

# Puget Sound Weekly Argus.

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NO. 24.

## PUGET SOUND ARGUS,

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

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All Accounts Settled Monthly.

### ARGUS GLANCES.

THE rinderpest has broken out at Bethnei Green, England.

THE "Astorian's" new hobby is to have a hospital erected.

THE poet's license—To borrow money without any prospect of repaying it.

THE Turks have quit Matchin. Don't see how they could match anyway with their shipplasters.

GEN. Grant is still having a grand time in England in the honors which are paid to him, and through him to our country.

THERE are seven different ways of pronouncing the word Danube, but the easiest way will still do for common folks.

RUSSIA and Turkey have the audacity to declare that they carry on the war without the aid of newspaper correspondents.

MR. V. E. Tull has employed a force of 50 Chinamen to operate the fishery owned by himself and others at Muckilteo. The salmon have just commenced to run, and lively work for some weeks is anticipated.

ALL accounts go to show that the Turkish soldier has not degenerated from his ancestors, who were the terror of Europe in the fifteenth century. For dash in a charge, and for obstinacy of resistance behind intrenchments, the Turks of to-day are probably not surpassed.

THE citizens of St. John, N. B., met some two weeks ago, and organized a society the object of which was to raise money in England at a low rate of interest for rebuilding the city. A resolution passed to the effect that the city corporation would aid she new association in procuring a loan of at least \$2000,000.

JOSEPH Mishow died at Williamsport, Pa., recently, at the age of 103, having enjoyed remarkably good health until two years ago, since when he has been gradually wasting away till he resembled a mummy more than a human being. He was of French origin, was born at Madawaga, now in the State of Maine, lived there till twelve years ago, and was the father of 15 children.

THE INDIAN FAMINE.—A dispatch from Calcutta of the 16th inst., says the latest accounts from the famine districts of Madras are somewhat worse. The rainfall has been slight over a portion of the affected area. Numbers of natives on the public works are receiving gratuitous increased relief. There has been great mortality from disease, especially among children. The situation in Mysore is also critical and the prospect in southern India is far from reassuring.

AN article in the London "Quarterly Review" is exciting general attention. It is devoted to exposing the gross fallacy of those who set aside the national morality—in other words, make the Bulgarian atrocities a plea for neutrality. The writer says that to trust Russia to leave Constantinople after she entered it, having broken one-half of her agreement with Turkey in 1871 and renounced the other half, is to trust in the reasonableness of a pirate. He concludes by warning the Government against the fatal errors of 1853, that of waiting until the silent anxiety of the country explodes in a demand for action which will sweep away all hesitation.

## An Appeal to the Thinking Classes in America.

The following is a communication from Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson, to the "Library Table," published at 47 Layayette Place, New York; and ought to call out extra exertion on the part of writers:

"In this first year of our second century of national existence there are said to be three millions of unemployed persons in the United States.

Who can tell us why or how this appalling situation arose? Who can set forth in colors sufficiently vivid the degradation and demoralization it is bringing upon the sufferers and upon our country? We are dealing with wide-spread effects; let us search into their causes. Are these the ripened fruits of our boasted civilization? Or is this crisis an ordeal through which every nation must pass? Now, if ever is the time for our legislatures, our political economists, and our social science reformers to exert themselves for the benefit of a bankrupt people.

As I am a woman, and therefore cannot be expected to understand so profound a mystery as Political Economy, I do not pretend to have any solutions of these questions ready. But I have asked myself, with an earnestness springing from intense feeling, Is there no remedy? Can anything be done for these idle millions?

I believe that a few clear heads, a few strong wills, and a little money judiciously expended, can control the world. If I cannot answer the question, I can at least state it and summon the wise and the good to answer it, and in their replies I shall recognize the "vox populi vox Dei," the crystallization of that universal reason, which is the voice of God speaking to the understanding.

I appeal to governors, to legislatures, to journalists, clergymen, physicians, lawyers, teachers, workers in whatever field, and thinkers with whatever title, to give their minds to the solution of the great problem of the cause and cure of national misery. Think of it, study it, observe the facts, and communicate your conclusions to the most convenient organ of publicity. Discuss it in the press, in the legislative halls, in the sessions of societies, upon the lecture platform, in the pulpit, and in private gatherings of friends.

Will not the periodicals which receive this appeal second my proposal, and aid it by making known its practical contents, to the end that the best talent of the country may be stimulated to the study of this great issue? I desire that every aspect of the subject may be thoroughly discussed in the columns of the American press. To that end I offer three premiums, one of one hundred dollars in gold, one of seventy-five dollars, and one of fifty dollars, for the best newspaper articles of about 2,000 words upon some feature of the "Labor Question," considered in its widest scope. These articles are to be signed by some "nom de plume, and sent to the office of the "Library Table" before the 1st of October next, and the awards shall be made by a committee to be appointed by the American Social Science Association" at its meeting at Saratoga in July. I reserve the right of accepting at \$20 any of the essays which may not receive the premiums."

"Mrs. Thompson has deposited funds in the East River National Bank, for the payment of the prizes awarded to the articles that may be approved by the committee of the American Social Science Association."

CHARLES JENKINS, President.

The rapid decline of the granger movement has been noted. The St. Paul "Press" says the last annual report, which was kept secret for a good while, has at last seen the light, and according to this document over 9,000 local granges that existed in 1875 had gone out of existence in 1876, and the membership reduced more than 180,000.

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who desire A RESERVED AND NICE  
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possesses all the appointments of a  
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Liquors and Cigars. There is a first-class Bill  
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Nothing will be left undone to make this  
Hotel second to none in the Territory.  
32 DODD & PUGH.

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Which will be sold at prices defying Competition.

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All Genuine SINGER Machines are sold through authorized Agents  
at a less price than any other good machines can be sold for, and al-  
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Friend's and Patrons are welcome.  
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PAPER HANGING DONE TO ORDER  
at the shortest notice, and all  
Orders Promptly Attended To.  
6 HARRY TILMAN.

### When Wheat is Green.

When wheat is green in furrowed fields,  
And forest lanes are lined with leaves,  
And passion unto pleading yields,  
And every mateless maiden grieves,  
For lack of love, at such a time  
My pleasure will be in its prime.

The clouds that keep away the sun,  
And cover up the moon at night,  
Before the strong March wind will run,  
And leave the heavens blue and bright,  
The sun will shine upon the sea—  
The moon will light the wood for me.

And then, ah, then! Oh, dearest days!  
Laburnum branches, thick with bloom,  
Will throw their gold garden ways,  
And kiss the windows of my room;  
And then the day! How will it be  
To live in such felicity?

My brow with blossoms will be bound,  
And from my fears I shall be free;  
Oh, tardy time, bring quickly round  
The merriest month of all for me!  
That I may hear the church-boys sing,  
And on my finger see the ring!

### The Boy Hero.

It was on Saturday morning, the fifteenth of December, that little Paul Lavere sat by a low, smouldering fire in the only apartment of the cot that had any furniture in it. He was only thirteen years of age, though his face had an older look. There were lines of care upon his high brow, and the nether lip had a peculiar compression unusual in one of his years. He was small in stature, but with much nerve, and a decision of character that manifested itself in every look and movement. His eyes were bent on the embers now, and he was in deep thought.

Near him, in a great arm-chair, sat his mother. She was pale and thin, and the low, deep, hollow-sounding cough that ever and anon burst from her throat, told too plainly there was need for a physician. She was not over five and thirty, though, like her boy, she looked older. The lines of care and sorrow were deep and long.

The furniture of the room consisted of a small table, two common chairs beside the one in which the widow sat, and one small bed. The rest of the house was empty. Nearly all the furniture they once possessed had been sold by the husband and father before he died, and what few articles he had left, beside these in this room, had been sold to pay the rent. Of ornament there was none—unless we notice the old musket that hung on two wooden brackets over the door. That would have been sold long before, had not Mrs. Lavere clung to it with all her power of entreaty and prayer. It had been her father's musket, and he had carried it bravely and honorably through the blood-stained fields of Trenton, Princeton, Brandywine and Germantown; and when dying he gave it to his daughter. The poor woman clung to that as the last memento of her better days.

"Paul," spoke the mother, in a weak, faint tone, "is there no more wood?"

"I can easily get some, mother, when you are able to spare me. I have some gathered up by the roadside near the pond."

"Then you may go now. I shall get along very well until you come back."

So the boy put on his cap, and started off with the sled. He was gone nearly an hour, and when he returned he bore wood enough to last through the rest of the day, and during the morrow. A better fire was soon kindled, and then Paul moved out the little table, and placed a loaf of bread on it. He then made some tea, and when that was done he asked his mother if she would eat.

"This is all," he said. "Not another crumb of food is there in our house. But let us eat; I can beg more. I am used to it now."

This was bitterly spoken—this last sentence, and the widow looked for the moment as though she would chide her son for it. But the look quickly passed away, for she remembered that for many weary, weary weeks he had supported her.

It was toward the middle of the afternoon that the door of the cot was opened, and two men entered. One of them was Mr. Notworth, the owner of the dwelling. He was a tall, slim man, with sharp, angular features, thin, grizzled hair, small red eyes, a large mouth, and a narrow, contracted brow. He was a hard, cruel man; unfeeling in the extreme, and seemed to know of but one incentive to action—and that incentive was money. The other man was Notworth's tool—a stout, burly clown, ready to do anything his master bade him, so long as his wages were paid.

"Well, Mrs. Lavere, the other week has gone, and now I want my house." Thus spoke the landlord, in a harsh, imperative tone.

"Oh, good sir," the widow returned, clasping her thin, white hands, and raising them toward him, "I am not able to move now. Let me stay here yet a while longer."

"Can you pay me the rent?" asked Notworth, harshly.

"Not now; but perhaps Paul may find some work."

"And why hasn't he found work already?"

"Because he could not leave me, sir. I have been very sick, and should have died but for his attention. Oh, sir, let us stay!"

"No; not another hour! I am not to support all the paupers in the town! I have a family who wish to move in here at once. You can go to the poor-house!"

"Alas! we must come to that soon! I had hoped we might escape that—I had hoped it for my poor boy's sake. I had hoped that health might come back to me, and that then my boy and myself

might both work. Oh, we could pay you then! But I am not able to now. I am very sick."

"Nonsense! you're well enough to go to the poor-house. I have brought my man on purpose to help you there; he will haul you on a sled part of the way."

"But, sir—the poor-house is five miles off! Oh, I could not live to reach it in this cold weather! Wait until it is warmer—until I am stronger. Oh, I will try to get well as soon as I can!"

"I tell you I won't wait another hour no, not half an hour! If your husband was—"

"Oh, for the love of Heaven, sir," gasped the poor woman, clasping her hands again, "do not speak of him! He has gone to meet his God, and he has suffered enough."

"Pooh!" uttered the unfeeling wretch. "What do you mean by that? I say your husband brought ye down to this by his own acts; and d'ye s'pose I'm a goin' to support ye, when the town stands ready to take ye? No, no! Now, out ye go! Ye can go now as well as ever. I tell ye the house I must have, and I will have it! Ye owe me for two months' rent now, and of course I'll never get it; but ye won't owe me any more. I've let ye! stay here just long enough—now move!"

The widow bowed her head, and burst into tears.

"Oh, ye're comin' that, eh? Here, Crow, take her up and carry her out. Put her on to yer sled, if she can't walk; perhaps we'll get a sleigh when we get up to the house. Take her right out. It's comin' to a pretty pass when a man can't have his own house—and after two whole months' notice at that!"

Paul Lavere had been standing all this time by the door, where he had gone to let the visitors in, and his frame had been shaken by emotions such as he had never before experienced. More than once he had been on the point of taking the tongs and springing at the monster, but a sense of his own weakness withheld him. But he could bear no more. When those last words dropped from Notworth's lips, he moved quickly to the other door, and snatched down the old musket. He drew back the hammer, and the sharp click arrested the landlord's attention.

"Stand back!" the boy cried, bringing the piece to his shoulder, and aiming it. "Lay a hand on my mother, and I'll shoot you as sure as there is a God in heaven! My gun is loaded, sir. I loaded it in hopes to shoot a duck for my mother. Don't touch her! In Heaven's name, don't. I would not have your blood on my hands; but I do not lie!"

The boy was pale as ashes, but not a nerve in his body trembled. His large dark eyes were burning with a fearful intensity, and his lips were compressed until the prints of the teeth within were plainly to be seen.

Of course a man with such feelings as Notworth had displayed could be nothing but a coward. His man Crow fell back in a moment, for he saw too plainly the meaning of the boy's face.

"Put down that gun!" gasped the landlord.

"Not until you have left the house, sir," replied Paul, in a hushed tone. "Leave us now, and I will make some arrangement for a new home; but place your hand on my mother, and you die."

Of course the wretch stormed, and threatened, and swore; but he dared not tempt the boy, who looked on him so strangely.

"Well, Crow," he said, at length, after he found that his coarse threats had no effect, "we will go now, and when we come again we'll have them with us as will have the law in their hands."

"Oh, mother, you do not blame me?" cried Paul, springing to his parent's side after the men had gone.

"No, no, Paul," the widow returned, gazing with pride on her noble boy, "I cannot blame you; but I fear they will do something dreadful now."

"Fear not on that account, mother. When I took down your father's gun I had another resolution formed in my soul. Wait, for I will try one more thing for aid. I will try the assembled Christianity of the town."

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The Sabbath bells rang out clear upon the frosty air, and people put on their best garments to go up to the house of God and pray. The sleigh-bells jingled over the smooth road as the more favored ones flew by, and ever and anon a more humble church-goer stepped out into the deep snow to let the equipage pass. By-and-by a thin, pale face appeared in the entry of the church.

"Hain't you got no better clothes'n them to wear to meetin', boy?" the sexton asked.

"No, sir; I have none others."

"Well, never mind. Here, I'll show you a seat." Shortly after this Mr. David Notworth entered the church. He was habited in black, and the deacons all bowed to him as he passed them. He did not see the poor boy under the gallery.

It seemed a strange coincidence that morning that the minister should have preached the sermon he did. He took the whole of the thirteenth chapter of "Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians"—that chapter which is devoted to charity. It was a noble theme, and the speaker was a warm-hearted, zealous man. On the present occasion he allowed his zeal to mount into the upper fields of pathos and stirring appeal; and he made it a plain case that all the phases of charity are necessary to Christian life.

By-and-by the sermon was closed, and the last hymn was sung. Paul started to his feet, and had moved a step forward—but he came high fainting beneath the task he had imposed upon himself. In a moment more the benediction would be pronounced, and then it would be

too late. He gave one deep thro—he thought of his mother—and his soul was strong once more. The clergyman was on his feet when the boy sprang forward. On he went, up the aisle until he reached the pulpit steps.

"One word, sir! Oh, one word! In the name of Him whom you serve, hear me!"

The man of God dropped his hands upon the cushion before him, and gazed upon the boy in speechless astonishment; regarding his composure, he said—

"What is it, my son?"

With one mighty effort Paul stilled his wildly beating heart, and then raised his head. He knew that then was the time, if ever, for the people were anxious now to hear him. He raised his hands, clasped firmly together, toward the pulpit, and in a wild, frantic tone he uttered:

"Oh, sir, I have heard you preach to-day such truths as I know are of God, and I hope they are not mere idle sayings here. Oh, pardon me, and listen. I mean no wrong—I only ask you, as you love your God, to hear me." Here he turned toward the astonished people, and his voice had now become more calm and clear. "You, many of you, knew my father; you know he is dead. But blame him as you will, you cannot blame my mother or myself. We were not to blame that he became low and degraded; we were not to blame that he became a victim of the fell destroyer. My mother prayed for him on her knees, and never, never, in his most degraded moments, was she cold or harsh. He died, and he left us poor—very poor. My mother has been sick—sick even unto the shadows of death, and I her only nurse. I would work if I could leave my mother, but I cannot. I can beg—I have begged—I have begged the food that has sustained us. Last night a man came to turn us from the house we occupied; he would have turned my mother out into the cold, chill, wintry air, had I not, boy as I am, made him afraid to do the deed. But we cannot live there always so. We owe our landlord twelve dollars for rent, and he has sworn with an oath that he would turn us out of doors by force of arms if we do not leave. 'T would kill my mother to be moved now. Do this, and so may God bless you!"

This had not been spoken connectedly, as we have written it, but at spasmodic intervals, broken by sobs and weeping. The effect was electrical. Never before had such a thing been heard of, and yet few seemed to think it out of place. Most of them were too much moved to think of anything but the story they had heard. That same boy might have told them his simple story in the street, and they would have passed him idly by; but now it came home to their hearts. It seemed almost a test sent by God to try their faith in the doctrine they had that day heard. Only Mr. Notworth seemed angry; but though every eye had been turned upon him, yet he dared not speak.

Ere long the minister came down, and placed his hand upon the boy's head; and then, in a clear, impressive tone, he said:

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of one of these, have ye done it unto me." My friends, let us all take counsel together after we are dismissed."

He then pronounced the benediction; but only David Notworth left the house. What was done in that meeting can be judged of by the results. That very night a doctor came to the widow's cot, and with him came a nurse who was to remain. On the next day a large sum of money, and many articles of comfort, were sent in. Ere long Paul was taken into the family of a wealthy mechanic as an adopted son; and ere the snows of winter were gone the mother was well again, and was gladly taken into the same family with her son, where she passed the happiest hours of her woman's life.

It is a simple story, but where will you find a braver boy than was Paul Lavere? Think you he was brave when he faced those two strong men for his mother's protection? So he was. But that required not a moiety of the stern, calm heroism, which sent him, a pale, feeble boy, into that sacred temple, there to face the multitude, and in defiance of all precedent, to pour out the story of his mother's sufferings. But his soul was strong with filial love, and he conquered. People honored him for this strange independence, and as he grew up a noble, steady, virtuous youth and man, he was respected by all who knew him. Yet the smile and the loving embrace of his mother, with her tearful blessings upon him, were by far the dearest return he met for his work.

Of Mr. Notworth we will only say he died unwept and unmourned, and a spendthrift son quickly squandered his property.

A QUEER CRAFT.—At Wilmington is a queer craft, the schooner "Ada B.," built by a New Brunswick farmer with only a few tools, and consuming six years in its construction. He lived on the upper St. Johns river, and during the spring freshets he floated his craft down to St. John. He had expended every dollar he could raise, including the proceeds of the sale of his farm. The schooner is described as looking like something "between Noah's ark and a log house." The stern appears as if the vessel had been made by the mile, and cut off in lengths to suit. The hatchway is almost large enough to drive a horse and wagon through. She registers sixty-one tons, but her timbers are strong enough for a vessel of five hundred tons. She carries a house on deck resembling a sport-man's cabin in the woods, and fitted up inside in a manner to correspond.

COLORADO, the new State, is more than twice as large as New York.

### The Famine in China.

Simultaneously with the dearth which is causing so much anxiety in India, says a London *Times* correspondent, a famine is raging in the north of China; but while the care and energy of the Indian government reduce the distress in the former case to the minimum, people are dying by thousands in China of sheer starvation. The scenes of the chief distress are in the north and east, in the extreme north of Kiangsu, in Shantung, in Pechili and in Shansee; and from Shantung especially the accounts which reach us are heart-rending.

The whole tract of country in question suffered last summer from drought, which nearly destroyed the crops; and the peasantry, having eaten what little grain they had in store, or were able to gather, are reduced now to the last stage of want. The picture drawn by Protestant missionaries in Shantung, and who are distributing the alms liberally contributed by the foreign communities in China, is terrible. Mr. Richard writes:

"Having finished their corn, the people are now eating grain husks, potato stalks, and elm bark, buckwheat stalks, turnip leaves, and grass seeds which they gather in the fields. When these articles are exhausted they pull down their houses and sell the timber, and it is reported everywhere that many eat the rotten sorghum stalks from the roof and the dried leaves of which they usually burn for fuel. Of their eating fuel leaves there can be no doubt; thousands eat them, and thousands die because they cannot get even that. They sell their clothes and children. Having no clothing left to protect them from the cold, many take refuge in pits built underground to keep themselves warm by the fetid breath of the crowd. In the east suburb of Chingchow City there are four such pits. One-third of this number (two hundred and forty) originally put into them are now dead within six weeks, and no sooner is a corpse carried out than a crowd are struggling for the place. Villages of five hundred families report three hundred dead of starvation; villages of three hundred report one hundred persons dead."

Almost the whole province of Shantung is suffering; but the suffering of eight *hien* districts is said to be beyond description, and as each contains an average of 1,000 villages, the thousands who have already perished may be too readily conceived.

### Tennyson's New House.

The house is modern Gothic, designed in admirable taste, with wide mullioned windows, many-angled oriels in shadowy recesses, and dormers, whose gables and pinnacles break the sky-line picturesquely. Within everything is ordered with a quiet, refined elegance, that has in it, perhaps, just a *soupeon* of an affectation of aestheticism, not quite in keeping with the spirit either of modern or of mediæval life. The hall, in spite of its richly-tessellated pavement, has a delightful sense of coolness in its soft half-light. The lofty rooms have broad, high windows, the light from which is tempered by delicately-colored hangings; walls of the negative tints, in which modern decorators delight, diapered with dull gold, and paneled ceilings of darkly-stained wood, with molded ribs and beams. High-backed chairs, of ancient and unpromising stiffness, flank the table, typifying the poet's sterner moods; while in cozy corners are comfortable lounges, that indicate a tendency to yield sometimes to the seductions of soft dreams and inspirations. Nowhere is the spirit vexed by garish ornament or the eye by glaring color. A few good etchings and paintings hang on the walls, among them an excellent copy of the "Peter Martyr," which is doubly valuable since the destruction of the original.

But there is one room in which all that is most interesting in this house centers. The door opens noiselessly, and the tread of your feet is muffled as you enter a dim corridor, divided from the room by a high screen. The air is heavy with the odor of an incense not unfamiliar to men of letters; and, if you could doubt whence it arose, your doubts would be speedily dissolved as the occupant of the chamber comes forward to meet you, the inseparable pipe between his teeth. The figure, though slightly bent, bears the burden of its sixty-six years lightly. The dark mass of hair falling backward from the broad, high forehead and the "knightly growth fringing his lips" are but sparsely streaked with silver; and the face, though rugged and deeply-lined with thought, is full of calm dignity and of a tenderness strangely at variance with his somewhat brusque tone and manner. His disregard of the conventionalities of life is thoroughly natural and unaffected. His suit of light gray, hanging about him in many a fold, like the hide of a rhinoceros; the loose, ill-fitting collar and carelessly knotted tie; the wide, low boots are not worn, you may be sure, for artistic effect or with the foppishness of a Byron.

AT THE TOILET.—A Japanese damsel considers her toilet to be no unimportant thing, and to be ready for the fair she must be up and dressing long before the sun rises from behind the great sacred mountain, Fuji. The long, coarse tresses of the raven-black hair must be washed, combed and greased till the head shines like a knob of polished black marble; the cheeks must be rouged to the proper tint; the throat, neck and bosom powdered, carefully leaving, however, on the nape of the neck three lines of the original brown skin of the owner, in accordance with the rules of Japanese cosmetic art; the eyebrows must be carefully rounded and touched with black; the lips reddened with cherry paste, with a patch of gilding in the centre.

### A Young Hero.

At the disaster which, not long since, destroyed the lives of many miners in the West Pittston mine, an incident occurred in which the heroic and pathetic are mingled.

A boy of twelve years, named Martin Craighan, stood with a companion on the carriage, waiting to be hoisted up from the mine out of impending danger, when it flashed upon his mind that a number of workmen had not been warned of the terrible peril they were in.

With a noble impulse of self-forgetful kindness, he resolved to rescue them, if possible, and asked the other boy to go with him. This boy refused, and was safely drawn up—the last who was brought up unscathed. Martin rushed through the chambers and galleries of the mine alone, to carry the startling news to the imperiled miners. Then he hurried back to the shaft again, hoping to escape with his life.

He waited for the carriage to descend; but the wire rope had melted, and the fire was now burning so fiercely above him, that all hope of escape in that way (the only outlet) was cut off.

He fled back to the miners again; but experience had taught them the utter hopelessness of escape by the ordinary way, and they had built a barricade in Martin's absence, which afforded them a temporary protection from the noxious gases and smoke that were slowly filling the mine.

The barrier was solidly built, for upon the defense it afforded them against the smoke and gas depended the only chance that they had to live until the burning shaft was extinguished.

Martin stood at the barrier and begged piteously to be admitted. The few survivors who heard him, say the little fellow cried. But to have made a passage-way for him would have been death to all. So they were obliged to refuse him.

After a while he went quietly away to the stable. He had been promoted to the position of a mule-driver only the day before; and now he went to his mule, and there wrote with chalk upon a piece of board the names of those who were dear to him, and then lay down beside his mule to die.

His body was found close to that of the poor animal, which, in its death agony, had rolled upon him and wounded his breast with a portion of the harness. So died this little hero in the dark.

### An Episode in the Russo-Turkish Campaign of 1811.

In 1811 the opposing Russian and Turkish armies stood facing each other on opposite banks of the Danube. During the night between the 8th and 9th of September the Turks succeeded, by making a feint, and so attracting the Russians to a spot some three miles below the real point of passage, in throwing a force of 2,000 men and four guns across the river, a short distance above Giurgeva. The first attempts of the Russians to drive this small body back into the river were successfully withstood; reinforcements were rapidly brought over from the right to the left bank, until, finally, 30,000 men and 50 guns were assembled on the northern shore. Every effort to advance further and drive back the Russian army, which had fallen back into an entrenched position, was, however, repulsed, the Turks themselves being obliged, after a time, to construct intrenchments to withstand the counter attacks directed against them. Unable to drive back the invading force, the Russians desisted from any further active measures against it, but bringing a strong flotilla of gunboats up the Danube to prevent supplies being carried across the river into the Turkish camp on the left bank, they quietly awaited events. The provisions of the Turkish force, thus completely isolated, unable to retreat because of the flotilla which effectually prevented any bridge being thrown across the river, soon began to run short. The weather became cold, but there was no fuel with which to kindle fires. Under these circumstances the sufferings of the men were very great. For some time there was horse-flesh, but it had to be eaten raw, as even the tent-poles had been cut up and burned. Hundreds died daily, and their comrades had not strength to bury them. Disease was consequently soon added to famine, so that when finally, on the 8th of December, peace was concluded, but 4,000 men, who are described as being but living skeletons, with scarce sufficient strength to stand upright, were left of the 30,000 who three months before had crossed the river.

A MONSTER BALLOON.—In consequence of the pressure now being exerted by would-be exhibitors for space at the Paris Exhibition of 1878, M. Krautz has been compelled to abandon his intention of constructing the monster Giffard balloon within the exhibition precincts. The French government, however, will furnish space for its construction as near as practicable to the Champs de Mars. M. Giffard has made his preliminary technical arrangements. The length of rope will be about one thousand eight hundred feet. It will be conical, the thickest end being attached to the bottom of the car. The ascending force, when loaded with ballast, guide-ropes, grapnels and fifty passengers, will be five tons. The weight of the cable, fully extended, will be two and one-half tons. The ascending force of the hydrogen will be twenty-three tons. The balloon itself will be about one hundred and ten feet in diameter and one hundred and fifty feet in height to the upper part of the valve.

"An eel is not as slippery as you are, but it can live on water longer," as the fisherman said to the politician.

## A Russian Land-Holder of the Old Regime.

The following extract from Tourguéneff's story, "The Nobleman of the Steppe," in *Scribner*, is quite in keeping with recent accounts of the improvidence and bigotry of Russian noblemen of the last generation:

Pantalei Jeremeitsch's father had received his estate in a broken-down condition. In his turn he had lived in a free and easy way, and at his death had left to his only son and heir, Pantalei, the mortgaged village of Bess-novo, with thirty-three male and seventy-six female serfs, and fourteen and one-eighth desotines of badly located land in the wilderness of Kolobrod; moreover, no deed of this tract was found among the papers of the deceased. He had, it must be admitted, succeeded in ruining himself in the most singular manner. According to his views, a nobleman ought to have nothing to do with tradesmen, *bourgeois*, and "rascals" of that stripe. In his house he established work-shops for mechanics of all kinds. "That is more proper and much cheaper," he used to say. "Rural economy!"—this destructive notion he did not abandon to the end of his days, and it was really that which wrought his ruin. But then in return he lived in pleasure and satisfied every one of his whims.

Among other things, it occurred to him to have a family carriage built under his own directions, and it was so large that, in spite of the combined efforts of all the horses of the village and their owners, it upset on the first downward slope and fell to pieces. Jeremei Lukitsch (for that was the name of Pantalei's father) had a monument erected on that spot and gave himself no further trouble about it. He also took it into his head to build a church, alone (of course), and without the aid of an architect. The burning of the tiles consumed a whole forest; he had a mighty foundation laid, as if he intended to erect a state cathedral, built the walls, and began the vault of the cupola; but the cupola fell down. He made a second attempt; the cupola broke down once more; a third time there was the same result. Then Jeremei Lukitsch grew thoughtful; "there is something wrong about this affair," he thought, "some cursed witchcraft," and he gave an order that all the old women in the village should be flogged. The old women were flogged, but for all that the cupola would not stand.

The peasants were to live on a new principle, all according to his "rural economy." He had their houses built three and three together, so that they formed a triangle, in the midst of which a pole was raised, with a little house for the stearings and a flag. Every day he invented something new; now he made soup out of burs, now he cut off the tails of the horses to adorn the caps of the servants, now he sowed nettles instead of hemp, fed the pigs on mushrooms, etc.

One day he read in the *Moscow Times* an article by the landed proprietor Chriak Chrupiorski on the utility of good morals for the peasantry, and immediately he gave command that all his peasants should learn the article by heart. The peasants obeyed. He then asked them if they really understood what they had learned, and the overseer answered for them, "Why shouldn't they understand it?" About the same time, for the sake of order and rural economy, he had all his serfs numbered, and the number of each sewed on his collar. Whenever they met their master, every one cried out, "Number so-and-so passes by," and the master answered, graciously, "Go, in God's name."

### Needles.

The first suggestion of needles is given in the Bible, where it is recorded that Adam and Eve sewed fig-leaves together. Yes; but there was scarcely any "sewing" at that time, according to the present general acceptance of the term. It was "sewing" without needles. The fibers of plants (flax is such a fiber) would supply the thread, and a thorn-spike, or any other small and sharp point, would make holes in the materials, through which the fiber could pass. The first needles used by the Egyptians were eyeless, and made of bronze. Now and then, a regular needle, though coarse, was made. Its length was from three to four inches. It is generally believed that needles were first introduced into England in Henry the VIII's reign. Some years later, in the reign of Queen Mary (wife of Philip II, King of Spain), they were comparatively plenty. They were imported from Spain, which then had almost a monopoly of the manufacture. These Spanish needles were made of steel. It has been stated, but not on good authority, that the manufacture of needles was recovered and resumed in the reign of "good Queen Bess," and that the operator, a German, worked with great secrecy, in order to keep the trade and profits all to himself. About the year 1650, during the civil war, and just after the decapitation of Charles I., the art of needle making was revived, by one Christopher Greening, at Long Crendon, a village in Buckinghamshire. The needles there and then made were very coarse, compared with those of the present time. Finally, Redditch, a small town in Worcestershire, twelve miles from Birmingham, became the center of the needle-trade.

"My dear," said an affectionate wife to her husband, as she looked out of the window, "do you notice how green and beautiful the grass looks on the neighboring hills?" "Well," was the unpoetic response, "what other color would you have it at this time of year?"

To owe is human; to pay up, divine.

## Hans Christian Andersen.

The following is from the advance sheets of the new book of European travel "Abroad Again," by Curtis Guild, author of "Over the Ocean" and editor of the *Boston Commercial Bulletin*:

"While our horses were resting at Samaden, in the upper Engadine, we enjoyed the unexpected pleasure of an interview with the Danish author, Hans Christian Andersen. The good-natured fairy storyteller, who was then sojourning at the hotel, on hearing that two Americans that had read his books would like to see him, came to us with extended hands of welcome, though just returned from a fatiguing excursion to the Morteratsch glacier. He had but recently returned from Italy, where he had been for his health; and had been staying here for a week's rest, ere returning to Copenhagen. He was tall, thin, even attenuated in figure; his head small, but forehead high, which was the only point of beauty in his face; his nose being large and prominent, cheek-bones very distinct, and his gray eyes small. But they sparkled with a pleasant smile, which wreathed his lips, and his simple manner, pleased as a child to be praised, and his gentle tones, made it easy to see why he was personally so prime a favorite with young people. He was pale and appeared exceedingly feeble in health.

"He was delighted as a child when told that his stories were read and admired by the children in America, and inquired if we had any storks there, and wondered how the children could understand some of his stories if they were not familiar with storks, as the boys and girls of Denmark; but that he had written some stories expressly for the children of America.

"Ah! said he, with a sigh 'were I not so nearly done with life, I should like to see America.'

"I assured him he would meet a cordial welcome, especially from the little people.

"Give my love to them all," said he 'and tell them I enjoy telling them fairy stories. And stay! here is a little memento of our interview, which you may show the children, in Andersen's own handwriting.' And he wrote in Danish a sentence, beneath which he also wrote its English translation:

"Life is the most beautiful fairy tale."  
—HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

He then bade us good-bye.

Poor Andersen. But I will not say poor, either, for he was rich in the affection of all classes in his native land, as well as elsewhere, where his writings have been read. His death took place at Copenhagen soon after I saw him, and at his funeral the affection of all classes was shown by the immense gathering. The royal family were there, and the poor were present, and deputations from all parts of Denmark and other countries; and, as one writer expresses it, many persons were as much taken by surprise as they would have been if it had been reported that Æsop had died."

### Monastic Life.

I greatly desired to visit the famous Convent of La Trappe, near Antwerp, and, thanks to the courtesy of the monks, passed a pleasant day within its walls. Life there must be an intensely solemn thing; fortunately for the monks, however, it is varied by labor, the many workshops of the convent embracing every trade. I remained to dinner, and had an opportunity of seeing the members of this little community. Very quietly the dinner passed. They ate neither meat nor fish. I had, as did all, a large bottle of beer, made on the place, as they brew their own beer. With the beer in question we had vegetables. The meal commenced with a soup of milk and bread, substantial and not exciting to the members of the institution. I made a substantial dinner out of the eggs and fresh bread, etc., and went out with two young priests into the garden for a siesta. It was a hot day, and, lying down on the grass in the shade, a running conversation was kept up about old walled towns and old convents, and the rest. Afterward, an old monk conducted me through the convent. Passing through the dining-room or hall, my attention was called at once to the two long rows of black and brown napkins arranged upon the two long tables at each side. They seem like the monks themselves in miniature. Ascending a rickety flight of stairs, I entered their large sleeping apartment; each one has his "little crib," where he sleeps, or thinks he does. The bed is a hard piece of mattress, with a slight covering, and a curtain drawn around it, and the name of the happy occupant placed above in black letters on wood. My last visit was to the workshops. I will not describe all the different "metiers," but there were all trades represented, and capuchins working at them. All were grave and silent. Indeed, a solemn "Sunday" atmosphere brooded over the entire place, and I was glad to leave it behind me.

TRAVELING on railroads will soon be as pleasant as steamboating. In addition to their sleeping cars, the Pullman Palace Car Company have recently placed upon several of our leading railways their hotel cars. In these cars one can take his meals as pleasantly as at a hotel. The springs of these cars are so finely adjusted as to entirely obviate all danger from the overflow of liquids from the dishes, even when the train is running at forty miles an hour.

"Why, my dear fellow," whispered a friend, "I did not know you were so badly maltreated in the affair." "Nor I neither," sobbed the victim, "until I heard my lawyer a tellin' the jury all about it!"

## Fight with a Heron.

A heron is a dangerous bird, even for a man to attack, as will be seen from this story of an encounter between a man, a dog, and a heron, published in the *London Field*. The heron had been wounded, its left wing being broken by a shot.

I spied him in a large pool, some yards from the river bank; seemingly, as he rested on the water, he was unhurt. As I shouted out, "There he is, Sam!" the retriever plunged into the eddying pool and swam to seize his prey. Now the fight began.

Without swerving an inch, the heron, with his crest erect, and with a scream, darted his formidable beak straight at the dog's eyes. Sam was puzzled. In a moment, however, he was at him again, but the terrible beak of the heron, as the attack was again renewed, held him fairly at bay. Sam now changed his plan. He tried to circumvent his formidable enemy by swimming round to its back, but the heron presented a bold front at all points, and once more Sam rushed in. The fight was getting fast and furious, but Sam, though considerably punished, stuck to his post, and though repeatedly recalled, would not return without his bird.

There was nothing left to do but to kill the heron, to prevent his blinding the dog, if he had not already done so. Accordingly, I raised my gun, when my companion shouted out, "Don't shoot! Don't spoil the bird! I'll save the dog."

In an instant he leaped from the bank into the pool, and, swimming, made for the heron. The bird now left the dog, and turned on his new assailant; rushing at him with a scream, in an instant, the heron darted his formidable beak at Mr. Gwynne-Vaughan's eyes; but as he swam, he managed to cover his face, and his hand only was wounded.

Again and again the heron attacked him, but never succeeded in wounding his face. At last, he grabbed the heron by the legs, drew it under the water, and struck out for the shore. Grasping the bird by the beak, he was soon on land, none the worse for his courageous exploit than a wounded hand and a wet skin.

Sam, the retriever, was bleeding from at least five honorable wounds, all within a quarter of an inch of either eye. It was a courageous fight all round.

ILLUMINATED LETTERS.—Several centuries ago manuscripts used to be written and books printed with what were called illuminated capitals. The first letter of a word at the beginning of a chapter and of a paragraph was ornamented with many flourishes, and painted with different colors, thus giving a very bright appearance to the pages. Thomas Chatterton, the youthful genius and poet, learned to read from one of these illuminated manuscripts. He was a very dull boy at school, and had not learned to read when six years and a half old.

Then he happened to fall in with one of these old manuscripts, and the odd letters excited his curiosity. He studied with a new spirit, and in a few days could read with care and pleasure. He searched out all the old manuscripts within reach, and the antiquated symbols, working on his imagination, prepared him for the singular literary life he afterwards led. He began to imitate both the style of writing and of thought, and was soon a master of both, and it required a sharp critic to detect that his forgeries were not the original manuscripts which he claimed to have discovered.

If you want to enrage a Philadelphia street railroad director, just suggest to him that the fares should have been reduced from seven to five, instead of to six cents. Its a subject on which he's altogether two cents-itive.

### Agricultural Implements.

Our readers will bear us witness that in our endeavors to present them with condensed and readable accounts of the various industries and leading branches of trade in this city we have uniformly selected, as representative of those branches, only houses noted for stability, excellence and variety of stock kept and general and high character. These considerations are matters of importance to the trade and country buyers generally.

In this connection we take pleasure in informing our readers that the Agricultural Implements recently handled by Messrs. Linforth, Kellogg & Co., have been turned over to Mr. Geo. A. Davis who has been so long and favorably known in connection with the Fish Bros. & Co.'s Pacific Wagon. Mr. Davis has opened an office at 401 Market st., San Francisco, Treadwell's old stand, and, as manufacturers' agent, will handle the following well known goods: The Garden City clipper plow; Garden City sulky plow; Garden City gang plow; Furst & Bradley's sulky rakes, harrows, cultivators, etc., etc., manufactured by the Furst & Bradley Manufacturing Co. of Chicago; also the Pacific farm, spring, freight and header wagons, manufactured by Fish Bros. & Co., of Racine, Wis.; also the Eagle mower and reaper, manufactured by the Eagle Mowing & Reaping Co., of Albany, N. Y. The Garden City plow has steadily gained in popularity till it has become to be recognized as the leading plow on this coast. It is made of the very best cast steel and the reputation of the Furst & Bradley Manufacturing Co. is sufficient guarantee for the quality of their goods.

Of Fish Bros. & Co.'s Pacific Wagon the thousands now running on this coast will speak for themselves. We will only mention that Mr. Davis has on hand a fine assortment of both Farm and Spring wagons; of spring, he has a great variety consisting of 3 and 4 spring, platform spring, half spring, Jack spring, and a new 4 spring delivery wagon, recently imported, all of which will be sold at prices to suit the times. The Wm. Anson Woods' mower has been tried and for simplicity and durability has no equal.

In conclusion, we say to our readers requiring Wagons and Agricultural Implements call and examine them or send for illustrated catalogues. Mr. Geo. A. Davis' business relations with this trade in the city and through the country is extensive and he enjoys a reputation of being a thorough business man, obliging and fair in all his dealings.—*The Commercial*.

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**PUGET SOUND ARGUS.**



FRIDAY, AUG. 3, 1877.

**EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.**

[FROM WHIDBY ISLAND.]

Leaving Port Townsend in the little ferry boat, on Monday last, a pleasant little run ahead of a light southeast breeze brought us—within an hour—to

**EBEY'S LANDING.**

From this place one gets a fine view of the surrounding scenery, the distant mountain peaks, the hills and valleys which skirt either side of the Sound, with their evergreen mantles constantly mocking the futile efforts of man to invent or discover a means of attaining perpetual youth. The large prairie immediately adjacent, and extending some distance over the Island, is divided into a few farms as fine as any would wish for. The golden fields of grain, the lowing of horned stock, the bands of sleek looking blooded horses, the click and clatter of harvesting machines, and the plentiful showing of farm wagons, hands, etc., busily transferring the products of the fields to spacious barns; all these together with cheerful surroundings dotted here and there with neat, commodious farm houses, combine to force upon the casual observer, the conclusion that the inhabitants of a country like this are favored in more ways than one. Wending our way across the country, a distance of 2 1/2 to 3 miles we came to the pleasant little town of

**COUPEVILLE.**

This place, situated on the south side of Penn's Cove, occupies a pleasant site on one of the finest harbors on Puget Sound. The principal places of business, are the store of Maj. G. O. Haller, also that of Mr. Alvah Blowers, and the hotel which is neat and inviting. Mr. John Alexander has a neat house here under process of completion. Leaving this place, after meeting many old friends and forming the acquaintance of new ones, we returned in company with "mine host," of Ebey's Landing, Mr. G. D. Campbell. Right here it may be well enough to state in justice to Mr. Campbell, that a more genial, kind-hearted and obliging man than he cannot be found on the coast. For his hearty efforts to make our visit a pleasant one, we pledge him a life-long remembrance and invoke for his benefit the continued favor of all members of the journalistic fraternity. Stopping at the house of Rev. Thos. Magill, of the M. E. Church, at the earnest solicitation of himself and family, we shared the hospitality of their home. Mr. Magill was sent here last August by the Oregon Conference of the M. E. Church, and in his year's labor one enduring monument to Methodism may be noted. A neat, commodious and comfortable parsonage has been erected, and will be completed before winter. It is a frame building, 1 1/2 stories high, length 26 feet, average width, 22 feet, hard finished inside, and will afford a pleasant lodging place for the itinerant gospel servants of the Church for years to come. The actual worth of the house when completed will be about a thousand dollars. On account of the work being largely done by volunteer labor the cost will be something less than this amount.

On Tuesday morning, having pressed into service one of friend Campbell's horses, we made a tour of the island extending past Couveland, Oak Harbor and Crescent Harbor, seeing many pleasant sights, becoming acquainted with the hospitable farmer residents, and extending the circulation of the ARGUS to many homes hitherto strangers to its weekly visits. These latter places will receive editorial notice in next week's issue, as also a question hitherto vexatious to the residents of Oak Harbor, viz., the regular carrying of the U. S. mail to their post office.

Crops on all parts of the island look exceedingly well, with the exception that perhaps in some localities the yield of hay is a little below the average.

The Olympia "Courier" says: A private letter from Mr. A. J. Chambers, dated July 26th, at Yakima city, says the people were excited about the Indians and built three forts in the Kittitas valley and one in the city, but are now quiet.

**OUR BIRDS.**

PORT TOWNSEND, Aug. 1, 1877.

**EDITOR ARGUS:**—We often hear Eastern people, and not unfrequently residents of the Territory, speak of our birds as being homely compared with those East. While this may be true, still, this being a wooded region, the tourist and even resident, seldom see the birds that are pretty, as they are almost invariably found in the densely wooded forests. And it is the belief that the beauty of the birds of our Territory has been underrated that prompts us to offer our feeble effort in their behalf, and hoping it may be the cause of others bringing to notice "rare" birds, but nevertheless "common", as they have been always in our forests, but unobserved. And as it is the intention of the writer to make a collection of the different birds of the Territory, (not to be sent away, but one that will be kept on the Sound) it is hoped that many beautiful birds will be discovered, and we shall take much pleasure in noting any rare specimen that comes under our observation.

We now have a bird in our possession, which we shot while in Olympia, last November, that the reader must agree with us in calling handsome. At first we failed to find any work on the birds of this far northwest that made any reference to it, but since then we succeeded in identifying the "stranger." In the reports of the explorations made from the Mississippi river to the Pacific ocean, in 1853, Prof. Spencer F. Baird, has made reference to the bird, and calls it the Bohemian Chatterer or Wax-Wing. He says, "The specimen from Fort Riley is probably the most southwestern one on record in North America." After a description of the bird he adds: "I have found it impossible to describe satisfactorily to myself the peculiar tint of color prevailing on the anterior half of this beautiful bird;" which is truly said, as the following affords but a faint conception of its exquisite tints:

Highly crested. General color brownish ash, with a faint shade of reddish, especially anteriorly; the forehead, sides of the head, and under tail coverts, brownish orange; the hinder parts purer ash, the region about the vent white. Primaries and tail feathers plumbeous black, especially towards the tips; the tail with a terminal band of yellow. A narrow frontal line passing backward and involving the eye, and extending above and behind it. Chin and upper part of throat black. Tip of the secondary coverts, and a spot on the end of the outer webs of all the quills, white; those on the inner primaries glossed with yellow. Secondaries with red horny tips, like sealing wax. Sides of the lower jaw whitish. Length, 7-10; wing, 4-5; tail, 3.

Seen in the United States only in severe winters, except along the great lakes. In the Mississippi valley south to Fort Riley.

While the above description answers nearly, yet not exactly all the features of the bird, the difference must be accounted for by the change of climate. Aside from the beauty of this rare bird it has a historical record that cannot fail to be of interest to the reader. It is quite a cosmopolitan and is found all over Europe, and is popularly known by scholars to be "the Ippodamia avis of Pliny; most especially unfortunate for Rome in the momentous consulship of Lucius Cassius and Caius Marius; a time when these birds appeared in the city, and the apparition of the great owl added to the horrors of the year. It has also been supposed to have been the bird of the Hercynian forest, whose feathers shone in the night like fire." In 1530, when Charles V. was crowned at Bologna, they appeared in large flocks, as if for an omen of the new powers of the Inquisition; and again, in the year 1600 of the same century, in all the Italian districts, except Ferrara, which was afterwards convulsed by an earthquake and much damage was done in that country. Necker observes in his memories of 'The Birds of Geneva,' that from the middle of this century only two flights have been seen in that Canton, one in January 1807, and one again in 1814, when they were very numerous. Sater says that they are only seen in Tuscany in severe winters.

We are not aware that any superstitions are entertained in regard to these birds in United States, or that they are regarded as "devil birds," as are the blue-jays of this Territory by the Indians, whose shrill alarm of "Sky-sky!" drives terror to the camp of an ailing clam-digger.

T. TALLENTIRE.

Look out for editorial correspondence next week. We propose to reach as many points as possible in the course of the next month.

**Washington Teachers' Institute.**

The following, from the Olympia "Standard," is worthy of interest:

The Institute convened in Seattle on the 18th inst., Rev. Geo. F. Whitworth in the chair. On account of the boats changing their time of leaving Olympia, delegates from Thurston county did not reach Seattle until Wednesday afternoon. Mr. P. Judson, President of the Institute, presented the draft of a school law which he read at the first evening session. The day following, it was re-read and subjected to some amendments. At the conclusion of the record-reading, the whole matter was referred to a committee of five, with instructions to digest and prepare it for publication, on or before the first day of September next. The committee on text-books recommended the postponement of that matter until the next meeting, deeming it advisable to make any selection at the present time, lest it would anticipate and perhaps embarrass the action of the proposed Board of Education. Mr. M. G. Royle delivered a lecture upon the Theory and Practice of Teaching, paying much attention to the best method for developing the perceptive faculties. An essay, "The Teacher's Calling," by Mrs. A. J. White, and one "Primary Instruction," by Mrs. P. C. Hale, were well written. Mr. C. K. Jenner, of New Castle, delivered a very interesting lecture upon the "Teachers of the Olden Time." Mr. F. Clark opened the discussion on School Discipline, followed by Mrs. P. C. Hale and others. Rev. G. F. Whitworth gave a lecture upon the duties of County Superintendents. The committee on resolutions submitted the following which was adopted:

Resolved, That the members of this Institute acknowledge with gratitude their obligations to the citizens of Seattle who have so liberally entertained them during their stay in this city.

Resolved, That it is the sense of this Institute that female teachers are entitled to the same remuneration as that paid to males for like services, and that any discriminations in this respect, on account of sex, are unjust and unworthy the age in which we live.

Resolved, That it is the duty of the Executive Committee to try and secure half fare rates, for teachers, school-officers, and the friends of education who may wish to attend the Institute at Olympia; and that said committee have blank certificates printed to be furnished to those attending.

Resolved, That the thanks of this Institute be tendered to J. E. Clark, our Secretary, for the efficient manner in which he has performed the duties of his office.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: J. P. Judson, Superintendent of Schools ex officio President; Rev. G. F. Whitworth, Mrs. P. C. Hale and Supt. Walla-Walla, Vice Presidents; J. E. Clark, Secretary, N. S. Porter, Treasurer; J. E. Clark, E. S. Ingraham and R. E. Ryan, Executive committee. The Institute adjourned to meet in Olympia, on the second Wednesday of October next.

The Olympia "Standard" has the following concerning the Territorial hospital for insane, showing the different counties from which the patients have been committed, together with the number from each:

Counties.	Males.	Fem.
Clarke	2	1
Cowlitz	1	1
Chehalis	1	1
Challam	1	1
Island	2	1
Jefferson	8	1
Klug	8	1
Kitsap	8	1
Klickitat	1	1
Lewis	2	1
Pacific	3	1
Pierce	7	2
San Juan	2	1
Thurston	6	1
Walla Walla	5	2
Wahkiakum	1	1
Whatcom	1	1
Total	52	11

Billy Coma, the Indian employed on the Geo. S. Wright at the time of the disaster, and now on trial in Victoria, made a long statement in the police court in that city, stating substantially that the captain and crew were on shore, built a fire and had gone to sleep, when they were all murdered in cold blood by the Northern Indians. He alone was spared, and was given a squaw as a bribe for not disclosing the particulars or perpetrators of the deed.

A PARTY of young men has been organized in Portland, for the purpose of making the ascent of Mount Hood, and taking scientific observations.

WHEAT buyers are contracting with farmers in the Willamette Valley for their coming crops at \$1 per bushel.

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PUGET SOUND ARGUS.

LOCAL NEWS.

PROTECTION FROM FIRE.—At a meeting of the citizens of Port Townsend, on Tuesday of last week, a fire company of 27 members was organized.

THE Olympia "Transcript" boasts of Thurston County having the first fruit-dryer on the Sound. This is the stepping-stone to an industry that will be second to none in our Territory.

SAYS the Portland "Standard," a curious case of death resulting from an insignificant wound occurred on the Wilhelmina, about forty miles from Salem, lately.

THE Walla Walla "Union" thus truthfully puts it: "Should the war be speedily concluded all the young Indians now on the war-path will be suddenly transformed into good Indians."

IN addition to calling upon us this week, Mr. Landes of Neah Bay, expressed an unqualified satisfaction with the Argus, and wished to be remembered once a week for an indefinite period.

Capt. Thos. Stratton, of the Port Angeles light house, has been in town over a week, suffering from severe inflammation of the throat, resulting from a cold.

THE steamship Orizaba, for the past nine years plying between San Francisco and San Pedro, is to leave the former place for Portland on the 2nd, as the pioneer of a new line.

THE "Astorian" wants to obtain a little notoriety by converting a typo's error into an occasion for snapping at our heels, thus provoking a cuff.

Just received at Jas. Jones', a large stock of Meerschaum Pipes.

Mr. N. Shakspeare, G. W. C. T., organized the Charity Juvenile Temple, at New Dungeness, July 30, with 13 charter members and 10 patrons.

ON Monday, Capt. Bancroft who was wounded in the battle of July 11th, arrived at this place to the great joy of his family and many friends.

SINCE Dr. Hill, Waterman & Katz, Mr. Torjusen and Mr. Dalgardno completed the side walk in front of their places of business it is quite noticeable that people in parading on it hold their heads more erect and walk with dignity sometimes unbecoming.

ON Saturday last, while Mr. Caleb Bill, was chiseling off a piece of street, a small chip of it flew up striking him in the eye, nearly blinding him, cutting right into the ball near the center of the pupil.

THE "Colonist" says, Captain Robinson, of H.M.S. Opal, on Thursday last inspected the ships at Esquimaut, in order to see whether everything was in satisfactory order in case of war.

THE Bellingham Bay "Mail" says: Messrs. Sidell, of Checkanot Quarry, have received the contract of erecting a monument to the memory of the late Gen. Miller, of Olympia.

MAJ. U. R. Hyde, of Salem, Oregon, is now on the Sound, prosecuting the claims of the Pacific Mutual Life Insurance Company of California.

MR. C. J. Huntington, Photographer, who has met with flattering success all over the Sound, has taken as partner in the business Mr. J. M. Huntington, and will hereafter be styled Huntington Bros.

SERIOUS ACCIDENT.—Mr. Charles Smith, of Port Discovery, while at work in the mill at that place, on Sunday night, got caught between two large logs and was so crushed that grave doubts are entertained of his recovery.

FIVE real estate transfers: three births, one of twins; an avalanche of fishing parties and picnics; three bona fide weddings; one elopement; two law-suits; and three divorces, all within the space of two days.

A WASHINGTON dispatch of the 28th says: By request of the President, the Secretary of the Treasury will soon dispatch a revenue cutter from San Francisco to Sitka, to protect public property and assist the collector of customs to enforce the government of Sitka.

DURING the present season the logging production at Samish, in this county, has been about as follows: Diogwall's Camp, 2,500,000 feet; Densmore's Camp, 1,700,000; Record's Camp, 1,000,000.—B. B. "Mail."

THE "Courier" publishes a dispatch from Gov. Ferry to Col. Wheat, stating that Gen. Howard has called upon him for two hundred volunteers to accompany his column to the Spokane country.

ON Monday afternoon last, we had the pleasure of seeing one of the Walter A. Wool's Self Binding Harvesters at work on Whidby Island. The machine is about a medium sized reaper; being drawn by three horses.

A SON of Mr. Jas. Dalgardno, of this place, had a narrow escape from drowning, last Saturday. The little fellow and a companion were playing on the lumber dock of Waterman & Katz when he fell in the water, and would have drowned had it not been for the timely assistance of his father, who seeing his son under water, jumped in and rescued him, though nearly gone, as he was insensible.

HUNTING is a sport so often indulged in here that a gentleman, the other day, said he had spent more nights, this summer, along side of a log, than he had home in a bed. We believe him.

MARRIED.—In Port Townsend, August 1, 1877, by Wm. H. H. Learned, J. P., Samuel M. Spears to Miss Mary Ann Williams, both of Jefferson County.

Oil Cake Meal. For sale by N. D. Hill.

Jas. Jones will receive by every steamer from San Francisco and up Sound all kinds of small fruit.

HOTEL ARRIVALS. Cosmopolitan. Capt E. Givnzal, ship Matilda, Port Discovery; Prof Digby Palmer, Victoria, B C; Chas Perkins, Port Gambie, W P Olinmore, Samish River; Fred Ward, Dungeness; George Mayers, Dungeness; Capt A Weeks, Bark Montana; James Walker, Samish River; W Gallek, Portland, Oregon; John Donovan, Seabeck; Chas Backus, La Conner; J Ryan, R E Ryan, John O'Berg, Chas Johnson, Port Discovery; Joseph Dourin, Seattle; A A Pige, Cliff James, Port Gambie; Frank Peterson, Seattle; C Grail, Port Ludlow; J B Forbes, Olympia; Mrs. Geo Gusch and child, Port Discovery; Wm. Crosscut, Coopersville; H. N. Cranmer, Port Canby; Thomas Spelman, Port Discovery; Henry Smith, Victoria, B C; H A Shafer, Michuan; R. H. Williams, Braris Inlet; J M Jennie, Whidby Island; John Hay, Lopez Island; James Connor, Port Discovery; J H Ford, Victoria, B C; George Gutemaw, San Francisco.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY, JEFFERSON COUNTY. Representative J. M. E. Atkinson. Joint Representative Wm. Korter. Councilman J. A. Kuhn. O. F. Gerrish. Geo. W. Harris. County Commissioners J. A. Kuhn, H. S. Miller, C. C. Bartlett. Judge of Probate J. A. Kuhn. Sheriff H. S. Miller. Treasurer C. C. Bartlett. Auditor James Seavey. Coroner James Dalgardno. Justice of the Peace W. H. H. Learned.

SECRET SOCIETIES. PORT TOWNSEND, Lodge F. & A. M., meets Wednesday evening on or before full moon. JOE KUHN, W. M. STRICT OBSERVANCE Lodge F. & A. M., meets 2d Tuesday evening of each month. A. NATH. D. HILL, W. M. MR. BAKER Lodge L. O. O. F., meets every Saturday evening. A. H. TUCKER, N. G. JEFFERSON Lodge I. O. G. T., meets every Friday evening. N. D. HILL, W. C. CHEMAKUM, Tribe of Red Men, meets every Wednesday evening. GEO. BARTHOLOP, Sachem. CHAMPIONS OF THE RED CROSS, meets every Tuesday evening. A. BRIGGS, Com.

A CARD. WHEREAS IT HAS BEEN, AND IS BEING reported, by Mr. A. Edmondson, of the firm of Chambers & Edmondson, that we have innocently and procured the withdrawal of Mr. Chambers from his firm, for the purpose of crippling the business of Mr. Edmondson, and thereby advancing our own, we therefore take this method of informing our patrons and the public, that such statements are entirely untrue, and without any foundation in fact, and we hereby deny having had or held any communication either directly or indirectly with Mr. Chambers in regard to the dissolution of said partnership of Chambers & Edmondson. T. JACKMAN & CO.

PROPOSALS. NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT sealed proposals will be received by the County Auditor of Jefferson County, at his office, in Port Townsend, Washington Territory, until August 4, 1877, for the care and maintenance of the indigent sick of said county, per diem, for one year. Bidders will be required to give a bond in the sum of one thousand dollars, to provide good and sufficient food, medicines and medical attendance of some regular physician in good standing, proper lodging, care and nursing, clothes and washing for said patients. The County Commissioners reserve the right to reject any and all bids. Proposals to be opened and considered by the Commissioners at their August meeting; 1877. Per order Board County Commissioners JAS. SEAVEY, Auditor. Port Townsend, July 6, 1877.

ROTHSCHILD & CO., Shipping and Commission MERCHANTS,

Port Townsend, Washington Territory, Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Dry Goods, Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Ship Chandlery, Tobacco and Cigars, Liquors, Hardware, Crockery, Stationery, Etc.

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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 Buttons, Ear Rings, Finger Rings, Breast and Collar Buttons, Stud Lockets, &c., that have ever been offered for sale on Puget Sound, received by last steamer, and for sale by ROTHSCCHILD & CO.

VESSELS CONSIGNED TO ROTHSCCHILD & CO.

Nic. Ship Union. NEITHER CAPTAIN J. H. BOYE, OF the Nic. ship Union, nor the undersigned Agents of the above-named ship will be responsible for any debts contracted by the officers or crew. ROTHSCCHILD & CO., Agents. J. H. BOYE, Master. Port Townsend, June 7, 1877.

Nic. Bark Transito Alvarez. 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. A. DOMEK, Master. Port Townsend, July 16, 1877.

Guat. Bark Anita Delfinia. NEITHER CAPT. R. JURGENS NOR the undersigned Agents for the above named bark, will be responsible for debts contracted by the officers or crew. ROTHSCCHILD & CO., Agents. R. JURGENS, Master. Port Townsend, July 14, 1877.

American Bark Penang. NEITHER CAPTAIN B. PATTEN, NOR the undersigned agents of the above-named Am. bark will be responsible for debts contracted by the officers or crew. ROTHSCCHILD & CO., Agents. B. PATTEN, Master. Port Townsend, July 14, 1877.

Nicaraguan Ship Matilda. NEITHER CAPT. E. GUNZEL NOR the undersigned Agents for the above-named ship, will be responsible for debts contracted by the officers or crew. ROTHSCCHILD & CO., Agents. E. GUNZEL, Master. Port Townsend, July 13, 1877.

Chilian ship Maria Velasquez. NEITHER CAPT. P. A. UGARTE, of above named ship nor the undersigned agents will be responsible for debts contracted by the crew of the said ship. U. E. P. WOOD, Agent. PEDRO A. UGARTE, Master. Port Townsend, July 9, 1877.

Russian Ship Usko. NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED AGENTS of the above named ship will be responsible for debts contracted by the officers or crew. ROTHSCCHILD & CO., Agents. R. WIGREN, Master. Port Townsend, July 25, 1877.

NOTICE. To the Creditors of ARTHUR PHINNEY, deceased. YOU ARE EACH HEREBY NOTIFIED, that we, the undersigned, were, on the 11th day of June, A. D. 1877, duly appointed executors of the estate of Arthur Phinney, and you are further notified to present, for allowance, all claims against said deceased, within one year from this 11th day of June, 1877. OLIVER F. GERRISH, GEO. W. HARRIS, 1764

PROBATE COURT NOTICE. WM. H. NEWTON, administrator of the estate of Chas. W. Howard, deceased, having filed his petition in the Probate Court of Jefferson county, W. T., asking this court to set aside the property of said estate for the use of the widow, notice is hereby given that said petition will come on for hearing, at the Probate Court room, on Monday, Aug. 6, 1877, at 11 o'clock A. M., at which time all persons interested are required to appear and show cause, if any there be, why said petition should not be granted. J. A. KUHN, Probate Judge. Port Townsend, July 27, 1877.

RECEIVED ex LATE ARRIVALS BY

ROTHSCCHILD & CO. SALMON

In bbls., half bbls. and Kids—of 1877 ALDEN'S DRIED FRUITS In 2-pound and larger packages. BEST BRANDS OF JAPAN & CHINA TEAS. C. R. JAVA COFFEES. SHIP CHANDLERY, ZINC, OARS, TWINE, &c., &c.

Cutter & Co's. Genuine O.K., No. 1 & A1 WHISKEYS CRANDALL'S CELEBRATED SPRING-BEDS—4-4, 4-2 and 3-3. CRANDALL'S WOOL & HORSEHAIR MATTRESSES—All sizes.

And other merchandise too numerous to mention, for sale cheap by ROTHSCCHILD & CO. Port Townsend, June 7, 1877.

The First-class steamship

CALIFORNIA CAPT. THORN.

WILL LEAVE Port Townsend for Sitka, Alaska Terr'y, and Way Ports, On or about the 3d of each Month. WILL LEAVE Port Townsend for Portland, Ogn. On about the 20th of each Month. For Freight or Passage, Apply on Board, 20 Or to ROTHSCCHILD & CO, Agents.

For Sale! THE SLOOP KIDDER

COMPLETE, AND WELL FOUND WITH SAILS, ANCHORS, &c. Apply to ROTHSCCHILD & CO. Port Townsend, April 20, 1877. FOR SALE To arrive 4 Splendid Farm Wagons and 1 Dump Cart. ROTHSCCHILD & CO'S.

Vertical text on the right edge of the page, including 'L...', 'D', '00', 'EN'S', 'of the', 'OS.', 'ren's', 'CO.', 'etc.', 'ck!', 'rk', 'and sa', 'ge of th', 'RICK', 'ds!', 'ES', 'Cash', 'BEAS', 'ery', 'W.T.', 'C', 'P CO', 'MENT', 'Akota', 'OMMANDER', 'TES HER', 'VICTORIA', 'Aug. 10', 'Aug. 20', 'Sept. 10', 'Sept. 20', 'Oct. 10', 'Oct. 20', 'Panama', 'COM'DER', 'FOLLOWING', 'VICTORIA', 'Aug. 20', 'Sept. 10', 'Sept. 20', 'Oct. 20', 'st. 30 and Dec.', 'and up-Soum', 'small steam', 'the City &', 'Steamer Dakot'

# WEEKLY ARGUS.

Port Townsend, Jefferson County, W. T.

ALLEN WEIR, Editor and Proprietor.

## Love's Reveille.

Love in lethargy once slept  
A week without waking;  
And day and night his mother wept  
As if her heart were breaking.  
The graces pinched the boy in vain;  
He never felt their stings;  
They sang to him a Paphian strain;  
He slept through all their singings.

To Jove at length the goddess soared,  
Most miserably crying:  
"Oh, save my son, heaven's mighty Lord!  
The God of love is dying!"  
"To earth," said Jove, "once more repair,  
And cease your cries and weeping;  
A friendly leech will meet you there,  
Who'll cure love's oversleeping."

Venus flew back; the boy was free;  
For Jove, on special mission,  
Had sent him green-eyed jealousy,  
Juno's own state physician.  
The cure, much worse than the disease,  
Olympus shook with laughter;  
For love was never yet at ease,  
And never slumbered after.

## Seventeen-Year Visitors.

New Jersey people are not usually lacking in hospitality, but they do not view their present guests with a kindly feeling. Even the titles of these red-eyed visitors are not fairly accorded to them; instead of their classical name cicada, the erroneous one of locust is inflicted upon them. The cicada couldn't be more unlucky in the matter of getting a bad name if he were a Spitz. There are thousands of Jerseymen who firmly believe that the insect who is drumming a monotonous tune in the tree tops is a near relative to the longlegged hopper that has traveled from the Rocky Mountains to the Mississippi. Now, whether the grasshopper of the West is or is not the locust, may be a debatable question, with the weight of evidence in the affirmative; but that the cicada is not a locust is a fact not open to question at all. The hopper belongs to a sub-order furnished with sharp jaws and magnificent digestion. But neither the golden wheat nor the tall timothy nor the waving oat offers a meal to the cicada. His mouthpiece is a proboscis, and he is a sucker; but, fortunately for the human race, he has not the bloodthirsty disposition of another insect somewhat similarly provided and equally at home in New Jersey.

Let us be just to cicada septendecim. His life is a romance. He finds himself at first consciousness an orphan, crawling on a twig that he cannot eat, and perched high in air. He wants to reach the ground, but he would starve on the journey if he attempted to crawl down the tree. If he were a measuring worm he might spin a yarn and lower himself by it. Wings have not yet been furnished to him. With a faith in his destiny which is positively sublime, the young cicada loosens his hold, drops, and takes the chances. In proportion to his size, the fall is as if a man were to drop himself from a balloon a mile and a half high, without a parachute. If he survives the fall and escapes the hungry bills of birds, the youthful cicada bores his way downward into earth and begins his subterranean residence. Admitting it as true that (as the scientific folk say) our forefathers dwelt in caves, we cannot afford to sneer at such a domicile. The next process after going below is to find some root of a shrub or tree, to stick the proboscis into it, and to suck the juices. Thereafter the cicada has permanent board and lodging for seventeen years. How few New Yorkers could make a similar boast!

After a silence vastly longer than that which Pythagoras imposed upon his pupils, the cicada earns the right to make a noise in the world, and proceeds to do it. He is now a Ceelebs in search of a wife. First he comes to the surface and throws off his old clothes, appearing in a new suit which includes serviceable wings. There is a W upon his wings, which has been supposed to portend war. That was a great mistake on the part of the seers who read the sign. It is not a War that he seeks, but a Wedding. He drums the wedding march, and seeks his mate, who is similarly engaged in making hymeneal music. The noise is a trifle monotonous to human ears, but all demonstrations of wedded bliss are a bore to non-participants. Moralists have long observed that perfect happiness is short; the experience of the male cicada is no exception to the rule. He violates the first principles of health by eating little or nothing. The consequences of such imprudence may be readily foreseen. The bridegroom dies on his wedding day. The widow wastes no time in funeral ceremonies. She has to provide temporary lodgings for her family, who will never see her. She spends the rest of her short life in boring holes in twigs and small branches, and depositing eggs therein. The branches thus perforated are apt to break off, and people who have valuable trees object to this method of pruning. Sometimes it makes considerable havoc, as for instance at Prospect Park, Brooklyn, a few years ago, where the oak trees especially suffered, though none were permanently injured. After perusing the Government statistics, showing how many million dollars' worth were eaten up by the Western grasshoppers, we should be able to contemplate the performances of the Eastern cicada with equanimity, and, if needful, stuff cotton in our ears. And there is comfort in the thought that seven-

teen years may elapse before we shall need to repeat the precaution.—*New York Tribune.*

## Ravages of Mice in Different Countries.

The mischief of the little field-mice is done so very quietly and adroitly that few are ever caught at it, and much of the blame is put on the moles, squirrels and woodchucks, that have enough sins of their own to answer for. The meadow-mouse of Europe, which is very like our own, forty or fifty years ago came near causing a famine in parts of England, ruining the crops before they could get fairly started, and killing almost all the young trees in the orchards and woods. More than 30,000 of the little rascals were trapped in one month in a single piece of forest, beside all those killed by animals. About a year ago, too, a similar disaster was threatened in Scotland, where millions of mice appeared, and gnawed off the young grass at the root just when it should have been in prime condition for the sheep; and when that was all gone they attacked the garden vegetables. The people lost vast numbers of sheep and lambs from starvation, and thousands of dollars' worth of growing food; but, all finally, by together waging war upon them, the pests were partially killed off. The mice did not in either case come suddenly, but had been increasing steadily for years previous, because the gamekeepers had killed so many of the "vermin" (as owls, hawks, weasels, snakes, etc., are wrongly called) which are the natural enemies of the mice, and keep their numbers down. Farmers are slow to learn that it doesn't pay to kill the birds or rob their nests; but the boys and girls ought to understand this truth and remember it. In this country, the greatest mischief done by the field-mice is the gnawing of bark from the fruit-trees, so that in some of the Western States this is the most serious difficulty the orchards have to contend with. Whole rows of young trees in nurseries are stripped of their bark, and of course die; and where apple-seeds are planted, the mice are sure to dig half of them up to eat the kernels. This mischief is mainly done in the winter, when the trees are packed away from the frost; or, if they are growing, because then the mice can move about concealed under the snow, and nibble all the bark away up to the surface. Rabbits get much of the credit of this naughty work, for they do a good deal of it on their own account. The gardener has the same trouble, often finding, when he uncovers a rare and costly plant in the spring, that the mice have enjoyed good winter quarters in his straw covering, and have been gnawing to death his choice roses. Millions of dollars, perhaps, would not pay for all the damage these small creatures thus accomplish each year in the United States, and I fear they will become more and more a plague if we continue to kill off the harmless hawks, owls, butcher-birds and snakes, which are the policemen appointed by Nature to look after the mice, and protect us against them.—*St. Nicholas.*

**POLAR COLONIZATION.**—The bill appropriating \$50,000 to equip an expedition to the Polar regions is likely to become a law when the next Congress meets, and Capt. Howgate proposes to send, in advance of the colony for which the appropriation will provide, a small vessel under command of Capt. Tyson, to gather together Esquimaux dogs, sledges, and Esquimaux clothing for the regular expedition. Capt. Tyson will start in July, and Capt. Howgate will follow next spring. To get out the advance party about \$9,000 or \$10,000 will be needed, and this must be raised by subscription. Capt. Tyson makes this rough estimate of his needs: Charter of vessel for fifteen months, \$1,500; fitting out of men for cruise, \$1,500; 25,000 gallons of casks, \$1,000; boats and whaling gear, \$1,000; bread, \$480; flour, \$250; pork, \$600; oat and Indian meal, \$60; coffee, \$125; tea, \$52; sugar, \$48; molasses, \$150; butter, \$100; whisky, \$120; coal, \$75; tobacco, out of bond, \$100; guns, knives and saws, for trade, \$400; probable incidental expenses, \$400; total, \$8,660. The whaling gear is provided to give the party occupation and profitable employment, and it is believed that enough whale and seal oil will be obtained to pay the cost of the expedition.

**THE SONS OF TOIL.**—They build and organize, and rise into the control of our railroads; they conduct our mills; they guide our ships; they open the paths for capital; they fill our schools; they apply their ingenuity to the soil; they legislate for us; they rise into the highest seats of power. The farmer's boy, to whom neither academy nor college was ever opened, spends his youth in clearing the forests, and his manhood in guiding the councils of his country through a great war, dying a martyr to the cause of human freedom. A young village merchant becomes Secretary of the Treasury; and upon his integrity and sagacity the country implicitly relies. The highest judicial officer in the land once labored on the soil. From our workshops and farms sprang the heroes of the war. And all over the land stand the tasteful and elegant abodes of those who have not forgot to cultivate themselves as they have progressed, and who remember liberally the intellectual and moral and religious wants of a rising generation.

A FOOLISH man by the name of Crapo, with his foolish wife, lately sailed from New Bedford, Mass., in a little sail-boat, twenty feet in length, intending to cross the Atlantic and hoping to bring up at London some forty days hence. We see no sense in such silly experiments, even if successful.

## Mode of Making Gunpowder.

The mode of making gunpowder is nowadays about the same everywhere. The saltpeter, the charcoal, and the sulphur all must be ground very finely. Among rude tribes in Asia, as in old times, the grinding is done by women and children, who pound the ingredients with wooden pestles in wooden mortars, and often finish by blowing up the entire family, house and all. In other places they pass a crank-shaft through a barrel and fix it in a frame. This barrel they partly fill with what they wish to pulverize, and also with a quantity of brass or wooden balls. By turning the crank rapidly the balls and the material are both rolled around from side to side, and finally the grinding is effected. Next they mix the three together in proper proportions, spreading it on a wooden table, turning it with wooden paddles, and rolling it with wooden rollers; then they put it back into the wooden mortar or tub and pound it again, any blow, just as likely as not, being the last they will live to give. If they and the powder survive this, they then spread it on a cloth in the sun to dry, and if it don't blow up before they gather it together again, the husbands and fathers of these brave women and children soon have plenty of powder. I have been told of a lady, brought up in the East Indies, whose most vivid remembrance of her early life was the blowing-up of a "native" family by such means. But in the modern powder-mills there are deep, circular troughs of stone or iron, around and around in which travel ponderous wheels. Men with wooden shovels keep the material under rollers, where it is thoroughly crushed.

When enough of each ingredient is ready to make a batch of powder, they weigh it—about 75 parts of saltpeter, 15 of charcoal, and 10 of sulphur. These proportions, however, vary somewhat, depending upon what the powder is to be used for, and the strength required. The weighed-out ingredients must now be mixed. Usually, the charcoal and sulphur are put together first in revolving barrels, in which are loose zinc, brass, or copper balls; and when this is completed, the saltpeter is added, and the rolling process is repeated until the whole is well intermingled. In some mills the three ingredients are put into the barrels and mixed in one operation; but this mode is attended with greater risk.

All this, however, is mere stirring. The real mixing must be done under great pressure.

Now begins the greatest danger. The stirred-up materials are taken to another shed, called the "incorporating mill," where there are more wheels and troughs; but, instead of men with shovels, there are wooden and copper scrapers attached to the machinery, that follow the wheels and keep the mixture in place. The ingredients are placed in the trough, the wheels started, and the men lock the doors and go away. Hour after hour, around and around in the dark, all alone rumble these mighty wheels. So long as the little scrapers attend to their business, evenly spreading the mixture three or four inches deep in the bottom of the trough, all will be well; but if anything goes wrong—puff—bang!—that is the end of that mill. If the crushing wheels and the iron bottom of the trough should happen to touch, the chances are they would "strike fire," but the cushion of powder between is supposed to prevent this.—*St. Nicholas.*

**THE TRUTH-TELLER.**—It is worth while now and then to have what is called the truth told you about yourself. There are times when such truth-telling is of great and immediate service. But I have noticed that persons who plume themselves upon speaking the truth to their neighbors are persons who really have no special devotion to truth, but who have, on the other hand, a passion for making people uncomfortable. They do not love their neighbors; they hate them, or are indifferent to them. With them so-called truth-telling is merely a form of self-indulgence.

How would it do, the next time the village truth-teller comes around, for you to tell the truth to him?

"Kind friend, I thank thee for telling me that my daughter's manners are rude, and that my uncle, the parson, should be spoken to about his method of public prayer, and that my best Sunday-go-to-meeting hat is two seasons behind the times; but let me reciprocate thy kindness by informing thee that thou art a selfish old gossip, without enough brains to perceive the whole truth about any situation, but only a silly half-truth, or a miserable distorted truth, which, from the best of motives, I advise thee to keep to thyself."—*The Old Cabinet; Scribner for July.*

**RUSSIAN LADIES.**—The ladies in Russia are very anxious to marry, because they have no liberty before marriage. They are kept constantly under the paternal eye until given up to their husbands, and then they take their own course. Almost as soon as a girl is born, in the better rank of society, her parents begin to prepare the dowry she must have when she goes to her husband. She must furnish everything for an outfit in life, even to a dozen new shirts for her coming husband. The young man goes to the house of his promised bride and counts over her dresses, and examines the furniture, and sees the whole with his own eyes before he commits himself to the irrevocable bargain. In high life such things are conducted with more apparent delicacy; but the facts are ascertained with more apparent accuracy, the business being in the hands of a broker or notary. *The trossseau* is exposed in public before the wedding.

**THE MILKY WAY**—from barn to pump.

## Gibraltar.

The scenes in the lovely bay and in the narrow zigzag streets of the little town are bustling and full of life. The bay is dotted with ships and boats of many kinds, anchored in the shadow of the rock. In the distance, among the hills and groves, peeps out the ancient little town of San Roque—a curious place, and well worthy a visit. Everywhere about, as well as on the rock, you are reminded of the fact that Gibraltar is, first of all, a fortress. Soldiers and guards, deploying, lounging, or on post, present themselves at every turn; high up on the cliffs the diminished figures of sentinels are seen pacing to and fro; in the pleasure gardens the most noticeable persons are the officers, strolling and taking their ease; the tattoo of drums, the roar of cannon at stated hours, the opening and closing of the great gates that separate the fortress from the town, all impress one with the military importance of the place. Still more marked appears the military character of the rock, as you glance up toward the beetling cliffs and see, yawning from innumerable port-holes, and above long ranges of battlements and from many an embrasure and turret, the cannon which guard the entrance to the Mediterranean; and as, curious to behold the marvels of the fortress in their details, you cross the draw-bridge, go under the low arched gateways, pass the parade and Alameda, ascend the irregular streets which creep in steps up the sides of the crags, leave behind the quaint old Moorish castle, and at last find yourself literally entering the rock through an iron gateway, the first glance reveals the immense labors which have been undertaken to perfect by art the defenses with which nature has endowed Gibraltar. One sees before him a series of galleries, tunnels, and excavations, conducting apparently into a blank Cimmerian darkness. Here, far above the beach, are dug out long tunnels at the very edge of the headlong cliff; and as you pass along them, guided by the light of the torches, you observe port-holes at intervals of fifteen or twenty feet, with brass ordnance peeping out menacingly from every one. Ascending constantly, you find that there is tier after tier of these tunnels. There, if necessity should arise, the gunners might stand and pour their deadly fire upon fleet or cohort, perfectly shielded by the massive and solid rock, which no missile, however destructive, could more than feebly indent. The Windsor Galleries, which are excavations wholly within the rock, form a continuous subterranean passage of two thousand feet in length, twelve feet high, and twelve wide, and this passage ascends by the same zigzag course which is seen in the great roads that wind over the Alps, till it gives an outlet near the summit.

The most memorable, in some respects, of all the fourteen sieges to which Gibraltar has been subjected, was the last, called the "great siege," one of the mighty struggles of history, which began in the year 1779. The famous General Elliott was commander of the fortress. Spain, in alliance with France and Morocco, endeavored to surprise Gibraltar; but a Swedish ship gave Elliott the alarm. The garrison comprised but five companies of artillery, and the whole force was less than five thousand five hundred men. The enemy's force was fourteen thousand. The siege began by the blockading of the port, and a camp was formed at San Roque with the design of starving out the garrison. The garrison was often reduced to sore straits for food; "a goose was worth a guinea," and Elliott tried upon himself the experiment of living upon four ounces of rice a day for a week. The long agony, full of terrific combats and frightful privations, ended by the final abandonment of the siege early in 1783. If in that year the English had to make up their minds that they must let go their American colonies, they had at least the consolation that Gibraltar was still theirs.—*Harper's Magazine.*

## Russian Priests.

Russian priests are a disgrace to Christianity. "He has a priest's eyes," is a proverb which means that a person so characterized is lustful, greedy and self-seeking. Moreover, they are, in a drunken nation, the most drunken. A friend of mine, who stayed several months at a Russian country house, says it was a common sight to see two priests lying in a cart, as pigs do when they are driven to market. One Saint's day, he tells me, the priest came to the chapel too far gone to read the service; instead of being struck dumb with shame, he actually whined out an apology: "We poor fellows spend all our time in praying for others, and have no one to pray for us; no wonder, therefore, we fall under temptation." Things are just as bad in Bulgaria; an English engineer, who has just written a book of his experience there, went over one Sunday to attend a church, whose "pope" had a great reputation for sanctity. There was no service, for the "pope" was lying dead drunk among the nettles at the back of his Bodko (whisky) shop. "I heard," quaintly adds the writer, "that for the five previous Sundays his place has been among those vegetables." Is it any wonder that the Turks look on a religion which has such teachers as fitter for swine than for men?—*All the Year Round.*

ILLINOIS has passed a law prohibiting newspapers from publishing those "discreet without publicity" advertisements. A St. Louis lawyer who engaged in the business was expelled from the bar for unprofessional conduct.

Four ladies have been elected on the school board of London, England. One of them, Mrs. Eastlake, received the enormous number of 20,000 votes.

## Slavery in Egypt.

In Cairo the slave dealers (*djellabs*) distribute their stock among their agents in various quarters of the city, and there, although the police are supposed to be on the watch to prevent it, buying and selling go on under the thinnest veil of concealment. An intending purchaser goes to one of the private but well known *entrens* in which the dealers and their slaves are lodged, and, after examining the latter, selects what suits him, haggles for a time about the price, and finally closes the bargain then and there, or subsequently through a broker, who receives a small commission for the job. The *djellabs* object to show their ware to Europeans, unless they be introduced by a native, who is not merely a dragoman; but with that voucher and the thin disguise of a fez and a Stamboulee coat, a slight of whatever is on hand may be easily enough had. Franks are, of course, now forbidden by their own laws to buy or hold slaves, but the prohibition is not always regarded by residents in the native quarters of the city, where, indeed, a single man cannot hire a house nor obtain lodgings unless he have a female slave. Prices range from £10 or £12 for a black boy or girl of as many years old, to £70 or £100 for an Abyssinian girl of from twelve to seventeen or eighteen, and from £500 to £800, or even £1,000, for a high-class Circassian. Adult women slaves who have already been in service are cheaper, unless their skill in cookery, needle-work, or some other useful art balance the vice of temper or some other grave defect, but for which they are rarely resold. The price of males above the age of childhood varies from £20 or £30, £50 or £100, Abyssinian youths and men ranging considerably above negroes. The neutral class of eunuchs has a still higher value, but these are now found in only the very wealthiest Moslem families, the rigorous prohibition which the law enforces against their production within Egyptian territory having greatly reduced the supply, and correspondingly heightened their price. Till within a few years ago, boy slaves were bought on their way down the Upper Nile, and mutilated at Assiout and some other stations—Coptic priests being among the most expert operators; but this practice has now been suppressed, and the whole of the small yearly importation comes ready-made from Kordofan and Darfour.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

## Darwinian Relations.

The inhabitants of Kybilta, northern Africa, are much troubled by the depredations of monkeys, who, in countless numbers, infest the hilly forests. The unfortunate farmers or market gardeners who live on the mountain slopes wage a continual war against these marauders, which is foredoomed, however, to endless failure. For the inhabitants were Darwinites long before Mr Darwin was heard of, and they dare not for their life kill one of the creatures regarded by them as their ancestors. So the monkeys increase and multiply without the chance of being thinned off by any fatal battue. The only thing that can be done to guard against their attacks is to frighten them away, and this is effected by some very cunning and curious devices. It is found that occasionally, after a successful raid upon some garden, a few of the less hardened offenders are overcome by the plenteousness of their feast. The potent juice of the grapes or of the figs gets the better of their reason or of their bodily activity, and they remain stretched on the ground to be captured by the furious proprietor. Upon this mild but insidious punishment is inflicted upon the prisoners. Their necks are hung with small bells or rattles, and they are turned loose at the forest edge, when the panic created by their appearance is such as to frighten all their kinsfolk and acquaintance away into the depths of the wood. If bells cannot be procured, another process has been invented—that of clothing the captured ape in a stout waistcoat of red stuff, and then letting him run. The effect is magical, and long after the ostracized animal has died or got free from his slavish badge, the troop of depredators holds aloof from the dangerous district.

## In the Wrong Room.

Some ludicrous mistakes are narrated about the occupants of the suites of rooms at the National hotel, Washington, which opened upon little halls, uniform in appearance, connected by long corridors, and which were all furnished alike. One night, Senator Mangum, of North Carolina, then dignified president of the Senate, a gentleman of the old school, had returned from a party, when Gov. Upham, a Senator from Vermont, came in without any ceremony and took a seat. The two chatted away on politics, etc., until the clock struck one. "Really, Gov. Upham," said Mangum, "I am always pleased to see you, but I believe it is getting very late." "I have thought so for some time," replied Upham, but made no movement. The half hour sounded, and Mangum remarked: "I thought, Gov. Upham, that you had decided to go to bed, sir!" "So I had, Mr. President," said the Vermont, yet he did not budge. Mangum stared at him in amazement, and at last said: "But why don't you go to your room? It will soon be two o'clock." "My room, Mr. President! Why, this is my room, and I have been waiting for you to go away for two hours past!" Mangum sprang to his feet, looked into the sleeping room adjacent, and found that he was in Upham's room instead of his own.—*Philadelphia Press.*

By the laws of Florida no man who has lost an arm or a leg, no matter how or when, or from what cause, can be taxed for any business he may enter into except the liquor business.



**PUGET SOUND ARGUS.**

**THE QUESTION OF QUESTIONS.**

The one living and positive issue of the present day, before which all other social issues sink in comparative insignificance, is that hundred-headed problem, vaguely termed the "labor question." For nineteen-twentieths of the inhabitants of our planet, some aspect of the labor question is the skeleton in the closet which mars the enjoyment of each waking hour from the cradle to the grave. "What shall we eat, and what shall we drink, and wherewithal shall we be clothed?" are now, as they were eighteen hundred years ago, the queries which bar the advent of the kingdom of Heaven. In these ungenial times, the Master's presence no longer affords a continual feast which might enable us literally to obey the injunction to "take no thought for the morrow." The simple minded believer who should today attempt to practice the joyous Galilean scheme of life would quickly find himself classified as a "tramp," and as having incurred the pains and penalties for such cases made and provided by legislative wisdom. Clearly, "the tramp's gospel" is not that of the last quarter of the nineteenth century, which might be epitomized as the "gospel of labor" in the popular phrase "If a man will not work, neither shall he eat."

This Draconian programme may satisfy those modern devotees of the "dismal science" who talk so glibly of the "law of demand and supply," and of the "relations between capital and labor." But if the opportunity for work be not forthcoming, or if the nonworker insist upon being a voracious eater, what is to be done about it? That is the question which the combined wisdom of ages has failed to answer, and which will continue to tax the wits of thinkers until our present governmental system of temporary hand-to-mouth expedients shall have given place to the ultimate sociological millennium, when government shall be a positive science. Then will the hundreds of so-called "laws" now annually enacted by the representative unwisdom of States and nations be consigned to the waste-paper basket, and regarded by the historian with the same wonder with which we now look back upon the attempts of theological councils to legislate upon the physical system of the universe. It will be recognized that genuine political, like natural laws are discovered not made, and by the same rigorously scientific method which has given our generation such pre-eminence through the triumphs of induction, observation and experiment.

The "labor question" sums up in itself nearly all the elements which conduce to public weal or woe. It is intimately related to religion, to morals, to social usages, and to education. Upon its solution absolutely depends that ideal of economists, the "greatest happiness of the greatest number." The slavery question with all its vast train of concomitants and consequences, was but a subdivision of this larger entity; and its solution has done but little to settle the perplexities of the main question. It will probably be so with each subordinate subject. Hoping to do all with a part is a mistake fraught with disappointment, if with nothing worse. The "labor question" embraces the immense problems of the cause and cure of crime. It includes the subjects of pauperism, charity, taxation, currency, socialism, trades-unionism, inventions, immigration, public works, public health, and longevity, many aspects of the suffrage question, woman's rights, temperance, insanity, and civil service reform. Those who are vaguely in favor of all the reforms, but are bewildered by the multiplicity of competing proposals, may find it useful to classify them all in their relations to the central problem of affording the best recompense for the best and most useful labor.—P. C. Bliss, in the "Library Table."

The revenue of Greece is about \$8,000,000 a year, and the debt is already so large that there is but little hope of extinguishing the principal. The army is nominally 30,000 strong, but there are rarely more than five or six thousand men under arms. The navy consists of two iron-clad frigates and a few steamers and sailing vessels.

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**SCIENCE GOSSIP.**

The sewage question at Paris is about as important as that of the new ministry. Paris can shake that off, change the government, in fact, and has tried ten different kinds in as many decades; but the sewage is not so easily removed. It is now emptied into the Seine, four miles below the city. This not only fills up the channel at the rate of 10,000,000 cubic feet per year, but is a fruitful source of disease to the towns on the river thus charged with impurities. Officials have taken in charge this matter and are experimenting in two directions, clarifying it before the discharge into the Seine and utilizing it as a fertilizer. Sulphate of aluminum is put into the vats through which the sewage is conducted, thus rendering the water pure and colorless. A system of conduits has also been formed to test sewage in gardening, but the only positive results thus far obtained are irate farmers holding their noses, foul well-water, incipient cases of malaria, and tasteless vegetables. So the authorities are in a fix. The experiments in England have been more successful, and prominent gardeners say sewage if properly managed, makes a fine fertilizer. No doubt a little intelligence will soon lead to better agriculture and sanitary modes in all countries of the world. The "Scientific American" suggests that even smaller towns can profitably utilize its sewage, and suggests that tramps might be made to do the superfluous labor of trench digging, etc.; but it forgets that many of the towns in New England have undertaken to get some good out of these animals; and the inspiring result is a couple of salaried overseers for each tramp, with lodgings, cheese and crackers ad libitum, for all of which a few rolling stones are picked out of the dust.

**FRENCH AFFAIRS.**

"In France the excitement which was born of President McMahon's coup de main of the 16th of May, which ended in the resignation of the pronounced Republican Ministry, headed by M. Jules Simon, and the organization of another with the distrustful and reactionary Duc de Broglie as the chief, has been revived again by the action of the House of Deputies. Recently Count De Chiseul presented a sweeping condemnation of the President, which after debate was adopted by a vote of 363 against 153, showing nearly every member present. The principle speech of the debate was made by Leon Renault, who addressed the House in behalf of the Republicans and all Conservatives who had rallied to the republic. He was vehement in his denunciation of what he claims was an attempt to turn from the republic, and restore the Monarchy. He declared amid the applause of the Conservatives, that the Cabinet would ruin the President, as Polignac had ruined Charles X., and simply pave the way for the triumph of the Bonapartists."

When the order of censure was being read in the Chamber, the Ministry quitted their seats, but as their absence did not alarm anyone, they soon returned. When the vote was announced one of their number declared that the Government was indifferent to any order the Chamber might adopt. The pretence that they do not chafe under the condemnation they have received, will deceive no one. It does not reconcile with the systematic repression of all foreign newspapers for their denunciation of the President. Nor will it be denied that the unanimity with which public opinion of Europe has censured McMahon, has been watched in France very attentively.—"Democratic Leader."

TOUCHES THE SPOT.—The "Democratic Leader," published at Binghamton, N. Y., hits about right when it says the following: "Correspondents who furnish items for this paper, need not be at all surprised to find all portions of their correspondence that we suspicion to be intended for a slur or 'good joke' on some other person left out. They must understand that the LEADER does not propose to be a receptacle for their bile. Some of our correspondents send more such trash than they do legitimate items of news, and take every method to deceive us into publishing their stuff. We give all correspondents warning that where they furnish items reflecting wrongfully upon a neighbor, we shall have no hesitancy in giving their name to the injured ones. We would like good, sensible correspondents in every part of the country. We can get along without the other kind."

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**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 attended to receiving, shipping, and delivering your goods for many years past.**

**We are still prepared to do all your work at fair and reasonable prices.**

**H. L. TIBBALS & CO.,**

**Port Townsend, W. T.**

**U. S. Marine Hospital.**

**PORT TOWNSEND, W. T.**

**ANY SICK SAILOR WHO HAS PAID Hospital dues for two months previous to 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 gratified 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.**

**26-11**

**JOHN P. PETERSON**

**Merchant Tailor,**

**AND MANUFACTURER OF**

**Gents' and Boys' Fashionable Suits.**

**IS 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.**

**Mr. Peterson is Agent for the Celebrated Singer Sewing Machine.**

**Any party desiring to purchase one of these elegant machines can call and examine them at the Agent's place of business. Hemmers, Rufflers, Binders, Needles and thread kept constantly on hand. All Machines warranted for five years and sold on monthly payments, so that every family can have a Singer Machine. Full instructions how to operate the Machine will be given free.**

**Port Townsend, W. T.**

**SINGER SEWING MACHINE.**

**OFFICE OF SINGER MANUFACTURING Co.,**

**Corner First and Yamhill Sts.,**

**Portland, Oregon, February 26, 1877.**

**SPECIAL NOTICE.—We would respectfully call the attention of our former customers, and all persons who desire to purchase our celebrated Sewing Machines, that Mr. John P. Peterson, of Port Townsend, is our regular authorized agent and collector, and all orders left with him will be filled promptly, and all machines sold fully guaranteed by this company. Machines sold on the installment plan and liberal discount made for cash.**

**Singer Manufacturing Company,**

**WILLIS B. FRY, Manager,**

**MILTON W. PARSONS,**

**General Traveling Agent, Oregon and W. T.**

**DRUGS AND MEDICINES**

**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 Kinds.**

**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.**

**DRY GOODS**

**CLOTHING,**

**BOOTS, SHOES,**

**HATS AND CAPS,**

**CROCKERY**

**HARDWARE,**

**GROCERIES,**

**WINES, LIQUORS,**

**Cigars, Tobacco**

**WALL PAPER,**

**STATIONERY.**

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

**At C. C. Bartlett's.**

**CENTAUR**

**LINIMENT.**

**One kind for the Human Family.**

**The other for Horses and Animals.**

**These Liniments are simply the wonder of the world. Their effects are little less than marvelous.**

**The White Liniment** is for the human family. It will drive Rheumatism, Sciatica and Neuralgia from the system; cures Lumbago, Chillsblains, Lockjaw, Palsy, Itch, and most cutaneous eruptions; it extracts frost from frozen hands and feet, and the poison of bites and stings of venomous reptiles; it subdues swellings, and alleviates pain of every kind. When sprains or bruises occur, it is the most potent remedy ever discovered to heal the injured parts. The Centaur Liniment is used with great efficacy for sore throat, tooth-ache, caked breasts, earache and weak back. The following is but a sample of numerous testimonials:

"Indiana Home, Jeff. Co., Ind., May 28, 1873. 'I think it my duty to inform you that I have suffered much with swollen feet and coris. A few bottles of Centaur Liniment has done the work for me. I have not been free from these swellings in eight years. Now I am perfectly well. The Liniment ought to be applied warm.' BENJAMIN BROWN."

The proof is in the trial. It is reliable, it is handy, it is cheap, and every family should have the White Centaur Liniment.

**The Yellow Centaur Liniment** is adapted to the tough muscles, cords and flesh of horses and animals. It has performed more wonderful cures, in three years, of spavin, strain, wind-galls, scratches, sweeny, and general lameness, than all other remedies in existence. Read what the great expressmen say of it:

"New York, January, 1874. 'Every owner of horses should give the Centaur Liniment a trial. We consider it the best article ever used in our stables.' 'H. MARSH, Supt. Adams Ex. Stables, N.Y.' 'E. PULTZ, Supt. U. S. Ex. Stables, N.Y.' 'ALB T. S. OLIN, Supt. Nat. Ex. Stables, N.Y.'"

The best patrons of this Liniment are Farriers and Veterinary Surgeons, who are continually using some liniment. It heals galls, wounds and poll evil, removes swellings, and is worth millions of dollars annually to farmers, liverymen, stock-growers, sheep-raisers and those having horses or cattle.

What a farmer cannot do for \$20 the Centaur Liniment will do at a trifling cost.

These Liniments are sold by all dealers throughout the country. They are warranted by the proprietors, and a bottle will be given to any farrier or physician who desires to test them.

Laboratory of J. B. Ross & Co., 46 DEY ST., New York.

**HONEY.**

Pitcher's Castoria is a complete substitute for Castor Oil, and is as pleasant to take as honey. It is particularly adapted to Teething and irritable children. It destroys worms, assimilates the food, regulates the stomach, and cures wind colic. Few remedies are as efficacious for feverishness, croup, worms and whooping-cough. Castoria is a scientific and purely vegetable preparation, more effective than Castor Oil, and neither gags nor gripes. Prepared by Messrs. J. B. Ross & Co., 46 Dey Street, New York on the recipe of Samu Pitcher, M. D., of Barnstable, Mass.

**PICHT & MEHLHORN,**

**SUCCESSOR TO SCHMEIG & BROWN,**

**NORTH PACIFIC**

**BREWERY,**

**MANUFACTURERS OF**

**ALE, PORTER AND LAGER BEER—**

**SEATTLE, W. T.**

**HUNT & LEARNED,**

**AGENTS.**

**This Beer is of Extra Quality**

**And will be sold in any package to suit the trade.**

**Port Townsend, May 18, 1877.**

**W. G. JAMIESON,**

**Jewelry, Music and Art Emporium**

**Occupying two Fire-proof Brick stores, cornering on**

**Commercial and Mill Streets, - SEATTLE, W. T.**

**LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT OF THE KIND NORTH OF SAN FRANCISCO.**

**Gold and Silver Watches and Chains, Jewelry, Silverware**

**Also Agent for the Celebrated PERFECTED SPECTACLES, the best in the world—perfect fit guaranteed.**

**Our Prices are Lower than any Retail Store on the Coast.**

**Watches and Jewelry carefully repaired and warranted. FIRST CLASS WORKMEN employed.**

**AGENT FOR THE**

**WEBER PIANO AND STANDARD ORGANS,**

**THE BEST IN THE MARKET.**

**LARGE STOCK OF SHEET MUSIC.**

**Agent for the Popular Singer Sewing Machine.**

**Pianos, Organs, Sewing Machines sold on installments—a liberal discount for cash.**

**Address W. G. JAMIESON, Proprietor**

**Of the LARGEST JEWELRY AND MUSIC EMPORIUM north of San Francisco.**