Grand, Square and Upright **PIANOS**

Church, Hall and Parlor **Organs!**

Prices Lower than Ever Before.

PIANOS FROM \$220 TO \$700  
ORGANS FROM \$80 TO \$400

All instruments new and fully warranted for six years. Send for Illustrated Catalogue and price list.

**CORNISH & CO.,**  
Washington, N. J.

**NEW STORE**

General Merchandise.

**C. W. MORSE,**

OAK HARBOR, - - - W. T.  
Produce bought, and supplies of all kinds furnished at the lowest cash price.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

OUR PAUL PREY LETTER.

VICTORIA, V. I., July 1, 1878.

EDITOR ARGUS:—

A QUIET WEEK

The past—monotony only broken by the new Premier taking oath of office; the appearance and exit of Haverly Minstrels; anniversary of coronation day; talk about Cariboo quartz stock, about the new Government, and sundry other matters of smaller importance, which may be briefly alluded to as we progress.

THE GOVERNMENT

Is now upon the shoulders of Hon. G. A. Walkem, as Attorney General and Finance Minister, and who has chosen T. B. Humphrey, Esq., Colonial Secretary, and Robert Beaver, Esq., Commissioner of Lands and Works. They managed this government once before and left a favorable record, otherwise the people would not have given them a pass of confidence. Estimated by their length and weight, they will fall short of the average of men, but take them for brains and administrative abilities, they are as good as the Province affords, and far ahead of their predecessors. Their entrance upon the duties of office has been the signal for a majority of the people shouting "Carnovore terms or separation." The new Government will make this demand on the Dominion, or prove recreant to most solemn pledges.

Haverly Minstrels

Had quite a run, affording our fun-loving people a perfect feast—drawing crowded houses—eliciting much praise, and as a Yankee would say "reckon they are about as good and cute as any itinerants of the persuasion that ever missionated on northern Pacific coast."

ASCENSION AND CORONATION DAY. Were observed here by displaying a variety of hunting, closing of some stores and shops, pic-nicking, a few tars getting jolly, and a grand salute of 21 guns from H.M. ship-of-war Shah. These days were the 41st anniversaries of Queen Victoria's accession to the throne. Well may England feel proud of her Queen. She is a pattern of greatness, adorned with all the virtues of her sex, she has been the most benevolent, kindest and considerate ruler that ever sat upon the throne of England, and Americans join them in the shout, "long live Queen Victoria!"

CARIBOO QUARTZ STOCK

Has made no improvement—if any thing, is duller than ever; and if you want to "rile" a holder ask how much of a bonus he will give to take it off his hands! Altogether, since the excitement, some twenty companies have been formed, representing nearly as many millions of dollars, and now that the bubble has burst, it is proposed to develop the most promising mine on the co-operative principle—each share of stock in other mines paying a monthly assessment for the purpose. The suggestion is meeting with some favor, as the new Government has intimated that it will lend a helping hand in the way of a subsidy.

There is nothing new from the gold districts on the Island. A few days since a prospecting party returned from the west coast. Their discoveries amounted to nothing, and now they are talking about going to Sitka.

THE SALMON SEASON

Has fairly set in on the Fraser river. This branch of industry promises to be the most important in the Province. On the Fraser there are eight large canning establishments—one at the mouth of the Skeena, and one at the Naas. The shipments last season of canned salmon amounted in value to near four hundred thousand dollars, and it is calculated to double the amount this season.

DOMINION DAY,

The 11th anniversary of which is being commemorated to-day with another display of flags, shop-closing, and ruralizing, stirs up a considerable amount of antagonistic feelings. No few, and I believe it is the sentiment of a large majority of the people of the Province—express themselves of its being one of the most unfortunate events that could have befallen the country. It promised a railroad on the Island, and the expenditure of two millions of dollars yearly in the Province towards constructing the Canadian Pacific railway, and many other things, which would have advanced the prosperity of the Colony—and where are they?—Slumbering still in Dominion Day promises, and as far from being fulfilled as ever.

ITEMS

Of news are few and scarcely worth

invidious. The North Pacific has been drawn off the mail route between this and your city, and the Isabel takes her place, but will carry no mail—the Sir James Douglas having been put on the route to perform this service. Ten thousand dollars a year, it is said, were offered the owners of the North Pacific to transport the mails as usual; it was declined—they wanted \$15,000. People will miss the North Pacific, particularly those whose business of pleasure call to Victoria. The fortifications, to keep the Russians off in case of war, are progressing towards completion. Another man-of-war, the Daring, has arrived in Esquimalt harbor, and the Opal is hourly expected from San Francisco. We are feeling safe. Butchers and bakers are doing a good business, and there are no fears of an exodus as long as the fleet remains, the fortifications manned, and the volunteers drilled.

THE FOURTH OF JULY ON THE SKOKOMISH RESERVATION.

In the morning the Indians began with a Fourth of July breakfast about two miles from the Agency. Then all went to the Agency to the Church, where there was a little speech-making and singing by the whites on the reservation, after which four couples were married, thus taking a new step in civilization. Next all returned two miles to the feast ground, where they had prepared a long table and seats, and with a stove near by on which to warm the tea and coffee and the like, and with a full supply of dishes, all seemed to enjoy the dinner as much as whites. They pitched a tent near by to which they invited the whites on the reservation to come and bring their lunch and eat it. After this there was more speech-making and some horse racing. A number of Indians from within fifty miles were present. A chief step forward, this year, has been that the Indians have taken upon themselves the lead in all this work. Heretofore they have had dinners, with the Agent to direct, but this year they have done the work and paid the bills. Flags and fire-crackers were very abundant.

JACTA EST ALEA.

Written for the ARGUS.

Yes, the "Democratic Press"

Has come to sad distress.

The editor is arrested,

His ability contested

To conduct a local paper,

Or, be a commentator.

Not of truth a particle

Is there in an article

He has ever published.

Now, he "went for" Gov. Ferry;

Wise—it was not very,

For he will have to go to jail

If he cannot get his bail.

But experience, to a fool,

Is indeed a healthy school.

'Tis a medical prescription

Of the very best description,

Nothing better—"non est inventus."

There were "Minor" objections,

In the editor's reflections

Published in the "Press,"

Which were an untrue mess.

There are dog days with some men;

And, not one is there in ten;

If he bites, but what is bitten;

His courage thereby smitten,

He retires "lite pendente."

Port Townsend, July 28, 1878.

The Walla Walla Union says that Tom Merry will soon commence the publication of a paper at the Dalles.

A. F. LEARNED

Wholesale and Retail dealer in

Ship Chandlery

AND

Groceries

ALSO

Gent's furnishing goods  
Clothing, Crochery  
and Glassware.

At the very Lowest Rates, for Cash  
Port Townsend.

PUMPS and Iron PIPE

FOR DRIVEN WELLS.

PUMPS PUT IN ORDER AND  
Wells driven on short notice.

Apply to J. T. NORRIS,

LOCAL NOTICES.

Stenographic views of all important points of Puget Sound and California, for sale at Jas. Jones'.

Go to Waterman & Kutz for the best carpets, at reasonable prices.

Go to Jas. Jones for all kinds of fruit: Corner Custom House.

Blank deeds, mortgages, bills of sale, etc. for sale at Jas. Jones' corner custom house building.

I can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not required; we will start you. \$12 per day at home made by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. Cashly outfit and terms free. Address True & Co. Augusta, Maine.

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. The ladies will meet as usual on Thursday evening at 7 o'clock, at the residence of the Rector.

There will be preaching in the M. E. church on Sunday next, morning and evening, by Rev. John Parsons, the pastor. Sunday school at 10 P. M. Prayer meeting on Tuesday evenings.

NEW STORE AND NEW GOODS

WM. KORTER,

Drygoods and Groceries,

PORT LUDLOW, W. T.

CAN Supply you with Anything in his Line, at

LOWEST RATES For cash

Don't fail to give him a Call

New Boot & Shoe Store

AT SEABECK.

Boots and shoes of the very best quality and latest patterns MADE TO ORDER.

Repairing executed as usual, and satisfaction GUARANTEED.

A Fair share

of the patronage of the public is solicited.

17' WILLIAM VETTER.

DO NOT FAIL to send for our Catalogue. It contains a list and description of most every article in general use, and is valuable to ANY PERSON contemplating the purchase of any article for Personal, Family or Agricultural use. We have done a large trade the past season in the remote parts of the Territories, and have, with few exceptions, exceeded the expectations of the purchaser, many claiming to have made a saving of 40 to 50 per cent. We mail these CATALOGUES TO ANY ADDRESS, FREE, UPON APPLICATION. We sell our goods to all mankind at wholesale prices in quantities to suit. Reference, First National Bank, Chicago.

MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.,  
Original Grange Supply House,  
227 & 229 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

To ship Masters.

The fine steam tug S. L.

MASTICK

Capt. Wm. Delanty,

Of Port Discovery, will constantly be in readiness to receive orders for towing of all kinds, anywhere on the Sound.

Mill Men

And ship owners will find the MASTICK in condition to give the most complete satisfaction.

Orders can be left with the Captain or the agents, Rothschild & Co. 12

New Goods

RECEIVED.

A LARGE STOCK OF

GROCERIES

—AND—

PROVISIONS,

Which are on sale at

The Lowest Rates for Cash.

CHARLES EISENBEIS,

PROPRIETOR

Pioneer Bakery,

PORT TOWNSEND, T. W.

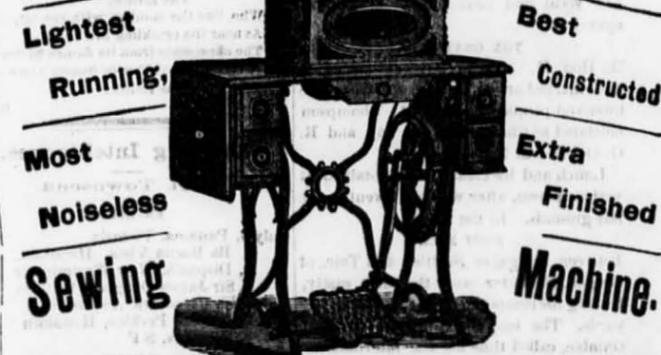
THE SINGER SEWING MACHINES Great Reduction

Though these Machines have been greatly reduced in price, the Quality will be Maintained at Its Highest Standard. The Public is Cautioned Against Buying Imitation Machines, which are always made in a very inferior manner, and are sold by irresponsible parties, whose guarantees are worthless. All Genuine SINGER Machines are sold through authorized Agents at a less price than any other good machines can be sold for, and always bear the patented TRADE MARK and the name of The Singer Company distinctly printed on the arm of the machine.

Machines sold on note and lease plan, and a liberal discount made for Cash.

J. P. Peterson, AGENT, Port Townsend

THE VICTOR NEW



SAVE 25 DOLLARS

and more, by buying a machine that will last you a life time, and that has all the latest improvements.

VICTOR SEWING MACHINE CO.,

[Liberal Terms to Agents.]

381 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

U. S. Marine Hospital.

PORT TOWNSEND, W. T.

ANY SICK SAILOR WHO HAS PAID Hospital dues for two months preceding his application for admission, is entitled to Hospital relief.

Port Townsend Hospital.

The above institution having been placed on a permanent footing, as the United States Hospital for Marine Patients, on Puget Sound, the proprietor takes pleasure in announcing that no 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.,

Managing Surgeon.

C. D. GILMORE, A. A. THOMAS

Late Register at

Kirwin, Kansas.

Gilmore & Co.,

629 F st, WASHINGTON, D. C

WILL PRACTICE BEFORE THE

General Land Office, office of Indian Affairs, Department of the Interior, the

Court of Claims, and United States Supreme Court. Claims of all kinds arising

under laws governing the disposal of public land, or the adjustment of French,

Spanish, and Mexican grants, or other private land claims. Special attention

given to cases involving titles to grant lands and mining claims. Land warrants

and land scrip bought. Cash paid for soldiers' addition homestead rights.

Send stamp for circular of instructions.

Three stamps to pay postage if you want

full set of blanks and instructions.

Two first-class sewing machines, a

Wilson and a Singer, NEW, for sale.

Apply at the ARGUS office.

OLD, TRIED, AND TRUE.

People are getting acquainted—and those who are not ought to be—with the wonderful merits of that great American Remedy, the

MEXICAN

Mustang Liniment,

FOR MAN AND BEAST.

This liniment very naturally originated in America, where Nature provides in her laboratory such surprising antidotes for the maladies of her children. Its fame has been spreading for many years, until now it encircles the habitable globe.

The Mexican Mustang Liniment is a matchless

remedy for all external ailments of man and beast.

To stock owners and farmers it is invaluable.

A single bottle often saves a human life or restores the usefulness of an excellent horse, ox,

cow, or sheep.

It cures foot-rot, hoof-rot, hollow horn, grub,

ring-worm, shoulder-rot, mange, the bites and

stings of poisonous reptiles and insects, and every

such draw back to stock breeding and lush life.

It cures every external trouble of horses, such

as lameness, sore-shins, swellings, founder,

wind-gall, ring-bone, etc., etc.

The Mexican Mustang Liniment is the quickest

cure in the world for accidents occurring in the

family, in the chance of a paddler, such as

burns, scalds, sprains, cuts, etc., and for rheumatism,

and other ailments caused by exposure. Particularly

valuable to miners.

It is the cheapest remedy in the world, for it

penetrates the pores of the skin, and a single

application is generally sufficient to cure.

Mexican Mustang Liniment is put up in three

sizes of bottles, the larger ones being proportionately

more than the cheapest. Sold every where.

GOLD.

Great chance to make money. If you can't get gold you get greenbacks. We need a person in every town to take subscriptions for the largest, cheapest and best illustrated family publication in the world. Any one can become a successful agent. The most elegant works of art given free to subscribers. The price is so low that almost everybody subscribes. One agent reports making over \$150 in a week. A lady agent reports taking over 400 subscribers in ten days. All who engage make money fast. You can devote all your time to the business, or only your spare time. You need not be away from home over night. You can do it as well as others. Full particulars, directions and terms free. Elegant and expensive outfit free. If you want profitable work send us your address at once. It costs nothing to try the business. No one who engages fails to make great money. Address "The People's Journal," Portland, Maine.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician retired from active practice, having had placed in his hands by an East Indian missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for General Debility and all nervous complaints, after having thoroughly tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, feels it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. The recipe will be sent free of charge to all who desire it, with full directions for preparing and successfully using. Address with stamp naming this paper.

Dr. M. F. Bell,

No. 68 Chestnut St.,

BALTIMORE, MD.

is not easily earned in these times

but it can be made in 3 months by

any of either sex, in any part of

the country, who is willing to

work steadily at the employment

that we furnish. \$6 per week in

your own town. You need not be away from

home over night. You can give your whole

time to the work, or only your spare moments.

We have never seen a man making over \$20 per

day. All who engage at once can make money

fast. At the present time money cannot be

made so easily and rapidly as any other busi-

ness. It costs nothing to try the business.

Terms and 45 Cent free. Address at once,

21 H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine.

\$66 a week in your own town. 45 Cent

free. No risk. Reader, if you want a

business at which persons of either sex

can make great pay all the time they

work, send particulars to H. Hallett & Co.,

Portland, Maine.