

# Puget Sound Weekly Argus.

VOL. 7.

PORT TOWNSEND, W. T., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1877.

NO. 29.

## PUGET SOUND ARGUS,

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

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in advance; six months, \$1.50.

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sertion must be accompanied by cash.

### ARGUS GLANCES.

The Seattle "Dispatch" has learned that the Snohomish "Star" has been offered for sale.

The house of Jno. M. Swan, Esq., of Olympia, was broken into recently and \$87 stolen therefrom.

The Territorial Asylum for Insane, at Steilacoom, now has seventy patients—two more than it ever contained at any one previous period.

The Ohio Republican State senatorial convention for the 33d district on the 28th, unanimously adopted resolution endorsing President Hayes.

Anonymous letters have been sent to several persons at Marsfield, Coos county, ordering them to discharge Chinese from their service, or their property would be burned.

The West Coast Flax Mill, at Albany, is now turning out the best sack twine ever brought to this coast. When completed the mill will have a capacity of 1,800 pounds per day.

There is a good demand for flour for the China market, and large orders have been made. The partial failure of the rice crop in China and the higher prices established may be expected to exercise a very beneficial effect upon our milling interests.

COMPARATIVELY SPEAKING.—A gentleman recently, while visiting a lady to whom he was paying his addresses, improved the opportunity to rock her little niece on her knee, and asked the question, "Is this what you like?" "Oh yes," she replied, "but I had a ride yesterday on a real donkey—one with four legs, I mean."

A learned sergeant was once accused of having disgraced the bar by taking silver from a client, the etiquette of the profession requiring that his fee should be in gold. "I took silver," he replied, "because I could not get gold; but I took every farthing the fellow had in the world, and I hope you do not call that disgracing the profession."

Remember that all questions have two sides; one is the right side, the other the wrong side; one is the side of justice, the other injustice. If you take the right side, the just side, ultimately men, however much they may oppose you and revile you, will come to your support. Earth, with all its powers, will work with you and for you, and heaven is pledged to conduct you to complete success. If you take the other side, there is no power in earth or heaven that can lead you through successfully, because it is appointed in the counsels of heaven that justice, and truth alone can prevail.

The following order has been issued from Headquarters, Department of the Columbia:

Eastern Washington Territory north of the Snake, and northern and middle Idaho, is constituted a military district, to be known as the district of the Clearwater. Col. Frank Wheaton, 2d Infantry, is assigned to the command of this district and of all troops operating therein, including the posts of Forts Colville and Lapwai and the town of Lewiston, and any depots that have been established there for the supply of the troops in the field. It is not intended by this order to change the present relations between Forts Colville and Lapwai and Department Headquarters, but simply to give the senior officer the power in an emergency to control all the military force and material at the several posts in that section of the country.

AN EMINENT SCIENTIFIC PARTY.—Within a week a party of distinguished scientists will arrive in San Francisco. The party includes Sir Joseph D. Hooker and Lieut. Gen. Richard Strachey, of England; Prof. Asa Gray, of Harvard University; Prof. Joseph Leidy, of Philadelphia; Prof. Hayden, of Washington; and Dr. R. H. Lamborn, of Philadelphia. Mrs. Gray and Mrs. Strachey also accompany the party. They have been making special scientific studies in the States and Territories east of the mountains. Their examinations and notes have been made in Kansas, Colorado, Wyoming and Nevada. After a short stay in San Francisco it is their intention to visit as many important localities in this State as time will permit. Prof. Leidy of Philadelphia is now investigating the neighborhood of Fort Bridger, which is known to be rich in fossil remains. Prof. Leidy is specially interested in the investigation of microscopic forms, an extensive work on which he is now preparing for publication by the survey under Prof. Hayden.—"Alta."

OYSTERS.—Burr, the great oyster king on Puget Sound, has commenced shipping from his beds some of the finest and largest of these bivalves ever produced on this coast. They are improving wonderfully in size and flavor under his cultivation, and he thinks that in the course of another year there will be still further improvement. The growth of the shell since they were planted last fall has been from half an inch to an inch. For his enterprise in this line he deserves liberal patronage and success.—"Transcript"

Mr. Chas. Evans, father of Hon. Elwood Evans, of Olympia, died in Philadelphia, Aug. 17, 1877, in his 77th year. He had been in feeble health for a long time, and confined to his bed since February, last. He was a friend or a member of the sect of Quakers, and was one of most respected of that exemplary people.

### SERVANTS OF THE PEOPLE.

JEFFERSON COUNTY.		
Representative.....	J. M. E. Atkinson.	
Joint Representative.....	Wm. Korter.	
Councilman.....	J. A. Kuhn.	
County Commissioners.....	G. F. Gerrish.	
	Geo. W. Harris.	
	William Bishop.	
Judge of Probate.....	J. A. Kuhn.	
Treasurer.....	B. S. Miller.	
Auditor.....	G. C. Bartlett.	
Coroner.....	James Seavey.	
Justice of the Peace.....	W. H. H. Learned.	

ISLAND COUNTY.		
Names.....	Offices.....	Addresses.....
Eason B. Ebeys.....	Representative.....	Coupeville
J. A. Kuhn.....	County Auditor.....	Townsend
R. C. Hill.....	County Auditor.....	Coupeville
Chas. C. Terry.....	Treasurer.....	"
John Watson.....	Sheriff.....	"
John Gillespie.....	County Com.....	Oak Harbor
Thos. Crumley.....	Constable.....	Utsa lady
E. E. Hickman.....	Justice.....	Cove land
R. S. Hathaway.....	Justice.....	Oak Harbor
Jerome Key.....	Supt. Schools.....	"

CLALLAM COUNTY.		
Names.....	Offices.....	Addresses.....
Wm. L. Rogers.....	Probate Judge.....	Dungeness
J. J. Rogers.....	Judge.....	"
F. A. Bartlett.....	County Auditor.....	"
W. Thompson.....	Sheriff.....	"
Edith Chase.....	Treasurer.....	"
F. Crozier.....	County Auditor.....	"
Andrew Abernethy.....	Co. Comm'ers.....	"
Chas. McCleese.....	Constable.....	Pt Angeles
E. P. Wagoner.....	Joint Representative to Territorial Legislature, from Clallam and San Juan P. O. address—San Juan.	"

WHATCOM COUNTY.		
Auditor.....	M. D. Smith	
County Auditor.....	Chas. Dimovian	
County Commissioners.....	W. L. Allen	
	H. A. Smith	
	J. S. Connor	
Judge of Probate.....	A. W. Stewart	
	J. A. Tennant	

SAN JUAN COUNTY.		
Auditor.....	J. H. Bowman	
Treasurer.....	Israel Katz	
Sheriff.....	W. H. Whitener	
County Commissioners.....	Charles McKay	
	H. Brownfield	
	Wm. Kidder	
Judge of Probate.....	H. Pendshaw	

SECRET SOCIETIES.		
PORT TOWNSEND, Lodge F. & A. M., meets Wednesday evening on or before full moon.		
STRICT OBSERVANCE Lodge F. & A. M., meets 24 Times by evening of each month.		
NATH. D. HILL, W. M.		
ME. BAKER Lodge I. O. O. F., meets every Saturday evening.		
A. H. TUCKER, N. G.		
JEFFERSON Lodge I. O. O. F., meets every Friday evening.		
N. D. HILL, W. C.		
CREMAKUM, Tribe of Red Men, meets every Wednesday evening.		
GEORGE BARTTHROP, Sachem.		
CHAMPIONS OF THE RED CROSS, meets every Monday evening.		
A. BRIGGS, Com.		

C. M. BRADSHAW. W. A. INMAN.  
**BRADSHAW & INMAN.**  
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in Admiralty. Port Townsend, W. T.

H. L. BLANCHARD,  
Attorney & Counsellor At-law  
PROCTOR IN ADMIRALTY.  
PORT TOWNSEND W. T.

Dr. T. C. Mackey,  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.  
OFFICE AT DRUG STORE.  
LA CONNER, - - 26 - - W. T.

THOS. T. MINOR. I. N. POWER.  
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PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS.  
OFFICE ON WATER ST.,  
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Bricklayer, Plasterer, and  
Stone Mason.

Work done at the lowest reasonable rates,  
Jobbing promptly attended to. 16  
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**McNAUGHT & HALLER.**  
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Divide Your Patronage.  
**GEORGE BARTHROP,**  
PAINTER  
EXECUTES SIGN WORK CORRECTLY  
and cheaply. Also Hangs paper, Kalsomines, &c.  
N. B.—In the ornamental line he is superb.  
Have you seen his American Eagle? 19

**DALGARDNO'S HOTEL**  
WATER STREET,  
Port Townsend, W. T.  
THE ABOVE HOUSE IS PARTICULARLY  
adapted to the accommodation of all  
who desire A RESERVED AND SILENT  
PLACE to Board, and especially Families  
and sojourners wishing good rooms.

**COSMOPOLITAN HOTEL.**  
C. FRANK CLAPP, Proprietor.  
THIS WELL-KNOWN AND POPULAR  
House has been refurnished and repaired  
in all its departments, and is now prepared to  
furnish first class accommodations to its  
patrons. Being eligibly situated it is easy of  
access by the traveling public. Its table will  
always be supplied with the best market  
articles. Rooms for families, with board by  
the day or week. 15

**New Shoe Store.**  
WM. VETTER,  
Fashionable Boot and Shoe Maker.  
All kinds of Repairing and Custom Work  
done to order on short notice. 22  
WATER ST., - - PORT TOWNSEND

All persons interested in the growth  
of the Puget Sound country, and the prosper-  
ity of its business, should at once subscribe for  
the Daily Morning, or Weekly.  
**HERALD,**  
Published in New Tacoma, the terminus of  
the N. P. R. R. It is one of the most wide-  
awake, newsy and influential papers on the  
Northern Pacific Coast. It is a splendid paper  
in which to advertise your business, if you  
want the public to know what you are doing.  
Edited by Francis H. Cook.

WM. DODD. J. E. PUGH  
**CENTRAL HOTEL,**  
Situated at head of Union Wharf,  
Port Townsend..... W. T.  
This House is new and newly furnished, and  
possesses all the appointments of a  
**First-Class Hotel.**  
Its Bar is supplied with the best of Wines,  
Liquors and Cigars. There is a first-class Bill  
iard Table and Reading Room in the Hotel.  
Nothing will be left undone to make this  
Hotel second to none in the Territory.  
DODD & PUGH, 22

**George Sterming,**  
WISHES TO INFORM HIS PATRONS  
that he is still doing business in the  
OLD STAND known as  
**STERMING'S SALOON**  
Superior Qualities of  
Foreign & Domestic Cigars  
Constantly on hand.  
Friends and Patrons are welcome.  
Port Townsend, Feb. 7, 1874.

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at the shortest notice, and all  
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6 HARRY TILMAN.

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Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, Diamonds,  
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Have also opened in connection with my Jewelry Store, the  
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On Puget Sound, having been appointed Agent for the  
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The Best in the World.

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Best in the United States.

The Sherman & Hyde Piano,  
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Also, keeps on hand a Complete Assortment of  
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**Great Reduction**  
The New Family Sewing Machines will hereafter  
be Sold at Fifty Dollars. And all other

Machines at Equally Reduced Prices. Though these Machines have  
been greatly reduced in price, the Quality will be Maintained at Its  
Highest Standard. The Public is Cautioned Against Buying  
Imitation Machines, which are always made in a very inferior manner,  
and are sold by irresponsible parties, whose guarantees are worthless.  
All Genuine SINGER Machines are sold through authorized Agents  
at a less price than any other good machines can be sold for, and al-  
ways bear the patented TRADE MARK and the name of The Singer  
Company distinctly printed on the arm of the machine.  
Machines sold on note and lease plan, and a liberal discount made  
for Cash. The Singer Manuf'g Co., 1st & Yamhill sts.,  
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B. S. MILLER, Agent . . . . . Port Townsend, W. T.  
W. G. JAMIESON, Agent . . . . . Seattle,  
CHAS. R. TALCOTT, Agent . . . . . Olympia " 20

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**Men's and Boy's Clothing**  
Made of OREGON CITY CASSIMERES,  
The Cheapest, Best and Most Durable Clothing in the Market.

**JACOBS BROS. & CO.,**  
Sole Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers,  
PORTLAND, OGN.  
N. B.—A full Stock of Oregon City Blankets, Flannels, Cassimeres,  
Yarns, Underwares, Etc., always on hand. 26

## ARGUS JOB OFFICE

—IS FURNISHED WITH A—  
FINE ASSORTMENT OF NEW TYPE AND  
JOBGING MATERIAL.

Diffidence.

"I'm sfter axin', Biddy dear—"  
And here he paused a while  
To fringe his words the merest mite  
With something of a smile,  
A smile that found its image  
In a face of beauteous mold,  
Whose liquid eyes were peeping  
From a broiery of gold.

"I've come to ax ye, Biddy dear,  
If—" then he stopped again,  
As if his heart had bubbled o'er  
And overflowed his brain;  
His lips were twitching nervously  
O'er what they had to tell,  
And timed their quavers with the eyes  
That gently rose and fell.

"I've come—" and then he took her hands,  
And held them in his own,  
"To ax—" and then he watched the buds  
That on her cheeks had blown,  
"Me purty dear—" and then he heard  
The throbbing of her heart,  
That told how love had entered in  
And claimed its very part.

"Och! don't be tazin' me," said she,  
With just the faintest sigh,  
"I've sinea enough to see you're come,  
But what's the rayson why?"  
"To ax—" and once again the tongue  
Forebore its sweets to tell,  
"To ax—if Mrs. Mulligan  
Has any pigs to sell!"

—Yonkers Gazette.

The First Shirt-Button.

Young Charley Overblower married about a month ago, and when he came home from his wedding tour, he and his pretty little wife Emma took possession of a charming flat up town. Early one evening, after they were fairly settled, and the last of Emma's sisters had been induced to conclude her visit, Charley proposed to Emma that they should go to the theatre. The woman assented, and both began to amend their toilets. In a few moments Charley said: "Darling, I am sorry to trouble you; but really I think I shall be obliged to have to ask you to sew a button on this shirt."

"Of course; why not?" said Emma, delighted at a chance to show her skill. She took the garment, seated herself, and said: "I can't remember for the life of me where I put those buttons. Charley, look in that box and see if you can find one."

Charley looked in the box, which was a case of perfume bottles, and not finding the desired article, concluded he would not bother Emma for further information, so he pulled a button from another shirt.

"Now, Charley," said Emma, "look in the top bureau-drawer and get me a paper of needles and a spool of white cotton—be sure to get the white cotton."

Charley found in the top bureau drawer a copy of Tennyson—he remembered it well—and picked it up and looked at the marginal marks and comments, dear affectionate little girl that she was—and more perfume bottles, and a pattern of a Flor de Fumer overskirt, and the beginning of a sofa-cushion, and various other things, but no needle or cotton. Then he remembered that he had a fancy "housewife" that he had bought from a girl at a fair, and he got needles and cotton out of that.

"Thank you, dear," said Emma, and she began to stitch vigorously, humming a dainty Italian air. Presently she said: "Oh, Charley, won't you bring me the scissors? I think they're in my writing desk. I had them there to-day cutting a poem out of a paper."

The scissors were not in the writing-desk, nor on the mantel, nor in the top bureau-drawer, nor in the case of perfume bottles, nor even in the receiver; so Charley drew on his "housewife" again. Emma took the scissors, snipped the thread, and exclaimed, "There, darling! And now make haste, or we shall be late."

Charley wriggled into the garment, and then put up his hands to button the band at the back, but no button was there.

"Why, Em," he cried, "where in the thunder did you sew on that button?"  
"Oh, Charley, ain't you ashamed!" exclaimed his wife, "where are your eyes?"

"If they were in the back of my head," answered Charley, "perhaps I could see that button."

Emma raised herself on her tiptoes and looked at the band.

"Why, that's strange!" said she. "Take it off and let me look at it."

The shirt was inspected thoroughly, and the button was found neatly and deftly sewed on just beneath the tag of the shirt-bosom, so as to button that appendage in a most elegant manner.

"Well, by Jove!" exclaimed Charley, "if I didn't know any more about sewing on a button than that, I wouldn't get married—I'd learn how."

"You were going to say you wouldn't have got married," cried his wife, putting on her hat hastily and bursting into tears.

"Where are you going?" demanded Charley, savagely.

"I'm going home, and I'll get a separation from you and your old shirts; that's where I'm going," blubbered Emma. "I thought you wanted the button there to fasten to your what-you-call-'em."

It took Charley an hour to persuade Emma that if she went home there wouldn't be strawberries and cream

enough to go round, and that she could get all she wanted at Delmonico's and he'd pay for it.

The Cross and the Crescent.

It is usual, among recent writers, to name "The Cross" and "The Crescent" to distinguish the respective creeds in the present Turco-Russian war. In fact these several symbols plainly mark the Christian and the Ottoman faiths. The question when and why the Ottomans adopted the Crescent has been much discussed long before now. It was alleged that Mohammed broke the disc of the moon, and caught half of it falling from heaven in his sleeve—this is stated in the Koran, and seems to indicate that Mohammed made the young moon a sign of his divine authority. The crescent, or half moon, with the horns turned upward, was a religious symbol, however, long before the Turkish empire began. It was reported that Sultan Othman, founder of that empire, A. D. 1299, dreamed that he saw a crescent moon which waxed until its splendor illuminated the whole world from east to west; that he then adopted the crescent and emblazoned it on his standard with the motto, *Donec Repleat Orbem*, or "until it fills the world." But the crescent moon had been a symbol well known to the ancient worshippers of Diana in the ancient mythology of Greece and Rome. There are old statues of her with an up-pointing crescent over her brow. Another account is that Philip of Macedon, father of Alexander the Great, was engaged one dark night in undermining the walls of Byzantium, which he was besieging, and his operations were discovered to those within by a sudden appearance of a young moon, and that in gratitude for this timely light the Byzantines commemorated the frustration of Philip's hostile design by creating a temple to Diana, and by adopting her crescent as a symbol of the State. It has also been alleged that in 1446, when the Turks took Byzantium, they adopted the crescent standard which they found there, and which the Janizaries had borne for more than a century previous. Undoubtedly then the crescent was the emblem of Greece previous to the superiority of the Turkish rule. Oddly enough, at the present day the crescent is to be seen on and in churches in Moscow and other parts of old Russia, generally surmounted by the cross, thus unquestionably marking the Byzantine origin of the Russian church. In 1801 the Sultan Selim III., having previously presented Lord Nelson with a crescent richly adorned with diamonds, founded the order of the crescent which, as Mohammedans are not allowed to carry such marks of distinction, has been conferred on Christians alone. The Turkish order of Medjidie, founded by Abdul Medjid in 1852, and liberally conferred upon French, English and Italian officers after the Crimean war, bears a crescent and a silver sun of seven triple rays. Assuredly the crescent dates from the time of Eudymion.—*Philadelphia Press.*

The Delights of Base Ball.

The only son of a widowed mother in the vicinity of Douglas Park is member of an amateur base-ball club. On Saturday he had his hair cut and oiled, and accoutred himself for the fray, and his fond mother tied one of her best lace trimmed handkerchiefs round his throat, and put a clean handkerchief, with some cologne on it, in his belt, and kissed him, and he went. About a quarter past 7 he returned—that is the most of him—and the following conversation ensued:

"My son, where is the lace handkerchief you had round your neck?"

"Here, ma, tied round this finger. I picked up a daisy cutter. I think the finger is only out of joint, not broken."

"My son, why do you not speak plainer. Surely, surely you have not been drinking?"

"No, ma, but in the latter half of the seventh inning our catcher's hands gave out, and I went behind, and I stopped a foul tip with my teeth, that is all."

"My son, your nice new uniform is all blooded in front. What ever can you have been doing?"

"Nothing, ma, only I was trying to scoop in a high one at third, and the sun got in my eyes, and I muffed it, and the ball came on my nose, but I put it over first and got him out."

"My son, your white flannel pants are all green behind."

"That, ma, was in the third inning when I tried to steal to second, and had to throw myself down and slide in. I got the base anyhow, and came in on a two-baser to the left field."

"Alas, my son, I fear that you have had an unpleasant day. Let me send for a surgeon and a dentist, and get some arnica, ice water, lint, raw beef-steak, splints, sticking-plaster, vinegar and brown paper, Radway's Ready Relief, Perry Davis' Pain Killer, compresses, slings, leeches, clean cloths, opodeldoc, horse liniment, and in a few days you will not know yourself."

"Oh, ma, it was the bulleest game I ever was in—ten innings, and the score 7 to 6. If I die I give my bat to Billy Humphreys, and my spiked shoes to Charley Gross." (Exit, led out by his ma. Curtain falls.)—*Chicago Times.*

In the Alps the snow line is 8,900 feet high on the northern side, and 9,200 feet on the southern, giving the northern side an advantage of 300 feet over the southern to any man who may feel inclined to save his ice bill by reaching down a little of it with a pole.

MEN are frequently like tea—the real strength and goodness are not properly drawn out until they have been in hot water.

Emerson at Home.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, the most original of living thinkers, has had for many years as delightful a home at Concord, Mass., as can be found anywhere. He has been twice married—when he was twenty-seven and when he was thirty-two. His first wife, who was Helen Louisa Tucker, of Boston, lived but a few months; and his second wife, Lidian Jackson, of Plymouth, Mass., has borne him three children, two girls and one boy, all living, and ranging from twenty-eight to thirty-five in age. Although one of the severest of students and most abstract of philosophers, he always emerges from his library to the family circle with evident satisfaction. Notwithstanding a certain gravity of manner, he is full of geniality and *bonhomie*, and is never more eloquent and charming than when away from his books and manuscripts. He is very fond of children and young people; loves to talk and walk with them, and listens to them as if they were revealing the oracles of the gods. No man in Concord is more popular or accessible than he. He is fully in sympathy with the old town; he reveres and honors it, and says he would not exchange it for New York, Athens, Rome, or Paris. To get a clear and adequate conception of Emerson, one must see him at home, in undress, so to speak, if he may be considered as ever in uniform, who is the soul of simplicity and sincerity. He is the kindest of husbands, the most considerate of fathers. It is related of him that when thought strikes him, when any suggestion occurs, or any pat quotation is recalled, he invariably stops the thing he is doing and jots down the thought or suggestion for future use or reference. Even in the middle of the night he observes this habit, knowing that a good thing may be lost forever unless recorded. Before his second wife got used to his ways, she would ask him, when he rose to strike a light, "Are you ill, husband?" "No, my dear," he would reply, "only an idea." Some women might object to men prowling about in the nocturnal watches to fix intellectual points on paper, but they would be unamiable, indeed, if they were not modified by so serene and courteous a phrase as "No, my dear, only an idea." The Yankee Greek, as he has been called, is a model husband. Nobody has ever seen him out of temper, or even ruffled. He is the embodiment of calm courtesy, of placid refinement—the very reverse of the supremely nervous, irritable being an author is believed to be, and often is, in truth. Feminine friends of Emerson are unanimous in the opinion that he is one of the most comfortable men possible in a home, and that he deserves to go to a special heaven, because he is never disagreeable, and never interferes in the woman's duties of the household.

The Romance of a Rose.

A story comes fresh to us from the coal mines of the Lackawanna Valley—a simple story, but rich with immense possibilities. In the "Diamond" shaft there was no steeper, harder worker than Jim Gardiner. What he did with his money was long a mystery—he had no wife, no family, no expensive habits, no relatives that any one knew of, and yet no savings bank account. It was learned later that all but the little needed for his daily wants went for charity—found its way quietly, unobtrusively, into the huts of women and children whose husbands and fathers had gone down in the crush of falling timbers or come forth black and crisp from the scorching fire-damp. There was something about Gardiner that suggested a former life of a higher grade. He talked but little, but that little was in words well chosen and of choice dialect. His dress was as rough as the roughest, but he carried it as a man who had been used to face the world smilingly. They called him "Gentleman Jim" in the mines, but they all liked him as a man who always played fair and asked no odds. In the accident of last April, when the roof of a part of the mine fell in, Gardiner was killed. It appeared in the evidence that there were a few seconds during the crack of timbers before the roof fairly came down, and in that brief time, in those few beats of the pulse, "Gentleman Jim" had caught two boys with his lion-like strength, and tossed them clear out of the fatal chamber into the safe main alley. Then he went down with the roof. When his body was recovered the next day they found him with his right hand thrust inside his vest and clasping tight a little pocket-book. There was nothing in it save a card, on which was fastened a drop of sealing-wax on the stem, all that remained of a rosebud and two geranium leaves. Underneath was written in a woman's hand, "Marie—Toute a toi—June 4, 1867." Just below was written in a man's hand, "June, 1870—all withered—except the thorn."

It is a tale for a poet—we have given the barest outlines as they came to us. But our informant adds that the face of the man as they found him unmarred by the cruel rocks which crushed his chest, was placid as that of a sleeping child.—*Cincinnati Times.*

ENCOURAGING FUNERALS.—The New England undertakers are reducing their rates in hopes that the number of funerals will be greatly increased thereby. Their prices have been so steep heretofore that very few persons of ordinary means had the courage to die. They couldn't afford it.

GERMANY employs 34,000 women in the manufacture of cigars.

THE Established Church in England has an annual revenue of \$36,000,000.

The Dutch Farmer in Africa.

The Dutch farmer or Boer of the interior of the Cape Colony may be described in a few words. In every community there are bad exceptions; and the exceptions being all that we hear of at a distance, the South African Boer has till lately been regarded in England as little better than a savage. We must learn to know his fairer side. The type is unchanging. As he was in 1806 in the Colony, so he is in 1876 in the republics of the interior. He is uncultivated. He is unprogressive; but he possesses qualities which even here will be regarded as not without value. "He is domestic, but not gregarious." When he settles he procures from 6,000 to 20,000 acres of undulating grass plain. He takes possession in his wagon with his wife and children, his scanty furniture, his family Bible, which is all his literature, and his sheep and cattle. He selects a spring of water as a site for his house; ten miles, perhaps, from his nearest neighbor. His house consists of a central hall, with a kitchen behind it, and three, four, or five bedrooms opening out of it, all on one floor. He builds kraals for his cattle. He fences in a garden which he carefully irrigates. And so rapid is the growth in that soil and climate that in four or five years it will be stocked with oranges, lemons, citrons, peaches, apricots, figs, apples, pears, and grape vines. He incloses fifty or a hundred acres, which he ploughs and sows with wheat or Indian corn. His herds and flocks multiply with little effort. If he is ambitious he adds a few ostriches, whose feathers he sells at Port Elizabeth. Thus he lives in rude abundance. His boys grow up and marry; his daughters find husbands, and when the land is good they remain at his side. For each new family a house is built a few gun-shots from the first. A few more acres are brought under the plough. A second generation is born. The old people become the patriarchs of the family hamlet. The younger gather round them at the evening meal, which is preceded by a long, solemn grace, as the day's work in the morning is commenced with a psalm. The authority of age is absolute. The old lady sits in a chair in the hall, extending her hand to a guest, but never rising to receive him. The young generation, trained to obedience, fetch and carry at her command. The estate produces almost everything which the family consumes. There is no haste to get rich. There is no desire of change. The Boer has few wants but those which he can himself supply, and he asks nothing but to be let alone. The obedience which he expects from his children he expects equally from his servants. He is a strict Calvinist. The stream of time, which has carried most of us so far and fast, has left him anchored on the old ground. The only knowledge which he values is contained in his Bible. His notions of things in Heaven and earth are very much what would have been found in Scotland in the days of the Covenant. He is constitutionally republican, yet of liberty in the modern sense he has no idea. He considers work the first duty of man, and habits of work the only fitting education. Native questions and all questions he regards from this point of view. Without tenderness, without enthusiasm, and with the narrowest intellectual horizon, he has a stubborn practicality well suited for the work which he has chosen as the pioneer of African civilization.—*Two Republics.*

OIL YOURSELF A LITTLE.—There is true humor in the following story: Once upon a time there lived an old gentleman in a large house. He had servants and everything he wanted, yet he was not happy, and when things did not go as he wished, he was very cross. At last his servants left him. Quite out of temper; he went to a neighbor with a story of distress.

"It seems to me," said the neighbor, sagaciously, "t'would be well for you to oil yourself a little."

"To oil myself?"

"Yes; and I will explain. Some time ago one of the doors in my house creaked. Nobody therefore liked to go in or out by it. One day I oiled its hinges, and it has constantly been used by everybody ever since."

"Then you think I am like the creaking door," cried the old gentleman. "How do you want me to oil myself?" "That's an easy matter," said the neighbor. "Go home and engage a servant, and when he does right, praise him. If, on the contrary, he does something amiss, do not be cross; oil your voice and words with the oil of love."

The old gentleman went home, and no harsh or ugly words were ever heard in the house afterwards.

WHILE half a dozen persons were rolling along in a Michigan avenue horse-car a man leaned across the aisle and said to another: "Excuse me, but didn't a big bug crawl down behind your collar?" "Ooh! Ouch!" exclaimed the other, as he leaped up and hauled off his coat. He looked the garment all over, but there was no bug to be seen. "Perhaps it crawled down under your vest," suggested the man. Off came the vest, and it was closely inspected without making any discoveries. The attentive stranger then made the victim turn around two or three times to see if the bug wasn't hidden under the suspenders, and when a thorough search had been made the stranger sat down and said: "It was probably a shadow flitting across your collar, but I felt sure it was a bug. You can put on your coat and vest again." The more the victim thought about it the madder he got, but before he put on his coat the other man left the car and slid down Twelfth street as if he had grease on his heels.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Marital Rights in Scotland.

A bill recently brought before the British House of Commons, providing for a change in the laws of Scotland in regard to the property rights of women, is of general interest. These laws are undeniably vicious, subjecting wealthy women in Scotland to an unconscionable amount of imposition and injustice. In Scotland, so long as a woman is a spinster she is capable of administering or dealing with her property; but the moment she becomes a wife, she is incapable of doing so. Again, when she becomes a widow, she is legally able to deal with it. The results are, that at present the Scottish law offers great inducement to unprincipled men to endeavor to get wealthy young women to run away with them; when, if they can get them to do this, as there are no marriage settlements, the husband of the indiscreet lady can deal as he likes with her property. He may dissipate it or gamble it away, or spend it upon his mistresses, and it would undoubtedly appear that there would be a remarkable increase of widows in Scotland, but that it comes up that a man may will his wife's property as he chooses, even to his mistress; when the wife, on becoming a widow, may discover that which was her own is thus unjustly conveyed.

The law is acknowledged by British legislators to be very unjust to married women and would be absolutely intolerable, but that bad husbands are the exception and not the rule in Scotland. There is, however, something which savors of selfishness in the arguments used in opposition to this bill. It is urged by certain British legislators that the passage of such a law would subvert the ordinary relations of the sexes. Whereas, instead of as now, is "Emperor and slave," there would be "Empress and slave," and that there would be "constant squabbling and going to law" upon the "mine and thine" in such relations.

A leading member from the Government benches (from which the opposition to this bill chiefly comes), said that "the proposed law was simply the Mohammedan law," and "as he had seen a great deal of the operation of that law in India, he was bound to say it worked ill." The provisions of the bill, briefly, are as follows: After the passage of the act, married women are to possess the control over movable property and real estate the same as if unmarried. The earnings of married women are protected. There is also a clause which provides that in case of the wife's death the rights of the husband and of the children shall be the same in regard to the separate estate of the wife, as they would have been if the estate had not been taken away from the husband. Also, that the husband will no longer be liable for the ante-nuptial debts of his wife, except as far as he has received property from her. The wife's estate will be liable to household expenses, but there will be no interference with ante-nuptial contracts, except to give to those who are so imprudent as to marry without such contracts something of the same protection as if such contracts had been made.

It seems a little singular that these legislators should turn as examples of the workings of such a law to Mohammedanism. A better example might have been afforded in our country, where the property rights of women are largely protected by law, and where it has not as yet been observed that Americans have suffered under the "Empress and slave" system to any serious extent. The same property laws, under the social codes, existing among Mohammedans and Christians, would be very apt to produce different results, and could only have served as an argument to an intensely prejudiced mind.

THE POOR DOGS!—There has been a great slaughter of dogs in this city. Unlicensed, uncollared, and unknown curs are gathered up daily by men appointed for the purpose by the mayor and taken to the pound, which is large enough to accommodate a thousand or more. The dogs are kept a few days, to allow owners to redeem them, if they desire to do so, and then they are drowned. Thus far several thousand dogs have been impounded, including one belonging to the mayor. Of these, nearly all have been drowned. A few have been redeemed. Although the dog-catchers and their assistants are frequently bitten, they have no fear of hydrophobia. When a catcher is bitten, he immediately sucks the wound, then soaks it with a preparation made of chloride of lime and water, two tablespoonfuls of the former to a pint of the latter, then covers it with a coat of caustic. The catchers are very zealous in their duties, receiving a good fee for every dog they present at the pound. One of them caught 108 in one day.—*N. Y. Independent.*

WASTE NO TIME.—Time lost can never be regained. After allowing yourself proper time to rest, don't live an hour of your life without doing exactly what is to be done in it and going straight through with it from beginning to end. Whatever it is take hold of it at once, and finish it up squarely, then to the next thing without a moment dropped out between. It is wonderful to see how many hours prompt people make out of a day; it is as if they picked up the moments the dawdlers lost. If you ever find yourself where you have so many things pressed on you that you hardly know where to begin, let me tell you a secret. Take hold of the first one that comes to hand, and you will find the rest will all fall into file, and follow after like a company of well-drilled soldiers, and though work may be hard to meet when it challenges you in a squad, it is easily vanquished if you can bring it into line.

License Laws in New York.

The temperance people have been very active in their efforts to have the liquor laws enforced, and in Brooklyn it is said they have been successful in reducing the number of saloons to several hundred.

Some People's Pets.

Proud Woodley was on familiar terms with a venerable carp. Cowper deified his melancholy to play with his hares, and Cleve owned a pet tortoise.

A Village of Wild Beasts.

Not long ago I paid a visit to a tiger. I did not see this tiger a call, for I am very glad to say that he had never been to see me; but I wanted to see him, and so I went to his house.

He did not live alone. He had a room in a large building, where there were a good many other boarders. Some of these were leopards, others panthers or lions; there was another tiger, and on the premises might be seen almost every kind of wild animal, from alligators to zebras.

I particularly desired to see this tiger, because he was a very large royal Bengal tiger, and I know of no beast so powerful and handsome as one of these. But there was not an animal in the establishment that I would not have preferred to him as a close acquaintance.

It was near his dinner-time when I called, and I think he would have been very glad to have me come in and dine with him, but I had two objections to this.

The place where these animals lived, and still live, is the Philadelphia Zoological Gardens, which I mentioned last year when I wrote about "America's Birthday Party."

These gardens are in Fairmount Park, on the western side of the Schuylkill river (which runs through Philadelphia), and as they cover thirty-three acres, you can easily see that a great many animals can be accommodated there.

The firm of Hutchison, Mann & Smith was dissolved on January 1st, 1877, and the business is now carried on by C. I. Hutchison and H. R. Mann, under the style of Hutchison and Mann.

The population of the globe for the last two centuries was estimated to be over one thousand millions.

To Render the Liver Active. When that important secretive gland requires arousing, it is only requisite to resort to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters.

INSINCERITY IN ASKING ADVICE.—Nothing is less sincere than our manner of asking and of giving advice. He who asks advice would seem to have a respectful deference for the opinion of his friend; whilst yet he only aims at getting his own approved of, and his friend responsible for his conduct.

THE REVERE OF BOSTON, is a new company, organized in 1875, with a paid up capital of \$200,000.

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The Insurance Agency of Hutchison & Mann.

This agency was formed August, 1872, and opened an office at 314 California street, San Francisco, where it is still located.

General Hutchison is a gentleman well and favorably known to most citizens in this city and State, having resided here many years, during which time he has been connected with many of our financial enterprises, as stockholder, President, director, &c.

Mr. Mann was, for some years previous to the organization of this agency in 1872, a resident of Salt Lake City, where he was engaged in the underwriting business, under the firm name of H. R. Mann & Co., representing several eastern companies.

With the extensive and favorable acquaintance which these gentlemen had, the agencies of insurance companies were easily secured, and accordingly the firm started in August, 1872, with the Girard, Philadelphia; Home, of Columbus; St. Paul of Minnesota; Amazon, of Cincinnati, and one or two others; and soon after several companies were added to the list, and, with the energy and pluck in the make up of the firm, it was not long before the volume of business increased until the aggregate annual premiums of this agency equalled any on the Coast.

The Girard, Philadelphia, is an old established institution, organized in 1853, with a paid up capital of \$200,000. The Assets, on the 1st of January, 1877, amounted to a little over \$1,100,000, with a surplus as to policy-holders of \$313,240.

The Home, of Columbus, commenced business in 1864, with a capital stock paid up of \$250,000. Assets nearly \$500,000, with a surplus as to policy-holders of \$300,000.

The Union, of Galveston, Texas, was chartered in 1848. Its assets are \$714,693.87. The Trade Insurance Company of Camden, New Jersey, has a capital of \$200,000, and its assets amount to \$316,231.36.

The New Orleans Insurance Association was incorporated and commenced business in 1869, and has a capital stock paid up of \$300,000, with assets on the 1st of January, 1877, of \$500,000.

The Atlas, of Hartford, commenced business in 1872, with \$300,000 paid up capital, and shows available assets of \$535,000 on the 1st of January, 1877.

The People's Insurance Co., of New Jersey, was organized in 1866, and commenced business in 1867 with a capital paid up of \$200,000, and at present has assets of \$450,000, and shows a surplus, as to policy-holders, of \$260,000.

The Revere, of Boston, is a new company, organized in 1875, with a paid up capital of \$200,000.

The firm of Hutchison, Mann & Smith was dissolved on January 1st, 1877, and the business is now carried on by C. I. Hutchison and H. R. Mann, under the style of Hutchison and Mann.

Use Burnham's Abietine for croup, colds, sore throat and hoarseness.

WANTED Travelling Salesmen, \$55 a month and all expenses paid. No Peddling. Address Queen City Lamp Works, Cincinnati, O.

YOUR name exquisitely printed on 50 fine Visiting Cards, in elegant case, 10c. Agent's outfit, 10c. Handsome commissions. WIRTH BROTHERS, 721 Sixth street, New York.

J. H. COOKE'S DEN. 229 Kearny St., San Francisco. ESTER'S CHLOROFORM administered. A lady relieved in attendance. QUADRATE only employed to operate.

OPIMUM CURE! FAIRNESS! Remedy. Send for Paper on Opium Eating, its consequences and cure. Dr. D. & L. MEEKER, La Porte, Indiana, Box 75.

WORTH HOUSE, 806 Folsom st., N.W. cor. Second, San Francisco. THE UNDESIGNED BEGS TO ANNOUNCE that, since he has taken the management of the above house, it has been put in thorough repair, and the table placed under the charge of a chef of long experience.

COMMERCIAL HOTEL, SAN FRANCISCO. JOHN KELLY, JR., FOR 3 YEARS PROPRIETOR of the Brooklyn Hotel, S. F., is now connected only with the COMMERCIAL HOTEL on Montgomery ave. and Kearny st., S. F.

INTERNATIONAL HOTEL, 824 and 826 Kearny St., San Francisco. \$1.50 and \$2.00 PER DAY. H. C. PATRIDGE, PROPRIETOR.

AGENTS WANTED! TO SOLICIT PICTURES. Copying, Enlarging and Retouching.

N. CURRY & BRO., 113 Sansome Street, San Francisco. Importers and Dealers in every description of Breech and Muzzle-Loading RIFLES, SHOT-GUNS AND PISTOLS.

WATER-WHEEL. N. F. BURNHAM'S "1874" WATER-WHEEL is declared the "STANDARD TURBINE" by over 650 persons who use it. Prices reduced. New pamphlet, free. N. F. BURNHAM, York, Pa.

CALVERT'S CARBOLIC SHEEP WASH. 80 per gallon. T. W. JACKSON, San Francisco, Sole Agent for the Pacific Coast.

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

KNABE PIANO. THE DIPLOMA OF HONOR AND THE MEDAL of Merit was unanimously decreed to Messrs. Knabe & Co. by the Judges of Awards at the Centennial Exhibition.

BANCROFT, KNIGHT & CO. 732 Market Street, SAN FRANCISCO. Successors to the Music Department of A. L. Bancroft & Co.

SACRAMENTO Medical and Surgical INFIRMARY. Eighth St., bet. K and L, Sacramento, Cal.

RUPTURE CURED BY THE CALIFORNIA ELASTIC TRUSS. A child can adjust and wear it day and night with ease and comfort.

TIME AND STORM. ALONE FURNISH THE TRUE TEST FOR AGRICULTURAL MACHINERY. Short-lived patents, inventions, manufactured 1,000 miles away, are being offered to the Farmers under every apparent inducement.

ECLIPSE WINDMILL. Has been Tested 10 Years! Is used by 4,000 American Farmers; Is made here in California from Spruce Wood; Is fully Warranted, or No Sale.

A. L. FISH & CO., 9 and 11 First St., San Francisco. THE STEARNS RANCHOS! THE CENTER OF LOS ANGELES VALLEY, LOS Angeles County, Cal., 12 miles S. of Los Angeles City.

WATERHOUSE & LESTER, IMPORTERS of Wagon and Carriage Hardware. Adjustable Carriage Umbrella.

CALIFORNIA YEAST CAKES, M. LEEF CO'S BAKER'S STOCK YEAST. NOW fresh on the market, and only goods of the kind manufactured on this coast.

HARNESS! AT BED ROCK PRICES. Don't buy old style farm harness when you can get Davin's Safety Pad and Trace Carriage Harness at same price.

W. DAVIN'S HARNESS. Prevents chafing of the back, wear of the traces, and accidents which result from throwing traces across the back of an animal.

**PUGET SOUND ARGUS.**

**Our Authorized Agents.**  
CROSBY & LOWE, Olympia, W. T.  
A. MOSES, New Tacoma, ..  
G. F. RAY, Seattle, ..  
W. E. ROYTER and E. L. ROSE, Pt. Ludlow, ..  
L. L. ANDREWS, La Center, ..  
ALVAH BLOWERS, ..  
G. D. CAMPBELL, ..  
Rev. J. T. WEEKES, ..

**Get Up Clubs**

In order to extend the circulation of the ARGUS still more, and to place it where it ought to be—at every fireside—we have decided to make the following offers:  
To any one postoffice address, we will mail, post-paid, five copies of the paper one year for \$2.75 each. To a club of ten new subscribers we will make a reduction of fifty cents on each, thus enabling them to secure the largest weekly publication of reading matter in the Territory a year for \$25.00 each; also to the center of a club of ten, we will send one copy one year free to any address.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1877.

**THE GUILTY NEED NO ACCUSER.**

A card inserted in the last issue of the "Democratic Press," over the signature of C. W. Philbrick, formerly publisher of the ARGUS, sets forth an array of decidedly crooked statements, besides showing but too plainly the anxiety of the writer in anticipating a charge laid at his door, previous to its being made.

Knowing that the public of Port Townsend generally understood pretty well the facts in the case, we had about concluded to let this person reap the legitimate reward of his own infamous doings when, to our surprise, he forced upon us the necessity of making a statement of facts.

In the first place, before the ARGUS changed owners, Mr. Philbrick was first to make overtures looking to a purchase. The statement made by him was, that he desired to change employment, being tired of the printing business and its incessant cares; that he would not engage in the business in Port Townsend again. A strong argument which he offered was that there would be no danger of having the business divided for a long time to come. Not only was this the explicit verbal representation; but the bill of sale conveying the property expressly mentioned the "good will" of the ARGUS newspaper and printing office as a part of the valuation bargained and paid for. The American Cyclopaedia, which is as good authority as can be found on the subject, under the head of Good-will says:

"It has been held that the sale of a business with the stock and good-will, carried upon by implication a promise not to enter upon a similar business, so near to the old stand as to interfere materially with the purchaser. This would seem to be equitable and ought to be provided for in any sale or transfer of the good-will."

Not only have we such a provision in a legal bill of sale of the Good-will, but in addition we have Mr. Philbrick's express promise to the same effect, and yet he has the assurance to enter into the printing business in the very spot from which he sold the good-will of the said business, and says the report of his "engagements not to enter the printing business here or elsewhere are utterly without foundation."

After purchasing we discovered that an advantageous change could be made, affording much more room and better accommodations at far less expense, by renting another building for office purposes. Accordingly new premises were occupied, when lo, ere a fortnight had elapsed, our predecessor—true to his character, long since established—sent an agent to say that if we did not either purchase or rent the building formerly occupied, he would start another newspaper within a month. When approached upon the subject, we merely remarked that if Mr. Philbrick expected to blackmail us into buying or renting property we had no use for, we would suggest the possibility of this being one of the mistakes of his life. The dire threat brought with it some little astonishment, not because it revealed the utter lack of honor on the part of the blackmailer, but because it proved him to be at fault in judgment by supposing us to be such a simpleton.

Our good people well know how zealously this person canvassed the town for patronage for the new paper; how he used the most unscrupulous and unprofessional means of crippling the support of the ARGUS—even to his own detriment—by offering to do work in the way of advertising, for less than half the usual rates. All this, and much more is known of the person who is not "connected with the Press," other than as a workman. Let the public now judge of the merits of the two statements, being assured that we will, if necessary, substantiate the contents of this article in the legal way.

We have given but a faint outline of what might be said in all truth and candor. If more is called for it will be speedily forthcoming.

It will be seen by the list of Conference appointments that Rev. John Parsons, late of White River Circuit, is to be stationed at Port Townsend during the coming Conference year. Mr. Parsons is a young man of the most promising character; was an efficient local preacher in the M. E. Church for some time previous to the last session of Conference when he joined the itinerant ranks, and was assigned this station. We welcome him to our midst, and hope his labors may be as remarkable for ministerial success as his life seems to be for piety and earnestness.

**A RARE CHANCE.**—Lawyers and all others in legal business are hereby informed that Mr. Jas. Jones has for sale, a quantity of neatly gotten up blanks for deeds, bonds, mortgages, bills of sale, etc., which will be sold at less than cost. By purchasing one hundred or more they can be had for the low sum of five cents each. Do not neglect this opportunity to supply yourself at low cost.

**MARRIED.**—In Snohomish City, on Sunday, Aug. 26th, by Rev. T. W. McCoy, Mr. Jas. Austin, of Snohomish county, to Miss Fannie Eberman, of Olympia. We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of compliments, cards, etc; and, though unable to tender congratulations personally, are none the less sincere in wishing the happy pair a long and pleasant wedded life.

Mr. Chas. J. Huntington, of the Huntington Bros., came down from Port Gamble yesterday, and will remain in Port Townsend until about the last of next week. Those desiring work done will please make a note of this, and give him an early call. Mr. Huntington has, since coming to this place, executed some of the best work in the photographic line to be had on the Sound.

Rev. J. H. ACROX, editor of the "P. C. Advocate," paid Port Townsend a visit this week in company with Rev. Mr. Ross, late from the East. These brethren after attending the M. E. Conference concluded to see a little more of the Sound country, hence they came to this place and went across to Port Discovery Bay.

**FAST TOWING.**—The Tug Donald Capt. Libby, towed the Casandra Adams from this port, to Seabeck in five hours, and on another occasion, towed a foreign vessel from Marrowstone Point to Seabeck in four and a half hours. This we regard as a healthy sign, foretelling liberal patronage for the little tug.

**FUN FOR THE BOYS.**—The celebrated Prof. C. B. Plummer, or "Yankee Plummer," as his sobriquet styles him, will entertain the people of Port Townsend several evenings next week. In his role as a character delineator, this genius is inimitable. See his card in to-day's paper.

**THE Fire Company** met on Tuesday evening, pursuant to special appointment, and adjourned until Monday evening next at 7:30 o'clock when a full attendance is requested.

Rev. D. W. Macfie, of Seattle, will open the sessions of the Presbytery of Puget Sound on Monday evening next. All are invited.

**THE Sloop Twilight** arrived yesterday morning, from San Juan, with 300 sacks of oats for Messrs. Waterman & Katz, of this place.

**NEXT week** the remainder of the report of Judge Swan will be inserted. Parties desiring extra copies will do well to call early.

Mr. Abe. Reiss, our friend of the firm of Rothschild & Co., was over-looked in last week's item about the change of firm.

We are indebted this week to Messrs. Waterman & Katz for sundry favors.

READ the advertisement of the Lilliputian entertainment.

THE Court docket is unfortunately crowded out this week.

**RELIGIOUS NOTICES.**

Divine services will be held in the Presbyterian church next Sabbath at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Sabbath school at 2 P. M. Ladies sewing circle on Tuesday afternoon and evening Prayer meeting and Bible study at 7 1/2 o'clock on Wednesday evening.

There will be preaching in the M. E. church on Sunday next, morning and evening. Rev. John Parsons, the pastor, will conduct service in the morning, and Rev. A. Laubach, in the evening. Sunday school at 9 P. M.

Rev. David Stiles will preach in Chilmakum at 11 A. M. next Sunday, and in Port Ludlow, at 7:30 P. M.

**Shipping Intelligence.**

**Port Townsend.**

**ARRIVALS—AUG. 31.**  
Str Mastick, Calhoun, Discovery.  
Donald, Libby, Straits.  
Dispatch, Monroe, Seattle.  
Bk Chichayo, Bollo, Pementel

**DEPARTURES.**  
Bk Chichayo, Seabeck  
Donald, Seabeck

**ARRIVALS—SEPT. 1.**  
Ship Gen Butler, Colby, S F  
Donald, Gamble  
Gollub, Gamble  
Bk Rainier, White, S F

**DEPARTURES.**  
Mastick, Calhoun, Nuanaimo.  
Gollub, Straits  
Bk Rainier, Gamble  
Sp Gen Butler, S F  
Phantom, Waite, Seattle.

**ARRIVALS—SEPT. 2.**  
Bkt Modock, Christianson, S F  
Phantom, Waite, Seattle.  
Str Donald, Libby, Straits

**DEPARTURES.**  
Bkt Modock, Seattle

**ARRIVALS—SEPT. 3.**  
Panama, Seabury, Victoria  
Bk Sarah, Atkins, Yokahama

**DEPARTURES.**  
Panama, Seattle

**ARRIVALS—SEPT. 4.**  
Bkt Victor, Honolulu  
Dashing Wave, Nickles, S F  
Favorite, Williamson, Straits

**DEPARTURES.**  
Bk Osmyn, Saunders, S F

**ARRIVALS—SEPT. 5.**  
Tacoma, Brown, sound ports.  
Donald, Libby, Freeport.

**DEPARTURES.**  
Dashing Wave, Tacoma  
Bkt Victor, Gamble

**ARRIVALS—SEPT. 6.**  
Gollub, Libby, Straits  
Bk Emerald, Lofgren, S F  
Sp Sagamore, Carter, S F  
Schr Big River, S E

**DEPARTURES.**  
Bkt C L Taylor, Bergman, S F  
Nicship Lota, Jurgensen, S F

**DEPARTURES.**  
Bk Emerald, Gamble  
Sagamore, Gamble  
Mastick, Calhoun, Nuanaimo.

**THE U. S. Revenue Cutter Wolcott** went to Neah Bay and returned this week.

**A CARD.**

**Prof. C. B. Plummer**, the talented and versatile Elocutionist, Dialector and Mimetic Artist will appear in Port Townsend on the 10th inst., giving entertainments on Monday, Tuesday and Thursday evenings of next week. Come out and enjoy the fun.

**Notice to Tax Payers.**

**NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN** THAT THE Road Taxes in the town of Port Townsend, W. T., are now due and must be paid to the Town Marshal, within 30 days from this date, or 10 per cent, will be added. By order of the Board. J. A. KUHN, Clerk. Pt Townsend, W. T. Sept. 7, 1877.

**Administratrix's Sale.**

**NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN** THAT IN pursuance of an order of the Probate Court, of the County of Clallam, in the Territory of Washington, made the 15th day of August, 1877, in the matter of the estate of George Lawrence, deceased, the undersigned, the Administratrix of the said estate, will sell at public auction, to the highest bidder, subject to a mortgage held by one George H. Lotzswalde, of the same county and Territory, said mortgage securing a note for \$500.00, with accrued interest. This sale is subject to confirmation by the said Probate court, and will take place on Saturday, the eighteenth day of September, 1877, between the hours of 9 A. M. and 4 P. M., and will convey all the right, title and interest of the said George Lawrence to a certain tract or parcel of land described as the farm of George Lawrence situated in the said county of Clallam, in the said Territory of Washington. EMMA LAWRENCE, Administratrix of the estate of George Lawrence, deceased.

**Gnat. Ship Lota.**

**NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED** Agents of the above named vessel will be responsible for debts contracted by the officers or crew. ROTHSCHILD & CO., Agents. J. JURGENSEN, Master. Port Townsend, Sept. 4, 1877.

**Bktn. C. L. Taylor.**

**NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED** Agents of the above named vessel will be responsible for any debts contracted by the officers or crew. ROTHSCHILD & CO., Agents. A BERGMAN, Master. Port Townsend, Sept. 7, 1877.

**Samwells' Lilliputian**



**AFRICAN CIRCUS.**

**AND ANIMAL SHOW.**

**THE GREATEST WONDER OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY WILL APPEAR IN THIS PLACE ON Tuesday Eve., Sept. 11.**

**15 FIRST CLASS ARTISTS** from Africa and India, the greatest novelty that has ever been seen in this country forming an entire Miniature Circus with all the equestrian feats by Dogs and Monkeys. The only troupe of English setters that has ever been trained to this wonderful performance, including the Great Clown Dog, Grimaldia, will appear at each performance as he appeared at Niblo's Gardens, New York, 150 consecutive nights.

**GENERAL MERCHANISE.**

**WATERMAN & KATZ, SHIPPING AND COMMISSION**

**MERCHANTS**

AND DEALERS IN,

**General Merchandise,**

Keep Constantly on Hand

**THE LARGEST STOCK**

OF

**ALL KINDS OF GOODS,**

And will Sell

**CHEAPER FOR CASH,**

**Than any House on Puget Sound.**

AGENTS FOR

**Wells, Fargo & Company's Express**

**Our Facilities for Purchasing in the Leading Markets are Superior to any.**

We will give and take Exchange on

**SAN FRANCISCO AND NEW YORK**

At the most Liberal Discount.

**WATERMAN & KATZ.**

**HUNT & LEARNED, IMPORTERS**

**Commission Merchants,**

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

Foreign and Domestic Wines, **Liquors and Cigars.**

AGENTS FOR

**D. F. C. Hand Made Sour Mash Whisky,**

**And Shaffer's O. K. Bourbon**

At San Francisco Prices.

Constantly on hand English Ale and Porter.

**Agents for North Pacific Brewery, Seattle**

SOLE AGENTS FOR

**SAN JUAN LIME.**

Water Street, Port Townsend.

**JAMES JONES,**

Corner Custom House Building,

—DEALER IN—

**Stationery, Fruits, Notions, Cigars,**

And all the finest Brands

**CHEWING AND SMOKING TOBACCO.**

School Books of all Kinds.

Legal Cap and Foolscap

Letter and Note Paper,

Latest Style

Ladies' Fancy Note

Paper, etc.

Writing Fluid.

Slates and Pencils,

Steel and Quill Pens.

All articles kept for sale of the very best quality.

I WILL KEEP ON HAND A

**Full Assortment of School Books**

Also, a Large Stock of

**Works of Fiction by the Best Authors**

And will be in receipt of all late works as soon as published.

Cigars.

Tobacco.

Pipes,

Smokers' Articles,

Candies, and Nuts

Of all Kinds.

Pocket Cutlery

Combs,

Brushes,

Notions, etc. etc.

LOCAL NEWS.

THE Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Steamship "City of Panama," W. B. Seabury, Captain, sailed from San Francisco, August 30th at noon, having on board, 23 cabin and 65 steerage passengers, 29 pkgs mails, 2 pkgs treasure, value \$1-130, and 5,324 pkgs of assorted mdse., 254 tons. Passengers for Port Townsend: Mrs. B. F. Barclay and child, Capt. J. McGowan, and 3 in the steerage. For Seattle: W. Thompson, A. H. Frank, C. Wright, and 6 in the steerage. Tacoma: Thos. Fitzpatrick, J. W. Atkinson and wife, Miss Lizzie Hill. Mdse., for Port Townsend, 257 pkgs., 23 tons; Seattle, 1,375 pkgs., 94 tons; Tacoma, 146 pkgs., 15 tons; Olympia, 200 pkgs., 29 tons.

NEW LAWYER.—An addition to the legal fraternity of this town, has been made during the present week, by the advent of Mr. J. Cal. McFadden. This promising young gentleman, and member of the bar, has just removed from Olympia, and announces his intention of practicing his profession at this point. We are pleased to acknowledge a call from him; also to confess our convictions of the certainty that he will make his mark, and honor his father—the late lamented O. B. McFadden.

MARRIED.—In Port Townsend Sept. 3d, by Rev. Mr. Davis, Mr. Henry T. Williams and Mrs. Carolina Howard, widow of the late deceased C. W. Howard. The pair thus united are both residents of Jefferson county. The happy groom thinks that in point of contentment over his present circumstances, he will favorably compare with that specimen of the vegetable kingdom known as the "big sunflower."

ON Monday last, a brother of Mr. Burr, postmaster at Olympia, was brought to this place to receive medical treatment at the private hospital of Dr. Minor. He is at present being taken care of at the Central Hotel. From the reputation of this justly popular house, and from what we know of it, we can safely bespeak for him the best of accommodations and careful attention.

NEW ARRIVAL.—The City of Panama this week brought the family of Mr. A. J. Carpenter of this place. This family, consisting of Mrs. Carpenter and two children, came from Vermillion, Dakota Territory. They have rented a house in town and gone to work evidently with the intention of making Port Townsend their permanent residence.

NEW GOODS.—It is gratifying to those who take an interest in the progress of our town to note the recent arrivals of goods for our merchants. Messrs. Waterman & Katz are replenishing their stock with large additions. Mr. James Jones is now better prepared than ever to accommodate the public with fruits, &c., just received from California.

THE Luckawana sailed for Sitka, after all, instead of Port Townsend. It seems that just at the last moment before sailing her orders were countermanded and she was directed to proceed to the region named. This change was made, it is presumed, on account of a change of opinion in regard to the locality where she was most needed.

WHILE conversing with Dr. G. V. Cahoon, in Seattle, recently, during a call upon that gentleman, we were informed by him that the Territorial University was never in as promising a condition as at present. Under the management of Prof. Anderson, it is hoped this institution will rapidly rise to the position which a school of its rank ought to occupy.

ON the night of Thursday, Aug. 30, the bktn. Modoc went ashore at Crescent Bay, remaining there nearly all night. She was finally gotten off, however, with little or no damage, other than the loss of a part of her false keel, and the opening of some of her seams causing her to leak slightly.

A PRIVATE letter from Mr. H. C. Ledyard, now in San Jose, Cal., informs us that he will be in Port Townsend in two weeks, to practice dentistry. This gentleman says he has all the recent appliances, and will be prepared to do first-class work.

WE are grateful this week for more news from Mr. Henry Water, purser of the P. M. S. S. City of Panama. Long may the Pacific Mail Company's steamers continue to plough the waters of Puget Sound, and the Pacific ocean!

OUR old friend Capt. Morri, of Dungeness, has been making Port Townsend another visit. The Captain's pleasant way and contented looks make the world seem to wag along with more than its wonted ease.

PRESBYTERY MEETING.—The Presbytery of Puget Sound will convene in Port Townsend next Monday. Ministers and Elders from all the Churches of their denomination on Puget Sound and one or two pastors from Victoria are expected to be present. The opening sermon will be delivered in the Presbyterian Church on Monday evening, Sept. 10th. These meetings are all open, and a cordial invitation is extended to the public to be present. Popular meetings will be held each evening of the session, which will last until Thursday evening. This is the first meeting of this kind ever held in our town, and it is hoped that for the good of the church and the fair name of our community, a due and kindly interest will be manifested, in the meetings, addresses may be expected each evening, from members of the Presbytery, and nothing left undone to make the session both profitable and pleasant.

TEACHERS' INSTITUTE.—The Washington Teachers' Institute will convene at Olympia on the 10th of October next. A large attendance is expected as the Institute is well organized and there is considerable interest manifested in its proceedings. Half fare rates have been given by the N. P. R. R., and by the steamers North Pacific, J. B. Libby, and Zephyr. For further particulars address J. P. Judson, president, or J. E. Clark, secretary, at Olympia.

QUICK WORK.—At La Conner they have the harvesting system reduced to a science. For instance, on Monday morning of last week, the barley was standing uncut in the field of Mr. J. S. Conner and on Tuesday evening it was ground and sacked and for sale at the store of Mr. L. L. Andrews, and on Wednesday night it was laid down at the Seattle market, some fifty miles distant.—B. B. "Mail."

PERSONAL.—Hon. H. G. Struve paid our town a brief visit this week. Dr. Hill, of Coupeville, nephew of the proprietor of our drugstore, and Miss Lillie Hill, his sister, have been visiting with friends and relatives at this place. Mrs. A. U. Davis, of Dungeness, after a visit to Victoria, Seattle and Port Townsend returns to her home this week.

REV. A. Laubach and wife came down the Sound on Monday, after attending the M. E. Annual Conference at Seattle. They will visit with their friends and relatives at this place, Port Discovery and perhaps Dungeness for a few days, after which they will proceed to the field of labor designated for our Rev. Bro. for the next year.

A NEW and substantial sidewalk, recently laid in front of the store of Messrs. Rothschild & Co., suggests the idea that the sidewalk is keeping pace with the general prosperity attending the whole establishment. If you want more evidence of their advances on the road of fortune, read their new advertisement in to-day's paper.

Mr. F. Roberts, one of the Dungeness farmers, returned this week from Snohomish City, where he had been employed for a few months in a logging camp. He went to his home a few days ago and reports the lumbering business very dull where he came from. Nearly all the camps have suspended operations.

WE acknowledge the receipt of a complimentary ticket to the Territorial Fair to be held next month at Olympia. It will be our aim to attend, if possible, this universally interesting affair, and to assist, as far as lies in our power, in the attainment of its objects.

MR. Jos. Chilberg, of Olympia, we are told is preparing to remove to New Tacoma, where he will engage in the mercantile business—in the grocery line. He will probably go into partnership with his brother August who is now doing business at the latter place.

MR. Chas. Le Ballister, of Seattle, deputy sheriff of King county, came down on the Annie Stewart, Monday morning and returned the same day on the City of Panama, taking with him the criminal Thompson, who has been confined in the Jefferson county jail.

WHATCOM COUNTY.—Value of real estate, \$344,054. Personal property, \$225,420; total, \$569,504. Of this the apportionment stands as follows: The County Fund, \$3,985.52; Territorial Fund, \$2,278.01; School, \$2,287.01; Road, 1,708.51; Poll, \$940.

MR. Justus Dickens, the hero of the Stellacoom "Express" visited Port Townsend this week, on business, returning by Tuesday's boat. Bro. Dickens gave us a call, exchanged compliments, etc. He has our good wishes.

MAJ. Haller, of Coupeville, was in town in the early part of the week; also A. J. Burr, of Olympia.

UNUSUALLY warm weather the past week.

In this week's issue we give place to the first division of the official report of Judge J. G. Swan, as Indian Commissioner. The fact that the suggestions made in this report by Mr. Swan, to the official bureau at Washington, were acted upon and adopted by the Government, lends increased interest to the document itself. It is well worthy a careful perusal; and, in the full and complete manner in which it deals with the question in hand, all subsequent reports made by men in official capacity have been entirely eclipsed. In view of the Indian difficulties now pending, it may be profitable for the despatchers of law at our national capitol to review this report and compare notes.

A BRIGHT, new carpet has been purchased for the library-room of the Presbyterian church, which adds greatly to the cheer and comfort of the Sabbath School, prayer meeting and sewing circle of the church.

B. B. "MAIL": Remember the Camp-meeting at Semiahmoo on the 13th inst., noticed in this paper some weeks ago.... Died, at Sehome, Aug., 19th, infant son (aged 3 months) of Mr. and Mrs. Roberts.

LA CONNER, we learn, has had a "strike." Some hands came along and proposed to work for \$1.50 per day when they were paying \$2. The result was a "strike," but a compromise was effected.

THE semi-annual session of the District Court for the counties of Whatcom, Island, San Juan, Jefferson and Clallam, will meet on the 10th inst., at Port Townsend.

MRS. THORNTON, of Dungeness, was in town on Monday last, having made a trip from home on the schooner Mist laden with wheat for this place.

BRO. Gunn, of the "Transcript," has returned to renew his intimacy with the tripod. He has been out gunning in the mountains.

BORN.—In Port Townsend, on Friday, Aug. 31st, to the wife of A. F. Learned, a daughter.

A LIBERAL supply of fruits may be found at Mr. Barthrop's store.

Just received at Jas. Jones', a large stock of Jewelry, Gent's collar and cuff buttons, shirt studs, &c., &c.

MARKET REPORT. MONEY MARKET. PORTLAND.—Legal Tenders, 95 buying, 96 selling. Coin exchange on San Francisco, 1/2 per cent. premium. Currency, 1/2 per cent. premium. Coin on New York, 1 per cent. Brokers are buying silver coin at 5 discount selling, 4.

Port Townsend, W. T. Flour—XXX, 4 bbl. \$28 25 Superfine 27 25 Wheat per bush 1 80 to 2 00 Oats 60 to 80 Potatoes, new, 4 bush 1 00 to 2 00 Onions per cwt 1 50 to 2 00 Barley per ton 25 to 30 1/2 to 45 1/2 to 50 1/2 Hay per ton 16 00 Timothy seed per lb 1 1/2 Tea, Japan 35 to 65 Sugar, crushed, 16 1/2 Island No 1 11 to 12 No 2 9 1/2 to 10 Butter, fresh roll 30 to 35 Eggs per doz 37 1/2 Lard 15 Bacon 16 1/2 to 16 1/2 Hams, best sugar cured 16 to 18 Beef, wholesale sets; retail 5 to 10 Mutton, per carcass sets; retail 5 to 10 Chickens per doz 5 to 8 1/2

Portland Market. Wheat, per cental \$1 90 to \$2 Flour, standard 4 bbl 7 50 to 8 50 Oats, 4 bush 1 50 to 1 75 Bacon, sides 4 bbl 11 1/2 to 12 Hams 12 to 14 Coffee, Costa Rica 24 Butter in brine, choice, 20c to 21c Canned, 4 bbl, roll dairy, 16 to 20 Canned, 4 bbl, roll dairy, 16 to 20 Hides, dry flint, 16 to 17c; good cull 11 Tallow 4 lb 6 Hops, quotable from Oregon and Washington Territory at 18 to 22 1/2

San Francisco Market. Flour, best 7 50 to 9 00 Wheat, quiet, 4 cwt 2 65 to 2 70 Potatoes, dull, old 4 cwt 50c; new 1 25 Butter, best 30 Hides, wholesale 5 to 8 Mutton, 3 to 4 Pork, live, sets; dressed 5 1/2

No Fraud. I offer for sale quite a large lot of Wall Paper Cabinet Ware and Fancy Articles, AT COST, as I intend to quit dealing in such goods. A large lot of Pictures and Mouldings for sale at low rates. Geo. Barthrop. Opposite the wharf.

For Sale! THE SLOOP KIDDER COMPLETE, AND WELL FOUND WITH SAILS, ANCHORS, &c. Port Townsend, April 29, 1877. Apply to ROTHSCHILD & CO.

FOR SALE Three Splendid Farm Wagons and 1 Dump Cart. ROTHSCHILD & CO.'s.

NOTICE.

HEREBY GIVE NOTICE THAT HENRY LANDES AND ABE REISS have been this day (Sept. 1, 1877), admitted into the firm of Rothschild & Co., formerly consisting of D. C. H. ROTHSCHILD.

Thankful for past liberal patronage, I respectfully solicit a continuance of the same for the new firm.

D. C. H. Rothschild.

NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to the old firm of ROTHSCHILD & CO. up to September 1, 1877, will please settle the same within thirty days, or their accounts will be placed in the hands of an Attorney for collection.

D. C. H. ROTHSCHILD.

Port Townsend, Sept. 7, 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.

Exchange Bought and Sold.

Liberal Advances Made on Consignments.

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

Goods Bought and Sold on Commission. ROTHSCHILD & CO.

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

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

VESSELS CONSIGNED TO ROTHSCHILD & CO.

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. ROTHSCHILD & CO., Agents. A. DOMEC, Master. Port Townsend, July 16, 1877.

Honduras Bark Chiclayo. NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED Agents of the above named ship will be responsible for debts contracted by the officers or crew. ROTHSCHILD & CO., Agents. JULIO BOLLO, Master. Port Townsend, Aug. 31, 1877.

Am. Bark Sarah. NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED Agents of the above named schooner, will be responsible for debts contracted by the officers or crew. ROTHSCHILD & CO., Agents. J. B. ATKINS, Master. Port Townsend, Sept. 1, 1877.

Ship Brown Bros. NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED agents of the above named ship will be responsible for debts contracted by the officers or crew. ROTHSCHILD & CO., D. S. GOODELL, JR., Master. Port Townsend, Aug. 22, 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 ROTHSCHILD & CO., Agents.

RECEIVED ex LATE ARRIVALS BY

ROTHSCHILD & 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

ROTHSCHILD & CO.

Port Townsend, Sept. 1, 1877.

FOR SALE, CHEAP,

TO CLOSE OUT CONSIGNMENT

6bbls Rosendale Cement

And 3 barrels

Ground Yellow Chrome.

In quantities to suit. Apply to

ROTHSCHILD & CO.'s

### One Little Shoe.

WESLEY A. KIDDER.

Think it no trifle, my childless friend,  
The one little shoe that we found to-day,  
Buttonless, faded, and wet with dew,  
Out in the grass where the children play.  
Gold could not buy it, nor precious stones;  
Wrapped in the softest silk it lies  
There in the corner, with other things  
Nearly as precious, to gladden our eyes.  
Only a month since she lost this shoe—  
Dear baby Mary, with her golden hair,  
Only a week since we laid her low,  
"Under the daisies," sweet and fair.  
Brave little feet, how they pattered forth,  
Morning and noon with their task to do;  
Never at rest till the good sun set,  
And the "busiest baby's" work was through.  
Little pink toes in their cradle-bed,  
Cuddled away when the day was done,  
Ready to start at break of dawn,  
Over the house in search of fun.  
Now they are still in their narrow bed,  
Waxen and white as the drift of snow,  
Only eclipsed by the angel feet,  
Fairer than ever they were below.

Think it no trifle then, childless friend,  
This odd little shoe that we found to-day,  
Buttonless, faded, and wet with dew,  
Out in the grass where the children play.

### The Model Detective.

BY WILLIAM O. EATON.

"Murder will out, some time, sure!" exclaimed Daniel Wonder to a few hearers, as he laid down a paper from which he had just been reading aloud a case of mysterious murder, the perpetrator of which had been discovered after years of ingenious and tortuous search. "I have many a time noticed it. It is according to the laws of nature, and must be so, if not right off, then by-and-by; if not to-day, to-morrow, next day, then a year, ten, fifty, perhaps a hundred years hence. The murder and the murderer are sure to come out. If I was on a plank alone with a man in the middle of the ocean, and was to murder him and sink him, with no ship in sight—I shouldn't feel safe! Some time or other something would bring me out. If I didn't tell of myself, asleep or awake, his bones would rise, or—"  
"Or his spirit?" assisted somebody.  
"No; I don't believe in spirits—but his bones, clothes, or the plank—or it might be somebody might be looking at me from a ship out of sight, through a powerful spy-glass, or perhaps from another plank, or perhaps happening to pass by overhead in a silk balloon, and see me do it—and so I should be sure I was not safe until at last I was led out to be hung. You see there is always a chain of evidence between the murderer and the murdered. It may be short or long. It may be broken into many separate links; but in time one man picks up one link here, another a link there, another another, and so on, until all the links are found and put together, and they are strong enough to hang the man."  
"It does seem so," said one of the listeners, in thoughtful awe.

"Seems so! It is so! I always know that murder will out, and have seen many singular cases of it. But the most singular case I ever heard of was of the fate of Paul Pica, of Moss creek, a clerk in a dry-goods store, and so covered up, according to the report, that no evidence was supposed to be left of it. He was unexpectedly missed one day, and his body was not found till three years afterwards. People gave up all hopes of hearing about the poor fellow, how he came to his death, or where, or what for, or who or where his murderer was, until a traveller came to Moss creek, and hearing of the murder of poor Paul Pica, he undertook to find the body, or, at least, the real criminal, and bring him to justice. This traveller's name was Solomon Foxpaw, and he prided himself on his detective powers—his penetration and perseverance—and he had a restless, rolling, staring, snappy kind of eye that seemed to take in everything about him at a glance. People wished him success, but they didn't expect it. Yet he didn't care for what they expected. He set to work to find some links for a chain of evidence."

"But I don't see."  
"You can't see anything, yet. You must wait and see. Solomon Foxpaw made inquiries, for a month, but ascertained just about nothing which would lead to the first link. He then sat down and reflected alone for three days, and finally he said to himself, 'Here is a piece of woods out here, and Paul Pica was said to be poorly. What more likely than he should walk in the woods for his health—and there he murdered?'"  
"To be sure! What, indeed?"  
"With this idea, Sol, without saying a word to anybody—because he hated interruption as bad as I do—walks out alone into the woods, and kicks about among the dry leaves, and examines the ground, and the rocks, and the trees, with strong suspicion."

"To find a clew!"  
"Why, of course, to find a clew!"  
"But I don't see."  
"You never will see, if you don't wait, and follow his eyes and ideas. He pretty soon found various letters, carved on various trees—initials of names, perhaps—and among them all at last he discovered, on a tree by themselves, the letters 'P. P.'"  
"Perilous Place, I suppose."  
"Perilous Place, you suppose! No, Paul Pica he supposed, for he knew what to suppose. He certainly cut those letters, Foxpaw felt convinced; and he put down 'P. P.' as his first link. 'Now,' says he, 'I've got something to work on, and he felt encouraged. Looking about him a little sharper, as if Providence had directed him, he found a rusty jack-knife,

which had had ten blades. It had three now—a big one, a little one and a saw-blade. The hon was gone, but he felt a conviction that this knife was a second link, and he put it in his pocket. Looking about still further, he saw a crack—"Heard a crack."  
"No! Saw a crack—a wide crack between some rocks. Something suddenly told him there was a cave there, and that he would find the body of Paul Pica in that cave. He did find a cave, a very cavernous cave—and he went and borrowed a spade, entered, and dug for several hours, till he struck something hard."

"A box, containing the bones of Paul."  
"No. He thought so, at first; but it proved to be nothing but solid rock. He dug here and he dug there—but all was rock; and now, being much tired, he paused, and began to suspect he was on the wrong scent. A less resolute man would have despaired; but 'No,' says Foxpaw, 'I'll dig in another way.' And so he dug off, back to town again, and made further inquiries about what Paul Pica said and did the last time he was seen; and showed the jack-knife confidentially."

"Nobody had seen Paul have such a knife, but Sol Foxpaw happened at last on an old lady who remembered she had bought some mixed yarn of Paul the day he was missed. He seemed sick and unhappy, and said he wanted to go to sea for his health. This was all that Foxpaw could paw out of her. It seems little, but he thought it a good deal. 'Wanted to go to sea. That's another link,' says Sol. 'A man who goes to sea naturally goes to a vessel, in the first place. Moss creek is a seaport place. I will go down to the water-side and inquire among the vessels. So he went down, and by good luck he soon discovered that, for years past, the schooner *Flying Turtle* had been in the habit of bringing stock from the city for the dry-goods store. 'Another link,' says Foxpaw. 'What more likely than that Paul, knowing the skipper, went in the *Flying Turtle* that day to tie city!'

"So he asked the captain, who said he was not sure he didn't, and that sometimes he had; and he shouldn't wonder. 'Here is half a link more,' says Foxpaw. 'I will go in the *Flying Turtle*, and make further inquiries.'

"It was during this trip, only a day's voyage, that he added three or four more links to his chain. On closely questioning the captain, the latter remembered that on the fatal day one of his passengers from Moss creek to the city was a raw-boned, swarthy, ugly-looking man, who had a dissipated nose and a several-bladed jack-knife. He remembered a saw blade in it, because it was the first he ever saw; and had said at the time that if he was as homely as the owner of the knife, he should cut his throat with it, and leave the consequences to other people. Foxpaw now showed the rusty knife, and the skipper said it might be the same; and added that the stranger's name was Murdman or Murkham, and that on landing in the city, he had seen him at the Jolly Tar tavern at the head of the wharf."

"Seen Paul Pica?" said one listener, much gratified.

"Why, no! Pay attention! Seen this ugly fellow—don't you see?"

"Yes, I see; but I don't see."  
"But you must wait and see, or you will certainly lose the links. Up goes Solomon Foxpaw to the Jolly Tar, as interested as if he had been Paul Pica's only brother."

"Did he have a brother?"  
"None of your business—and asked the landlord to let him look at his arrival book of three years before. The landlord set up garret for it, and they overhauled it together; and, sure enough! there stood the name, at the proper date, in a fierce, big hand, of Mike Murdman, and—"

"Paul Pica."  
"No! What do you know about it? 'Mike Murdman and Friend.' 'This is the biggest link of the lot,' says Sol to the landlord. 'Do you recollect what kind of a looking man his friend was?'"

"No," says the landlord, "but I recollect that next morning the two had a quarrel. They had slept together, and Murdman was charged by the other with stealing his money in the night. But Murdman swore no, and, as proof, said he hadn't enough money to pay his own bill; and they went out quarrelling, without paying. And that's the last I ever saw of the other fellow, to my knowledge."

"More links—I'm getting a chain!" says Foxpaw. "Went out together, quarrelling, about robbery. And did you ever see Murdman again?"

"O yes," says the landlord. "He's captain of a brig now. He came back a year afterwards, and paid his bill, and now he stops here once every three months, every return-trip he makes. It is time for him now; brig was due yesterday; if you stop, I'll introduce him to you."

"Was the man hung?"  
"Well, this beats all, I declare!" cried Daniel Wonder, exasperated. "Here you are, wanting to get to the end of the chain before I've got the links fastened together. You would never make a detective."

"I don't care anything about the links. All I want to know is was the man hung? You've got me so excited I can hardly keep my seat. It would be a satisfaction to know if the man was hung, at the start."  
"Well, he wasn't hung at the start, and never would have been, if Sol Foxpaw had been as impatient as you are. Have you no interest in the philosophy of the thing?"

"No," said the man, nettled; "and I don't care, now, whether the man was hung or not; I hope he wasn't; and I

hope Paul Pica was cut into as many bits as there are links in your story!"  
"Go on, Daniel, go on," said the others, "and if he interrupts you again we'll hang him."

"So do. Well—Foxpaw waited three days, patiently, for the next link, and then the brig came to port, and Murdman came to the tavern, and the landlord introduced him to Foxpaw, over a glass, and they sat down to talk. Sol was usually a cool fellow, but, as he afterwards said, he had his scruples about sitting down and talking with a murderer, and he felt very pale and nervous considering the critical business he was on. Sol eyed him carefully all over, and he seemed to look homelier and homelier the more he examined him. He thought of poor Paul Pica, and felt ashamed of himself because he had been drinking in a friendly manner with this monster, who for three years had escaped being hung, and who no doubt imagined he should escape forever."

"I have drunk with him," thinks Sol, "but it was a means to an end; and as that end is a rope's end, I shouldn't feel ashamed; but I must begin to gather up more links, however I feel." And pretty soon he had a good opening.

"Do you chew?" says Mike Murdman.  
"I do," says Sol, holding out a plug; "and if you don't like to bite it off, here's a knife to cut it." And he pulled out the rusty jack-knife he had found in the woods.

"What's this?" says Mike, staring at the knife, just as Sol expected he would.

"Only a knife I found," says Sol. "Perhaps you've lost one. Does it belong to you?"

"To me?" says Mike, looking at it with a shudder and coloring up. "I guess not. Take it back. Horrible! I don't cut tobacco with such a knife as that!"

"You needn't be afraid. It is rusty—but you don't think there's blood on it, do you?"

"Blood?" says Mike, with another shudder.  
"Yes, blood," repeats Sol, severely. "As I told you, I found that knife; and who knows but there's blood, and human blood, on it, which makes it so rusty! The murderer might have thrown it away, after he had done the deed, mightn't he? and thought nobody would find it?"

"How should I know?"

"It is an old knife," continues Sol, "but an older head owned it, I reckon. Yet the oldest heads are liable to get out of their latitude and longitude. Now, you are a seafaring man, and have you ever been to Moss creek?"

"Moss creek? Well, I may say I have, once."

"And more, too?"

"No. Only once."

"Only once. And what did you go there for?"

"I didn't go there for!" says Mike, with a kind of sneer, as if he was mad to be so questioned; and Sol said he looked confused. "I didn't go there for anything. I got drunk—stepped aboard the vessel by mistake, and got there by accident."

"By accident! A stranger there? Then you don't remember a young clerk, Paul Pica?"

"No."

"Nor the woods—nor that cave?"

"No."

"I thought not. Short memory, I suppose?"

"You ask a great many questions!" now says Mike. "Are you crazy? You are very pale."

"It is you who are pale," says Sol; "and I want you to answer me some more questions."

"Not another word, till you take more brandy," says Mike. "You need it."

"One word for me and two for himself," thought Sol. "His guilt makes him faint, and he wants a glass to stiffen him up. I'm willing. More drink will make him less cautious."

"So he agreed, and they drank two or three times more. 'He seemed to gulp it down like a fish,' Sol said, 'and I thought I should soon get him drunk. But instead of that, I got floored myself. I lost all consciousness, and was put to bed, and next day I was unable to find him anywhere. Suspecting that he had got the start of me, and had fled out of my reach for the present, I now thought,' says Sol, 'that the best thing I could do was to go back to Moss creek for a day, and have a talk with Paul's old employer and the town authorities.' So Solomon Foxpaw did go back and told them all that he had discovered and heard; and what do you think? They actually laughed in his face, and said that all these links, which he had taken so much pains to get together, amounted to nothing!"

"That was all they knew!" exclaimed Daniel Wonder's indignant hearers. "But how did Solomon Foxpaw get hold of the slippery murderer at last?"

"He didn't get hold of him," said Daniel Wonder.

"No?"

"No. What the authorities said discouraged him, and he then resolved that he would not pursue the search any further."

"But who did get the murderer?"

"Nobody."

"Then who found the body of Paul Pica?"

"Everybody. For, on the very day when Foxpaw gave up the search, Paul Pica came back to Moss creek, safe and sound."

"What! Then he wasn't murdered at all?"

"Why, no! I told you, in the first place, that it was a report. But it seems he had got a letter in the city, calling him home in a hurry, as his mother was dying, a long way off. He went home, and she died, and he inherited a rich property; and not caring a fig for the people in Moss creek, he never wrote to them."

"Not murdered, after all!" cried the

disappointed hearers. "Where was the singularity you spoke about, then?"

"In the perseverance of Solomon Foxpaw."

"Pshaw! O Pshaw! What did you work us up so for?"

"That is what Solomon Foxpaw said to those who had excited him so; but they said to him, as I say to you, that it was so reported, and that he had expected to work a miracle, without any reason—namely, to find, from no evidence at all, the dead body of a man who was not dead. And he was as dissatisfied as you are that the man turned up alive. But still, as I said before, murder will out, and no doubt if that Mike Murdman had murdered, and Paul Pica had been the one he killed, Solomon Foxpaw would have had him some time, sure!"—True Flag.

### At a Dash.

A great deal of brilliant literary labor has been performed on the spur of the moment. Byron wrote "The Corsair" in ten days, at the rate of two hundred lines a day, and sent it to press as it was written, publishing it with hardly a correction. Lope de Vega wrote three hundred dramas for the stage in one hundred days, the average amount of his work being nine hundred lines a day. Voltaire wrote "Zaire" in three weeks, and "Olympie" in six days. Dryden wrote his "Ode to St. Cecilia" at a sitting. The finest of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's poems, "The Lady Geraldine's Courtship," was the work of twelve hours. It was written to complete the original two volumes of her poetry, and to send out with her proofs to America. But, as a rule, the best work is not to be done at a dash in this style. "What do you think of 'Olympie'?" Voltaire asked one of his friends, after that work was published; "I wrote it in six days." "You should not have rested on the seventh day," was the answer, and the answer was wise as well as witty. Shakespeare was not one of those slapdash workers; and Shakespeare, with his thirty-four plays, has conquered the world. Even the impulsive, sparkling Tom Moore was slow about writing, and thought it quick work if he added seventy lines to "Lalla Rookh" in a week, although living out of the world in his writing-box in the Peak. Planche produced his burlesque at an equally slow rate, thinking ten or a dozen lines a day good work. Kinglake's "Eothen," an exquisite trifle, was rewritten five or six times, and kept in his desk almost as long as Wordsworth kept "The White Doe of Rylstone," and kept like that, to be taken out for revision and correction almost every day. And that is the way in which good, honest work—work that is to be read to-morrow, and day after to-morrow—must be written. Scotts and Scribes turn up once in a century.

AMONG other ludicrous mistakes that have happened to Congressmen in Washington the correspondent of the Boston Journal relates the following: "The little suites of rooms at the National Hotel opens upon little halls, uniform in appearance, connected by long corridors, and all furnished alike. One night Senator Mangum, of North Carolina, then President pro tempore of the Senate, a dignified gentleman of the old school, had just returned from a party, when Governor Upham, a Senator from Vermont, came in, and without any ceremony took a seat. The two chatted away on politics, the weather, the social amusements, etc., until the clock on the mantel struck one. 'Really, Governor Upham,' said Mangum, 'I am always pleased to see you, but I really believe it is getting very late.' 'I have thought so for some time,' replied Upham, but he made no movement. Providently the half hour sounded, and Mangum remarked: 'I thought, Governor Upham, that you had decided to go to bed, sir?' 'So I had, Mr. President,' answered the Vermont, yet he did not budge. Mangum stared at him in amazement, and at last plainly said: 'But why don't you go to your room, Governor Upham? 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. Webster used to enjoy joking him about his visit to Vermont."

SIR WALTER SCOTT.—It is frequently the case that the marriages of literary men are unhappy ones, owing to the mental inferiority of their wives, and Sir Walter Scott's matrimonial experience proved no exception to what is almost the rule. He was married on Christmas Eve, 1796, the bride being Miss Jane Carpentier (or Carpenter), an heiress of French birth. The marriage was not felicitous, especially in view of her mental inferiority, which was a life-long annoyance to the author. This feature was inherited by their four children, all of whom were far below mediocrity in point of brain activity. The eldest son had a noble figure, which is all that can be said of him. The second was glad to get a clerkship under the government, which was his highest attainment. The oldest daughter, Sophia, was the brightest of the children, but never left anything on record to suggest that she was the daughter of a genius. The youngest daughter, Anne, like her brother Charles, died unmarried. She was a frail creature, and was dreadfully shattered by the ruin which fell upon her father's fortunes. After his death she went to London, became a member of Lockhart's family, and died there, less than a year after her father. A pension from the king gave her a support, and thus the daughter of the greatest author of the age died an object of royal charity.

### Faith and Charity.

Here is a little story which came to us the other day, and which, if it is not news, either political or marketable, has the merit, which news rarely claims, of being absolutely true. Near a neighboring city there is a little house, an asylum for children founded by one or two good women, and kept up from day to day by voluntary contributions. It is a rule with these women never to ask for help in their work from anybody except that One who has promised to care for the fatherless child. Business men are apt to look upon this system of faith and prayer and charity as an insecure sort of capital; yet it is a curious fact that two of the largest orphan asylums in the country are supported in this way, and have increased until thousands of helpless little ones have been sheltered and fed and clothed in them, during years in which the shrewdest business men have seen their fortunes wrecked at that in the most careful and safest investments.

A winter or two ago the director of this little home issued a statement of her receipts and expenditures, for the satisfaction of those who had given help to it during the year. It fell into the hands of a wealthy man living some miles away from the home, who glanced over it and threw it aside. No help was asked, and it did not occur to him to offer any. A month or two later, one bitter night, the manager found herself absolutely without a morsel of food to give the children for breakfast. There was not even flour nor bread in the house. Institutions of a similar kind have their settled funds from which to draw, or friends to whom to appeal. These women had no money, and but the one Friend to whom to turn. The night was stormy, it was late, the children would wake hungry; their hearts almost failed them. But they went to their Friend. Before they rose from their knees a carriage drove to the door, from which when they went out the coachman—without a word—began to unpack meat, bread, provisions of every kind. Bundles of clothing followed. It was like a fairy-tale or one of Dickens's Christmas stories. At last a lady held out an envelope in which was a bank-note for a substantial sum, and the carriage drove away through the snow without a word being spoken.

All this was mysterious enough. But the explanation was simple. The banker was toasting his feet before going to bed at his library fire, thinking how glad he was to be indoors, when his daughter came in and said, after the inconsequent manner of women, how cold it was outside and how warm and cozy she had been in her own chamber, and how it had set her to thinking of people who were cold and hungry, and that she thought she could sleep better if she could make some one who needed help as warm and happy as herself. The father was a practical man. He remembered the little home for children, but told her to-morrow would be time enough to look it up. The daughter was impractical, and insisted that to-night was the time. The water began to come into her eyes. So the father gave up, of course, and put the note in the envelope as his contribution to the foolish adventure.—N. Y. Tribune.

### Earthquake and Volcanic Disturbances in 1875.

Prof. Fuchs has lately given in a German scientific journal a record of the operation of the forces which have disturbed the earth's crust, in the shape of earthquakes or volcanic eruptions during the year 1875. According to this observer, out of the 365 days of that year, 100 were marked by terrestrial disturbances, while there must have been many shocks of more or less violence in unrequited portions of the earth, where volcanic forces are known to be in active operation. Of these outbreaks, those which occurred at Cucuta, New Grenada, on the 16th, 17th and 18th of May; also later at Lifu Island, certain points in the East and West Indies, and on the Atlantic coast of South America, created the most damage, in which a number of towns and villages were destroyed, and no less than 30,000 persons, it is estimated, lost their lives, while enormous destruction of property ensued. The great centres of volcanic action are Italy, Iceland, New Zealand, Java, Greece, Mexico, and the Northern Pacific. All these localities during the year 1875 exhibited uncommon signs of activity. The most furious outbursts were in Iceland, but were least noted, as there was no very serious loss of life or property. On one occasion, in March, the ashes emitted by Vetrna were carried as far as Sweden and Norway; and so dense were the clouds of ashes and dust that the sun was obscured and wide districts shrouded in darkness. The geysers of New Zealand were observed to be peculiarly active, and the volcanic vents in the Sandwich Islands were in frequent commotion. The most interesting of these phenomena was the sudden eruption of Cerro-coco, in Mexico. This mountain was thought to be extinct, no signs of eruption having occurred since the discovery of America until the year 1870, when it awoke from its long repose. It is thought this vent may relieve this region from many earthquake throes, by which it has been so frequently disturbed.

That politeness which we put on, in order to keep the presumptuous at a proper distance, will generally succeed. But it is sometimes that these obtrusive characters are on such excellent terms with themselves that they put down their very politeness to the score of their own great merits and high pretensions, meeting the coldness of our reserve with a ridiculous condescension of familiarity, in order to set us at ease with ourselves.—Colton.

### The Character of Mahomet.

In forbidding the use of wine, Mahomet denied them a gratification for which they had no special craving; but he not only permitted, he gave, a divine sanction to the unbridled indulgence of their characteristic vices. The Arab inherited a supreme contempt for human life; Mahomet made him gratify it to the top of his bent, on the sole condition that the life sacrificed should not be that of Mussulman. The Arab was the most vain-glorious of human beings; Mahomet told him that he had a divine right to his self-conceit, since it was written in the Book of Fate that the Arab race was the predestined ruler of the world and heir to all ages. The Arab was proud of his language. Mahomet said that it was the language of heaven, and was consequently so sacred that its use was forbidden to all but the True Believers. The Arab was an inveterate freebooter; Mahomet opened up to him an endless vista of predatory warfare, with spoils in abundance, of all that could fire the fancy, in case of victory; or refreshing powers of Paradise, attended by ever-beautiful and ever-youthful black-eyed houris, if he died a hero's death. The Arab practiced slavery; Mahomet gave him for bond slaves as many of the human race as he chose to spare after satiating his lust of carnage. The Arab was grossly licentious. Mahomet gave him leave to take as many wives as he pleased, and concubines without number; and the crowning delight of his sensual Paradise is the increased opportunity which it offers for the safe gratification of animal lusts. The Jews were the first to experience his vengeance. He had fortified his earlier Suras with spurious quotations from the Pentateuch, which he said contained the same revelation to the Jews which he was commissioned to deliver in the Koran to the Arabs. But when he went to Medina, the Jews denounced his quotations as forgeries, and he retaliated by fiercely accusing them of having corrupted and falsified their sacred books. Denunciations, however, were not enough. The presence of the Jews, confuting his revelations out of their Hebrew Scriptures, was a standing menace to him; and he took measures, first to silence them, and when that failed, to get rid of them altogether. A Hebrew woman of the name of Asma, who exposed the prophet and his claims to ridicule in some satirical verses, was soon afterward assassinated by an agent of Mahomet, who crept into her apartment at midnight and plunged his dagger into her breast as she lay asleep between her little ones.—*MacColl's Eastern Question.*

### The East River Bridge.

The large cables for the support of the East River Bridge are being slowly stretched across, one wire at a time. It will take not less than eighteen months to complete this work. It is seven and a half years since work was begun on the piers, and apparently from five to seven years more will be required to complete the bridge. Ground has been broken for the construction of the New York approach to the bridge, which is to be 1,562 feet six inches long, and four years of steady labor will be required to complete it. The Brooklyn approach will not be more than half as long. The workmen are now engaged in digging the foundation for the first foundation wall and brick arches. These will be placed directly against the anchor pier, and, it is thought, will add to the strength of that massive column of work. The ground between the anchorage and the beginning of the approach will be occupied by a substantial building, which will contain stairways to give access to the bridge and will also be occupied for business purposes. There will be a bridge over Franklin Square 85 feet wide, 195 feet long on the north side, and about 140 feet long on the south side. The bridge will be divided into two spans. This will be the most important of any in the entire approach. The bridges over the other streets will have ordinary plate girders, resting on the abutments. Within the spaces between the abutments, which will be enclosed by walks running on each side of the approach, are to be built massive supports for the roadway. The spaces will be lighted by arches in the abutments and can be adapted for stores and warehouses. The roof of the approach will be formed by laying iron beams across the longitudinal walls and connecting them by means of short brick arches into a solid platform. The roadway on this platform will be arranged as on the main bridge. There will be horse-car rails, with the iron tramways alongside for wagon-wheels. The trains of passenger cars will be from 400 to 500 feet in length, and will be operated by steam engines in an underground room, between North William and Chatham Streets. The expenditures in the construction of the Bridge have already amounted to \$7,547,135. The entire expense is estimated at \$13,000,000. When completed, the work will be one of the wonders of this country, and, indeed, of the world.—*N. Y. Independent.*

"Oh, cut it short, cut it short!" exclaimed the victim of a Fulton-street barber, who, while shaving him, bequeathed the passing moments with an uninterrupted flow of wearisome conversation. "All right, sir," he replied; "some like a close shave, and some don't;" and, as he resumed the thread of his discourse, the victim groaned in despair.

The stills at Klissouza, in Bulgaria, noted for its manufacture of ottar of roses, have been destroyed during the war, and a worthy Lady Strangford has relieved the distress of the people by supplying them with one hundred and ten new ones.

### The Brinley Mazarine Bible.

At the meeting of the Connecticut Historical Society, last Tuesday evening, in Hartford, the chief interest gathered about the exhibition of one of the rarest and most valuable books in the world. Dr. Trumbull brought out the Mazarine Bible, belonging to the collection of the late George Brinley. This is one of the only two copies in America, and there are only six in the world. It was printed in 1455. Two years ago two copies were sold at auction in London, in the same sale, and one, printed upon paper, brought \$14,000 gold. The other, on vellum, brought \$20,000 gold. Usually a vellum copy of any work brings four or five times as much as a paper one; but the history of the Mazarine Bible raises the value of the paper copies relatively to those on vellum. Gutenberg printed the first copies, in 1455, and all those were on paper. In 1456 Faust got possession of the types, and his edition was partly on vellum. Those, consequently, are not so completely "original."

The Brinley copy is on paper—one of the genuine Gutenberg prints—and it is a marvel of the printer's work. Its equal could not be made to-day. The ink, though four hundred years old and more, is as distinct as ink could be, and the paper is still white and clear. The "register" is perfect and the appearance of the page far surpasses that of the best modern books. The first letter of each chapter is an illumination done by hand, and there are frequently full-page illuminations through the two volumes, also done, of course, by hand. These are exquisite specimens of work, and their coloring is as fine and rich as it was when put on—finer in some cases than it could be made now. The work is printed in Latin, with a number of curious contract symbols in the text, used to space the lines evenly. Three different ways of the letter "S"—broad, moderate width, and narrow—are examples of the care taken in such respects. This volume was probably bound about a hundred years after its printing and must have been hidden away for centuries in some monastery. The Mazarine Bible was the first book printed with movable type. Its date is not given, but was discovered by means of certain marks upon the manuscripts found with one copy. The oldest dated printed book is marked MCCCCLX. The Watkinson Library has a copy of this. A curious feature of the Brinley copy of the Gutenberg Bible is that upon each page is a faint pinmark at the top and bottom. This solves the hitherto inexplicable problem of how the register had been made so exact; that is, how exactly the matter upon opposite sides of the same leaf had been made to cover the same space, lines, and margins, corresponding precisely.—*Hartford Courant.*

### The Old Convict.

The Raleigh (N. C.) *Observer* tells the following affecting story: Beaubury Floyd, of Chowan County, aged about sixty years, was convicted of a trivial larceny in 1873, and sentenced to four years' imprisonment. He had been a good soldier, and lost a leg in the Confederate service, and was said by his neighbors to have been a kind-hearted and obliging man. He had no wife, child or child in the world, except a little blind daughter, about fifteen years old, who was in the blind asylum. Last week, Superintendent Gudger came to Gov. Vance and told him the condition of this little girl, and that, having been in the asylum the full term which the law permitted, she should have to be discharged, and he did not know what to do with her, as she had no home or friend to go to, except this poor felon father. The Governor promised at once to pardon him. This week the pardon was issued, and Mr. Gudger, placing it in the hands of the little girl, went with her to the penitentiary to liberate her father. The scene between father and daughter was melting in the extreme. She could not see the felon's stripes and the haggard prison look, and he, poor man, could look, with pride and fondness, upon the fair but sightless face of his child; something pure and innocent still loved him. Throwing themselves into each other's arms, they wept uncontrollably. After a little, hand in hand, they went away.

This is an age of nuisances. Somebody is continually doing something which makes a noise or a smell, or otherwise interferes with the comfort or the health of somebody else. Now it is a slaughter-house; then it is a stable which is maintained, to the great wrath and discouragement of the vicinage; soap-boilers and fat-renderers are constantly called upon to show cause why they should not put out their fires and transport their business to some other locality. An analogous case is that of the boarder who practices at night upon wind instruments, banishing the balmy from every other apartment of the pension. Then there is the man who smokes and who does so under difficulties, finding the number of places where he may much smaller than the number of places where he may not blow his cloud. A chime of bells has recently by a court of justice in Philadelphia been declared a nuisance, and an injunction has been issued against their further use except under certain conditions. Especially is it ordered that they shall not be rung at 5 o'clock in the morning.

The Louisville *Courier-Journal* says that mocking birds are becoming rarer in Georgia, by reason of their capture by the professional catchers, who sell them in the Northern markets. A consignment was shipped through Augusta, Ga., a few days ago, containing 150 young mocking birds not fully fledged.

### Romantic Marriage.

A romantic marriage was that which the father of the late Viscount Ashbrook contracted with an Irish girl:

When very young and residing with his family in the Queen's County he was struck with the beauty of an Irish peasant girl, named Elizabeth Ridge, who was in the habit of punting a ferry-boat across a stream in the vicinity of Castle Durrow. The youth enjoyed the society of his water nymph, but carefully concealed from his parents the impression she had made upon him.

He then held an ensign's commission in some regiment which was quartered near the castle, but he was too young to think of matrimony, nor was the object of his affection either old enough or sufficiently educated to become his wife.

She had been reared among the Irish peasants, had been unused to shoes and stockings, was scarcely acquainted with the English language, and was un-informed in matters of the world; but the young ensign fancied that, in spite of these disadvantages, he could perceive an aptitude of mind and soundness of intellect, united with great amiableness of temper, in addition to her personal perfections.

Under these circumstances, he conceived the romantic idea of submitting her to the superintendence of some respectable female, capable of rendering her, through the influence of education, an associate suitable to his wishes and to his rank.

The ferry-girl was accordingly placed under the tuition of a lady at whose house Ensign Flower occasionally visited her, and where he marked, from time to time, her progress in polite accomplishments.

Elizabeth Ridge remained in this situation about three years, when some domestic occurrences enabled the then Captain Flower to reap the reward of his constancy and honorable conduct by a matrimonial union. And the daughter of the Emerald Isle became ultimately the Countess of Ashbrook.

In a recent lecture Prof. Beal, of the Michigan Agricultural College, mentioned some trees which have been of great value. A walnut tree at Potterville sold for \$1,000, the wood being highly ornamental in beautiful waves, and it was made into veneering. A black walnut at Brookfield, seven feet through, sold at \$1,200, for the same purpose, in New York. Two thousand dollars were refused for a very large blistered walnut at Saugatuck. At Grand Rapids a black cherry tree, with very dark wood, was shipped to Central America, and from there shipped back to this country and sold as good mahogany.

At a recent woman's rights meeting in London, Miss Becker announced that there were 2,500,000 spinsters in Great Britain who own property to the amount of £150,000,000—\$750,000,000. If they were to organize, and concentrate their efforts, they could have suffrage and what else they wanted, except husbands, and those they don't appear to care about.

The other night a Burlington woman found the long-expected "man under the bed." It was her husband. The bed was rather high and so was he, and he missed connection when he tried to get in.

OHIO promises to produce 30,000,000 bushels of wheat this year.

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Use none but that which experience has proved to be the best. The AVERILL PAINT MIXED PAINT FOR THE HOUSE, received the highest award at the Centennial Exhibition for beauty, durability, and economy.

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Will last THREE times as long as the BEST lead and oil without CHALKING; is of any desired color. It is prepared for immediate application, requiring no Oil, Tinsler, or Drier, and does not spoil by standing any length of time. It is equally as good for inside as outside work; over old work as well as new. In fact, where any paint can be used, the AVERILL MIXED PAINT will be found superior to any other. Any one can apply it who can use a brush, which truly makes it the FARMER'S FRIEND. It is just the Paint for the age. It is sold by the gallon only. One gallon covers 30 square yards 2 coats or 15 yards 3 coats. For further information send for sample card and price list to the CALIFORNIA PAINT CO., 27 Stevenson St., San Francisco.

San Francisco, May 30, 1877.

We, the undersigned Wholesale Grocers take pleasure in remarking the increased demand for Bowen's Premium Yeast Powder, and of testifying to the general satisfaction given by this brand:

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AGENTS WANTED for the thrilling work, "Noted Lives of Quaint, James and Younger Brothers, and a score of others. Send \$1.00 for Prospectus, and commence at once. A. L. BARCROFT & Co., S. F.

**BRIGHAM YOUNG.**

Our dispatches announce the death at Salt Lake City, Utah, of Brigham Young, President Revelator, and Trustee in Trust of the Church of the Latter Day Saints. The information will be received all over the country with astonishment, for although Brigham Young was over 76 years of age, the fact was not generally known, while portraits of him in books, photographs, and the like, to be seen everywhere, exhibit him as a hale and hearty man in the prime of life, and indeed was possessed of remarkably rugged health to within a few weeks. The news of his death will be accepted with varied feelings, for Brigham Young had thousands of warm admirers as well as thousands of bitter enemies. As to his faults, enough will probably be written hereafter to satisfy his most uncompromising haters, but they will be written by those who have better reason to dwell upon them than the men whose duty it is to merely chronicle, as a matter of news, the fact of his death, and some of the leading points of his life. That he had many good traits there is much evidence, and that he was a remarkable man, in many particulars, there cannot be a shadow of doubt. His great success is an indisputable evidence of that fact, even were there no corroborating testimony. He was a man of strong executive ability, far more than an average intellectuality and was said to have been possessed of much physical courage. Indeed, his life has fully proven that. One trait of his character, which exhibited warmth of heart and kindness was an extraordinary love for children. No little one could come near him in one of his leisure moments without being caught up in his arms and fondled and petted. He was always genial and pleasant in his manner, and was, doubtless, truly good-hearted, except when his passions were swayed in an opposite direction, by some strong interposing interest to himself and the peculiar church of which he was the wonderfully zealous head.

Brigham Young was born at Whitingham, Vermont, June 1, 1801. He was the son of a farmer, but learned the trade of painter and glazier, and early in life became a member of the Baptist Church, under whose teachings he had been reared. In 1832, at Kirtland, Ohio, he joined the Mormons, and in three years thereafter started on his first missionary journey. Being possessed of peculiar but impressive eloquence, he was very successful as a preacher, and rapidly gained ground in the favor of his people. After the death of Joseph Smith in 1844, he was chosen President of the Church, and in 1846, and 1848, led the Mormon hosts from Nauvoo to Salt Lake Valley and founded the city. In March, 1849, a convention was held, a constitution framed, and a State was organized under the name of "Deseret," which in the reformed Egyptian language, is said to signify "A Land of the Honey Bee." Congress refused to admit Deseret as a State, but the Territory of Utah was organized and Young was appointed its Governor for four years. Conflicts of authority between the Mormon and the United States authorities arose, and the United States officers were expelled from the Territory. In 1852, Young introduced polygamy into the Church as an institution, claiming it to be the natural law of marriage, and in spite of strong opposition among his followers, succeeded in thoroughly establishing the doctrine of plurality of wives. In late years the development of mining interests brought great numbers of strangers to Utah, who are styled by the Mormons gentiles. A bitter feeling arose between the two classes of population which has never died out; but has grown stronger on the Mormon side because the influx of non-Mormons has been so great that the control of legislation and administration has been rapidly passing out of the hands of Young and his Church, and the last days of its once indefatigable head. Indeed, it will be generally accepted that the death of Brigham is the death of Mormonism. Under his charge the Salt valley was developed with wonderful rapidity considering its location in the far West. He built railroads and a fine city which will live as monuments to his untiring energy and industry, no matter what unpleasant monument to his memory may arise from the awful crimes that have been said to have been committed "at the crook of his finger."

**MORAL CHARACTER.**—There is nothing which adds so much to the beauty and power of man, as a good moral character. In his wealth, his influence, his life. It dignifies him in every station, exalts him in every condition, and glorifies him at every period of life. Such a character is more to be desired than anything else on earth. It makes a man free and independent. No servile tool, croaking sycophant, no treacherous honor-seeker ever bore such a character. The pure joys of truth and righteousness never spring in such a person. If young men but knew how much a good character would dignify and exalt them, how glorious it would make their prospects, even this life, never should we find them yielding to the groveling and base-born purposes of human nature.—"Bea".

The Portland "Bee" thus truthfully puts it: A man who conducts a journal in the interests of his individual affairs whether they relate to his business or his efforts at political revenge, and at the same time continually professes that he only aiming to make a "legitimate newspaper" of his publication, must be a fool or else he must think that his readers are idiots.

**HARD TO FIND.**—The population of England in 1801 was 10,000,000. To-day the population of England is held at 27,000,000, and that of the United States at 45,000,000. A more striking example of comparative national growth it would be hard to find. Our population has increased ten fold. That of Great Britain two and seven-tenths in three-fourths of a century.

There are four hundred and eighty-three acres of land devoted to the cultivation of hops in the Puyallup valley, and it is estimated that 2,700 pickers will be required to gather the crop. The probable yield is placed at 900,000 pounds for the entire valley.

A shark, caught inside the Columbia river bar, was sent to Salem to be "taxidermated" by Prof. Johnson.

Ague is making itself very "numerous" in Portland this year.

**Bankruptcy Notice.**

IN the District Court of the 3d Judicial District of Washington Territory. SS. In the matter of ALFRED EDMONDSON, Bankrupt. In Bankruptcy. THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE: THAT on the 23d day of August, A. D. 1877, a warrant in bankruptcy was issued against the estate of Alfred Edmondson, in the county of Jefferson, Territory of Washington, who has been adjudged a bankrupt, on his own petition; that the payment of any debts and delivery of any property, belonging to such bankrupt, to him, or for his use, and the transfer of any property by him, are forbidden by law; that a meeting of the creditors of the said bankrupt, to prove their debts, and to choose one or more assignees of his estate, will be held at a Court of Bankruptcy, to be holden at the court room in Port Townsend, Jefferson County, Washington Territory, before the Hon. J. R. Lewis, Judge, on the 20th day of September, A. D. 1877, at 10 o'clock A. M. CHARLES HOPKINS, U. S. Marshal, as messenger. By J. G. CLINGER, Deputy. Port Townsend, August 31, 1877.

**HURRA! HURRAH!**

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**AT THE Port Townsend Boot and Shoe Store FOR CASH.**

This is the **Largest and Best** Selected Stock of Boots and Shoes on Puget Sound, comprising **2700 PAIRS** Of Men's, Boy's, Ladies' Misses, and Children's Boots, Shoes, and Slippers of every quality which is now offered for Cash at living prices. In order to make room for Fall and Winter goods. I have a Great REVERENCE for CASH Customers. **John Fitzpatrick.**

**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, Chilblains, 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, toothache, 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 cords. 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. 'ALBT 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, livermen, stock-growers, sheep-raisers and those having horses or cattle. What a farrier 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 Samuel Pitcher, M. D., of Barnstable, Mass.

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The same machine sold for \$75 before the reduction in price.

The White is considered by those who are using them to be the easiest running; simplest; makes less noise; has the simplest and easiest threading shuttle; more room under the arm; the best feed; has no noisy cams or cog wheels; is made of the best material; not easy to get out of repair; every part is made so that any lost motion by simply turning a screw can be taken up; it is the latest production, therefore the best; has less machinery than any shuttle machine in the world.

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

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