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ALLEN WEBB Editor and Proprietor

My Barefoot Boy.

BY E. R. BROWN.

Skipping along through the narrow street
Of a country village quaint and neat,
With torn hat pushed from a freckled face,
And every motion a wave of grace;
With heart brimful of untainted joy,
Who is more blent than my barefoot boy?

See the clouds of dust that are gathering fast
Round the little form, as it hurried past,
Hiding the delicate limbs from view,
Far more than the tattered garments do.
Yet poverty cannot his peace destroy—
Ah! who is so rich as my barefoot boy?

Now he has mounted a way-side gate,
And is shouting his call to some far-off mate;
With the air of a leader he issues commands,
Using for trumpet his sunburnt hands.
Now holding to view some newly-bought toy—
Proud as a king is my barefoot boy.

Earnest of purpose, and strong of limb,
What is the pomp of the world to him?
Scarcely deigning to turn his eye
Toward the rich man's coach that is rolling
by;

Envy is powerless now to annoy
The satisfied soul of my barefoot boy.

But how will it be? Will the coming years
Ripen his hopes, or increase his fears?
Will innocence yield to his lust for gold,
Till the heart grows bitter, and hard, and
cold?

Yet why should vain doubts my mind employ?
The angels have charge of my barefoot boy.

Reason in Matrimony.

Love marriages are, as a rule, not so successful as what the French call *mariages de raison*. Poets, novelists, and sentimentalists may write what they please, but this is the result of hard, prosaic experience. Most girls thoroughly realize it, and the worldly position of an admirer is a considerable element in the amount of trouble which is devoted to an attempt to hook him. And why not? Is a girl to wreck all her prospects in life because a year or two after she is out of the school-room she feels an uncontrollable desire to marry some lad who cannot support her? This is, however, the sound and practical view of life presented in novels and plays. Down goes the curtain so soon as the happy pair have been joined together for the rest of their existence while this "rest" is left to the imagination. Fortunately for girls they are endowed with enough plain common sense to see the absurdity of all this. But although they act in the matter of marriage with wisdom, they feel themselves obliged to pretend to agree with the impractical trash of novelists and dramatists. In France *mariages de raison* prevail. The girl who is to be married is but little consulted about her future husband, and unless he is absolutely repugnant to her the alliance is arranged, to her perfect satisfaction, for her by her parents. Yet French wives, as a rule, have a sincere affection for their husbands. They feel that they have entered into a partnership for life with them. Habit does the rest, and these marriages are, with rare exceptions, happy. In America the girl is left to pick and choose her husband herself. She is as free as is the married woman in the Old World, indeed more free. From having to look after her own interests she becomes alive to what they are, and while all American marriages are termed love marriages, few are contracted on a basis of love without any regard to more practical considerations. In England girls are neither left entirely to themselves nor are they, as in France, placed, as regards marriage, under the tutelage of their parents. The consequence is that English girls sometimes allow themselves to be carried away by a passing feeling in favor of a man, marry him, and regret it ever afterward, for they are pursued through life with the idea that they might in all probability have done better for themselves. My moral is, therefore, this: Let no girl fancy that she is wise in making a bad match, because she imagines the former to be a love match. Love is not affection. From its very nature it is but a temporary impulse, and in most cases a singularly silly impulse, which has become to be regarded as something almost divine, owing to the absurd nonsense that poets and others have written about it. When Miss Smith takes it into her head that life is unendurable unless passed as Mrs. Jones, there is nothing to be commended in her acting upon this notion, and should she do so and marry the impecunious Jones, she will, probably, within a year, when the novelty of Jones is worn off, sincerely regret that she did not accept the offer of the prosperous Robinson. A man who has half a million is in no way superior to a man who has ten thousand, but evidently, all things else being equal, it would be wiser to enter into a partnership with the former than with the latter; and what is marriage but a partnership for life? It is really shocking that common sense has not yet done away with the absurdity of supposing that two silly fools, holding each others hands, looking into each others eyes, and feeling that they would like to do this for the rest of their natural existence, are a spectacle for men and angels to admire. No; affection is all very well, but it is just as easy to feel affection for Jones as for Robinson. Except as the result of a morbid and diseased imagination, love at first sight does not exist. Affection is lasting, while love is normally but a temporary aberration. Love may be toned down into af-

fection, but, as a rule, affection is merely the result of two persons being thrown much together, and having many interests in common. The advice I would give to girls intending to marry is: Keep your head clear, and look out for the best commercial partnership that you can find. If you do not positively dislike your future partner you will find that after you have married him, you will like him, and in a reasonable, sensible way, love him. There is nothing mercenary or selfish in this view of marriage. Of course it is more agreeable to be endowed with much of this world's goods than with little of them. If Brown, Jones and Robinson all want to marry you, each one is personally, in all probability, neither better nor worse than the others. Therefore, if Brown is well-to-do, and Jones and Robinson are not in a position which would justify their marrying, then I say marry Brown, unless there is some very excellent reason to the contrary.—*Home Journal*.

Fruits of Central Asia.

Eugene Schuyler, in writing of Turkistan, says that the gardens constitute the beauty of all the land. The long rows of poplar and elm trees, the vineyards, the dark foliage of the pomegranate over the walls, transport one, at once, to the plains of Lombardy, or of Southern France. In the early spring the outskirts of the cities, and indeed the whole valley, are one mass of white and pink, with the bloom of almond and peach, of cherry and apple, of apricot and plum, which perfume the air for miles round. These gardens are the favorite dwelling-places in summer, and well they may be; nowhere are fruits more abundant, and of some varieties it can be said that nowhere are they better. The apricots and peaches, I think, it would be impossible to surpass anywhere. These ripen in June, and from that time until winter, fruit and melons are never lacking. Peaches, though smaller in size, are better in flavor than the best in England; but they are far surpassed by those of Delaware. The big blue plums of Bukhara are celebrated through the whole of Asia. The cherries are mostly small and sour. The best apples come either from Khiva or from Susak, to the north of Turkistan; but the small white pears of Tashkent are excellent in their way. The quince, as with us, is cultivated only for jams or marmalades, or for flavoring soup. Besides watermelons, there are in common cultivation ten varieties of early melons, and six varieties which ripen later, any of which would be a good addition to our gardens. In that hot climate they are particularly wholesome, and form one of the principal articles of food during summer. When a man is warm and thirsty, he thinks nothing of sitting down and finishing a couple of them. An acre of land, if properly prepared, would produce in ordinary years, from two to three thousand, and in very good years twice as many. Of grapes I noticed thirteen varieties, the most of them remarkably good. The Jews distill a kind of brandy from the grapes, and the Russians have begun to make wine; but all the brandies which I have seen, both red and white, were harsh and strong, and far inferior to the wines of the Crimea or the Caucasus. Large quantities of fruit are dried, and are known in the Russian commerce by the name of *trium* or kishmish, although the latter is only properly applied to a certain kind of grape. If the fruit were dried properly and carefully, it might become a very important article of trade, as it is naturally so sweet that it can be made into *confetes* and preserves without the addition of sugar.

Sheep Thieves.

Robert Michael, a farmer near West Chester, Butler county, Ohio, awoke Wednesday morning to find that his flock of sheep, thirty-six head, had been stolen during the night. He could trace the track of the flock down the road, and immediately saddled his horse, and followed at a brisk canter. At the Sixteen Mile House, on the Reading Road, in the tavern yard, he saw twenty-four sheep, which he recognized as his own.

The inn-keeper said that two men had come by in a covered wagon and with a flock of sheep, but had gone again, leaving the sheep there for safety. Some passers-by told of a covered wagon seen down the road, which undoubtedly contained sheep, as they were heard bleating.

The farmer again vaulted into the saddle, and followed the wagon to this city, where he lost the trail. He reported to the Chief of Police, who detailed detectives Amptur and Kushman to look up the matter. In a very short time these detectives found a wagon answering the description at a wagon yard on Walnut street, above Liberty. In that wagon they found one Wm. Hoffer asleep. He was awakened and closely questioned, and finally confessed that he was one of the thieves, and that the other had gone with the sheep to a slaughter house on upper Vine street. Hoffer was taken into custody, and the detectives went to the slaughter house mentioned. There they found the stolen animals, hanging as toothsome mutton, at the shambles. They also found John Jeffreys, the other thief.

Both prisoners were confronted by Michael, the farmer. Ju Hoffer recognized a man who was his neighbor for fifteen years and only moved away last year. It is thought that Hoffer and Jeffreys have been making a profession of this sort of theft, and the officers hope to turn up more live stock stolen by them. Both were lodged in Bremen Street Station.—*Cincinnati Gazette*.

THE EMPEROR OF China has issued an edict prohibiting opium smoking at the end of three years.

A Bold Stroke for a Wife.

The founders of Home made a brave dash for wives when they seized the Sabine maidens, but according to the Guelph (Canada) *Mercury* their exploit has just been exceeded in daring and also in atrocity. Indeed, it is almost unparalleled, unless in the memorable abduction of his cousin's widow by Simon Lovat. That unprincipled Scotchman hoped to succeed to the title and estates of his cousin, the eleventh Lord Lovat, and as a first step carried off his widow, marrying her while the baggage of his followers deafened to her shrieks the ears of the drunken priest who officiated. For this act Lovat was outlawed. He richly deserved to be executed, as he was many years later for his participation in the rebellion of 1745. It is said, however, that his unwilling bride became reconciled to her fate. The Canadian affair reads very much like an occurrence of Lovat's lawless days.

A Miss Carr, niece of a Sheriff, was staying with her uncle at Guelph, when she received a note on the 25th ult., apparently written by her father, saying that he was coming to Guelph, and would be glad to meet her on the 26th at Wells' Bridge, in the outskirts of the town. A cab would be waiting for her at the bridge, and, if her father was not in it, she could get in and be driven to him. She appears to have had no suspicion of wrong. She found the cab late on the appointed afternoon. A stranger, since identified as one Lowmes, was inside, and, as soon as she came up, addressed her, saying that he supposed she was the young lady that had been sent for, and asked her to get in. She did so, and was driven some distance. Suddenly the cab stopped, the driver dismounted, and Lowmes took his place. An instant later, one Sturdy, a rejected suitor of Miss Carr, accompanied by his daughter, jumped into the cab. The poor girl, now greatly frightened, screamed loudly, but Sturdy threw her back, and ordered her to be quiet. As she continued her cries, he gagged her with a handkerchief, and also attempted, with his daughter's help, to force some liquor—probably drugged—down her throat, but it was only partially successful.

A few miles further on the journey a son of Sturdy met the party in a carriage, to which the prisoner was transferred. She was then taken to Hamilton and confined in a small house in the suburbs. She was kept there until Saturday, and after repeated threats consented to go quietly with Sturdy to a minister's and become his wife. Sturdy's daughter and the minister's sisters were the only witnesses. The wretched girl was almost beside herself with excitement and fear, and when officers from Guelph arrested Sturdy and rescued her on Sunday, she was nearly demented. She was rejoiced at being rescued, but was afraid that she would be killed by her late captors. The next day she was delirious, screaming out for some person to protect her, and it was thought by her physician that it would be some time before she could testify against her abductors.

Sturdy and his daughter were both in jail at last accounts, and it is quite certain that they and their accomplices will be severely punished. The strangest part of the recklessly bold outrage—admitting the correctness of the *Mercury's* details—is the helping hand lent by the son and daughter of the principal aggressor. Children are not usually so anxious to be provided with a stepmother as to violate the law to obtain one. It must therefore be that a large fortune gave Miss Carr uncommon attractions in their eyes as well as in those of their father, and disposed the latter to bribe Lowmes and the cab driver to help him at the start.—*Cincinnati Gazette*.

VOLCANOES OF THE MOON.—The most prominent instance of supposed lunar change on the surface of the moon is that of the crater Linné. On the northwest quadrant of the moon, near the centre of a level tract about 430 miles in diameter, there is a bright crater called Bessel, nearly 14 miles in diameter, with a circular wall rising 4,000 feet above the interior, and about 1,600 feet above the surrounding plain. Scattered over this plain are a few small craters, some 2½ miles in diameter, with walls about 300 feet high. Near its eastern centre an eminent selenographer named Lohman placed a distinct, bright crater about five miles in diameter, which he described as being, after Bessel, the most conspicuous object on this great tract of level ground. Ten years later, our greatest selenographer, Baron von Mädler, confirmed Lohman's observations, and made this crater a subject of special study, naming it Linné. In the drawings of Schmidt, who was about this time making lunar observations of this particular part of the moon, Linné is shown as a deep crater corresponding with the descriptions of Lohman and Mädler.—*Popular Science Monthly*.

KEEP BUSY.—The man who has nothing to do is the most miserable of beings. If you have no regular work, do chores, as farmers do when it rains too hard to work in the field. In occupation we forget our troubles, and get a respite from sorrow. The man whose mind and hands are busy finds no time to weep and wail. If work is slack, spend the time in reading. No man ever knew too much. The hardest students in the world are the old men who know the most.

THE OPIUM-EATER may reside in a malarious district, but he will not suffer from miasma; or he may live in the midst of an epidemic of some contagious fever, but he will be among those who escape. The opium-eater almost always dies of opium—he survives everything to die of his favorite drug.

The Rate of Interest.

Few features of the present era are so remarkable as the contagious influence exerted by the national funding measures upon the prevalent rates of interest loans. Prior to the commencement of the work of reducing the rates on the government loans it seemed to be the fixed determination of the most intelligent and influential classes in the country to push the rates of interest as high as possible, to keep them up, and to make a point of always favoring an advance. State legislatures were beset with demands for the repeal of all laws against usury, and numbers of the state banks and other fiscal companies were chartered authorizing them to charge any rate of interest on loans. Nearly all of the companies so chartered have failed. Those that have escaped have done so only by loaning on the most ample collaterals. And the best proof of the total unsoundness of any state of business based on such unnatural and ruinous rates of interest is that, although nearly four years have elapsed since the panic of 1873, the bankruptcies are still astounding in magnitude, number and liabilities. Men have been preaching up the necessity of corporate companies being content with moderate dividends, but very few have deemed it necessary to dwell on the duty of being content with moderate interest.

Yet this is the one chief lesson of the times. High rates of interest having ruined the great majority of the borrowers and a good many of the lenders, the business seems to have collapsed. When the national government can borrow untold millions at four per cent, men are recovering from their desperate haste to pay seven, eight, ten and twelve per cent. Property held at security for loans will not now pay the face of the debt. In New York City mortgages are reduced from seven per cent, to six, and people who are able to command the cash are paying off their incumbrances. There is a vast surplus of unemployed capital everywhere. Money is a drug, and the inflation that gave existence to high rates of interest is dead. The decline of rates is as general at the West as here. Ten per cent. can no longer be obtained in Chicago. Eight and nine are eagerly accepted by the lenders. Speculation is unprofitable; kite flying has few devotees.

The truth is that the existence of abundance of home capital adequate for all legitimate purposes has been fully established and recognized. Our country is taking one great step toward emancipation from the dangers of periodical crashes and panics. Excessive rates of interest ate up the profits of regular business, and forced an unnatural struggle to secure trade beyond the bounds of prudence or safety. It has been fully demonstrated that sound and reliable traffic cannot afford to pay such rates, and that money lenders must be content with more moderate rates in order to keep business within safe limits. The very numerous bank failures that have been occurring have arisen from a total disregard of this lesson, and it is now morally certain that these failures must go on unless the fiscal institutions learn wisdom at once.

The States and cities should all follow the example of the national government and gradually reduce the interest on their debts by the funding process.—*North American*.

A COSTLY JOKE.—An English farmer has recently been compelled to pay the costs of a practical joke. He was sitting in the bar-room of the Greyhound Inn one night and taking his usual tankard of ale, when his eye chanced to fall on the sleeping form of a man with a long beard. He went to the fire, and lighting a piece of paper, deliberately applied it to the sleeping man's beard. There was a bright, rushing flame for a second or two; the man sprang to his feet in agony; the joke was complete, and the farmer roared in ecstasy. The unfortunate sufferer, who happened to be the village tailor, knew that the farmer was a man of substantial means, and acted accordingly. He brought an action for \$250 damages in the Malmesbury County Court in due course. According to the plaintiff's evidence, his beard was eighteen inches long when he lay down, after having some ale. The next thing he remembered was his face being on fire, while a man helped to put out the flame. The defendant sat in his seat roaring with laughter, and did not offer any assistance, nor did he offer any apology for what he had done. His lips were burned severely, his face was blistered, his beard, eyebrows, and eyelashes were burned to the skin, and one eye and one ear scorched. The magistrate awarded him \$250 and costs.

A WISE TEACHER.—"What do we have the Fourth of July for?" asked a Broadway boy of his mother.

"Fourth of July? Why, Freddy, I'm ashamed of you! We have Fourth of July to celebrate the—husband, I declare I can't think for the moment, what is it!"

"Why, don't you know why we celebrate the Fourth? Who was it discovered America?"

"Christopher Columbus!" exclaimed the mother and boy simultaneously.

"Right; and when did he discover it?"

"Why, on the Fourth of July, of course," replied the mother, "but I've got the worst memory about these historical facts."

"That's it," said the father, encouragingly. "Columbus discovered America on the Fourth of July, and the nation celebrates the day in honor of the event. Freddy, I want you to study up. I should feel awfully mortified had you asked me such a question before company."

How to Make a Well.

Mr. J. W. Pinkham has a paper on "Wells and Cisterns" in *Scraper*, with plans showing how they are constructed and how they should be constructed. He says of wells:

First, of course, the well must be so constructed that it cannot act as a drain for the neighboring soil. This can be done by making the wall above low-water mark of some material impervious to water, or by omitting this part of the wall altogether. The first can be accomplished by having the wall from a point two or three feet from the bottom made of brick with a coating of hydraulic cement on its exterior, or of hydraulic well-tubing with the jointings well protected with cement; in either case the earth should be thoroughly packed around the wall, and a slight embankment should be made around the orifice to prevent the in-flow of surface or storm water.

In such a well the draining surface is so reduced, and placed at such a distance below the surface of the ground, that in the great majority of instances the introduction of foreign matter becomes impossible, except in so far as there is a chance that substances will fall into the well from above. To prevent this the well should be kept covered when not in use. In most cases, however, it is better to omit the upper part of the wall altogether. After the excavation is completed, the wall can be built in the usual manner for a distance of two or three feet, more or less, as circumstances may demand; the service pipe can then be placed in position, and the well arched over. The remainder of the excavation can then be filled with earth, well packed, as it is thrown in, and the pipe carried to any convenient point. It will be necessary to place above the arch several layers of stones successively smaller to prevent the falling of earth into the space below.

The workmen will probably suggest a layer of turf or straw to accomplish this object, but the presence of either of these substances will cause the water to be unpleasant for a considerable time, and will prove the cause of much annoyance.

There is a prevalent notion that a well should be ventilated for the purpose of allowing noxious gases to escape; and that water is better for being exposed to the air. I hardly need state that the only noxious gases in a well (i. e., gases which render the water unwholesome) are the products of the decomposition of organic matter which has found its way into the well in ways which have been described above, and that water as it flows in its subterranean passages is more perfectly aerated than it can be in any other way.

JOHN BRIGHT ON COBDEN.—John Bright, in his magnificent speech at the unveiling of Cobden's monument the other day, repeated with new effect the story of Cobden's coming to him when his young wife had just died, and saying, "There are thousands and thousands of homes in England at this moment where wives and mothers are dying of hunger. Now, when your first paroxysm of grief is passed, I would advise you to come with me, and we will never rest until the Corn Laws are repealed." Of Cobden's work he spoke with almost tender appreciation. "There is not a homestead in the country," he said, "in which there is not added comfort from his labors, not a house the dwellers in which have not steadier employment, higher wages, and a more solid independence. For generations to come, as long as the great men of England are spoken of in the English language, let it be said of him that Richard Cobden gave the labors of a life that he might confer upon his countrymen perfect freedom of industry, and with it not that blessing only, but its attendant blessings of plenty and of peace."

CROSSING THE DANUBE.—Napoleon's passage of the river in the face of the Austrians before the battle of Wagram is thus described by a military writer in the *London Telegraph*: "He had prepared on the island of Lobau a number of flat-bottomed craft and the materials for floating bridges in canals, which he had cut into the main stream, keeping the boats concealed by trees and brushwood from the enemies' view. Making a feint at another point, he sent, at 9 o'clock in the evening, two battalions across, who at once became engaged with the Austrian outposts, but held their ground till the floating bridges were constructed over the river, their 150 yards wide, when a whole corps passed over and seized the nearest village. By 11 o'clock several bridges were constructed, another corps was already crossing, and before daylight 70,000 men had effected their passage. The night was very dark and there were torrents of rain."

WHEN the boys were paying ten cents last summer for a telephone with which to amuse themselves, they did not foresee, nor did their parents, that this was the beginning of an institution destined to grow into one of the wonders of the world. Even at this early day, the telephone is the means of communication between distant cities, and the project is mooted of laying it by cable under the sea to connect us in vocal contact with our friends on the other shore. When it gets properly under way our words will literally go to the world's end.—*United Presbyterian*.

It is an erroneous, though common impression, that the diamond is the most valuable gem. Mr. Streeter, one of the great "diamond kings" of London, states that the ruby is far more precious, and that a ruby of five carats is worth ten times the price of a diamond of the same weight.

Artichokes for Live Stock.

Mr. E. F. Brockway of Washington county, Iowa, writes to the Patron's Helper on this subject as follows: "Some time last spring one of your subscribers, writing for your paper on the subject of 'Artichokes for hogs,' suggested that some one that was able to do so would try the experiment and report. At that time I had planted seven acres, intending them for my Poland China pigs, of which I am raising 150. Although this is only the second year I have planted, I no longer consider it an experiment. Three of my neighbors have raised them; one of them several years rather extensively, and it was his success that induced me to try it. He is one of our most reliable men, and says he considers one acre of artichokes equal to ten acres of corn; he has raised 170 pigs this summer, and has scarcely had any loss of pigs or trouble with his sows, and he thinks much of his good luck due to his fields of artichokes. I would have planted a year or two sooner, but I feared they were a humbug. Now I regret that I did not invest in them earlier. Had I done so my corn crib would not now be empty. My seven acres are now taller than my best corn, to large to plow, and have only been plowed twice. I will turn my hogs on them the last of September or first of October, and let them have the run of the field until the middle of May or first of June. I never ring my hogs, and am not troubled with their rooting when turned on good pasture in June. When you ring a hog, or cut his nose to prevent him from rooting, you lock him out of his apothecary shop, and endanger his health. When the hogs are turned off the artichoke field in the spring, it should be leveled with a harrow, which is all the care and cultivation they will need.

"I think from 400 or 500 bushels per acre an average crop. The variety we use is the red Brazilian. My greatest fears were that they would be difficult to eradicate when once planted. I have seen one field almost entirely rooted out, and think when hogs are left in too late, or too many hogs on a small field, there is danger of there not being enough left in the ground for seed. When mine have ripened I will dig a square rod or two and report the product, and by next spring I will be able to give a more satisfactory report of the trial. I do not think their fattening qualities are as great as corn, but I think they are better for producing bone and muscle, and building up the system, and placing them in the best possible condition to finish with corn. When our farmers learn to use a greater variety of food for their hogs, grass and pure water in abundance, with artichokes, beets, turnips, bran, shorts and corn to finish with, not forgetting a good dry place to sleep, then will we hear less complaint of hog cholera, is the opinion of your humble servant."

BRIDLE BLINDS.—We never could see what vice or deformity lay in a horse's eye that should make it necessary to cover it up and shut out its owner from at least two-thirds of his rightful field of vision. The poets say that old age looks backward, but we never heard of such an idiosyncrasy charged upon horses. The theory that a horse is less apt to be frightened when shut out from everything behind him we suspect to be a fallacy, else saddle-horses and war-horses would be duly blinded. Every horse is as familiar with his own carriage as with his own tail, and as far as his "personal" fortitude is concerned is no more disturbed at being pursued by one than another. As for other scarecrows that come behind, they are mostly familiar to the animal, and the more fully the horse can perceive them the more quietly does he submit to their approach. Then it is such a pity to cover up one of the most brilliant features of this most brilliant creature. The horse has borne such a hand in the civilization of this rough-and-tumble world that it seems not so much a disgrace to hide his form with embarrassing toggery. No wonder we estimate the force in the world as horse power; no wonder the Romans and Germans, each in their own language, designated their aristocracy as riders; no wonder their descendants made chivalry a synonym for their highest virtues. Let the horse be given his due, and unblinded.—English Journal.

THE New Hampshire Mirror advocates more light and says: Our own barn is deficient in its supply of window glass. Is not this the case with four-fifths of the barns? Water and sunlight have been reckoned among the free gifts. To-day water is in many places an expense, but let us be thankful sunlight is yet free. I find on visiting most of the barns of one of our towns that they are, as a rule, poorly lighted. I presume it is the case in many others. Why? I believe not, because our farmers cannot afford a few dollars' worth of window glass, for I think it would give us a speedy return, both in the health and comfort of our stock and poultry. Did you ever notice a half dozen lambs packed into a half yard of pure sunshine? Let the brutes teach us a lesson.

It is estimated that sixty per cent. of the population of the Northern States are towns-people, and only forty per cent. farmers. That explains why wheat is a dollar and a quarter per bushel, and a very pretty calico dress only eighty cents. It also solves the mystery of the sparkling new tpb-uggies and sleek horses one sees at country churches and on rural by-ways. It does not, however, explain why the country minister's salary is only five hundred a year.

A Castine Home.

There is the garret, not full of moth-eaten refuse and festooned with cobwebs, as are the garrets of romancers, but clean, light and airy, the favorite play-room of the little folks, and frequent resort of their elders when the day is to be swept with a glance in search of an expected pleasure boat, or a lookout kept for the first glimpse of a gull-tossel as the *Spy* comes creeping around Lighthouse Head, bugging the shore too closely for unaccustomed eyes to distinguish the slowly-gliding masts from the stationary objects on the bank above. There are heavy chests filled with the discarded finery of former generations, the flowered brocade of the great grandmother who danced with the British officers being the chief treasure of the hoard. The now obsolete spinning wheel occupies a distant corner, and ranged along the walls are decrepit chairs with wide carved backs, and claw-footed tables too cumbersome for the taste of the present day. Nor is there wanting even here that suggestion of the sea which gives a quaint touch and flavor to all the belongings of Castine. There are rows of huge conch shells, for which fashion no longer demands a place upon the parlor mantelpiece, and boxes of curiosities collected by childish hands; there are masses of coral rock brought home by the boys from the ballast wharf, and delicate coral fans, the gift of some sailor friend from tropical seas; while the floor is ornamented with rows of starfish and sea-urchins which the children of to-day have laid in the sun to dry.

In the chambers below, the curtained beds and cushioned arm-chairs of old times are set off by quaint engravings or richly toned paintings, reminders of Mediterranean voyages and of hurried visits to art capitals along the coast.

The Bay of Naples, or the villa-crowned height of Genoa, smiles from the wall upon the scarcely less beautiful panorama of sea and shore outside the windows; and the sewing table is adorned with a basket of finest workmanship, the gift of the sailor son, who remembers in Eastern bazaars his mother's patient stitching and mending in the days of his boisterous youth. Her daughter's bureau drawers in the opposite room are stored with foreign treasures. All her garments smell of myrrh, aloes and cassia. When she goes to pay visits, she attires herself in a shawl so wondrously embroidered as to be above the caprices of fashion; and her ivory card-case is a miracle of Chinese art. The grave father of the family cuts his Boston *Transcript* with a sandal-wood paper-knife, and writes his business letters at a solid desk of camphor wood, whose massive brass frame fairly lights up the corner of the sitting-room, where it has an abiding-place and a table of its own.

In the parlor the mantelpiece is gay with the artistically grouped feathers of tropical birds; upon the shelves of the whatnot are glass jars of the spices of Ceylon, arranged in the various developments of their fruitage; the drawers of the book-case are full of Chinese pictures, innocent of perspective and brilliant in coloring; the table is strewn with ingenious puzzles; and a never-failing source of amusement for stranger guests is the Japanese fan, which, opened aright, offers a brave show of costumed figures, and reversed, tumbles into rags and empty sticks. Even the dining-room and kitchen partake of the foreign element which the great and wide sea brings to this remote shore. Every one in the house recognizes the subtle fragrance when a certain tiny saucepan is brought into requisition, and the children rejoice to see upon the tea-table the pale blue jar ornamented with a watery landscape, which hints of preserved ginger within.

Nor is it alone the great square houses that contain these cosmopolitan treasures. The neat white cottages by the shore are made picturesque by their imported belongings. Queer beads and heathenish necklaces dangle from the frames of the looking-glasses; exquisite shells adorn the bureau in the best room; and the tame gray parrot sits on the fence and scolds the passers-by in a foreign jargon, but with an emphasis unmistakably suggestive of his meaning.—Elizabeth E. Evans, in Harper's Magazine.

DO NOT FACE THE LIGHT WHEN AT WORK.—Statistics kept by oculists employed in infirmaries for eye diseases have shown that the habit of some persons in facing a window from which the light falls directly in the eyes as well as on the work, injure their eyes in the end. The best way is to work with a side light, or if the work needs strong illumination, so that it is necessary to have the working table before the window, the lower portion of the latter should be covered with a screen, so as to have a top light alone, which does not shine in the eyes when the head is slightly bent over and downward toward the work.

In the schools in Germany this matter has already been attended to and the rule adopted to have all the seats and tables so arranged that the pupils never face the windows, but only have the side lights from the left; and as a light simultaneously thrown from two sides give an interference of shadows, it has been strictly forbidden to build school-rooms with windows on both sides, such illumination having also proved injurious to the eyes of the pupils.

We may add to this the advice not to place the lamp in front of you when at work in the evening, but a little on one side; and never to neglect the use of a shade, so as to prevent the strong light shining in the eyes. This is especially to be considered at the present time, when kerosene lamps, with their intensely luminous flames, become more and more common.—Medical Journal.

Art of Living.

"One-half the world doesn't know how the other half lives"—so saith the vulgar proverb. But one thing all the world may know, and that is the independent farmers of America may live as well, if they know how, as any other people on the globe. We are not sure that our rural population, in view of health and enjoyment, pay enough attention to the art of "living." They may have at hand on the cheapest terms, and in the richest profusion, all the elements of diet and feasting, but to use these without abuse is an art which every housekeeper ought to study in abeyance to sanitary considerations. We venture to say that in the progress of time this important matter has received a less degree of attention than has been bestowed on any other branch of home economy. As a rule, it may be said, country housekeepers pay less regard to the variety, quality, the health-giving and appetizing properties of their table supplies than do their sisters of other professions. Every farmer may, within a few years, provide his household with the entire round of fruits and vegetables which the climate allows, and with a profusion of milk, butter, poultry, animal meats, etc. But it is not enough to have these good things; it is necessary to know how to use them well and wisely. It may be short-sighted to stint his family in generous living in order that his purse may become plenteous, as it would undeniably be mean to deny them all they can rationally enjoy of books and schools. It is not the most expensive living that is most enjoyable; but it is due attention to culinary preparation and domestic art that we invoke. No special rules can be laid down in these matters, for the situation, the tastes and wants of individual families should be consulted. We allude to the subject as to one which has hitherto attracted but little attention, and which is by no means the least worthy of strict regard. In fact, the way people live has a powerful influence on their elevation or degradation as civilized beings.

A HUNGARIAN officer recently experimented at Pesth with an apparatus designed to enable a horse to cross a river without sinking. The officer mounted his steed on the Buda side of the Danube, and actually accomplished the feat of swimming the river on horseback at its broadest part, with rapid current running. He kept the horse's head up splendidly while crossing, which occupied about twenty minutes. The military men present were pleased with the invention.

An invalid, while panting with asthma, almost deafened by the notes of a bawling fellow who was selling oysters below the window, exclaimed: "The extravagant rascal has wasted as much breath as would have served me for a month!"

WASTE OF WATER POWER—Niagara Falls.

From Swamp and Marsh. From land left saturated by receding floods, and from pools stagnating in sunken lots on the outskirts of cities, rises a vapor pregnant with disease. Its name is miasma, and it is laden with the seeds of fever and ague, bilious remittents, and other malarial disorders. How to cope successfully with these destructive malarial is a problem solved more than a quarter of a century ago by the discovery of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which has proved itself an absolute specific for miasmatic disease in every form, its sure preventive, and a superb invigorant and general alterative of disordered conditions of the system. Irrefragable evidence to prove this fact has been accumulating for years, and scarcely a day passes without some fresh corroboration of it. Eminent physicians have, after a thorough test, pronounced the article perfectly efficacious and absolutely pure, and the American people long ago adopted it as their favorite household remedy.

Purchasing Agency. Ladies who are desirous of having goods purchased for them in San Francisco can do so by addressing Mrs. W. H. Ashley, who will send samples of goods for their inspection and approval. Would say that I am an experienced dress-maker, and have the advantage of buying at wholesale, and would give my patrons the benefit of same. Goods purchased and sent C. O. D. Send for Circular. Any information in regard to styles cheerfully given. Would add that I have a first-class establishment for Dress-making, and am prepared to execute country orders with dispatch. Address Mrs. W. H. ASHLEY, 130 Sutter street, Room 51 San Francisco.

The Best Photographs On the Pacific Coast are now made at the New York Gallery, No. 25 Third street, San Francisco. Prices to suit the times. J. H. PETERS, Proprietor.

AN EXTENDED POPULARITY.—Each year finds "BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" in new localities in various parts of the world. For relieving Coughs, Colds, and Throat Diseases, the Troches have been proved reliable.

ATTENTION is called to the offer made by the National Silver-Plating Co., 704 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, in our columns. Their silver-ware is beautiful and fully up to standard, and their generous offer is available to all the readers of this paper for ninety days after date.

Use Burnham's Abietine for rheumatism and neuralgia.

PHYSICIANS of high standing unhesitatingly give their indorsement to the use of the Graefenberg-Marshall's Catholicon for all female complaints. The weak and debilitated find wonderful relief from a constant use of this valuable remedy. Sold by all druggists. \$1.50 per bottle.

MR. E. SACKMANN, of 273 Pearl street, N. Y., offers a great bargain in Photographic apparatus, it being so simple that anybody can operate with it successfully. Send stamp for circular.

CURED FOR FOUR BITS.—After spending hundreds of dollars for doctors' fees, I was cured at last of rheumatism by investing four bits in a flask of Trapper's Indian Oil.

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

Good Pay and Light Work in Odd Hours.

155 GOLD COIN AND OTHER Premiums Given Free BY THE SAN FRANCISCO WEEKLY CHRONICLE!

PEOPLE'S PAPER.

The Proprietors have determined, if possible, to place it in the hands of every intelligent reader on the Pacific Coast. The exclusive advantages it has already obtained by indomitable perseverance have excited the envy of competitors and gained unbounded praise from the world at large. As an incentive to many persons who have a great deal of IDLE TIME to occupy themselves profitably, we offer the following valuable Premiums, and expect by this means to gain their energetic cooperation. The WEEKLY CHRONICLE makes a specialty of giving complete and reliable MARKET REPORTS, and also contains a highly valuable and interesting AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT. There is no limit to the number of Prizes any one person may receive. Nothing more is required than to get up the different Clubs specified in the list, and the ENTIRE LIST OF PRIZES will be forwarded to them.

\$5000 a Year GOLD COIN

Can be made in this manner, as the Prizes can be readily sold by mail orders, and every article offered as a Present or Premium will be new and fresh from the manufacturers, selected with care and guaranteed by them and the Publishers of the CHRONICLE. We also give Prizes in

Club of 3

Subscribers for the WEEKLY CHRONICLE at \$2 25 per year (including postage), will receive any one of the following Premiums, the selection left to the winner: A Premium of \$1 50 in Coin.

A Centennial seven-shot Revolver, blued steel, 22 bore. Valued at \$4. A Lady's Hiding Whip, nickel-plated. Valued at \$2 25.

A choice of any one of the following standard authors books, elegantly bound in cloth, illuminated covers, (Imms; Byron; Goldsmith, Shakespeare, Moore, Cowper, and the British Dramatists.) Valued at \$2. A Billiard Club Outfit of two Balls and a Regulation Ball. Valued at \$1 75.

A Gold Pen, Pearl Holder. Valued at \$1 50. A Silver Wire Breakfast Caster, three Crystal Bottles, very neat and pretty. Valued at \$2. A Four-bladed X L Pocket Knife. Valued at \$2 50.

A pair of Fancy Ornamental Parlor Metallic Clocks. Valued at \$2. A Small Family SCALE, with Tin Scoop. Weighs 1 lb. Valued at \$1. A BOYS' AND GIRLS' WAGON. Valued at \$1 75.

A LADY'S FANCY WORK BOX, with looking-glass, scissors, etc. Valued at \$2. A BUREAU SET, collar, handkerchief and a glove box. Valued at \$2. A CONCERTINA, with 20 keys. Valued at \$3. IMPROVED TABLE OR PARLOR CROQUET. Only 25 subscribers will get this free. Valued at \$2.

Club of 30

Subscribers for the WEEKLY CHRONICLE at \$2 25 per year (including postage), will receive any one of the following Premiums, the selection left to the winner: A Premium of \$1 50 in Coin.

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Club of 300

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A Centennial seven-shot Revolver, blued steel, 22 bore. Valued at \$4. A Lady's Hiding Whip, nickel-plated. Valued at \$2 25.

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Club of 250

Subscribers for the WEEKLY CHRONICLE at \$2 25 per year (including postage), will receive any one of the following Premiums, the selection left to the winner: A Premium of \$1 50 in Coin.

A Centennial seven-shot Revolver, blued steel, 22 bore. Valued at \$4. A Lady's Hiding Whip, nickel-plated. Valued at \$2 25.

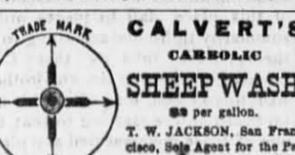
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AGENTS—SEND QUICK FOR NEW CIRCULARS OF THE ATLANTIC WEEKLY. Great changes; entirely novel announcements; free outside and certain profits. A. DURKEE & CO., 119 Monroe Street, Chicago.



CALVERT'S CARBOLIC SHEEP WASH 65 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, Between Sansome and Battery, SAN FRANCISCO

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

Wellman, Peck & Co., Dilleplane & Co., East & Sanderson, Kruse & Enler, Ledden, Whipple & Co., Jones & Co., Haas Bros., M. Ehrman & Co., Taber, Harker & Co., Adams, McNeill & Co., J. M. Pike & Co., F. Daneri & Co., J. A. Folger & Co., M. & C. Mangels, Newton Bros. & Co., Tillmann & Bondel, Castle Bros., Albert Man & Co., Thos. Jennings, W. W. Dodge & Co., S. Foster & Co., Mehu & Co., Booth & Co., Milliken Bros., Allen & Lewis, Sacramento, Portiano



CALIFORNIA ELASTIC TRUSS—The greatest modern invention of 1877. Combining the merits of all and superior to any. Recommended by the leading Physicians as the most efficient for the relief and cure of Rupture. No more suffering from iron hoops or injurious springs. Being Elastic, it fits like a glove. Beware of Cheap John Trusses sold by impostors for deception. For the genuine article, send direct to the **CALIFORNIA ELASTIC TRUSS CO.,** 615 Sacramento street, San Francisco.

WHITTAKER'S CELEBRATED



SUGAR-CURED HAMS Each Ham has our trade mark branded in on the shin side. Ask your Grocer for them, and have none other palmed off on you. They cost the consumer about a cent per pound over competing brands.

MITCHELL WAGONS, A. W. SANBORN, Agent, 33 Beale St., S. F.



THE Mitchell Farm, Freight and Spring Wagons I can well know as the best in the market and will withstand the climate of the Pacific Coast better than any other. Mr. Sanborn also keeps at the same place, imported from his own manufactory at Manchester, N. H., a good assortment of his celebrated

THOROUGHBRACE, EXPRESS Milk Wagons. Of all sizes. Also, Buggies, Phaetons and Light Carriages of all kinds. **GLOBE WASHBOARDS.** NEW ARTICLE. FAR SUPERIOR TO THE OLD STYLE. We also have the Common and Regular **CALIFORNIA WASHBOARDS!** Of Superior Quality and Finish at same price as the inferior article. **HUNTINGTON, HOPKINS & CO.,** MANUFACTURERS' AGENTS, Junction Bush and Market Streets, San Francisco.

PUGET SOUND ARGUS.

Our Authorized Agents. CROSBY & LOEW... G. F. RAYMOND... W. M. KORTER... Col. ENOCH MAY... L. L. ANDERSON... DANIEL GAGE... PETER McLAUGHLIN... ALVAH BLOWERS... G. J. CAMPBELL... Rev. J. T. WELLES... W. H. McPHERRY... H. H. HALL... T. N. HUBBARD & CO.

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 desirable we have decided to make the following offer...

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1877.

Special to the "Argus."

Senator Morton

DIED TO-DAY, NOV. 1, AT 5 P. M.

HUNT THE SCOUNDREL OUT.

It affords us much pleasure to produce, over Mr. James' signature, this week, a vindication of that gentleman in regard to the extensive impression that he was the author of a malicious, cowardly and untruthful communication published recently by some sneak who signed himself "Taxpayer."

Now, inasmuch as we can prove that all the assertions made by "Taxpayer," regarding the alleged bringing of a communication to us, and its being taken from this office to be shown him on the street, are malicious fabrications of the basest kind...

Touching the allusion to an attorney for the town, in a case before our Justice of the Peace, having previously accepted a retainer's fee, from an opposing party, it may be well enough to prevent the public mind from being misled...

Regarding what was said about certain signers of a petition not being enemies of a few of our leading citizens, we might add that on the one hand if they had no malicious motives, which we do not undertake to say they had, on the other hand it is undertaking considerable to suppose that such public spirited men as those mentioned, have a desire to defraud the town.

CHARGES ON UNION WHARF.—We may have been a little too severe in showing up this question. Mr. Tibbals says that previous to the present established rates of charges, the wharf and warehouse had long been used for public convenience without adequate compensation...

THE CREW OF THE LACKAWANNA. Inasmuch as very gross injustice has been done the gallant crew of the sloop-of-war, now lying in our harbor, by a publication in our town, which speaks of them as being altogether "drunk and disorderly," not to be compared with Indians in point of gentlemanly behavior, etc., it is not more than fair that a simple statement be made regarding their character which, in view of actual facts, is several degrees above that represented.

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The Captain of the Lackawanna, a few days ago, called his men out and read to them a letter from the Secretary of the Navy, in which they—the officers and crew of the vessel—were spoken of in the highest terms of praise. The fact of a letter of this kind coming from such a source, an incident of rare occurrence, is proof positive that the complimented parties were hardly a set of vagabonds.

It is expected that sailors, after getting on shore when they have been cooped up in a vessel, are going to have occasionally what they term a jolly time. They drink, of course, and often get drunk, without being very decorous over it either; but the fact that the officers of this town did not take any of the Lackawanna's men in charge at the time mentioned, and that they were not reported to their superiors on board, shows that there was nothing serious about the alleged disorderly conduct.

TRAVELING SOLONS.

A curious specimen of the genus homo, belonging to the above named breed, in writing to the "Intelligencer" over the signature of "Alki," whose most modern production may be found in the issue of Oct. 27th of the journal named, gives the public the benefit of advice which it will never do to neglect.

The chief objects of interest in this sage's remarkable labors for the public good, are his truthful (?) and disinterested (?) accounts of putting sailors on board a vessel after they had signed articles before the U. S. Shipping Commissioner, and the "loose screws" which he is sure will come out and let the whole machinery of this place fall to pieces unless summarily tightened according to his theory.

In order that the public may fully understand the explanation of this matter, it may be well enough to state—before proceeding further—that the learned solon of whom we speak, is a tenacious aspirant for the position of Shipping Commissioner.

As evidenced by the fact that it was broken by the blow. We were creditably informed that had "Alki," who was present, kept his tongue still, this sailor would have gone on board without resistance. The boatman, however, did complain because an officer was not along to take charge of the man. He said the boatmen were not brutal, but that they were compelled to use force if necessary to prevent their boats from being upset, or themselves from being knocked overboard.

BARTLETT'S COLUMN.

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

THE FAST-SAILING SLOOP "H. L." TIBBALS.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PORT DISCOVERY, Oct. 29, 1877. EDITOR ARGUS:—Social excitement on Port Discovery Bay is of such rare occurrence that I think the climax was reached last Saturday evening, when a numerous party of friends from the surrounding country assembled at Mr. Keymes' residence on the bay, to enjoy themselves, and celebrate the nineteenth birthday of Miss Maggie Keymes, oldest daughter of James Keymes one of the pioneer farmers of Jefferson county.

Messrs. Waterman & Katz wish to inform the public of Port Townsend that they have received, by the Dakota, a fine lot of ladies' and gentlemen's dress and furnishing goods.

ACCIDENT.—Mr. C. W. Thompson, Sheriff of Clallam county, recently got unfortunately mixed up somehow with a horse and a fence-rail, and the result was a dislocated ankle and a seriously bruised leg.

THE cannery at Muckilteo closed its operations on Saturday last. Don't forget the school meeting this afternoon.

RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

Divine service 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.

JOHN P. PETERSON Merchant Tailor, AND MANUFACTURER OF Gents' and Boys' Fashionable Suits.

IS PREPARED TO MAKE UP GENTS' clothing according to the latest fashions. Special attention paid to repairing and cleaning. Terms moderate.

SUMMONS.

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

DANIEL E. GAGE, Plaintiff, vs. JOTHAM HANSCUM, Defendant. Action brought in the District Court of the Third Judicial District of the Territory of Washington, holding terms at Port Townsend, for the counties of Jefferson, Clallam, Island, Whatcom and San Juan, and complaint filed in the County of Jefferson, in the Clerk's office of said District Court.

For Sale,

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

ALSO

The Fast-Sailing Sloop "H. L." TIBBALS.

Apply to CHAS. C. BARTLETT.

Witness the Hon. J. R. LEWIS, Judge of said District Court, and the seal of said Court, this 24th day of August, A. D. 1877, 9:30 P. M.

CHAS. C. BARTLETT

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

GROCERIES,

Dry Goods,

CLOTHING,

BOOTS, SHOES,

HATS, CAPS,

FANCY GOODS,

HARDWARE,

Ship Chandlery,

CROCKERY

WINES, LIQUORS,

Cigars, Tobacco,

Doors and Windows,

Farming Implements,

Furniture,

WALL PAPER,

Plows,

And a Large Assortment of goods not enumerated, which we will sell at The LOWEST PRICES

Now on hand, with a large addition to arrive, a full Stock of Men's Clothing.

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PORT TOWNSEND

Boot & Shoe

STORE.

MEN'S, BOYS' LADIES', MISSES, AND CHILDREN'S

Boots & Shoes

Of the very best qualities and of the Latest Patterns.

Gent's and Ladies' Arctic Over-Shoes.

Gent's, Ladies', Misses and Children's Rubber Over-Shoes

This is the Largest and Best Selected Stock of Boots and Shoes on Puget Sound, comprising

BRONZE AND SATIN DRESSING, MASON'S CHALLENGE BLACKING, FRANK MILLER'S WATER PROOF BLACKING.

MACHINE SILK AND NEEDLES, Shoe Findings, Of Every Description.

Rigging & Harness Leather, &c., &c

A complete assortment of Miscellaneous Stock!

Custom Work

And Repairing executed as usual, and satisfaction guaranteed.

A fair share of the patronage of the public is solicited.

I have a Great REVERENCE for CASH Customers.

John Fitzpatrick.

Notice of Sheriff's Sale OF REAL ESTATE.

BY VIRTUE OF AN EXECUTION ISSUED out of the District Court of the Third Judicial District of Washington Territory, holding terms at Port Townsend, in the suit of Geo. Barthrop and Emma Barthrop, plaintiffs, against Selucius Garfield, defendant, duly attested and to me directed the 17th day of Sept. 1877, I have levied upon all the right, title and interest of the said Selucius Garfield in and to that certain tract of land situated in Chinaman, Jefferson County, W. T., designated according to the official plat of the survey of the land, as the east half of the east half of the south-east quarter of section 5, township 29, north of range 1 east, and containing 40 acres.

PUGET SOUND ARGUS.

LOCAL NEWS.

MARRIED.—At the residence of the bride's parents in Dungeness, on Friday, Oct. 25th, by Wm. Rogers, Esq., P. J., Mr. Richard McDonnell, of Townsend, and Miss Leora Cays, of Dungeness.

—If the aim of human life be happiness, then nature deviates, and can teach no more. As much that also a constant course requires of showers and sunshine as of men's desires, as much eternal springs and cloudless skies as men for ever temperate, calm and wise.

The above effusion is the result of the severest application of prodigious brain power together with a fearful consumption of "midnight oil;" and its object is to dispel erroneous ideas in the mind of friend Richard who evidently thinks that heretofore human happiness has been to him a thing so unreal and mythological as to well nigh render him a confirmed skeptic regarding its existence. It may be well enough to leave, for a season, everything practical and prosy, and soar away in extatic rapture through a fairy land of unalloyed bliss, keeping up the flight until sober senses fade from view and the soul becomes giddy through the maze, and its own buoyancy—and—but then you know Richard, the sooner you return to common-place life and the realization that you are "of the earth earthy," and subject to the vicissitudes and exigencies of finite existence, the less abrupt will be the shock. The happy event was celebrated by a dance on Friday night, and late on Sunday afternoon the wedding party arrived in this place—the future home of the "united hearts." Wish you well, folks.

PERSONAL.—We received a pleasant call this week, from Mr. Chas. T. Robbins, of the firm of Blake, Robbins & Co., importers and jobbers in all kinds of stationery, inks, etc., 516 and 519 Commercial street, San Francisco. This gentleman is visiting as a member of the firm, his patrons on the Sound, also soliciting orders from others. He has been engaged in various capacities, in the manufacture and sale of type, printing material, presses, stationery, etc., for many years; is a practical printer, and has so far succeeded in life that the firm to which he belongs is doing the most extensive stationery business on the coast. Mr. Robbins is a general and desirable acquaintance, and just the man whose friendship is cultivated by printers everywhere.

THE Swinomish farmers, after long and tedious delays on account of the rain last month, have succeeded in getting their grain about all threshed. Some of it is greatly damaged by being out in the rain. A great deal was caught out in the fields, and of course either became partially stunted, or commenced sprouting before the rain ceased. A sensible move however, was made by some who laid the cups and outside or exposed sheaves of every shock aside, threshing the good grain first, and keeping the damaged part to itself. By this means much good grain was saved which would otherwise have passed in market for second class only.

A MISTAKE occurred in an item published lately about some grain which was shipped on the Constitution, to San Francisco, from the farm of Mr. S. Calhoun, on the Swinomish flats. It was the Gaches Bros., of La Conner who shipped the grain, and not parties in Seattle, as our reporter understood. The dispute as to the real ownership of the grain, and consequent sustenance of its loss, arose between the above named firm and Mr. Calhoun. We are informed that legal proceedings have been instituted.

SOME CABBAGES.—Mr. T. B. Jayne, of Oak Harbor, Whidby Island, has been having some fun raising cabbage. He planted about 3,000 out last spring, in two lots of 1,500 each, and now informs us that of the first lot he can pick out about 500 heads that will weigh from twenty-five to thirty pounds each. They are not near done growing, and in two months more if a sour-kraut eater were to see the patch copper fastenings for the corners of his mouth would be necessary to keep it from being split clear round his head with laughing.

Rev. J. T. Weeks, of San Juan, went up the Sound on Tuesday, on his way to Forest Grove, Ogn., to see his wife who is lying dangerously ill. A telegram brought the intelligence to him, and he started with all possible haste to jolt his afflicted partner. She had been over there on a visit for about three months, and was expected home this week. Mr. Weeks thinks perhaps typhoid fever is the trouble.

MR. Cyrus Thompson, a gentleman who came to Skagit river for his health, has built a fine country residence just on the bank of the above stream, where he can look out of the window and hail steamboats as they pass.

McDonald, the sharper and confidence man, has gone to Victoria.

SITKA TROUBLES.—The "Colonist," of October 20th, having published a few items from Sitka, doubtless obtained from a casual traveler, who may have obtained his information from hearsay, tending to create the impression that rumored Indian troubles are taking a serious turn up there, we take pleasure in publishing the following extracts from a private letter, Oct. 23d, at Sitka, from an officer on the Wolcott:

"We received per steamer California yesterday copies of your paper for which we wish to return our sincere thanks. Affairs at Sitka remain about as they were when the Cutter Corwin was here. The Indians are having their festival, are as orderly as could be expected, and the spectacle is a very amusing one to those unfamiliar with those scenes. We anticipate no disturbance of a serious character which will detain us longer than expected by the Department. Col. H. C. DeAbna, the newly appointed Collector for this Port, arrived by the California, but we learn will return on her for his family. The officers and crew are all well."

The above coming from one who ought to know, certainly puts a view upon the case, very different from that shown by our cotemporary.

We have just received copies of the Daily and Weekly "Observer," published at Albany, Oregon, by Messrs. Cartwright & Steel. This acquisition to the journalistic force of the Pacific Coast, bids fair to occupy a position of no mean importance in the great work—belonging largely to the Press—of building up local interests, and directing public opinion in proper channels. A personal acquaintance with Rev. E. Cartwright, of the firm, leaves us very favorably impressed with that gentleman. We wish them success.

WITH regret we learn that Mr. Thos. Moores, now living upon his farm in the Skagit valley, is having a severe spell of sickness. After doctoring at Seattle and Victoria, he is still puzzled to know the exact nature of his trouble. He has strong hopes of recovering.

DANL. Gage, Esq., of Skagit City, Whatcom County, and Mr. Peter McLaughlin, of Stanwood, Snohomish County, are authorized to act as our agents for their respective localities. They will furnish all necessary information respecting the ARGUS. Call on them.

REV. Jno. Parsons, we are requested to state, will preach in Chimacum valley next Sunday morning, at 11 o'clock, and in the M. E. Church here at 7 p. m. His pulpit here will be occupied in the morning by Allen Weir.

Mr. Mann, on Skagit river, has nearly completed a fine new building for his store. It is 24x25 feet, and 1 1/2 stories high. In this he expects to deal out the necessaries and luxuries of country life, with a more liberal hand than ever.

QUICK TIME.—The steam tug Goliath left this place for Departure Bay, on the 20th of Oct., towing the bark Enoch Talbot, making the round trip back to this port in 28 1/2 hours, including 3 hours stoppages.

CAPT. Jno. Morris, of Dungeness, who has been making a protracted visit in Port Townsend, left on the stage Monday afternoon for Port Discovery, from which place he will proceed homeward.

The Portland papers are full of items in regard to sharpers and pick-pockets, and many pockets are emptied daily. Immigration from San Francisco by cheap fare gentleman.

CHANGE.—The restaurant, formerly kept by Mr. Johnson, next door to Schur's saloon, has changed hands and is now kept by Mr. Vincent, an old-time resident of Clallam County.

THE BIG NUGGET.—Mr. Alfred Freeman has on exhibition at Lange's jewelry store, in Victoria, a nugget of gold, found on Stickeen river, which weighs some 72 ounces.

THE Alaska took down, on her last trip to San Francisco, 2,000 tons of freight, including 1,500 cases and 500 barrels of Frazer river salmon, from Victoria, B. C.

BORN.—In Dungeness, Oct. 8th, to the wife of Mr. Jas. Sherard, a son. In the same place, Oct. 12th, to the wife of Mr. Jas. Merchant, a daughter.

THROUGH the kindness of Rev. I. Dillon, of Seattle, we have been furnished with a copy of the proceedings of the last M. E. Conference.

OUR regular lists of shipping news have been left out the past two weeks, not because we did not have them, but because there wasn't room.

FRANCIS H. Cook's parents and brothers, have come to this Territory.

WE noticed in town last week, Mr. Amos Brown of Olympia.

BORN.—In Dungeness, Oct. 16th, to the wife of Mr. W. C. Garfide, a son.

LECTURE.—Mr. A. B. Pettigrove, of the Pettigroves so long identified with the history and growth of Port Townsend, lectured in Fowler's Hall on Tuesday evening last, to a fair-sized audience. The subject was "Some of the Southern California." Mr. Pettigrove's residence for several years in the country described makes him competent to speak understandingly of its peculiarities and advantages. One unfortunate feature of the entertainment was that the magic lantern with illustrative views did not work as well as was expected, on account of a failure to produce a proper focus and power to the light. However, there was much of interest and value in the lecture, which was appreciated none the less on account of the speaker having long been known and familiar in this place. He is to start soon we are told, to return to his Southern home.

MR. Caleb Bill, our artistic workman in iron, wishing to let the public know more of his doings, has constituted a cause. The effect may be noticed every day, in the shape of a fine large sign-board.

Mrs. Robert White, of La Conner, came across last week, accompanied by her four children, and went to Dungeness to visit relatives living there.

THE family of Dr. T. C. Mackey, of La Conner, have taken passage on the Alaska to San Francisco.

WE hope none of our contributors will think we left out any items this week intentionally.

DURING the present month nearly two quires have been added to the circulation of the ARGUS.

MR. Wm. Delanty of Port Discovery, expects to start for San Francisco on the 10th inst.

MR. G. D. Campbell of Ebey's Landing, will please accept our thanks for favors.

MR. G. M. Haller returned last Saturday from a short visit to Whatcom county.

OUR townsman, Mr. J. G. Clinger, we learn has been seriously ill for some time.

READ the advertisement of the "West Shore."

Just received a lot of Eastwick Morris & Co's maps of Puget Sound and vicinity.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE West Shore

AN ILLUSTRATED PAPER PUBLISHED at Portland, Oregon, and now in its third successful year. It is devoted to literature in general and the resources of Oregon and Washington Territory in particular. The ablest writers in the State are contributors to its columns; the engravings are executed by the leading Artists of the Coast. As a family journal it stands at the head of Pacific Coast publications; as a paper to send to friends abroad it has no equal; a single copy of it will give them a better idea of the Pacific Northwest than a year's numbers of any other paper. Subscription per year, \$1.50; sample copy 20 cents.

L. SAMUEL, Publisher, PORTLAND, OREGON.

THE WEST SHORE is popular. It has a larger circulation than any other publication in the Pacific Northwest.

Bankruptcy Notice.

IN the District Court of the 3d Judicial District of Washington Territory. In the matter of the estate of THOMAS CRANNEY, bankrupt. In Bankruptcy. To the Creditors of the above named Bankrupt: THIS IS TO GIVE YOU NOTICE, THAT I have filed my final accounts as assignee of the estate of Thomas Cranney, bankrupt, in said Court, and that on the 31st day of Nov. A. D. 1877, at Port Townsend I shall apply to said Court, for settlement of my said accounts, and for my discharge from all liability as assignee of said estate in accordance with the provision of the twenty-eighth section of the Bankrupt act of March 3, 1867.

S. D. HOWE, Assignee. Port Townsend, October 22, 1877. 37-2t

Estate of Caleb Miller, DECEASED.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT The undersigned administrator of the above named estate, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit the same, with the necessary vouchers, within one year from the date of this notice, to the undersigned, at his place of residence at Oak Harbor, Island county, W. T. JNO. M. IZETT, Administrator. 35th Coupeville, Oct. 22, 1877.

Annual School Meeting

THE LEGAL VOTERS OF SCHOOL DISTRICT No. 1, Jefferson county, W. T., are requested to meet at the school house on Friday, November 2d, 1877, at ten o'clock, P. M. the same day being the annual meeting, at which meeting a director is to be elected, and such other business transacted as may be brought up. J. A. KUHN, 225 Clark dist. No. 1, Jefferson co., W. T.

American Ship Ventures.

NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED Agents for the above named ship, will be responsible for debts contracted by the officers or crew. WATERMAN & KATZ, Agents. JAMES S. THEOBALD, Master. Port Townsend, Sept. 11, 1877.

FOR SALE Three Splendid Farm Wagons and 1 Dump Cart. ROTHSCCHILD & CO. V.

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. ROTHSCCHILD & CO.

CALIFORNIA WINES, IMPORTED BY US DIRECTLY FROM THE vineyards, in pipes, barrels, or quantities to suit. For sale at San Francisco rates by ROTHSCCHILD & CO. BEST ASSORTMENT OF CALIFORNIA MANUFACTURED GOLD Sets, Ear Rings, Finger Rings, Breast and Cuff Pins, Sleeve and Collar Buttons, Studs, Lockets, &c., that have ever been offered for sale on Puget Sound, received by last steamer, and for sale by ROTHSCCHILD & CO.

VESSELS CONSIGNED TO ROTHSCHILD & CO.

Chil. Ship Erminia Alvarez. NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED Agents of the above named vessel will be responsible for debts contracted by the officers or crew. ROTHSCCHILD & CO., Agents. LEFEVE DE ROCHEMANT, Port Townsend, Sept. 24, 1877.

Gnat. Bark Frederica Maria. NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED Agents of the above named vessel will be responsible for debts contracted by the officers or crew. ROTHSCCHILD & CO., Agents. J. D. M. Master. Port Townsend, Oct. 9, 1877.

Bark Fred. P. Litchfield. Neither the Captain nor the undersigned Agents of the above named vessel will be responsible for debts contracted by the officers or crew. S. C. SPALDING, Master. ROTHSCCHILD & CO., Agents. Port Townsend, Oct. 22, 1877.

Brit. Bark Brier Holme. Neither the Captain nor the undersigned Agents of the above named vessel will be responsible for debts contracted by the officers or crew. JOHN JOHNSTON, Master. ROTHSCCHILD & CO., Agents. Port Townsend, Oct. 24, 1877.

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. ROTHSCCHILD & CO., Agents. J. J. JOHNSON, Master. Port Townsend, Sept. 4, 1877.

FOR SALE, CHEAP, TO CLOSE OUT CONSIGNMENT 6bbis Rosendale Cement And 3 barrels Ground Yellow Chrome. In quantities to suit. Apply to ROTHSCCHILD & CO. V.

The First-class steamship CALIFORNIA CAPT. THORN, WILL LEAVE Port Townsend for Sitka, Alaska Terr'y, and Way Ports, On or about the 2d of each Month. WILL LEAVE Port Townsend for Portland, Ogn. On about the 20th of each Month. For Freight or Passage, Apply on Board, or to ROTHSCCHILD & CO, Agents.

For Sale! THE SLOOP KIDDER COMPLETE, AND WELL FOUNDED WITH SAILS, ANCHORS, &c. Port Townsend, April 30, 1877. Apply to ROTHSCCHILD & CO.

Wheat, Potatoes, SHINGLES, DOGFISH, SEAL OIL DRESSED DEER & ELK SKINS. For sale by ROTHSCCHILD & CO.

Pictures of Memory.

Among the beautiful pictures That hang on Memory's wall...

I once had a little father, With eyes that were dark and deep...

Sweetly his pale arms folded My neck in a meek embrace...

An Old-fashioned Indian Story.

Once there was a wild Indian chief called War Eagle, who had a band of two or three hundred warriors...

So the captain and his soldiers set off for the Indian country on horses. Every man carried a rifle and bayonet...

The Indians hunted and fought mostly with bows and arrows, knives and tomahawks...

When the captain got near to their country, he left his horses in a fort, and went on afoot...

In about ten days the soldiers came to the top of a mountain, where they could see the Indians' bark wigwags...

"We'll teach the varmints one lesson to begin with," he said. He knew the Indians would send back a party to get the dead soldier's scalp...

Then they went to the top of the hill and watched. Sure enough, in an hour or two, as many as fifty ugly redskins came running to the spot...

"O, dig away!" said the captain, "and you'll learn to let brave soldier's graves alone." They all gathered around and began pawing out the dirt and brush in a hurry...

This tickled the captain, but he knew they would be after the camp next, and so he got ready. As night came on he let the fires go almost out in front of the tents...

good supper, and told them to see that their rifles and pistols were all in good order. He then told them that he felt pretty sure that the Indians would attack the camp that night...

"Now, men," he said, "the red devils will come up the hill so still that a cat couldn't hear 'em, but they'll make noise enough when they dash into camp. Don't one of you move nor speak. Don't you even sneeze. But the instant I fire my revolver every man of you begin to shoot and keep it up. Hit the rascals if you can, but keep popping away. And the soldier that makes old War Eagle, the chief, a bald eagle, shall have a month's furlough to go and see his sweetheart—and a gold medal besides."

So the soldiers fixed themselves and waited. It was pretty pokerish work, you'd better believe—waiting so quiet, with the wives howling on the mountain, the darkness everywhere, and a couple of hundred Indians coming.

About two o'clock in the morning, a most terrific yell started the sleeping soldiers, and the whole band of Indians dashed in at once, as though they had sprung out of the earth. They rushed for the tents, but before they had time to tomahawk the logs, "pop," went the captain's signal shot, and from trees, and rocks, and brush, and from the very ground itself, where the captain's men lay flat, came the dash and the crack of the rifles. The Indians tumbled over by the dozen, and all around them seemed a blize of fire, though they couldn't see a single soldier.

Just then two big donkeys, of the mule train, scared by the noise, set up a dreadful noise—"ye-haw!—ye-haw-wah!"

The Indians had never heard this bray before, and thought they were certainly in the very home of the worst kind of evil spirits—with the tree-tops rattling bullets, the rocks on fire, soldiers so hard-headed that a blow broke their tomahawks, and a strange, dreadful noise in the darkness, louder than a wolf's howl, or a chief's battle cry.

And so they turned and ran, those that were able, and when the captain ordered the men down to light up the camp-fires, they found over fifty dead Indians—War Eagle, the chief, among them, though nobody knew who killed him. And the band broke up and scattered, and was never heard of again.—Golden Rule.

Who are the Cossacks?

The important part played by the Cossacks in the present war between Russia and Turkey suggests the pertinent inquiry, Who and what are they? First let us say that the term Cossack is of Turkish origin, and means robber;—the Cossacks, whatever they were five centuries ago, are something else than a band of robbers. The so-called "Free Cossacks" lived on the debatable lands between Poland and Russia on the east and Russia and Turkey on the south-west. Each one of the rivers flowing southward—the Dnieper, the Don, the Volga and the Ural—was held by a community of these Cossacks, and no one, whether Christian or Tartar, was allowed to pass through their territory without permission. Though really Russian by origin, language and sympathy, they became mixed with the Tartars, and though professed champions of Christianity and haters of Islam, they concern themselves very little about religion and do not submit to ecclesiastical authority. They are wild, like the Bashi-Bazouks, but better disciplined and far better soldiers. They profess allegiance to the Czar, but only obey him so far as suits their pleasure. The territory of the Cossacks constitutes a province of European Russia of over 59,000 square miles (about as large as the State of Georgia), with a population of about 1,750,000. Until recently they elected their own officers and were free from taxation; now, however, this has all been abolished. Their Ataman is the heir apparent to the Russian Crown, and the system of popular election of officers has given place to regular promotion according to rules elaborated in St. Petersburg. Exempt from taxation, they are obliged to equip themselves in war, when all men from eighteen to fifty years of age are obliged to serve. They used a lance ten to twelve feet long, carbine, pistols and sabre. Since the present war broke out, however, they have been induced to abandon the lance, and are now equipped with breach-loading carbines, short swords and revolvers, making them a terrible enemy. They are now thoroughly disciplined, and their onset in battle is something as terrible to behold as effective in results. The Cossacks regard themselves, and despite conflicting opinions are very generally regarded in Russia, as the most valuable of the Czar's troops, capable of reforming "anything within the bounds of human possibility, and a good deal that lies beyond that limit." "More than once," writes Mr. Wallace, "Cossacks have assured me that if the Czar had allowed them to fit out a flotilla of small boats during the Crimean War they would have captured the English fleet as their ancestors used to capture Turkish galleys on the Black Sea."

In 1870 there were 153,007 Cossacks, including officers, enrolled in the Russian service, forming chiefly cavalry and serving with the artillery. In times of peace they subsist on fishing, hunting, cattle-breeding, marauding and agriculture. The Cossack with his horse is the free child of the steppe, with a roving spirit, fond of adventure. He is hardy, enduring, courageous and intrepid. He shuns

no danger, fears no foe, and will fight so long as he has an arm for raising a sabre or a finger for pulling the trigger.

These are the men who constitute a large and important body of the Russian army, who have just distinguished themselves by overleaping the barriers of the Balkans, and whose services will form no insignificant element in whatever successes Russia may achieve in the present war.

Evarts, Beecher and Gough as Farmers.

It has been of late proposed to raise by public subscription enough to enable Mr. Evarts to hold the office of Secretary of State without damage to his private income.

One of the features in any such measure would be to abolish the Vermont farm, which is said to exhaust the best part of his income. He has 70 head of cattle, 200 sheep, 10 horses and 25 swine. The extent of land is 800 acres. Last year 200 tons of hay were cut, costing the proprietor not much more than double the market price. More than 2,000 bushels of corn were raised, at an estimate loss of 50 cents a bushel, and therefore ought to be of good quality. His pork is estimated at 30 cents a pound, and chickens at \$3 a pair.

Beecher last year raised about 15,000 bushels of onions on his Peekskill farm. They cost him \$1.50 a bushel, according to estimate, and as the market in this city was \$1, any one can see how much he made. Beecher can send beef to the market at 60 cents a pound, and can raise oats at as low a market as \$3 a bushel. His butter is reckoned at \$1.25 a pound, and his eggs at 75 cents a dozen. He cleared \$40,000 by lecturing last winter, and if he maintains such an income he will be able to continue farming.

Gough lectures five times a week, his fee being \$200. He has a farm in Worcester, which at one time contained 175 acres. He has no children, but his expenses are very heavy, and, to bring matters in a snug shape, he sold a part of his land, and reduced the farm to 125 acres, which is as extensive as his income will admit. A few years ago his wife, who was a Yankee girl, undertook to raise fancy fowls, which some say are very profitable. She got up a very nice variety, and at rather reasonable expense, for the Shanghai did not cost more than \$75 a pair. The Cochins Chinas were a little cheaper, and bantams could be rated at from \$25 to \$40. After stocking the place with these rare birds, Gough, it is said, found that if they were to be kept up he would "be obliged" to lecture on Sundays as well as on week days to make a living. When it costs \$15 to winter a chicken a man needs a good income. The system was therefore changed; the fowls were abolished, and regular crops were tried with decided success. As long as Gough's rye does not cost more than \$6 per bushel, and the other crops are kept at an equally reduced rate, his present income will enable him to live in a very decent manner. There is nothing like a farming life for men who have plenty of money.—Rochester Democrat.

Men's Love and Self-Love. Girls are sometimes admonished not to flirt, because, however pleasant it might be to them, it might break the heart of those with whom they flirt. Nonsense. I have heard of victims of blighted affection, but never yet have I come across one. Time, in this sort of matters, works wonders. I doubt whether any man ever yet died of a broken heart. Men are more vain than women. There are exceedingly few of them who are not flattered by the idea of some woman falling in love with them. The lady for the moment affords them this gratification of self-love. She makes herself as agreeable as she can. If the vanity of the man leads him to believe that she has fallen a victim to his charms, this is his fault, not hers. The illusion has raised him to the seventh heaven for a brief period, and, if the period be short, he has been the gainer. In one of De Bernard's novels he describes an old captain who lives supremely happy because he fancies that, years ago, some girl died of a broken heart because he had declined to marry her. He carries about her portrait, and on all occasions takes it out and weeps over it. One day, however, he meets the girl, who had not died, but had married a grocer, and forgotten all about the captain. He is in despair. He can no longer indulge in the luxury of grieving over the sad fate of the object of his youthful affections. Flirt on, then, young ladies, and do not imagine that the amusement will break the heart of any one. It may wound the amour propre, quite likely, and where this is the only amour the mass has, the blow may stagger him. But it will do him good, show him his real selfishness.—Home Journal.

THE use of water-cress, as an article of diet, is extremely ancient, and very extensive now in most European countries. Of it, \$1,800 worth a day is used in Paris alone, and in London it is estimated that from twelve to fifteen hundred people gain a livelihood by selling it in the streets. It has a powerful anti-scorbutic properties, is an excellent ingredient in a salad, and forms an appetizing relish either raw or as an adjunct to various cooked dishes. From the middle of the sixteenth century, it has been cultivated artificially at Erfurt, Germany, whence Berlin and many towns along the Rhine draw their supplies of it. Here it might be advantageously naturalized in every brook according to the method described vated as a wholesome and appetizing addition to the late issue of the Journal, and cultivation to the far too limited number of our salad plants.

How He Got It.

The New York Times has learned from "exclusive sources" all about the reception of Gov. Hartranft's despatch to Gen. Grant, "Care of Her Majesty, Buckingham Palace." It says:

At two o'clock on Wednesday morning the Prime Minister, who during his term of office always occupies the second story front bedroom in Buckingham Palace in order to be handy if the queen wakes up in the night and thinks she will have a new title, was aroused by a tremendous knocking at the front door. Hastily springing out of bed and opening the window he saw a boy in the uniform of the Atlantic Cable Company standing on the front steps and whistling "Rule Britannia." To the premier's excited demand to know where the fire was, the boy coolly replied, "telegram for your missis," whereupon Lord Beaconsfield, angrily exclaiming, "Holy Moses!" closed the window, put on his trousers, and, descending to the door, told the boy to "hand it over!" Now, a cable telegram costs a good deal. There was eight pounds, four shillings and three pence due on the telegram, and the boy refused to deliver it without the money. Hence it became necessary to wake the queen. The noble earl had to take this delicate duty upon himself, since the servants remained invisible, and with many misgivings he knocked at Her Majesty's door, and after informing her that a boy was waiting with a telegram for General Grant, and that he wanted 8 pounds, 4 shillings and 3 pence, meekly suggested that she should hand him the money through the crack of the door. The queen may not be a particularly irritable woman, but it was hardly to be expected that she would get out of bed, strike a light, and hunt up her purse without betraying some little annoyance. In fact, she was extremely angry, and not only sharply refused to receive Gen. Grant's telegram, but informed Lord Beaconsfield that if he ever woke her up in the night again to pay nine pounds for any one else's telegram, she would dismiss him without a character. After this there was nothing left for the premier to do but to tell the boy that no person by the name of Grant lived in that house, and to shut the door in his face. At that moment the fate of the telegram seemed sealed. The boy started to return it to the office, where it would have been endorsed "not found," and Gov. Hartranft would have been charged with its cost. It so happened, however, that Gen. Grant and the Prince of Wales, who had been attending the Society for Propagating the Gospel, were on their way to the General's lodgings, and passing Buckingham Palace, met the boy descending the front steps. The Prince stopped and questioned him, and on learning that the queen had refused to pay for the telegram, remarked that "some day mother would get into difficulties by refusing to pay for telegrams," and generously told the boy to give him the telegram and he would call and pay for it next day. Meanwhile Gen. Grant had caught sight of the address, and thereupon paid the boy on the spot, opened the telegram and read it. Thus Governor Hartranft's telegram reached its destination.

Three million of unemployed men in the United States—that is the text upon which have been threaded more editorial attempts at pathos lately than any statement that has been made since the panic. But is it true? There are in the United States about 40,000,000 people, 20,000,000 males, of whom not over 8,000,000 are mature, able-bodied men. Of these 8,000,000 about 3,000,000 are Southern negroes, of whom it can hardly be said that any are really out of employment, since there is work enough for all who are willing to work. Of the remaining six million, at least three million are farmers, of whom it cannot be said that any are out of employment. This calculation leaves but about 3,000,000 to be accounted for, and if they are all out of employment, then there is nobody at work in the United States, except the women, the Southern negroes and the farmers! But this, of course, is an absurd conclusion. Of these 3,000,000 we know that 1,000,000 are engaged in active business in professional work, or else supported from accumulated wealth. And of the remaining 2,000,000 at least one-half of 1,000,000 is engaged in mechanical trades, in the great business of transportation, in manual labor, in Government or State employ, etc., etc. This would leave but 1,000,000 men really unemployed in the whole country, of whom at least half are Southern whites who won't work, tramps, lazy young men living on their fathers, etc., etc. We then arrive at the conclusion that not over 500,000 men in the United States are really unemployed.—Pittsburg Leader.

A PUPIL in an English school was asked in an examination paper, "Why is the tropic of Cancer so called, and why is it situated twenty-three and a half degrees from the equator?" The answer, constructed on a basis of pure logic, was: "The Tropic of Cancer is so called from a Latin word cancer, meaning a crab, because there are a great many crabs in that portion of the globe; and it is situated twenty-three and a half degrees from the Equator because there are more crabs there than anywhere else." Another pupil, asked to define the word "butteress," wrote out its meaning, "A female who makes butter."

THE aggregate of the silver coin issued to the 1st inst. is \$34,236,000. The fractional currency redeemed amounts to \$21,980,000, leaving \$12,256,000 outstanding.

WHERE DANIEL BOONE DIED.—Daniel Boone died at the house of his son, Major Nathan Boone, on Femme Osage Creek, St. Charles County, Mo., on September 26, 1820, in the eighty-sixth year of his age. The next day his remains were moved to the house of his son-in-law, Flanders Callaway, near Marthasville, Warren County, where, after a funeral sermon by Rev. James Craig, a son-in-law of Nathan Boone, they were interred on the summit of a beautiful knoll on Teague Creek, about one mile southeast of Marthasville. The house—a two-story stone building, and the first of its kind erected in the State—is yet standing and occupied as a dwelling.

GOOD MORNING.—Don't forget to say "good morning!" Say it to your parents, your brothers and sisters, your schoolmates, your teachers—and say it cheerfully and with a smile, it will do your friends good. There's a kind of inspiration in every "good morning," heartily and smilingly spoken, and helps to make hope fresher and work lighter. It really seems to make the morning good, and to be a prophecy of a good day to come after it. And if this be true of the "good morning," it is also true of all kind, heartsome greetings. They cheer the discouraged, rest the tired one, and somehow make the wheels of life run smoothly.

NEVER taunt with a past mistake.

Literary Lions.

THE MEAGRE REWARDS OF PENICRAFT. Longfellow is independent in circumstances, probably worth \$100,000 to \$200,000; but the greatest part of it has come to him through his wife, long since deceased, who was rich in her own right.

Emerson has not made from his remarkable little volumes over \$20,000. He has gained nearly as much more by lecturing; and yet, by excellent management, which one might not expect from the high idealist, and by a serene philosophy of a practical sort, he continues to live on his small property.

Bryant is often cited as an instance of a rich author. He is rich, but not by authorship. All the money he has directly earned by his pen, outside of his journal, would not exceed, in all probability, \$25,000, notwithstanding his estate is estimated at \$500,000.

Hawthorne was poor to his dying day, and might have suffered but for his appointment to the consulship at Liverpool, by his friend, President Pierce.

Lowell is independent in circumstances—no thanks to his fine poetry and essays, however.

Whittier, like most thrifty New Englanders, owns his own house, and beneath its humble roof, it is said, he has sometimes subsisted—he is a bachelor, you know—on \$500 a year.

Holmes is well off, by the practice of the medical profession, by marriage and inheritance, albeit not by poems, lectures, novels, nor "Autocrats of the Breakfast Table." All that he has written has not brought him \$25,000.

Bayard Taylor, although he has made, perhaps, \$50,000 by his writings—his books of travel having been very popular—has not sufficient income to sustain him without regular labor.

J. G. Holland is frequently named as an author who has amassed wealth. His books have sold as largely as those of any American writer, and, whatever may be thought of his ability, he still has a vast constituency. He is not at all rich, in the New York sense; he may be worth \$200,000, but most of this he got by his partnership in the Springfield Republican.

George William Curtis is dependent upon his salary from the Harpers; so is Mr. William D. Howells dependent on his editorship of the Atlantic; Bret Harte, T. B. Aldrich, James Parton, J. T.rowbridge, R. H. Stoddard, T. W. Higginson, mainly upon fugitive writing.—Printers' Circular.

A Fearful Voyage.

Capt. Crapo and his wife, who arrived at Penzance on July 23d, from New Bedford, in the smallest boat that ever crossed the Atlantic, had a most tedious and perilous voyage of forty-nine days. The drouge which they took with them was found to be of little use, because it was too light. While off the Banks they saw a keg floating, which luckily they were able to secure. Capt. Crapo knocked off the iron hoops, and with some canvas made a new drouge, which answered admirably. During the voyage the rudder broke, but happily there was a spare on board, which was used until the first could be repaired. The seas were running mountains high, and during all that time, even when lying down to rest, they had to lie on wet clothes—everything being wet on board. On one occasion the captain was for seventy hours steering without relief, the weather being so frightful; and on another he was eighteen hours consecutively attending to the drouge. Capt. Crapo says he could not stand another fifteen days; indeed he had not slept for seventy hours when he landed. His average of sleep while going across was under four hours a day. Among the many extraordinary things connected with the voyage is the fact that it had to be run by dead reckoning, as the craft was not equal to a chronometer. An indignant "Briton" writes to one of the London newspapers that if the captain's wife, who during the last three days of the voyage was so ill as to be unable to render any assistance, had died in British waters, Mr. Crapo would have been morally guilty of manslaughter. He trusts that Crapo will not be made much of in England after having exposed a woman to such thoughtless hardship and suffering.—N. Y. Tribune.

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A Romance of Fort George Island.

Fort George Island—a winter resort at the mouth of the St. John's river, Florida, which is coming into fashion—is the subject of an enthusiastic writer in Scribner's, who relates the following story:

The young owner of the island, cultivating hundreds of acres and raising enormous crops of cotton and sugar, used to build schooners in a ship-yard of his own, and imported slaves directly from the African coast, selling to his neighbors such as he did not want. He was unmarried. Perhaps no one of the daughters of the neighboring planters could be persuaded to share the lonely life which could hardly have appeared attractive in any woman's eyes; perhaps he preferred a life of freedom and independence. However that may have been, he was in the habit of going occasionally to Africa himself, and of buying his slaves from the native chiefs, who disposed in this way of their prisoners of war.

During one of these visits, while engaged in bargaining, he was struck with the grace and beauty of the chief's young daughter, a child of ten years old. He proposed to buy her, but she was a favorite child and her father could not part with her. Persuasions were for a time unavailing, but at length the savage father, unable to resist the glitter of the white man's gold, agreed to part with his child upon condition that she should be treated with consideration and brought up as becomes a king's daughter. The planter promised, and, strange to say, he kept his word. She was kindly cared for and well educated, and in course of time became the planter's lawful wife. She had, according to tradition, with the exception of a dark skin, none of the usual negro characteristics. Her handsome features were regular, her hair smooth, her presence dignified and commanding. Her husband seems never to have regretted his unusual course, and her influence over her captive countrymen was unbounded. In addition to her position and superior intelligence was the consideration of her native rank, which to them at least was a source of unquestioned right.

The establishment was kept up in almost princely style. The sons were sent to England to be educated; for the daughters French and English governesses were procured, and established in separate houses near the mansion; white artisans of various kinds were constantly employed, making quite a large community, aside from the hundreds of slaves upon the island. And over all this, in her husband's long and frequent absences, reigned our dusky princess, as absolute in her insular domain as her savage father in his native wilds. She had a strong and powerful mind, and womanly kindness and sympathy as well. One old negro, who died some time since, so old that no one could remember him as other than old, used to tell how he was brought over when young to this island, where he had lived ever since, and how he and others, sick and exhausted, were ministered to by the "missis" own hands, and how they all loved her and always prayed, "Lord bless Ma'am Hannah!" Every morning as she stood upon this very spot the field hands passed in review before her, each gang with its driver, going to their daily work. She inspected them all, picking out such as were unfit for labor and sending them to the hospital or to lighter tasks; and every night in the same spot she heard a report of the day, examined into all complaints, and with strict justice adjudged each offender's punishment; and without her order not a lash could be given.

Adventure of Two Medical Students.

A couple of medical students at Middleport went out to exhume a subject a few nights ago. Their purpose seems to have been known to some of their friends, and the outcome of their venture was a pretty bad scare. The Lockport Journal gives this account of the affair: "Arriving at the burying ground the three watchers, provided with sheets, etc., stationed themselves behind a clump of bushes, waiting patiently for the body snatchers to make their appearance. They had not long to wait, for presently they arrived, and, cautiously creeping over a six-foot fence, commenced their operations. After a dispute as to who should do the first digging, one pulled off his coat and commenced. All at once they heard a terrible groan, accompanied by a shriek, together with the lighted candle with burning alcohol. Looking around they were horrified to see the dead, as they supposed, arising from their graves. With one bound they cleared a six-foot wall, never stopping for the coat or spade, running at the rate of 2:14, clearing fences, jumping ditches and skipping corn-fields and other obstacles too numerous to mention. They finally arrived home, one with a bullet-hole in his sleeve and the other minus a coat and spade. In the meanwhile their friends had arrived home and made arrangements with the village lawyer and constable to give them a scare. Next morning the young M. D.'s proceeded to consult the village lawyer, and he being well posted regarding the joke, advised them to leave town for a few months. Afterwards one of them was seen to make tracks up the Erie canal, taking a bee line for Canada. The other one, not quite so brave, made tracks for his grandmother's, carrying a small bundle under his arm, which we supposed contained dead men's bones. At this point, their friends, thinking the joke had been carried far enough, politely told them of it." Graveyard robbing is not considered so much of a joke everywhere.

The Presbyterian Church in the city of Mexico has during the last year received more than five hundred converts into its communion.

The Fashion of Swallowing Drug Stimulants.

It is held by physicians, says the New York Mercury, that the excessive use of bromide of potassium caused a variety of idiosyncrasies, which has been styled "Bromism."

There is a gentleman in this city who is pointed out as an example and victim of "bromism." He originally used the bromide of potassium to produce sleep; then he used it to quiet his nerves; finally he used it daily and constantly for its peculiar stimulating, soothing effects. The employment of the drug became the habit of his life, and gradually his intellect weakened, and now he is regarded as a semi-imbecile. He has suffered no nervous horrors, but his existence has become all a dullness; his life is a blank and a sleep. A once brilliant woman is, and has been for some years passed, the victim of "bromism." She lives in a state of lethargy, and has lost the power of continuous thought. For anything but the most ordinary duties of life she is wholly incapacitated. She is a mental wreck.

Similar instances could be cited, and the general use of this bromide of potassium is causing more of these lamentable cases than any but the initiated have any idea of. One drug store in this city has on its list of customers eight ladies who are regular buyers of bromide of potassium, although they are free from any special disorder necessitating its employment. The excessive and continued use of this drug has been known to produce not only mental imbecility, but physical insensibility.

In a recent instance the bromide-taker lay in a somewhat comatose condition. She did not feel the prick of a needle; a friend tickled her feet, but though unusually sensible here in her normal state the lady did not experience, or evidence the slightest sensation. She did not hear, or at least pay any attention to the words addressed to her, nor did she seem to be sensible to any impression of light.

Another drug becoming quite in demand as a medicine and as a stimulant is codine. As an excitant and stimulant it has remarkable properties. Taken in six-grain doses, it will completely revolutionize the nervous system. This fact has already created quite a call for it in the drug stores. This demand is principally among the rich and the fashionable, for the high price of codine prevents its ever becoming popular with the masses. It is an aristocratic stimulant. A gentleman who is familiar with its workings thus describes the effect of codine upon himself: "My pulse was accelerated and my face flushed. I became literally in a fever of excitement. This excitement was of the most agreeable kind. I had pleasant day-dreams. I seemed inspired by a celestial vigor. I felt equal for any undertaking. At the same time I had no ambition to undertake anything whatever. I was content to be happy thus forever. I saw bright objects all around me, vague, impalpable, but very brilliant. Suddenly I experienced an intense itching of the skin; at first a rather pleasant feeling, but soon merging into almost insupportable agony. I scratched and scratched, I almost tore my skin, but in vain. The itching continued and increased, and soon drove all the memories of my previous ecstasy out of my head. The itching must have lasted about an hour (it seemed a century) and then I began to feel weary, very weary, not exactly sleepy, but indescribably tired. Then a period of depression set in, and two or three times I really contemplated suicide rather than endure longer the abominable melancholy. Finally I felt sick at the stomach, and commenced to vomit. This relieved me, and in a little while I was restored to my normal condition. But I would not go through what I then went through again for worlds."

LETTER-DROPPING BLUNDERS.—Many amusing instances of absent-mindedness come under the attention of postmasters. Postal cards are frequently dropped into the box without being directed. One gentleman, during a fit of absent-mindedness, walked deliberately up to the box and dropped in a five dollar bill, while he carried off the letters he intended to post. When the bill was discovered in the box it was returned to its owner. At one of the State post-offices, a visitor was shown a pile of letters collected that day, all of which it was necessary to send to the Dead Letter office. There were forty-two in all. Some of them were so directed that only the name and street were given, while the name of the town or city was entirely omitted; a great many were not stamped at all or insufficiently stamped; some were stamped with internal revenue or "proprietary" stamps; while others were stamped with stamps cut from postal envelopes. Regarding the latter, it should be understood that a stamped envelope issued by the Postal Department is not good, even though it may not have been used on the envelope on which it has been printed. Another letter was directed in such a manner that there was no attempt at words or writing properly, there being nothing on it but a number of zig-zag marks. This, however, was probably the work of an ambitious child.

My strong belief has been and still is that the drunkard's only hope is in a renewed heart, with new desires and strength from God to keep him. I have no faith in a simple pledge alone.—Moody.

SHAKESPEARE asked, "What's in a name?" If he had been studying Eastern war maps he would have found that thirty-five consonants and three vowels were in most of them. W. C. C.

He who wishes the good of others has already secured his own.

STEPHEN TYNG, JR., AS A WORKER.

It is a marvel that young Tyng don't die. He wants ten thousand a year to carry on his enterprises. His church debt is \$200,000. He has but few rich men in his congregation to back him up, yet he keeps the whole enterprise swinging. The whole depends on him, and he holds all the financial arrangements of the society in his own hands. He preaches three times every Sunday and has some kind of a service every night in the week. His experiment of feeding the tramps at his church door last year was not fraught with encouragement enough to have it prosecuted this season. His tent services are a great success. The attendance is large on week nights, and jammed on Sunday nights. The Bishop has made up his mind not to hold Mr. Tyng to a very strict canonical rule, and even high church men are rather proud that the great Evangelical movement of the city is under the lead of the Prayer Book. Three times a year the Bishop is called to Holy Trinity to confirm classes presented by the rector. A good deal of money to carry on the Mission work is sent in to Mr. Tyng from outsiders. He has won the confidence of the Church Universal.—Boston Journal.

A SAND SHOWER IN ROME.—Recently a copious shower of sand fell upon Rome. Carried over from the deserts of Africa, it filled the upper atmosphere like a great cloud, and to such an extent that the sun at four o'clock in the afternoon seemed entirely shorn of its rays, appearing like a pale moon of greenish tint. In some places the sand, mixed with water, fell in little drops of mud. In color the sand has a reddish brick tinge, mixed with grains of vegetable pollen. The same atmospheric phenomenon was observed at Naples; but although Vesuvius was in a partial state of eruption, no sand or cinders fell there.—London Times' Rome Correspondence.

For the benefit of poets, artists, and others who prefer truth, so far as it will answer their purposes, the following well established facts are given on the authority of a distinguished army officer: 1. In Custer's fight on the Little Big Horn there was not a saber in the command. 2. Custer and most of his officers wore their hair cropped close to the scalp. 3. The burial party reported that the remains of Custer had not been mutilated in any manner. 4. All the Indians who have described the battle agree in the statement that Custer was not recognized by any warrior on the field.

NORD JAHNSEN, a lumberman in Wisconsin, had his left leg caught by the branch of a falling tree in such a manner that he could not extricate himself. While he was thus fast he saw that a huge panther had discovered him, and, yelling vociferously, he fortunately attracted the attention of a hunter that chanced to be near, who came up in time to shoot the panther and save Jahnson from being devoured.

THE Philadelphia Press says that the Minister of Turkey, Aristarchi Bey, is wrongly called a Turk; that he is a Christian and a Greek, of one of the old Fanariote Greek families, long in the service of the Porte as dragomans, bureau officers and Ministers to foreign countries.

WHEN the mob attacked a Chicago hay-pressing establishment and ordered work stopped, the workmen took their forks and stood in the doorway with the tines sticking outward, until the rioters concluded to go away.

SELLING liquor to miners has been prohibited in Pennsylvania.

MONTGOMERY'S TEMPERANCE HOTEL, 227 Second St., San Francisco, 6 Meal Tickets, 51c.

30-PAGE CATALOGUE FREE TO AGENTS—WILKINSON & CO., 17 New Montgomery St., S. F.

CARDS, 21; Cabinets 23 per doz. PEOPLE'S ART GALLERY, 24 Third St., San Francisco.

D. R. FERGUSON, GRADUATE DENTIST, OFFICE, 223 Kearny Street, San Francisco.

BURNHAM'S AMBULANCE FOR BURNS, SCALDS, Cuts and Sores of all kinds.

5% MAGNETIC TIMEPIECE. Metal Works. Hunter case. Sample Watch Free to Agents. A. COLLETER & CO., Chicago, Ill.

Heavy Solid Silver Thumb 50 cts., Or Heavy Gold Eked, warranted 25 years. \$1.50. Agents send stamp for catalogue. VAN & CO., Chicago.

REMOVAL.—J. L. COGSWELL, Dentist, has removed to 223 Sutter Street, (Y. M. C. A. Building), San Francisco. Either or Chloroform.

PHOTOGRAPHIC APPARATUS: Latest invention; anybody can operate it with perfect success; complete outfit from \$5 to \$25. Chromo Photography outfit, \$5. Heliograph, \$2.50. Send stamp for full information to R. SACKMANN & CO., M'rs. 275 Pacific St., N. Y.

I. A. HEALD, AMERICAN MACHINE AND MODEL WORKS.

EXPERIMENTAL AND FINE SPECIAL MACHINERY: Planing, Sawing, Printing Press and General Machine Repairing. Dies, Taps, Punches, Drawers, and other tools made to order. Models and patterns for inventors promptly executed in Wood or Metal. 514 Commercial Street, between Sansome and Leidesdorff, (Third Floor), San Francisco.

SUFFER NO MORE FROM SORE FEET.—The "White Swan Salve" not only cures sweaty and tender feet, but also feet that are continually burning and feverish, thereby backing up and becoming very sore. It also effectually dispels the offensive odor that invariably arises from diseased feet. No family should be without it. Your druggist has not got it, by all means send for it. Sent by mail, postage paid, on receipt of price—\$1 per box. Address all orders to J. SACKETT, 21 Webster Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

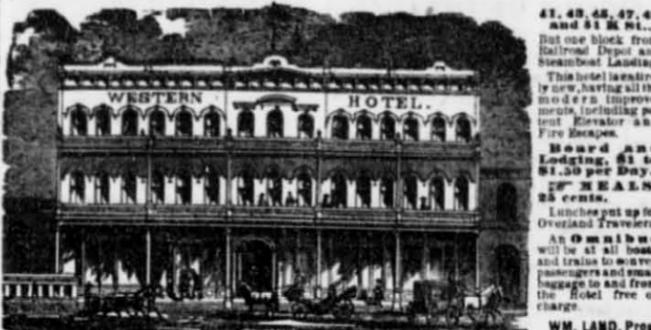
INTERNATIONAL HOTEL, 224 and 226 Kearny St., San Francisco. 51c and 50c PER DAY.

H. C. PATRICK, PROPRIETOR. Two Concord Coaches, with the name of the Hotel on, will always be in waiting at the landing to convey passengers to the Hotel from 15th Street to get into the Light Coach. If you do not, they will charge you.

CAMERON HOUSE, 519 Sacramento St., cor. Leidesdorff.

J. H. BAILEY, FOR FIFTEEN YEARS PROPRIETOR of the Old Portsmouth House, San Francisco, has leased the above House, and having put the same in good order and repair, will be happy to see his old customers, and will endeavor to make them as comfortable as at his former location.

WESTERN HOTEL, SACRAMENTO, CAL.



The finest Rooms of any House in the City of Sacramento. The WESTERN HOTEL gives the Best Meals for 25 Cents of any House in the State.

Advertisement for National Silver Plating Co. featuring 'Elegant Table Silverware' and a 'Silverware Coupon'. The coupon is for 75 cents worth of silverware, including spoons, forks, and knives. The company is located at 704 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Advertisement for 'Buck, Kid and Blanket Gloves' by S. W. S. W. The gloves are made to order and are available in various sizes and colors.

Advertisement for 'WAKELEE'S Bath for Sheep!' by Christy & Wise. The product is a cheap and effective dip for scab and all other sheep diseases. It is recommended by wool growers to try it.

Advertisement for 'PACIFIC BUSINESS COLLEGE' located at 320 Post Street, San Francisco. The college offers a complete course in business and is the oldest and most complete commercial college on the coast.

Advertisement for 'CONCORD' carriages, buggies, express wagons, and harnesses. The company is located at 418 and 415 Battery Street, San Francisco.

Advertisement for 'A. ROMAN & CO.' featuring 'NEW BOOKS' and 'New Stationery'. The company is located at 11 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

Advertisement for 'DR. L. J. CZAPKAY'S Medical Institute' located at 209 Kearny St., San Francisco. The institute is established in 1884 and offers a permanent cure for all special and chronic diseases.

Advertisement for 'FLORENCE SEWING MACHINE' located at 19 New Montgomery Street, San Francisco. The company offers a moderate charge for cleaning and repairing old machines.

Advertisement for 'COMMERCIAL HOTEL' located at 115 Sansome Street, San Francisco. The hotel is owned by John Kelly, Jr., and offers a new and comfortable location.

Advertisement for 'PIANOS' by P. N. P. C. located at No. 166 Market Street, San Francisco. The company offers beautiful rosewood pianos at a low price.

Advertisement for 'N. CURRY & BRO.' located at 115 Sansome Street, San Francisco. The company is an importer and dealer in every description of breech and muzzle-loading rifles, shot-guns and pistols.

Advertisement for 'AGENTS WANTED' for 'Frontier' and 'Heron' brand watches. The company is located at 209 Kearny St., San Francisco.

Advertisement for 'Copying, Enlarging and Retouching' services. The company is located at 157 The best work and highest commissions given at this office. Address: 407 PINE ST., Room 71, No. 120 Market Street, San Francisco.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

WHIPPY ISLAND, Oct. 23d.

A somewhat extended visit through this section has developed a few thoughts which may be beneficial, if properly expressed. There is much that the farmers here have evidently either forgotten or overlooked. A portion of the farms here are among the oldest in the Territory, and yet it is not unusual to see old straw stacks and manure lie unused from year to year. We were told that land which used to produce from fifty to sixty bushels of wheat per acre, would not now produce thirty.

Although it may not quite be necessary to be always re-digesting Greeley's "What I know," etc., and although there is in one respect—a good reason for the unfeigned pity with which our practical rural citizens regard those of whom they speak as "book farmers," yet the fact is becoming generally understood that the most successful tillers of the soil are those whose education is such as to guide them understandingly in what is termed "scientific farming." If a man farms without judgment, he will certainly reap without a bountiful harvest. Another drawback which we noticed here, is that on some of the finest looking farms there are large pieces of their richest soil that have never been used, simply because they are low and wet. These damp spots are usually covered with young willows, coarse wire grass, etc., and were they properly cleared up, drained and put in cultivation, the improvements thus made would not only improve the appearance of the farms, but in many instances would add several acres to their fruitful soil. These criticisms do not of course apply indiscriminately, as there are some fine looking farms which exhibit traces of care and efficient management, in marked contrast to others.

The citizens of this island have much to congratulate themselves upon in the way of climate, soil, location and good society. They are a quiet, order-loving people—so much so that nothing very far from the line of old and worn ruts ever transpires. The facilities for shipping from nearly all parts of this island to other points on the Sound are scarcely surpassed anywhere. In farming as in other lines of business, it is attention to the small and seemingly unimportant things that brings success; hence if these people were to give their undivided attention to the utilizing to their fullest extent of all their resources, the result would show a degree of prosperity hitherto unattained.

Near Couprville a flourishing district school is at present in progress, under the management of a Miss Bingham, formerly of California. The farm of Hon. Eason B. Ebeby is being managed just now without the presence of that popular young man who is representing the interests of Island county in the Territorial Legislature. We wish him success in his labors and the satisfaction of his constituents.

Major G. O. Haller is bustling around with his usual energy buying produce from the farmers, and dealing largely in merchandise of all kinds. At Oak Harbor the chief object of passing interest is, as mentioned elsewhere, the securing of long-neglected and badly managed mail facilities. Hon. J. Izett, G. W. Morse, Esq., and other prominent citizens have labored in this matter with an energy worthy of success. The store of Mr. F. N. Marsh, at the above point, is suspended, temporarily at least, on account of pecuniary difficulties, the exact nature of which we did not fully learn. Mr. H. L. Maryott is waiting at his farm near Dugallia Bay, with a band of about fifteen young cattle which he intends bringing around to Port Townsend to replenish his supply of beef for the market. He has not rented his farm as was recently announced, but expects to if satisfactory arrangements can be effected.

Considering the length of time since the island was settled, and the extent, condition, etc., of its present population, the labors of public spirited men to induce our legislature to memorialize Congress for an increase of mail service will nowhere be appreciated more than in this section. The wants and demands of the residents of this county are such that regular mail communication with other points twice a week instead of once as heretofore, is a necessity in regard to the securing of which many are deeply solicitous. Let no effort be spared, and in due process of action the much desired results will be attained.

HON. ELWOOD EVANS.

A correspondent to the Tacoma "Herald," writing from Olympia, says:

"Council and House met in joint convention at 7 o'clock on the 13th, to hear the Centennial address of Hon. Elwood Evans. By a concurrent resolution this gentleman was invited to deliver the address which he prepared a year ago in the city of Philadelphia, and delivered to the assembled thousands, on Washington Territory day. The address takes up the history, and a grand one it is from his showing; then the geography, and the Territory by counties, also speaking of the vast coal and lumber resources and our fishing and hundred other interests; and all these he clothes in a graphic style, in keeping with the subject in hand. If Mr. Evans could only be induced to make three lectures of one and go East and deliver them, he could talk to thousands of people every night for the next five years, making for himself thousands of dollars, and doing for the Territory what can never be done by the distribution of pamphlets. While we fully appreciate the great good the free distribution of pamphlets has done, we do think this lecture in itself worth more than all the information ever presented to the people, and it should be published in good style, and sent out to the world by the Territory, and by it thousands of rich men may be induced to cast a wistful eye this way who never take the trouble to examine the old style of diffusing information. The conclusion of his address was eloquent and touching and was received with rounds of applause.

OAK HARBOR MAIL.

After considerable agitation, this much vexed question seems to have almost arrived at a satisfactory adjustment. A meeting of the citizens of Oak Harbor was called for Wednesday of last week, to consider the feasibility of building a log crib with a warehouse upon it, at or near low water mark in the bay, so that the Libby could land freight and mails at any stage of the tide. This will most likely result in the proposed work being accomplished and the mail will then be carried to that point regularly.

No doubt our Oak Harbor friends will feel great satisfaction over their final victory. The main trouble heretofore seems to have been that the Libby was not fast enough to call at the point in question and get over her regular route every trip in good time; this, however, was not all, as the wharf which she was expected to land at was about as much practical use as though it had been placed out in the woods, except at or near high tide.

We hope to hear an encouraging report from this locality in the future, and that future favors may atone for past wrongs.

Notes from the Capital.

Fruit is abundant, and the weather is delightful.

The Fair was largely attended, and was quite a success financially considering the stormy weather that prevailed up to the time of opening. The managers had at considerable cost enlarged and improved their buildings and grounds, and have realized enough to cover expenses. The exhibits in the various departments were good both in quality and in quantity, though not as extensive as in former years.

The assembling of the Legislature brought with it the usual influx of visitors to the Capital city. The "personal" of the present Legislature favorably with any of its predecessors. Some important measures are on the tapis, prominent among which is a new School law for Washington Territory.

The Union Academy, under the efficient management of Prof. M. G. Royal, is in a prosperous condition. This institution is one of the best of its kind in Territory and the Prof. is deservedly popular, and promises great usefulness as an educator.

From the P. C. "Advocate," of Portland, we learn that the M. E. Church of Eugene City, Ogn., is being moved and thoroughly reconstructed. Rev. Jno. T. Wolf, the preacher in charge at that place for the present year, is becoming famous for his good works in this respect. Last year he accomplished a very creditable job of rebuilding on the M. E. Church at Olympia. Success to him.

We are indebted to Judge Swan this week for favors.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

Steamship Dakota.		
2100 Tons. H. G. MORSE, COMMANDER.		
WILL LEAVE ON THE DATES HERE AFT SET FORTH:		
SAN FRANCISCO.	PT. TOWNSEND.	VICTORIA.
Aug. 20	Aug. 8	Aug. 10
Sept. 10	Aug. 28	Aug. 20
Sept. 20	Sept. 18	Sept. 10
Oct. 20	Oct. 8	Oct. 10
	Oct. 28	Oct. 20

Steamship City of Panama.

1500 tons. W. B. SEABURY, COM'NDER.		
WILL LEAVE ON THE FOLLOWING DATES:		
SAN FRANCISCO.	PT. TOWNSEND.	VICTORIA.
Aug. 10	On arrival.	Aug. 20
Aug. 30	" "	Sept. 10
Sept. 20	" "	Sept. 30
Oct. 10	" "	Oct. 20

NOTE.—May 20, June 10, Sept. 30 and Dec. 31 coming on Sunday, the steamers will sail May 19, June 9, Sept. 29 and Dec. 29.

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

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

H. L. TIBBALS & CO.'S

SUPERIOR TEAMS

WHARFINGERS

Commission Merchants

Vessels Discharged, Freights Collected, Teaming of all kinds done, at Reasonable Rates and Satisfaction Guaranteed.

FORWARDING AND COMMISSION BUSINESS promptly attended to.

GOOD DRY AND GREEN WOOD ALWAYS on hand. Also, Good Bark.

TIMOTHY HAY, ALWAYS ON HAND.

AGENTS FOR Stellacom Beer, Seattle Beer, and Levy Bro's Soda Water and Root Beer.

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

To the merchants of Port Townsend, we will say that we receive all your goods and advance the coin for your freight bills, for which we certainly expect your patronage, as we have attended to receiving, shipping, and delivering your goods for many years past.

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

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

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

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.

O.F. GERRISH & CO

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

GENERAL

MERCHANDISE

OF EXTRA QUALITY.

HARDWARE,

House and Ship Carpenter's Tools,

SHIP CHANDLERY,

GROCERIES,

PROVISIONS,

Boots and Shoes,

WINES,

LIQUORS,

CIGARS, &C., &C.

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Of all Kinds.

AGENTS FOR THE

BUCKEYE

MOWER & REAPER

HAIN'S HEADER

Sweepstake Threshers,

SEED-DRILLS

Taylor's Sulky Rakes,

MOLINE PLOWS.

Mitchell's Farm Wagons

&c., &c., &c.

AT THE

Lowest Prices

PORT TOWNSEND, W. T.

To The Public!!

EMPLOY

HAMMOND'S TEAMS

I AM NOW PREPARED TO DO ALL kinds of Teaming.

Freight and Lumber of all kinds hauled on the lowest terms, to suit the times.

Jobbing done cheaper than ever before in Port Townsend.

Large orders for cord-wood at less than former prices.

I HAVE STARTED THIS BUSINESS PERMANENTLY, and I will do the best I can to suit all who will give me a liberal share of their patronage.

People going to Port Discovery or Chima-cum can be accommodated with teams at any time.

Carriages at all times for the accommodation of families to drive out, or pleasure parties.

Freights and wharfage paid on goods will be collected when other bills are of each month.

T. M. HAMMOND.

N. D. TOBEY,

Ship Wright and Caulker

WATER STREET, Port Townsend, W. T. 1

DRUGS, PAINTS, OILS

STATIONERY, &C.,

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N. D. HILL,

Port Townsend, W. T.

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MEDICINES, CHEMICALS,

AND TRUSSES;

Patent Medicines of all kinds.

GLASS,

PAINTS, OILS,

AND BRUSHES;

A Large Assortment.

SOAPS,

PERFUMERY,

POMADES, HAIR OILS,

And all Articles used for the Toilet, &c., &c., &c.

Quick Sales & Small Profits

17 Prescriptions carefully compounded. 47

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PIANOS

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Prices Lower than Ever Before.

PIANOS FROM \$220 TO \$700

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

CORNISH & CO., Washington, N. J.

WASHINGTON

Market

Has been Re-opened

BY H. L. MARYOTT,

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Superior Meats &c

To customers who will favor him with their patronage.

All orders filled promptly

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