



PUGET SOUND COURIER.

APPLICK & GUNN, EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS.

W. B. APPLICK. E. T. GUNN.

TRUTH WITHOUT FEAR.

STEELACON, W. T., THURSDAY, JUNE 14, 1855.

REGULAR WITING NOMINATIONS.

FOR DELEGATE TO CONGRESS.

WILLIAM STRONG.

Thurston County.

COUNCILMAN—B. F. YANTIS.

REPRESENTATIVES—T. F. McELROY, C. H. HALE,

C. WARD, J. W. GOODSELL, C. G. SAYLOR,

G. HARTSOCK.

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ASSESSOR—S. M. SARGENT.

COUNTY SURVEYOR—JARED S. HURD.

COLONEL—B. F. HARNARD.

LIEUT. COLONEL—W. E. MILES.

MAJOR—J. J. WESTBROOK.

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REPRESENTATIVES—J. W. ANDERSON, G. DREW,

COUNTY COMMISSIONER—T. M. PIERSON.

JUDGE OF PROBATE—W. R. STRONG.

ASSESSOR—C. L. REED.

COUNTY SURVEYOR—E. L. FINCH.

COLONEL—A. WEBSTER.

LIEUT. COLONEL—J. MORGAN.

MAJOR—S. BUCHANAN.

THE "SUPPLY" AND HER PARSEMENTS.

A very contemptible fling is made at the

whig nominee, and his brother, in a sort of

running commentary upon a resolution passed

by the whig convention, the doctrine of which

suits us so well, that we again give it to our

readers, entire:

"Resolved, That we protest most earnestly

against this, or any succeeding administration,

exporting to this territory any more talent in

the shape of officers. We have the means within

which to constitute every officer required in the

administration of our territory."

"When President Fillmore appointed the

Hon. William Strong, Judge of the Supreme

Court of Oregon, the country was vastly dif-

ferent from when the present administration

came into power. We are not prepared to

say that Mr. Fillmore could not have filled the

office by appointing residents, though we can-

candidly believe, that he could not at the time

have supplied a Supreme Court to the territory

from members of the bar of Oregon. So much

for the necessity of getting timber else-

where. Nor does the resolution work retro-

spective, nor does it condemn the very worthy

gentleman, now filling the offices in this

territory. But it is the good wholesome whig

doctrine of protection to have talent and industry.

Keep what we have, and secure its healthy

growth. Encourage all that are here to stay,

but don't drive them off, by bringing in others

to fill their places, which they being competent

to fill, their right to possess becomes undis-

puted. So much for the resolution, which is

but a notice to "the whole world, and the

rest of mankind," that we as a people are

capable of self government—that we have the

material mentally, morally and physically to

govern ourselves, that there is talent, worth

and respectability among us, and that from the

ranks of the people, men can be selected

capable of filling all our offices—that resolve

us to war on "federal officers," it did not say

that Col. Anderson ought not to be support-

ed because he would never have come here,

had he not been appointed as marshal—but

heretofore asserted that the whig party of the

territory thought that the hardy pioneer who

carried civilization and American institutions

westward, was as likely to be acquainted with

what is needed by his fellow-citizens, to be

able to administer laws, to ascertain what

public necessity demands, to fill positions of

honor and trust, with credit and advantage,

as he who will be of us, is guaranteed against

PROHIBITORY LAW.

It is not our intention to write a sermon or an

essay on the above subject, but we have a few

words of advice to offer upon it. As the

time is rapidly approaching when the people

of this territory will have an opportunity of

recording their votes in favor of, or against

the law. We think, that all the great ques-

tions which agitate the public mind, which aim

at the improvement of man's social and moral

condition, demand from all men their sober

thought, and unbiased judgment; this is cal-

led the age of progress, and chiefly so from

the rapid advances the mighty mind is making

in scientific investigations and the conquest of

matter, and if there is not a corresponding

progress in the development of the better

qualities of man's nature, if man's control of

himself is not made. If the laws of his re-

sponsibility for acts not amenable to civil or

criminal law, are not better understood and

observed, and his relations to society, and the

world not properly recognized, amidst all the

splendid triumphs of genius, the great ends of

life seem unaccomplished. There can be no

doubt but the prohibitory law was originally

the offspring of philanthropy and virtue, and

having for its great aim the suppression of

the greatest evil, its objectionable features

have been overlooked or passively endured,

from the ignominious benefit it was believed it

would accomplish. The law has been adopted

by many states, differing in some of the minor

details, but firm in its opposition to the traf-

fic in spiritous liquors. Whilst there can be no

doubt that public drinking has much dimini-

shed in such states as have adopted the law,

and the attendant evils of intemperance much

lessened, it cannot be urged that the law has

been observed with strictness except by the

poorer classes, who are compelled to purchase

it in the smallest quantities.

Now without undertaking to say that a law

so easily evaded and which operates so un-

equally is useless and unjust, we would like

to enquire if it is not better to frame laws at

once which can be enforced, and which will

not be so continually violated.

Is it not better to legislate on matters of

conscience, with some regard to men's reason,

or on all matters of reform, must moral sus-

tion yield to force?

Is it not better to bring about a social re-

volution, by a proper preparation of the public

mind, and a gradual approach to the change

desired? We certainly believe so, and whilst

we shall advocate the cause of temperance in

our zeal, on this question as in others of a sim-

ilar nature, shall use our influence in the man-

ner that our conscience and reason convince us

will legitimately produce the greatest and

most lasting good.

We commend this subject to our readers,

and trust they will commend it to them-

selves. We are glad to see that the people of

this country have taken so great an interest

in it already; the lectures, debates, and ad-

dressings that we have lately had the pleasure of

listening to, we feel confident will aid them much

in forming their opinions. We are all agreed

upon one thing that intemperance is an evil

that should be suppressed; the only question

is, how can it best be accomplished?

"Muzzle NOT THE OX THAT TREADS OUT

THE CORN."—In the territorial convention,

Hon. Columbia Lancaster boldly charged and

insisted that during his term as delegate to

congress, the Pioneer and Democrat, the organ

of his party, was muzzled, silenced and forbid-

dening him against the attacks of certain

papers in Oregon. This charge has not been

denied, though the editor of that paper sat in

that convention, as its secretary, and had the

use of his own columns. Surely he had oppor-

tunity enough, but not a word either spoken

or printed. Guilt strikes dumb! There he

A TRIP.

To be shut up in doors, day in and day out,

and employed at a steady and never-ceasing

occupation, during a season which is pleasant

and healthful like the present, when we have

but to turn our eyes out of the windows to see

happiness and pleasure, might be from any

person (and especially to "printin' fellers,") a

source of discontent, home-sickness, blue

devils, and sick tum-tums, generally. To prevent

the maladies and restore to their proper sphere

our "eleven senses," and above all to attend

to "our own business," we took the opportu-

nity of having a ride, *a la horseback*, thro'

the woods, across the prairies, down the hills,

over the brooks, to our far-famed capital,

yelet Olympia.

To faithfully describe the good characteris-

tics of our steed, as romancers would do, is

beyond the nagle of our pen. He was not a

race horse, nor a draught horse, neither a

finny horse, nor an Indian pony, but a

whitehorse! and we christened him "Whitey."

And we and Whitey went joggling along, staid

and steady, and not like the furious driving of

John, (kicking up a devil of a dust!) through

a country filled with nature's loveliness, in its

tall majestic forests, its wide prairies covered

with rainbow-hued flowers, its gentle winding

streams and silent lakes, and in the snow-cov-

ered peaks, along the mountain ranges, glisten-

ing brightly in the distance.

A few miles out we passed the Hudson's Bay

post of Fort Nisqually—one of the oldest sta-

tions on the north-west coast—with its encir-

cling wall, containing the principal buildings,

offices, &c. of the company, constructed of

palisades, with its bastions at the corners, look-

ing impenetrable, but growing gray with age.

All along we passed by the farms of settlers,

old and new, where industry was reaping the

rewards of its labors; and by one claim, must

we say it, a deserted home.

At last, we arrived safely at the end of our

destination, at the city of mud flats and good

living, fine ladies and federal officials. Here

we waited for a time; and after a short sojourn,

we again turned our faces homeward.

Taking the Sound as our road, we manned a

skiff and bore away. It was our first voyage

as commander-in-chief of any craft in the

line of navigation; and we filled that position

with pride, and the stern command with which

we gave our orders, proved the great necessity

for them. Our vessel was fully manned by

an Indian and myself, and the reckless daring,

and safe passage we accomplished, attests the

skill and seamanship of the crew and command-

er of the staunch little craft known as the

Sybil.

"HOW THE CALLED JADE WINCES."

Look at the Pioneer of June 8th, and

see how Wiley talks hard words; where he

says: "It is false." Twice in four lines he

corroborates all the doubts so often expressed

by democrats as well as whigs, a doubt we

reiterate, and for which we now have Wiley's

authority for saying, is well founded. The

article in question, says: "if elected delegate,

Col. Anderson will return to this country."—

To be sure he will, and take his chances for a

re-election. Who doubts it? Coming from a

family fond of holding offices—does any one

believe, the Col. lacks that wholesome quality

of desiring to serve the good people? To

how ingeniously the whole charge is dodged.

Anderson will come back if elected. Let us

state the proposition as we always have: *Is*

*the Colonel a permanent settler here, and will*

*he remain if not elected?* Has Col. An-

derson never been heard to say within a month

or two antecedent to his nomination—that he

did not like the country?—that the climate

did not suit him? Has he never been heard

to intimate that he had hoped to leave it?

That he was disappointed in the country, and

COMPLIMENTARY.

Below you give some highly complimentary

pieces of the Courier, and ourselves, taken

from the different and first newspapers that we

have received as exchanges, since our first is-

suance. It may seem egotistical in us in publish-

ing them; but we trust our readers will for-

give us, as we only wish to show to what favor

the Courier is looked at, by members of the

press who are well acquainted with ourselves,

and know to an extent the disadvantages and

losses, we have labored under in getting our

paper started. We are also gratified when

having done our duty in the matter, to receive

so pleasant a reception on our advent from the

press of all parties. We return our sincere

thanks to you all, gentlemen!

PERCIVAL COCHRAN.—The first number we

have received. The general appearance of the

paper is neat, and favorably commends itself in

mechanical execution—its well filled columns of

careful selections, attract care and ability of ap-

plication—the editorial columns tell their own story

—carry their own evidence of ability, of watch-

fulness of the lamp, correspondents appear to

have been eagerly bidding their turn for a chance

at the handle of the "new bro



Poetry and Literature.

WHAT I LIVE FOR.

BY G. L. BARNES. I live for those who love me, whose hearts are kind and true; for the heaven that smiles above me, and waits my spirit too; for the task by God assigned me, for the bright home left behind me, and the good that I can do.

BENEVOLENT GOOD FELLOW.

"Well," said Major Henry, an affluent citizen of Auburn, to his amiable lady, one morning after his faintest cup of coffee and his usual glance at the morning news, "Mary, we will for the present trade with young Williams & Co. on Wall street. Please send the servants there."

"What! leave Simpson & Co., where we have traded so long to our entire satisfaction? What can have occurred to offend you?"

"Nothing, my dear; they are truly honorable men, and politely attentive to their customers."

"Ah! so respectable, Major—such an old well established firm. Why the elite trade there," said Mrs. H., interrupting him.

"There is no reason in the world, Mary, why we should leave them, but that I have an object in bestowing our patronage elsewhere."

"Please explain yourself," said she "for you are perfectly inexplicable at present."

"Well, my dear, Williams & Co. are worthy young men just established in business, and I suspect the sweet breeze of popular favor do not blow that way any too strongly. Perhaps we can aid in giving proper direction to the current."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Mrs. H., with slight petulance; "they can take care of themselves as other firms do. Surely, we are under no obligations to exchange old friends for strangers—you are capricious."

"We are not obligated in the sense you use the term," said he. "Heaven is under no obligation to earth that call for the bestowal of the daily and unceasing blessings ever vouchsafed. But, Mary, listen to a chapter in my early history that will illustrate the question."

"My parents you know were in limited circumstances, and I commenced life dependent upon my own exertions. I accepted a clerkship at first, with a small salary. By conscientious devotion to business, this was gradually increased, until, with frugality, I was enabled to accumulate a sum that I thought would warrant commencing for myself. I opened a store in Pearl street, with a limited stock in trade, but with large hopes for the future. But customers did not throng my counters. Day after day I spent wistfully looking at the crowds that hurried by, yet scarcely deigning a passing curious look within. It was a new arrangement, and few cared to patronize the novelty. All had other places of trade. This state of things continued until trouble loomed up before me. Rent and payments for stock yet on my shelves were coming due. Visions of bankruptcy hovered before my eyes daily, and dreams of ruin and disgrace tortured me nightly. All the fruits of my past years of toil and self denial would be consumed. 'I became so nervous that the entrance of a casual customer was painful instead of cheering. I could not meet my acquaintances with habitual cheerfulness, and their friendly inquiries concerning my business were like daggers to my sensibility. I shall never lose the taste of that bitterness of feeling that welled up from my breast with my forced replies. But the crisis—the pay day came. Stock all on hand, but no cash. With little faith in success, as my drowning men catch at straws, I determined to state my case to a certain wealthy citizen well known for his eccentric acts of benevolence and request a loan. I did so.

"Humph!" I'll see about that; call again," was his only reply, and he resumed the reading that my entrance had interrupted.

"I was already forgotten, thought I, as I departed in no enviable state of mind.

"The next morning I received a note from Bank, stating that the cashier had been requested to notify me that two thousand dollars had been deposited to my credit there. I was saved temporarily, at least. I will know my benefactor. How intense my gratitude, how earnest my vow some day to prove it, it is vain to attempt to describe. I drew the amount, met my obligations punctually, and established unlimited credit, which by the way, I very sparingly used. Again I rejoiced in hopes. But I have yet to tell you of the greatest favor that worthy man conferred upon me. A few days after the grant of the timely loan, a carriage drew up at the store, and in the lady that alighted I recognized with joy the amiable wife of my benefactor. She made a large bill, and I augured well from it. I prided myself upon my taste in selecting goods, and some exquisitely beautiful patterns. Mrs. Chedell, for that was the lady's name, your very good friend, Mary, was a fashionable example, even to the ton in those days, and she took particular pains to associate our name with her purchases. The consequence was, when my next pay-day came, my cash account was in such a favorable state, that I met my engagements easily; and, henceforth, the road to my present position was natural and easy. I am indebted to Mr. and Mrs. C., under Providence, for my fortune, I fully believe. In that day when good and evil seemed so equally balanced, favor thrown into the financial scale decided the question. Since then I have sympathized with those aspirants for the favors of the trade, and extended, when I could, the helping hand. Now, my dear, am I capricious?"

The expressive countenance of his listener replied eloquently and well.

At that moment Mr. Chedell himself entered the room, and was warmly welcomed. But the reception he met could not remove from his countenance marks of trouble plainly perceptible there."

"Major Henry," said he, with an effort, "I did you a favor once. Have you forgotten it?"

"Never! my dear sir!" said he emphatically, and smiling conformation to his word, while no trace of discontent at the reminder detracted from his sunny expression.

"Now I am in trouble," continued Mr. C. "my son is seriously embarrassed by the state of the money market, and some heavy demands unexpectedly made upon him through the impudence of a foreign agent. We cannot meet those drafts, and accommodation is denied us by the banks. Hence I came to you."

"I am glad to have this opportunity of proving to you how grateful I am for that old favor," said the Major, proceeding to the desk for the purpose of complying with his request. He hastily attached his signature to a blank check, which he requested Mr. C. to fill with the required amount.

"Come again," said the kind-hearted Major. "Come again; if this be insufficient, command my utmost means."

"How short-sighted," said Mr. C., feigningly, "are they, in reference to their true interest, who neglect opportunities of doing good. I have never yet performed a trivial act of kindness in a judicious way, that did not eventually overwhelm me with returning benefits."

"Then you think all your benevolence good policy? and your disposition to do all the good you can evidence of shrewdness, rather than virtue, do you?" said the Major, jokingly.

Happy-hearted men. The rewards of virtue are many and great. The lowering clouds of care, that of late hung so darkly over the spirits of the one, were suddenly dispelled by the sunlight of the other's gratitude.

The world is not all selfishness—the usury of kindness not always ingratiate.

Mrs. Henry was deeply affected by what she had seen and heard, and thenceforth she needed no persuasion to induce her to join her husband in his plans of charity and benevolence.

Nor will any who read aright the moral of this tale be slow to follow in the pleasant life-path to which it is a guide.

"SAVE MY SHIRT COLLAR."

A RICH STORY. The Spirit of the Times has some correspondents, so it has; humorous fellows, who write for the fun of it, and to excite fun in others. And they succeed too, and with the aid of the tallest of editors, the real Porter, make the Spirit the greatest paper published.

One of them tells the adventures of a bashful lover as follows—

His name was Dampshire; we used to call him Jackass for short. Heaven help me if he should see this story; I hope he may not get the Spirit.

Among many of his misfortunes, for he was cock-eyed, red-haired, and knock-kneed, he numbered that inconvenient one of bashfulness; nevertheless, he was fond of the ladies, altho' when in their presence, he never opened his mouth if he could help it, and when he did speak, he used both hands to help him; in fact he was a man of "great actions."

Jack, one warm day, fell in love: he had just graduated at college, and began to think he must seek the ladies' society; he was getting to be a man and it was manly to have a penchant.

So Jack fell in love with the sweetest, liveliest, and homeliest girl in the square; but how to tell his love; there was the rub! He had heard a good deal of the "language of the eyes," and he accordingly tried that, but when he looked particularly hard at the window where Miss Emily was in the habit of sitting, some person on the other side of the street would invariably bow to him, thinking he was endeavoring to catch their eyes. He has depicted expressive eyes ever since.

At length Jack obtained an introduction through his sister, and with her he called several times, but was obliged to leave the city for a season, and as each interview only increased his ardor he determined on going it alone.

Long before the hour fixed upon by custom for an evening visit, he found himself arrayed in his best. Blue coat, metal buttons, black cassimere pants, [said pants being a little tighter than the skins,] and a spotless vest.

The journals, and a spotless vest. The journals, and a spotless vest.

By the time he reached the mansion he firmly determined not to go in, but on casting his eyes towards the parlor windows and perceiving no signs of life, he thought it was probable that no one was at home, and since he had proceed-

ed so far, he would proceed farther and leave his card.

No sooner determined than concluded. In a reckless moment he pulled the bell; the darned thing needn't make such a noise.

The door was opened as if by magic and the servant girl politely asked him: Miss Emily was alone in the parlor, and would be delighted to see him.

Being perfectly convinced that no choice was left him in a dark room he walked, or slid, or all was perfect chaos to his eyes, for a moment; but only for a moment, from the deepest gloom there came an angel voice bidding him "welcome and draw near." To obey the order was but the work of a moment, as the little dreamed of the obstacle fate had placed in his way. He knew that the stream of love had many ripples, but full grown snags entered into his head.

Judge then of his astonishment on being tripped up almost at the fair one's feet, by a footstool with plethoric legs which chance or a careless servant had placed exactly in his road to happiness. Over he went, and as the tailor had not allowed for an extra extension on the muscles or sinews, he had not only procured a tumble, but also a compound fracture of the black pants affair, said fracture extended all across that point which comes in closest contact with the chair.

Having picked himself up as carefully as circumstances would allow, the smothered laugh of Miss Emily not setting him forward any, he at last succeeded in reaching a chair and drawing his coat-tails forward to prevent a disagreeable exposure, sat himself down with as much grace as a bear would if requested to dance on needles.

The young lady was almost suffocated with laughter at the sad misfortune of the bashful lover, felt truly sorry for him, and used all her powers of fascination to drive it from his mind, and eventually succeeded so far as to induce him to make a remark—on this rock he split.

Just at that moment she discovered she had lost her handkerchief.

What had become of it? She was sure she had it when he came in. It must certainly be somewhere about.

"Haven't you got it under you Mr. Dampshire?"

Jack was sure he had not, but poor Jack, in venturing an answer could not possibly get along without raising his hands, and of course he must drop his coat-tail. In his anxiety to recover the missing wiper, he even ventured to incline his body so as to get a glance on the floor. As he did so, the fracture opened, and behold there lay, as the lady supposed, her property.

It was the work of a moment to catch the corner and exclaim:

"Here it is, sir; you needn't trouble yourself about it. Just rise a little; it is under you."

At the same time she gave it a long and hard pull.

Alas! the tail was told; no escape—nothing short of a special interposition of Divine Providence could save his shirt.

But what could he do? Another and another, a stronger pull, evincing on the part of the girl a praiseworthy determination to obtain the lost dry goods, coupled the request.

"Get up, sir, you are sitting on it," determined him, and in the agony of the moment and grabbing with both hands a fast disappearing strip of linen which encircled his neck, he exclaimed:

"For God's sake, Miss Emily, leave my shirt collar!"

WASHINGTON AND SAM.—When Stuart was painting General Washington's portrait, he was rallied one day by the General for his slow work. The painter protested that the picture could not advance until the canvass was dry, and that there must be some delay. Upon arriving the next morning, Stuart turned his canvass, and discovered to his horror, the picture was spoiled. "General," said he, "somebody has held the picture to the fire." Washington summoned his negro valet, Sam, and demanded of him, in great indignation, who had dared to touch the portrait? The trembling Sam replied, that, chancing to overhear Washington's expression of impatience at the slowness of the work, and the response of the artist that it must be dry before it could go on, he had ventured to put the canvass before the fire. Washington with great anger, dismissed him, and told him not to show his face again. But the next day, after Stuart had arrived and was preparing to work, Washington rang the bell, and sent for Sam. He came in abashed and trembling. The President drew a new silver watch from his pocket, and said, "Come here, Sam. Take this watch, and whenever you look at it, remember that your master in a moment of passion, said to you what he now regrets, and that he was not ashamed to confess that he had done so."

IMPORTANT TO SPORTSMEN.—Not long since a youthful friend of ours accidentally swallowed a lead bullet. His friends were very naturally much alarmed, and his father, that no means might be spared to save his darling boy's life, sent post haste to a surgeon of skill, directing the messenger to tell him the circumstance, and urge his coming without delay.

The doctor was found—heard the dismal tale and with as much unconcern as he would manifest in a case of common headache, sat down and wrote the following laconic note:

"Sir—Don't alarm yourself. If, after three weeks, the bullet is not removed, give the boy a charge of powder. Yours, &c.

P. S.—Don't aim the boy at any body.

Centerville.—One of the legs of a "Standing Toast."

It is a rare gift to be able to imitate the language of the negro. To do it successfully, one must not understand the nature of the words employed only, but he must in some degree enter into the train of thought of the colored spokesman. Mr. Julius Cesar Hamblin, in his lectures in the "Black Diamonds," is an adept in negro thought and phraseology. He has caught the spirit and manner exactly the tendency to all big words, and the skill to select those which sound like the originals, after which they are copied, but are in meaning no more like them than chalk is like cheese, in his "discourse" about De Whale, Professor Hannibal remarks:

"I shall on dis 'cursion spoke to you 'bout de beasts and monsters ob de deep; and as I alers take de biggest end ob de joke fess, I a all lecture dis obenin' on de big cod-fish none mong do saylers as De Whale.

"De Whale, my frens, am werry seldom found in enny oddee place dan de Middle-tairin' an' de Specific Oshuna. De whale am 'mong defishes wat de elefant am 'mong do bestees—de biggest loafer ob dem all. A fisherman named Jossa swallowed one oncce; but it oberloaded his stomach to dat degree, dat in tree days he luff him up agin. It was too much for him.

"De whale am de big fish; de cod-fish aristocracy of de sea, de same as big bugs am de cod-fish aristocracy ob de land; but do former hab got de 'wantage ob de latter, kasse notwithstanding do whale delours a great deal, he produces somfin, but de lair cod-fish aristocracy dewours ebry ting, and produces nuffin!"

"Why is it, my son, asked a mother of a ten year old, one day; why is it, that when you let your bread and butter drop, that it is caught by the buttered side down?"

"I don't know. It hadn't oughter, had it? The strongest side ought to be uppermost, hadn't it, ma? and this is the strongest butter I ever seed in all my life."

"Hush up; it's some of your aunt's churning!"

"Did she churn it? why, the great lazy thing."

"What, your aunt?"

"No; this here rank butter. To make that poor woman churn; it's strong and rank enough to churn itself."

"Be still, Ziba; it only wants working over."

"Well, marm, if I was you, when I did I'd put it in lots and gobs of 'lasses."

"You good for nothing fellow I've got to a great deal worse in the most aristocratic New York boarding houses."

"Well, all great people of rank ought to eat it."

"Why people of rank?"

"Cause it's rank butter."

"You varmint, you. What makes you talk so smart?"

"The butter is taken the skin of my tongue, mother."

"Ziba, don't lie. I can't throw away the butter. It don't signify."

"I'll tell you what I'd do with it, marm: I'd keep it to draw blood. You ought to see the flicks keel over and die as soon as they touch it."

"Ziba, don't exaggerate; but here's twenty-five cent, go to the store and buy a pound of fresh."—E. Ziba.

White Raphael was engaged in painting his celebrated frescoes, he was visited by two cardinals who began to criticize his work, and found fault without understanding it. "The Apostle Paul has too red a face," said one "He blushed to see into what hands the Church has fallen!" said the indignant artist.

Tacitus says, "In the early ages, man lived a life of simplicity and innocence." Upon this a critic remarks, "When was this period of innocence? The first man born into the world killed the second. When 'did the times of simplicity begin'?"

A doctor had a very intimate friend whom he was accustomed to meet every day, but at length the latter avoided him, and the doctor could never get near enough to speak to him. One day, happening to come suddenly upon his friend, the doctor saluted him with—"How comes it, my friend, that I never see you of late; that you try to keep out of my way?"

"Why, the fact is," he replied, "I have been sick for so long that I am ashamed to meet a doctor."

A city editor says that a man in New York got himself into trouble by marrying two wives. A western editor replies, by assuring his cotemporary that a good many men in Michigan have done the same thing by only marrying one.

Harry Erskine, of facetious memory, was retained for a female named Tickle, against whom an action had been brought. On the trial, he commenced his address to the court, thus:

"Tickle, my client, the defendant, my lord."

The audience, amused with the oddity of the speech, were almost driven into hysterics, by the judge replying:

"Tickle her yourself, Harry! you are as well able to do it as I."

A lady of our acquaintance, says the Cincinnati Cos., has recently had a remarkable experience with a new Irish girl.

"Biddy," said she, one evening, 'we must have some sausages for tea this evening. I expect company.'

"Yes, marm."

Tea time arrived, and with it the company, the table was spread, the tea was simmering, but no sausages appeared.

"Where are the sausages, Biddy?" the lady inquired.

"And sure they're in the pot, marm! Didn't you tell me we must have them for tea?"

"S. I'diers, come what may, can never be at loss for bread, as they can always fly back on the regimental roll."

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A. B. STUART, Pa. J. B. WILSON, Agent. Offices at Dr. Webber's store. St. Louis, Mo., May 19, 1855.

RECLAIMING, WAGON-MAKING, &c. The subscriber would respectfully inform the citizens of Pierce and adjacent counties, that he is now prepared to manufacture, on short notice and in a workmanlike manner, all kinds of Wagon, and that he carries on the business of Blacksmithing in all its various branches.

He has also a superior Lath, so that he will be enabled to fill any orders for turning that may be desired. Having a wagon-making shop connected with the above branch, the subscriber is able to do any work in that line as desired, in the most expeditious and satisfactory manner. Thankful for past favors, he hopes to merit a continuance of public patronage.

Guano-Manure. The subscriber is also prepared to repair any work in the Gunsmithing business, and when called upon, endeavor to do the same with dispatch and economy. Give us a call. ISAAC SMITH, St. Louis, Mo., May 19, 1855.

KEACHT'S RESTAURANT. STELLACOOM, W. T. The subscriber would announce to his friends and the traveling public, that he has just completed and opened at his old stand, 34 Steglacoom street, a large and spacious saloon, where he will be constantly supplied with the choicest viands, and his bar will be well stocked with liquors and cigars which the market affords. A share of public patronage is solicited, and as it is his aim, so will he be his motto, "to please."

LUTHER J. KEACH, St. Stellacoom, May 19, 1855.

Physician, Surgeon and Oculist. HAVING studied in three of the most eminent medical institutions in Europe, and having had the experience of fourteen years in the profession and practice of Medicine, the subscriber is prepared to attend to all the various branches in England, India, and the United States. Surgeon first would solicit all persons who are afflicted with diseases of the eyes, as he has had many years practice in the most delicate of that delicate organ. He may be consulted at his office.

Office opposite the Court House, St. Stellacoom, May 19, 1855.

FREIGHT AND PASSAGE. The subscriber, well known and fast-selling packet-ship, the Bark Sassa, Capt. T. W. Slater, is now running regularly between Stellacoom and Olympia, touching at all the intermediate ports. For a full list of passengers, and all accommodations are unexcelled, which the reputation she has for her safe and speedy delivery, her first in good condition, still stands a 1.

For freight or passage the public is respectfully solicited. T. W. SLATER, St. Stellacoom, May 19, 1855.

CABINET WARE-HOON. The subscriber would respectfully inform the citizens of Pierce and adjacent counties, that he is now prepared to manufacture, on short notice and in a workmanlike manner, all kinds of Wagon, and that he carries on the business of Blacksmithing in all its various branches.

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