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The Chinese on the Pacific Coast.

AS THE EDITOR SAW THEM IN SAN FRANCISCO CHINATOWN.

Continued from last week.]

To have a foreign population settling in such vast numbers upon American soil, without becoming Americanized to any considerable extent, is without doubt the most objectionable feature of the whole Chinese question. From the very nature of things their assimilation with Americans is an impossibility and must remain so. As remarked before, it would be strange if a people, who as a nation were matured centuries before Europe had any history, did not cling to the forms and customs that have come down unchanged through ages of time.

The Chinese immigrant, with rare exceptions, has no money. His ability as a laborer in his native country is barely more than equal to his support. It would take him years to acquire wealth enough even to pay his passage to this country. And indeed he has personally but little ambition about the matter. He has learned to be supremely content if he gets enough rice to sustain life comfortably, and has the assurance that his bones will repose after death in his native land—from which place his religious belief tells him he must start if he would gain the celestial's heaven. It is the capitalist, the monopolist, who brings him here for the purpose of making money out of him, to whom we are indebted for such unprecedented Mongolian immigration. No capitalist would lead the Chinamen money to come to America with unless he got security for its repayment. This security the six companies previously referred to furnish. Whether they advance the money themselves or not, they undertake to look after the Chinaman and to collect his indebtedness. They assume no actual responsibility; but as their business depends upon their efficiency in collecting these debts, they will expend large sums rather than suffer a single unfaithful coolie to evade payment. In fact they assume powers over the coolies which render evasion well nigh impossible. They rule their subjects through the latter. In doing this they follow customs in China, by employing professional highbinders from among the very Chinamen themselves who, for money, will undertake to harass and punish offenders even to the taking of life. In fact a Chinaman finds it well nigh impossible to live in this country unless he fulfils his contract. Capital in China as well as in America has advantages over labor. This is heightened by the ignorance of the average coolie. No matter how much greater the contract sum is than the sum received, the coolie cannot return to China till he has paid his debts to the companies. This is prolonged in many cases, on account of monies advanced in cases of sickness or inability to procure employment, until the poor victim is kept toiling years to free himself. This accounts in some degree, perhaps, for the stolid inertia with which the average Chinaman performs his labor. He is a mere machine with no encouraging prospect ahead, and his chief ambition is to get his time disposed of somehow. But the more industrious ones eventually become their own masters. A contract such as is made between the six companies and the coolies is not recognized as binding by our laws, hence these companies make laws to suit themselves. These laws are administered, as said before, without the aid of our courts and furnish the necessity for their peculiar mode of dealing with the Chinamen. The average Chinese regards these companies with great fear, knowing little or nothing of Ameri-

can laws, and in general seeking knowledge of them, if at all, only to learn how to evade them, they are coerced into implicit obedience to the dictates of their own tribunals. The Chinese community is therefore, wherever found on our shores, a government within a government. They do not defy our laws except in rare instances, but in administering their own they ignore ours. There are, besides the six companies, several societies, or trades' unions among them, representing different trades and pursuits; as for instance, there is the Washerman's Guild, an association composed of Chinese laundrymen; then there is the Hop-ya-Teng association, whose business it is to stimulate and protect gambling and to carry on the traffic of prostitution; there is also the Chinese Young Men's Christian Association. This last is distinct from all others, and represents for the most part the efforts of Christian people to Christianize the heathens.

CHINATOWN.
In San Francisco is not, as might be supposed, a low-lying, worthless suburb situated upon ineligible land. On the contrary it occupies a most important portion of the city. It extends from the south side of Broadway on the north to the south side of Sacramento street, on the south, and from Kearney street on the east to Stockton street on the west. Besides this, they are fast encroaching on Dupont street. On Sacramento below Dupont there are several of the largest mercantile houses. The streets and alleys in this novel and somewhat interesting city are always thronged with Chinamen. A stranger would readily imagine himself in China rather than in America. Here can be seen the celestials of both sexes and all ages, their heads shaved and their braided queues hanging down, their peculiar dress, loose coats with large sleeves, and their odd-looking shoes with felt soles that deaden the sound so that they make little or no noise in walking. Their language, a peculiar sort of jargon, grates harshly on the ear. Sunday being a day of rest in our country, is taken advantage of by them to visit or walk about; and on such a day their streets literally swarm—the only adequate comparison being an ant heap. The Chinese first obtained a foothold on Washington street; since then wherever they have got a start they have crowded everybody else out. All the business houses within the limits described have been absorbed or appropriated by them. They have a foothold here and there in spots over the city, but it is in Chinatown proper that one gets a correct idea of their crowded condition, their squalor and filth, and their queer mode of living. No one who has not thus seen them can form an adequate idea of the way they exist. It may be truthfully asserted that few have strolled through Chinatown from sheer curiosity; business of one sort or another has occasioned a visit to it, and a hasty retreat follows. The moment you enter Chinatown you experience a peculiar, strange smell; it is a stink that can't be counterfeited anywhere else on earth away from Chinese—a sort of combination of opium mixed with tobacco, fish, rotten vegetables and animal matter, but unlike anything else you have ever smelled before. It clings to your olfactories in a way that will make you gag for months afterwards whenever memory recalls the surrounding. Many of the buildings in Chinatown are brick, and all are of American architecture—but wherever they go into a building they commence to remodel and change its appearance so that in a short time a complete transformation has taken place in its external appearance. In a few months after they move into a building it looks as though it were a hundred years old. The walls become blackened, filthy and discolored. This applies only, however, to those buildings occupied by the lower class. Unlike the streets of China, which are narrow and without sidewalks, the streets in Chinatown, San Francisco, are wide, paved and have sidewalks. This was the fashionable part of San Francisco in early time. Many of the old frame buildings of early days are still standing. On Sacramento street, near Kearney, are a number of business houses. The fronts of these shops and stores are covered with signs gaudily painted with Chinese characters. Some of these signs that were translated for us sound as odd as everything looks.

A druggist's sign translated reads: "The Temple of Heavenly Harmonies." The wholesale houses generally have the name of the firm over the entrance. The custom of the Chinese is to give to the firm some fanciful phrase instead of an ordinary firm name—these phrases suggestive of good luck. Most of the signs, especially of the retail dealers, are on pendant boards. The characters written thereon read from top to bottom, and describe the wares kept for sale. Entering a wholesale house, we pass by huge piles of rice and tea in boxes and bags. On one side is a counter behind which are one or two salesmen and the keeper of accounts. The shelves are filled with various articles of merchandise. Seated about are some of their customers or friends calling to discuss the news or make purchases. They are never in a hurry, seeming to have more time to dispose of than anything else. They are exceedingly polite to visitors, offering a cup of tea and a cigar, and sometimes wine or liquor. These stores are clean and have a general business aspect. We next visit a workshop where Chinese are employed in the manufacture of overalls, jumpers and most all kinds of cheap, plain clothing. They also manufacture ladies' underwear to a large extent. On Dupont street is a large four-story building called the St. Francis Lodging house. It was at one time a lodging house of some note for Europeans. The old sign of "Furnished Rooms to let by the Day, Week or Month," is still visible. In this and other lodging houses in the vicinity the Chinese live packed like sandwiches. They live even in the cellars, and dig down under the sidewalks and make rooms. In the garrets, on the balconies and on the roofs they manage to build or fence in rooms somehow. They will take a small room such as is used for a single bed room by Americans, partition it in two, build bunks around the sides and lie on the floor as well. At 819, Dupont St., is the tinshop of San Yun & Co. Here yankee machinery is used to make all kinds of tinware and sheet iron work. This branch of trade has been gradually picked up entirely from Americans.

[Continued next week.]

OUR REPORTERS' BUDGET.

SEATTLE, W. T., June 9, 1882.
The members and Sunday School of the Methodist Protestant Church met at 1 p. m., June 5th, to lay the corner stone of their new church building. The stone had been mortised to receive a small tin trunk containing the name of the President of the U. S. and his cabinet; the city council; the members of the church; the officers and members of the Sunday-school (160); a bible from the American Bible society; Gospel songs; Discipline of the M. P. Church; copies of the Sunday school papers; a coin of the U. S., of 1882, bearing the words, "In God We Trust;" complete directory of Washington Territory; Seattle directory and city seal. Services opened by singing; prayer by Rev. Ellis; speech by Rev. Bird; services read by Rev. D. Bagley. The cap stone was laid by the master mason, Mr. Loshe, at 3:30, p. m. Sung "Rock of Ages Cleft for Me;" prayer by Rev. Harrington, and benediction after singing doxology.
The new Y. M. C. A. Hall was dedicated June 4th, at 3 p. m. Rev. Bird addressed a crowded hall. There was also a union meeting in the M. E. church in the evening for the benefit of the Y. M. C. A., addressed by Rev. Ellis and others. All in all it was a grand success. The Hall will be open every day and furnished with good books and papers. All young men are invited to come to this pleasant retreat. Front Street, opposite Reinig's brick block. There is a fountain of cold water in front to cool the thirsty traveler. This is a noble feature in Front street. May many such be on our streets, that men and boys may not feel compelled to seek the sinks of vice for that which only adds fire to the flame.
Yours, &c.,
A. J. SMITH.

QUILUTE, June 4, 1882.
I have been hunting and trapping on a beautiful mountain stream that flows into Ozett Lake. Killed 4 elk, 6 beaver and 1 otter. The valley is about 15 miles long and from 1 to 3 wide—the best farming land in the country. There are several small openings, from 1 to 6 acres, and the balance alder and vine maple; would be easily cleared. There is another and larger stream, and from the lake the valley looks to be larger than the one I explored.
DAVID T. SMITH.
[It is well known that the Quilute valley is as yet largely unexplored. We hope to hear a good report from Col. Chambers' expedition that recently left here. With government surveys, and a

judicious circulating of authentic knowledge concerning that region, it will certainly be settled very rapidly.—Ed.]

By Telegraph.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 13.—Feed barley is demoralized, the best brand today being \$1.65. The first new barley came in today. It was light feed and sold at \$1.75 per cental.

LONDON, June 13.—The *News* today prints crop reports showing that in France, Holland and Germany the crop condition is highly favorable. Opposite rains in southern Russia caused a renewal of favorable progress. The weather in England the last few days has been extraordinarily cold, checking vegetation.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 14.—No. 1 feed barley is higher, at \$1.80. No. 1 yellow corn is higher, at \$1.62½.

WASHINGTON, June 13.—The Senate finance committee have agreed to recommend the House bill for the extension of National bank charters be amended by incorporating therein, as an additional section, the amendments submitted by Sherman and Allison respectively on the 1st inst., which provides for the issue of 3 per cent. bonds in exchange for 3½ per cent. and for the issue of gold certificates.

Hon. W. A. Newell, Governor of Washington Territory, is here looking after the interests of his people. He states that emigrants are settling there at the rate of 1500 per week, and that the Northern Pacific railway will be completed to the Pacific ocean within two years. The agricultural and manufacturing interests are rapidly developing themselves with the advanced progress of construction of railroads, and with the immense influx of emigration by eight of the largest steamships that ply between San Francisco, Puget Sound and Columbia river, stopping at the principal ports of Washington Territory and Oregon.

PROVIDENCE, June 12.—The General Assembly today re-elected Senator Anthony U. S. senator.

NASHVILLE, June 13.—The convention of Greenbackers in session here today nominated J. R. Bensley for Governor. The platform of 1880 adopted at Chicago was affirmed.

ALBANY, June 13.—After seven weeks' idleness, at a loss of \$10,000, one-half the men who struck for an advance of 15 per cent. returned to work today at advances of 5 to 10 per cent. at McKinnon's piano factory.

NEW YORK, June 13.—An anti-machine Republican general committee was organized tonight. One hundred and forty-seven delegates were present, representing 116 districts. Resolutions were adopted denouncing the party in this city as being under the control of ten men, whose candidates they will not vote for.

WASHINGTON, June 13.—The House joint resolution passed, authorizing the Secretary of War to erect, at a cost of \$18,000, a memorial column at Washington headquarters, Newburgh, N. Y., and appropriating \$15,000 to assist in defraying the expenses of the exhibition to be held there in 1883 on the centennial of the anniversary of the declaration of peace, and providing for the appointment of a select committee of five Senators and eight Representatives to make arrangements for the celebration.

WASHINGTON, June 13.—Since the Republican majority in the House of Representatives unseated three southern Democrats who claimed to have been elected, reports have reached Democratic managers here of great discouragement among southern Democrats. The feeling seemed to be that if the republicans obtained a majority in the next House, they would proceed to unseat every southern Democrat whose seat was contested, and the consequence would be candidates in the close districts could see very little encouragement for them to make a Congressional race.

These reports excited no little apprehension here, and after conferring together the southern members determined to make a thorough canvass, for the purpose of ascertaining, if possible, what practical complexion of the new House will probably be. Two of the members have made the canvass within a few days and as the result of their inquiries have figured on a democratic majority of ten in the next House. They reach this conclusion by counting on sure gains, as follows: In Connecticut, South Carolina, Illinois, West Virginia and California, one each; in Texas and Pennsylvania, five each; Indiana and Ohio, three each, New York two, and Missouri four. They expect to make other gains in such states as Massachusetts, Maine and New Hampshire, but these do not enter into the figures on which they base a probable majority of ten. The only state which they expect a loss is Nevada, and they think the chances are that they will lose one republican there. Results as reached by these gentlemen with figures as given above have been sent to the various State executive committees in the south in the hope of restoring confidence in that section.

WALLA WALLA, June 7.—The following officers were today elected by the Grand Lodge of Masons now in this city: J. A. Kuhn, Grand Master; J. Edmiston, Deputy Grand Master; Levi Ankeny, Senior

Warden; Isaac Parker, Junior Warden; Benjamin Harned, Treasurer; T. R. Reed, Secretary. Tomorrow at 10 o'clock the Fraternity will take the cars for Dalley's Grove, where a good time is promised to all. In the evening a public reception occurs at the Old Fellows' Temple.

YOKOHAMA, May 30.—The census returns by the general register bureau for the year 1881 give the following population of Japan: Males, 18,423,274; females 17,935,720. Total population, 36,358,994, showing an enormous yearly increase.

WASHINGTON, June 9.—Chief Justice L. Bradford Prince, of the Supreme Court at New Mexico, tendered his resignation to the President yesterday. He was appointed three years ago by Hayes, and will leave the office to enter upon the practice of his profession in New Mexico. Col. Roberts, of Nebraska, one of the Grant delegates to the Chicago Convention, is spoken of as a probable successor to Judge Prince.

MAGDALENA, June 9.—The remains of Gen. Garibaldi were interred in the cemetery of Caprera yesterday afternoon. The funeral ceremonies began at 3:43 and closed at 5. A storm of wind and rain raged the whole time. The coffin was covered with garlands and flowers by some of the thousand of Nansen and was followed by the Duke of Genoa, Signor Zanardelli, Gen. Ferrero, Representatives of both Chambers and delegates from three hundred various associations. Speeches were delivered at the grave by the Vice President of the Chamber of Deputies, two Cabinet Ministers present, and Signor Crispi. All applauded the deeds of the deceased. As the coffin was lowered into the grave salutes were fired by the Italian men-of-war Washington and Garibaldi.

SPECIALS from Washington state "the general impression is now that Congress will adjourn about the 10th of July. The house manifests a disposition to go to work, and as the Senate keeps up its work well it will probably be little prospect for any large enterprises, such as improvement of the navy or inter-oceanic ship canal getting through. The democrats continue an obstructive policy in everything save appropriation bills."

ST. PAUL, MINN., June 9.—Crop reports from all parts of the northwest received tonight are more favorable than for two or three weeks. The weather is everywhere warm and dry, and corn which was set back by the cold spring rains, is coming forward well. In the northern counties wheat is six or eight inches high. It covers the ground well and looks thrifty. In the southern part of the State reports of all grain are equally good.

Shipping Items.

PORT TOWNSEND, June 10.—Arrived, bark Nonantum, from Wilmington; scho. Queen from San Francisco.

PORT BLAKELY, June 10.—Sailed, bark Emma Augusta, for Kahului.

PORT GAMBLE, June 11.—Arrived, barkentine Kitsap and bark Proso, from San Francisco.

PORT GAMBLE, June 11.—Arrived, schooner Maria E. Smith, from San Pedro.

PORT BLAKELY, June 11.—Arrived, bark Black Diamond, from Victoria.

PORT BLAKELY, June 12.—Arrived, bark W. H. Besse, from Victoria.

PORT MADISON, June 11.—Arrived, bark Oakland, from Wilmington.

PORT TOWNSEND, June 9.—Sailed ship Majestic, Sidney, N. S. W.

PORT BLAKELY, June 13.—Arrived, bark Martha Rideout, from San Francisco.

PORT MADISON, June 12.—Sailed, bark Northwest, for San Francisco.

PORT TOWNSEND, June 13.—The bark Martha Rideout, from San Francisco, arrived last evening and left this morning for Port Blakely to load lumber.

The steam schooner Jennie and schooner Endora arrived here today from Neah Bay. The British bark Yaba, lumber laden, from Tacoma to Callao, was towed out this afternoon.

The Elder arrived yesterday morning from San Francisco, after some delay at Victoria.

The Cello towed down a snow loaded with material for the sawmill, arriving yesterday morning.

The ship H. S. Gregory arrived here Wednesday, loaded with railroad material for the N. P. R. Co. She is one of the largest vessels ever coming to Puget Sound, registering about 2300 tons. R. W. deLeon & Co. are agents.

THE WRECKED SCHOONER.—The steamer Alexander, whilst down the Straits yesterday, kept a keen lookout for the wreck of the unknown schooner, reported floating bottom upwards some fifty miles S. W. of Cape Flattery. Fogs have been prevalent recently and nothing was seen of the wreck.—Victoria Standard.

FOR SALE.

THE SCHOONER MIST.
In first-class condition. Recently been thoroughly overhauled and repaired. Rigging, sails, etc., complete and new. Will be sold cheap. Apply to H. LARSEN, Port Townsend.

Poetry.

Gold—A Te Deum

It could be seen before the shrine,
Condemning them our Lord,
Then set the seal of our hearts,
By all the world abroad,
To those all people cry aloud,
For those all people cry aloud,
And shout, and praise, and praise, all
Before the throne of God.

It could be seen high and potent power,
Whom nations all obey,
Then set the seal of our hearts,
By all the world abroad,
To those all people cry aloud,
For those all people cry aloud,
And shout, and praise, and praise, all
Before the throne of God.

Oh, high and holy, honored Gold,
Thy praise we will recite,
For every crime and every good
Is produced by thy might,
The heathen and the Christian world
Confess no god but thee,
No, thou, straightly power, gold,
Art god of land and sea.

San Francisco, Cal., April, 1882.

Can I not Trust?

I cannot see, with my small human sight,
Why God should lead this way or that for me,
I only know he saith: "Child, follow me,"
But I can trust.

I know not what my path should be at times,
So straight and strangely barred before,
I only know God could keep wide the door,
But I can trust.

I cannot know why suddenly the storm
Should rage so fiercely round me in its wrath,
But this I know: God watcheth all my path,
And I can trust.

I cannot draw aside the mystic veil
That hides the unknown future from my sight,
Nor know if for me waits the dark or light,
But I can trust.

I have no power to look across the tide,
To know, while here, the land beyond the river,
But this I know: I shall be God's forever,
So I can trust.

Miscellany.

Lady Louise.

A STORY WHICH IS HARDLY A STORY.

"Good-night, Miss Van Dyke."
"Good-night."

There was a faint smile on Louise Van Dyke's face as she turned away; it lingered there as she entered the warm, bright parlor and moved softly about, closing the piano, putting away Bessie's paper dolls, covering up the plants for the night as carefully as though they were children, and then, after standing by the fire for a few moments with thoughtful eyes fixed upon the glowing coals, going upstairs to her own pretty room. She went straight to her dressing table, which some one once said "looked just like Louise," being a dainty affair of blue and white lace and ribbons. Kneeling before it, she gazed long and earnestly at the face reflected in the glass. No one had ever called Louise Van Dyke beautiful. Not every one at first sight thought her even pretty; but hers was a face that would wear well—a winning, womanly face. The large, dark eyes were clear, thoughtful, earnest ones. The mouth, if a trifle too large, could curve into a smile that for a moment made her almost beautiful. And with eyes and mouth, have we not described the features which give a face its character?

How many confidences our mirrors receive! And what friends are more silent and faithful, answering our questions without flattery; never deceiving us about a wrinkle or blemish, and loyally guarding the secrets we give them to keep.

She did not utter her thoughts aloud, for she was no bookish maiden, this little Lady Louise; but she went over in her mind the events of the last few weeks, in which John Allen had figured—their first meeting, when running into the parlor one evening, the song on her lips was arrested at sight of an awkward youth, who might have been of any age from twenty to thirty-five, and whom Jimmie introduced in true boyish style as "Allen, my teacher, you know, Lou."

She had given him her hand in her frank, cordial way, and then taken her crochet work demurely; but somehow the algebra lesson did not prosper after that. One glance of the dark eyes lifted now and then from her work made poor John blush painfully; and the sight of two little slipped feet on the fender, and two white hands busy with the meshes of scarlet wool, caused him to blunder so with equations that Jimmie was reduced to the depths of despair.

He was only a boy, after all, but much care and anxiety and hard work had made him old beyond his years. In his struggle for the food for mind and body, he had no time for the little refinements of life, and no one to teach him those things which none of us can learn from books, and not all from observation. Awkward, blunt at times even to rudeness, with none of the ease of manner which travel and society gives to one, he had never realized his deficiencies as he did now, brought face to face with the dainty, graceful girl.

Perhaps she guessed what was passing in his mind, and pitied him;

for when at last the algebra lesson ended in a hopeless tangle, she bent all her powers to undo the mischief she had unwittingly done. She possessed one gift far beyond beauty or genius—the rare gift of tact; and gradually, after one or two blunders, she led the conversation to several topics on which, to her surprise, he could talk well. He had read much she soon found, and over books and authors both became enthusiastic, until, when at last the clock rang out ten silvery strokes, and with his usual absent-mindedness, he caught up Jimmie's hat and started for his comfortless boarding place, it was with a lighter heart than he had had for weeks. He had been before a stranger in a strange land; now he had found a friend.

Evening after evening found him in Dr. Van Dyke's cosy parlor. Sometimes Louise played for him the grand, stately music he loved, while he watched the face he was beginning to think wonderfully attractive, and the white fingers moving swiftly over the keys. Sometimes he read aloud from Louise's well-worn favorites: "Lucille," and Carlyle, and Ruskin's "Crown of Wild Olives," and Louise, listening to the fine voice, forgot the plain face of the reader, forgot her work sometimes and let her hands lie idly folded, while she listened with lips apart and color deepening in her cheeks. Then there were the German lessons, when her laugh rang out merrily over the blunders her one scholar made. Their friendship grew apace over that most musical of all languages, and John Allen was rapidly learning to conjugate *lieben* with heart as well as lips.

She was no coquette, the little Lady Louise, with the high-bred ways which had earned for her her name. She could not help it if her eyes were bright and her laugh musical and her ways very winsome to the homeless lad. But to-night, alone in her chamber, she confessed to herself and her mirror that she was to blame if in order to amuse herself, to while away the summer evenings which otherwise might be dull, she let this boy who had never met a bright, cultured, graceful woman before, lose his heart to one who had nothing but friendship to give him in return. She had had her first love; had loved fervently, as it was her nature to do; had wakened from her brief dream as many another had done, to find her idol but clay. The wound had not been a deep one. Hers was a sunny nature that readily threw off care, but the knowledge that there was one whose life was darkened by a bitter disappointment made her watchful now. She had drifted on too busy with the succession of duties and pleasures the glad days brought her, to realize that for John Allen the old story, which had been played on many a stage since the world began, was being enacted. Not until this evening, when with an earnestness that had surprised her, he had asked for a flower that fell from her hair, and her eyes met his fixed upon her with a look she could not mistake, not until then had she dreamed that her friendly companionship meant more to one than to the other, and now, knowing this, should she go on? She sat long by her mirror that night; the lamp burned dim, and the clock down stairs rang out twelve warning strokes before she began brushing out her long soft braids. One hour later when the moonbeams stole in, they touched caressingly a very peaceful, sleeping face.

The Sabbath sun, streaming through the stained window glass of the little chapel next morning, made a halo about one brown head bowed reverently. It seemed to John Allen, watching Lady Louise from his seat by the door, that God's hand was laid on her head in blessing. As he listened through the services for one clear voice, he fancied—he was young, remember, reader—that angels' voices were no sweeter. And he did not take his eyes from one serene face until the benediction had been spoken and the worshippers were coming slowly down the aisle. It had become an established custom which people had almost ceased to wonder at, that the doctor's daughter and the teacher of the grammar school should walk home from service together; that he should sit down to a carefully arranged table and partake of one of Aunt Helen's bountiful dinners; that he should pretend to read, while he listened to the Bible stories Louise told to the children clustered on the rug about her. All this happened as on more than one Sunday before. If he had fancied that some indefinable change had crept over Lady Louise since the evening before, it was forgotten when she took her seat at the piano and let her fingers wander dreamily over the keys in the twilight music she loved so well. Half listening to the plaintive melody, half lost in a delicious dream, he sat with closed eyes while the shadows darkened and the music grew slower and fainter. She had left the piano now; he heard her light steps, the sweep of her soft gray dress, her laugh as she bent over him and pretended she thought him sleeping. But he feared to break the spell, and not until she had wheeled her favorite sleepy hollow chair to the fire, and nestled down

into it with a little sigh of satisfaction, did he open his eyes.

"So you are not sleeping. A penny for your thoughts, Herr Allen."

The instant the words were spoken she would have given worlds to recall them. He was only a boy; the influence of the music, the twilight, the dainty presence near him, swept him into a current he could not resist. "Shall I tell you? May I tell you, Louise?"

He had never called her by her name before, and she knew, as any woman would have known, what it meant. Some good angel must have helped her just then. With one of her graceful movements peculiar to her, she arrested the words he would have spoken, and held out toward him a little curl of yellow hair wrapped in tissue paper, with only the name "Alice," and the date June 1st 187—

"This fell from your prayerbook to-day, Mr. Allen."

In the moment of silence that followed, while the clinging curl lay on his palm, there arose before him the vision of the district school-house where he had learned of winters to cipher and spell; of a pale face bent faithfully over book and slate; of a little brown hand which had been slipped confidingly in his; of a little girl he had last seen gazing wistfully after him, the wind blowing her calico dress about her. He thought of a pile of letters in his desk, written with what painstaking care he would never know, and with a pang of remorse he remembered that the last one had lain for weeks unanswered.

"My friend," a clear voice broke in upon his thoughts, "can you not tell me about it? or," archly, "can I guess?"

He was bewildered. A moment before he had been on the verge of telling Louise Van Dyke of his love for her. Was he now to tell her instead about that plain country lass who loved him, he knew? It seemed so. With a few skillful words she drew from him the whole story, how he never knew. He had scarcely thought of Alice Dare for weeks, but now with a rush of pity and remorse he recalled her pale, wistful face. It was not long before Louise Van Dyke knew it all, supplying from her womanly instinct what he left untold. How he had been bound out to old Farmer Dare until he was seventeen. How in his pity for the delicate child whose life was utterly devoid of everything beautiful, he had tried, by the scant means in his power, to help her, and she in return had given him all the love of her starved heart. He had seen her but once in all the six struggling years since he had left Elben Dare's and went out into the world to carve a name for himself, and then—he could not tell Louise Van Dyke how she had thrown herself with a sob into his arms.

When the story was told, silence reigned for a time in the shadowy room. Then Louise spoke softly, "and you will go back for her some day, will you not?"

John Allen arose and paced the room with hasty steps. Could he give up without a struggle the woman he loved for the one who loved him? Too much was asked of him.

The snow fell noiselessly without, the church-bells chimed a summons to evening prayer, and still in John Allen's heart the struggle went on.

At last Louise could endure it no longer. Do not call her unwomanly. She arose, and, taking John's hand, led him to the window. Then her voice rang out as clear as a bell.

"John Allen, I am disappointed in you if for one moment you hesitate. Over those hills some one is waiting until you come to take her away from her barren, loveless life out into the freer life you have found, where your care and love will compensate for what her young years have lost. And I—I offer you a woman's friendship; for I hold that between man and woman friendship can exist as loyal and abiding as those between man and man. I offer you all the help I can give. You have never known a sister. May I be one to you?"

Her voice faltered a little here; her glorious eyes were wet, her cheeks on fire, and it seemed to John Allen almost as if the place where she stood were holy ground—as if he were not worthy to kiss the hem of her gown.

Years afterward two men, both politicians, both brilliant speakers, one a so-called self-made man, the other a wealthy, high-bred man of the world, were snow-bound for a long winter night on a western bound train. Their conversation had been on deeper subjects than the light chat of mere traveling acquaintances is apt to touch upon. At last, Senator Allen, opening his note-book, let fall a well-worn photograph of an earnest, girlish face. Picking it up he looked at it reverently, then holding the pictured face toward his companion, said: "That is a girl I loved once with all my heart. Next to my wife I esteem and reverence and admire her above any woman on earth."

From his breast-pocket the other drew a similar well-worn picture. "That is a woman I love now with all my heart—my wife—God bless her." —*Arthur's Magazine.*

Hoffenstein's Prize Brogan.

Hoffenstein was busily engaged marking the selling price on some clothing which had just arrived; suddenly stopping in his work he turned to the clerk and said:

"Herman, I had forgot if ye sell all of dese plack jean bants vat vas damaged. Vas any more of dem in de store yet?"

"Yes, Mister Hoffenstein. I dink dere vas dree bairs left. I hef been drying to sell dem, but de beople say dey don't vant to go around de street mit bants on vat makes dem look like a circus procession. Dere vas yellow spots all ofer de bants, you know."

"Vell, subbose dey had got spots on dem, vas you going to let de beople dink dey vas damaged? My gracious, Herman, de longer you vas in de piness de more you don't learn nodding. Vy, ven a man comes in de store und dells me dot dese bants vas damaged I dells him he vas misdaken, und I asks him if he know a biece of quadruple, vox finish, needle point, hand dwisted vool from a biece vat vas von ply, cotten stitched und mit a beveled edge. Ven I ask him dot he don't say nodding. Den I dells him dot de bants vas not damaged, und dot dey vas made uf vot ves called in de old world Spanish spot vool, de best article made dere. In a couple of minutes after I dalk to de gustomer he buys de bants, und I half sell nine bairs in dot vay."

Hoffenstein had scarcely finished speaking when a negro with a bundle in his hand and considerably excited entered the store.

"Vell, my frent, vat can I do for you?" said Hoffenstein, advancing toward him and smiling pleasantly.

"You can't do anything for me," replied the negro angrily, "but I want yer to gib back my money what I paid fur des hyar shoes or I ese gwine to take de matter fore de law. I gib four dollars for dem shoes, an' I nebber wore dem but six days fore de soles drapped off, an' when I zamined dem dar warn't a blessed ting but paper. Ese been cheated, an' when a man thinks he can come miratin' around me an' I ain't gwine to say nuffin' he's apt to find hisself in de nine hole."

"My frent," said Hoffenstein, quietly, "did you find anyding in de soles uf dem shoes?"

"No, sah," replied de negro.

"Vell, dot vas a biece uf hard luck, my frent. De shoes vat you buy vas de Louisiana brize shoe, und ven you dake a pair of dem you vas liable at any moment to find a dwenty dollar gold biece in de soles uf dem. If de soles uf de brize shoes was made of hard ledder, dey wouldn't wear out, und de consequence vould be you don't find de dwenty dollar biece, und dot vas de reason de soles vas made of baper so dot dey vill wear out soon, und let de beople know if dey get a brize, you know."

"Is dese hyar shoes de regeler prize shoes?" inquired the negro, greatly interested.

"Vell, my frent, if ye see a man vat come in de oder day und show me a couple uf dwenty dollar bieces vot he got oud uf dem shoes, you vould say dey vas a gold mine."

"If de shoes is de regeler prize shoes, I'll ven 'er nudder pair."

"Certainly, my frent. Herman, wrap de shentleman up a bair uf dese Louisiana brize shoes, und dake dese vot you dink de money vas in."

When the shoes had been paid for and the negro was gone, Hoffenstein said:

"Herman, did you see how I work off those old star brogans?"

"Yes, Mister Hoffenstein."

"Vell, ven efer a gustomer comes in de store, vegolleck dot dey vas de Louisiana brize shoe mit a dwenty dollar gold biece in de sole uf dem. I think I vil learn you something about de business yet." —*N. O. Times.*

Water and Its Uses.

We hardly realize how important a part water plays in the life of the globe. No water no vegetables, no vegetables no animals, no animals no men. Indeed water forms a large constituent part of the whole vegetable and animal world. Nearly three-fourths of the human body is water. The relations of water to health, therefore, must be very important. It is the great agent of change within the system. It gives fullness and flexibility to the softer tissues. It holds in solution the nutritive substances, and by its agency alone can they enter the system; and by the same agency the waste of the tissues must be borne away. Being perfectly neutral itself, water becomes by its solvent power, sweet, sour, salt, astringent, bitter, or poisonous, according as the body dissolved possesses these properties. It readily takes up either gases, liquids, or solid substances, and diffuses them wherever it flows. We not only drink water but we eat water in all our food and it has been estimated that an adult man consumes from seventy to ninety ounces each day. Of course water is constantly escaping from the system, and carrying with it the worn out particles through the skin, the lungs, and other natural channels. Owing to

the solvent power of water, it is never found entirely free from foreign ingredients which modify its character and give it the names, soft, hard, mineral and sea-water. These qualities may be harmless, and even useful in a hygienic point of view; or they may be hurtful. Great care should be taken to guard against organic and mineral impurities in the water we use. These may be either mechanically suspended or dissolved. Organic impurities are derived from many sources. Rain water brings them down from the air, or roofs of our houses; cisterns receive them from the leaking of sinks or waste pipes; shallow and deep wells are liable to become contaminated by means of floods, or by their near proximity to drains, cess pools and vaults. Here is a source of special danger. Five children from the same family—all the parents had—were laid in the graveyard within one month. The cause of their death was the drinking water from such a well. So said the attending physicians.

Springs and streams may become impure through discharges from large manufactories. Water has also the power to corrode lead, forming a compound which is highly poisonous. Hence great care should be taken in the use of lead pipes conveying water to the house or barn, for the use of man or beast. The morbid effects of impure water often result in diarrhea, dysentery, cholera, malarious fever, and many other forms of disease. Impurities in water cannot be discovered by the unaided senses. Even the taste, however delicate, is entirely untrustworthy, as organic matter when dissolved is quite tasteless. Fifty-five grains of carbonate of lime give no taste; and even twenty-five grains of sulphate of lime is hardly perceptible. But it would be very harmful to take so much of these poisons into the system. We could hardly afford to wait for the effects, as a means of discovering their presence. Distillation may be resorted to as a means of purifying the water, but that is also impracticable. Boiling and freezing are more reliable as a means of killing or removing the animal and vegetable poisons. Chemical means are sometimes employed for neutralizing the effect of those poisonous substances, but the most effective and practicable method of purifying water is by filtration. Charcoal alone will remove eighty-eight per cent of organic matter and twenty per cent of mineral matter.—*Household, Brattleboro, Vt.*

The Theme of Art.

The Cincinnati *Enquirer* reporter who was interviewing Oscar Wilde in that city said to the esthete: "I am going to tell you something that I fear will shock you. Several years ago one of our most promising young artists was employed by a number of our merchants to make a series of pictures for the Vienna exposition. He executed the commission, his pictures attracted great attention, and received a medal. What do you think was their theme? Hog killing." But Wilde failed to be shocked. He did not know why hog killing might not be artistically treated. "All through Holland," he said, "you will see pictures mostly of brawls in drinking-rooms. Yet every once in a while you will see in one of them a gleam of light streaming through the window and tinting the glasses on the table with all the glories of the prism. Another will display a bit of coloring as warm and sweet as the kiss of love. The men who painted these pictures poetized the subjects until the ordinariness of their character is forgotten. All this shows that they were earnest and sincere, and that their heart was in their work. I have little faith in a young man who chooses what are called heroic subjects for his early efforts. It looks as though he was depending on his subject, and not on his own powers, for success. The lowliest subject, treated with loving earnestness and sincerity, will, if the artist is competent, give the best results, just as the plainest words are the most effective in the mouth of an actor."

The Chinese habit of squirting water on clothes in ironing is a very dangerous one. Ulcerated tonsils and throats are common among Chinese laundrymen, hence the water squirted is often impregnated with germs of diseases, which are ironed into the clothes and thus scattered.

A WOMAN SAYS: "If the human race could, by any possibility divest itself of the idea that one-half of it is human and the other half simply female, it would have taken a great stride toward Christian civilization."

LABOR is the basis of all wealth, culture and civilization, and should enjoy its full share of the fruits of its creation.

When oppression is greatest, then freedom is nearest.

There are no rights, vested or otherwise, in wrong.

Recompense.

"A letter from George!" exclaimed sister Kate, coming in from the post office, and holding up for our inspection a large yellow envelope. "And addressed to mother: isn't it funny?"

"To me!" in turn exclaimed mother, laying down the blue sock she was darning, and smoothing her apron as though she were going to take the baby. "Dear me!"

"Why, how queer," said Hattie, dropping her book, and looking at Kate wonderingly. "George has't written to any of us in an age, and never to ma. What secret's brewing now, I wonder?"

"Maybe he and Milly are coming home on a visit," said I.

"Not so early in the spring as this," answered Hattie, sagely: "Milly and house-cleaning can't be separated."

At this point mother, who had succeeded in tearing off the envelope with eager, trembling fingers, and had commenced reading the letter, suddenly twisted her chair around so as to be face from us, cleared her throat, and wiped her eyes with a corner of her gingham apron.

"Anything the matter, mother?" interrogated Kate, anxiously, while Hattie and I sat wondering in silence.

There was no answer for a moment, then, turning slowly toward us, she held out the letter, saying: "Read it aloud, Kate. Milly is taken very ill with typhoid fever, and George has written for me to come to them. Dear child! I wish it was so I could go."

"Go!" echoed Kate, decisively, "of course you'll go, and take one of us girls to help nurse, too."

"But the work, my dear. How will you manage?"

"Someway," said Kate; "let's see, the express goes out at 6:30; and it's now half past five. Just one hour. Go and get dressed, mother, and Cad and I'll pack your clothes."

"But your father—"

"We'll take care of him, never mind; and he'll be home before you go. Hat, you're not fit for much at home except to run errands and keep awake nights, and you can do that there. Hurry on your duds and help mother; she's so excited she'll be sure to get her dress on hind side before, and forget to lace up her shoes."

My energetic sister had, by this time, gathered together their clothes, and bringing the valise from the wardrobe, was packing them into it at the risk of their coming out one mass of wrinkles; I, meantime, looking helplessly on. By dint of her earnest efforts everything was ready, and when father came home from his work, he found us hailing a street car to take them to the depot.

"Now, what's to be done first?" asked Kate, after we had seen them off, and had come into the house with something of a realizing sense of the responsibility we had undertaken weighing upon our minds.

"There's supper to get, of course, and—Nellie can wash the dishes. That's all, isn't it?"

"Mother said something about baking to-morrow," I suggested, with a vague idea that a certain preparation was generally made concerning the bread the evening before its manufacture.

"To-morrow? Well, let to-morrow take care of itself," said Kate so promptly that I was at once silenced.

"Let's see what's for supper; light bread, cookies, float, and cold beef. Very good. The clouds disperse, and the sky is most serene and fair. Set the table, Cad, while I make the tea."

And now, while I'm doing that, if the reader will take a little retrospective glance over our lives up to this point, she will no doubt the better understand why we were all very ignorant of household affairs. There was a large family of us—ten children in all. John, master workman in one of the machine shops in the flourishing manufacturing town of which we were residents; Milly, the married sister, and a general favorite; Kate and myself, twins, and totally unlike, both in looks and disposition; Hattie, a studious girl of sixteen; Ross, a boisterous schoolboy of fourteen; Nellie, a delicate, petted child of eleven, and three little boys in a row, aged respectively nine, seven and four, whom we called Tip, and Earle, and Benny. And mother did the work for us all. I don't know how she managed it, but she did. Milly was the only one among us who had taken to housework, and mother was one of those domestic burden bearers, who never think their load so heavy but they can add another trifle. Father had never been fortunate, pecuniarily, and desirous of educating all their children equally, the labor of saving for this end, was added to their other toil. And then, like very many other good and unselfish, but unwise mothers, she allowed us our own way, and spoiled us through indulgence, and as we had often heard her say she would rather do a thing herself than to take the trouble to teach us how, we felt as if we were actually conferring a favor upon her by letting things alone. To

be sure we learned a few necessary things, such as sweeping, dusting, washing dishes, and the little minor details of cookery; but to be able to keep the domestic machinery well oiled and in constant motion was, to us, like an unknown language. And so, now, without any adequate knowledge of work and its responsibilities, we found ourselves with a mountain of difficulties to surmount, and pretty work we made of it for a few days, too. It was not very hard to get through supper, for, thanks to mother's provident hands, there was plenty prepared for that meal. But when, next morning, we found the bread was out, the cookies all gone, and not a single stray pie for dinner, our trouble began; began to broaden and deepen with every passing moment, as we became painfully aware that making bread and pastry was a branch of educational knowledge we had not found in our text books at school; and when, about ten o'clock, father, blissfully ignorant of our innocence of the culinary art, sent up a sirloin roast, and the news that a gentleman would come home with him to dinner, and fifteen minutes after the washerwoman brought home the clothes for us to iron, I was ready to melt into tears, while Kate was so cross it was dangerous to speak to her.

Oh, that weary, weary day! But just the beginning of the many of like character that followed it! How we longed for mother's skillful hands to straighten out the tangled threads our awkward fingers had managed to produce. There was always something to be done, from early morn till late at night, so that no sooner did we fancy ourselves free for half an hour, than some duty undone would stare us in the face, or the children would come in with clamoring stomachs and gossiping tongues, so that, in a few days, I became addicted to chronic fretfulness, Kate was a veritable scold, while John scowled over the miserable meals, Ross teased us in every vulnerable point, and poor, patient father pitied our oftentimes infirmities and ate what was set before him for conscience sake.

It went on this way for upwards of a fortnight, when after a very trying day, we took our books and sat down for a quiet evening; but, alas for our hopes! Only ten minutes of peace, and an ominous ahem from father caused us to look up.

"Do you know, girls," he asked timidly, "whether mother mended my pants before she went away? I should like them to put on in the morning. She generally did her mending every week, I believe."

"There!" burst out Kate, shutting her book with a bang, while I, casting one desponding look at the fascinating pages of "David Copperfield," arose and went to take a glance at the mending-basket.

It was full to the brim; shirts, socks, little gingham coats with the pockets torn down, and buttons pulled half off with shreds of cloth hanging to them; father's pants, and Nellie's school-dress with a rent clear across the front. With a doleful sigh I lifted the basket, and without a word, we sat down to the unwelcome task. Nine, ten o'clock came and went, and the basket was not half emptied of its contents. Father, John, Ross and Nellie gaped and stretched, and, one by one, followed the children off to bed. Eleven, and still we sat, silent and grim as ghosts, solemnly stitching away at the endless rents.

"Cad," said Kate, at last, jerking out the words as if she hated them, "how do you like it?"

"Like what?" I asked in astonishment.

"This life of slavery. This hum-drum, everlasting, stick-to-it, unsatisfactory existence. With not a speck of spice in the way of variety about it. Just over and over, round and round, until we seek our rest 'low in the ground.'"

"Oh, Kate!" I exclaimed, almost shocked, "not so bad as that; not nearly so bad as that."

"Yes, worse than that with many, very many, Cad Rouncewell. My plain opinion, very plainly expressed, is that women are fools."

"Why Kate?"

"Don't 'why' Kate! me. Just look at this mending-basket. It has been filled and emptied, year after year; filled by our carelessness, and emptied by our mother's slavish toil, and we, great, healthy, over-grown girls, sat calmly by and saw her do it. And she, weak, unselfish woman that she is, hadn't snap enough about her to rap us over the head with her thimble for our ugliness."

I opened my mouth to say something, but she made a dab at me with her needle and I desisted.

"Don't expostulate!" she exclaimed, "I hate it. Look at yourself as you are, and as you have been ever since you was born, a little useless bit of furniture, and see if you don't look ugly. I have been taking just such a view of myself ever since we've found ourselves trying to fill mother's place and found we couldn't, and I've got so full of indignation at myself for being so foolish, that I shall burst if I don't out with it."

"But we can't help it now, Kate," I ventured to remonstrate.

"No, of course we can't, you goose!

The past isn't ours, but the present is and the future may be made to be. That's what I'm coming at, exactly. We must not let mother and father die, yet awhile."

"Die!" I exclaimed, shocked beyond expression.

"Yes, Caddy, I didn't notice it any more than you have, until the past two weeks; but it seems to me now, that I could count every furrow in father's careworn brow, and every thread of mother's whitening hair. They are old beyond their years, Caddy. They have been worked to death, and because they loved us so well as to bear it all patiently we never saw it."

Kate's voice was all of a tremble, and I burst into tears.

"Mother is an intellectual woman," she went on in a moment, "with a mind capable of rare development. But how much time do you suppose she has had for reading and reflection beyond the wants and necessities of her large family; and don't you know, Cad, how often we have excused ourselves from reading aloud to her, letting her sit digging away into this very old basket, solitary and alone, through the long evening hours. I fairly hate myself when I think of it."

I did, too, by this time, and I said so. "But Katie," I added, "isn't there a bright side to it somewhere?"

"We can make one," she answered decisively. "I have been thinking of that, and how would it do to go to work and get the house-cleaning all done before she gets home? It will be vacation next week, and Rosa and Nellie will be here to help us."

To this plan I gladly consented, and then went to bed. When we arose next morning it was with very different views of life and its stern realities from what we had ever cherished before. But we were determined to enter into the conflict armed with a strength higher than our own, and through that to conquer. And we did. Two weeks more and the house wore a new aspect from garret to cellar; everything was as fresh and clean as could be, and well repaid we felt for all our toil. One spot in the house was an especial attraction, and that was mother's and father's room; hitherto a bare, sparsely furnished apartment, with the same stamp of self-denial upon it, there had always been upon everything that was individually their own, but now the most cheery, and tastily arrayed of any room in the house. We girls had planned the renovation, and John—dear, good, honest fellow—had lovingly paid the bill. And now, with all in readiness for her coming, with a well-cooked meal upon the table, with an air of thrift and neatness upon everything, which gave us the utmost satisfaction, we looked for our mother home. But when she came—when we saw the dark face looking eagerly out of the back window to catch a glimpse of home and its treasured inmates—the revulsion of feeling was too much for us and we ran behind the door to hide our tears. Such a foolish thing, but we did not stay there long; she called us as she came in and we came out from our hiding place all tear-stained as we were and greeted her. And then such a time as we had, taking her over the house and witnessing her delight and surprise, mingled with little softhearted rebukes for our working so hard while she was gone. But when she came upon her own room, and her eyes fell upon the bright, new carpet, the bed with its snowy spread and ruffled pillow, the easy chair and dressing-table with all its little appointments, it was really refreshing to hear her exclaim over the extravagance we had been guilty of, and all for the sake of a woman who was fast growing old. But oh, when we told her we had done it all that she might dwell in perpetual youth, when we whispered in her ear the lesson we had learned by putting ourselves in her place, when we told her what we purposed to do in the future, that she might live, not as a slave, but as a queen among her children, how her heart melted into tears, and with what manifest love she clung to us.

And as the years still come and go, we are reaping a blessed recompense! The rich reward of our struggle with idleness and self-indulgence we see before us in the faces of our loved and loving parents, where sits a sweet content, and beams a look of youth once more. They share with us our pleasures and entertainments, we share with them the otherwise solitary hours, and in the interchange of thought and feeling find a wisdom we could have gained from no other source. Rejoicing in the knowledge that we are smoothing for them the rugged pathway of mortality, we feel our recompense to be incorruptible, being assured that it as gold laid up in the treasure-house of God, and bringing forth an hundred fold.—*Household, Brattleboro Vt.*

A GOOD MINCE FOR PATTIES.—Two ounces of ham, four of chicken or veal, one egg boiled hard, three cloves, a blade of mace, pepper and salt, in fine powder. Just before you serve, warm the above with four spoonfuls of rich gravy, the same of cream, and one ounce of butter. Fill as usual.

A STRANGE STORY OF A DUEL COMES from Poland. A short time ago two young fellows, journeymen bronze-smiths, were sitting in a Warsaw cafe, playing dominoes. A glass half full of liquor stood on the table between them, and one or two of their fellow-workmen were looking on at the game with much evident interest. There was little in the appearance of the group to attract especial attention—still less to suggest the improbable notion that the four youths composing it were two duellists and their seconds, or that the stake of the domino match was a human life. Presently, however, the game having come to a conclusion, the younger of the two players, a lad of 16, named Stanislas Julian, lifted the glass to his lips and drank off its contents at a draught. Five minutes later he was a corpse. The wretched boys had quarreled and agreed to fight a duel in such sort that the death of one or the other must ensue. Having placed themselves in the hands of two seconds, these latter arranged that their principals should play a "set" of three games at dominoes, upon the solemn understanding that the loser should swallow a dose of the deadliest poison procurable. This hideous compact was carried out to the letter, nor did any of the surviving persons concerned in it, when interrogated by the police authorities before whom they were subsequently brought, betray the least remorse for their share in the ghastly transaction. Julian's adversary, indeed, boldly avowed that, had he lost the match, he would have fulfilled his pledge to drink the poison as faithfully as had his dead antagonist; and the seconds protested that they had only "done their duty in seeing the duel fairly fought out according to the conditions beforehand."—*Chronicle.*

At last the task has been successfully accomplished of separating the particles of iron from the clay from which the pure white and costly porcelain is made. Two powerful electromagnets are placed with opposite poles facing one another, and between them is a trough or funnel with a vent hole in its lower part. The liquid clay is caused to flow along the sides of this trough, past the magnetic poles, which attract the iron to the sides. Twice a day the sides are cleansed of the deposited material. In this way half a ton of clay can be purified per day in each trough. The magnetic deposit is said to consist mainly of silicate of iron and a trace of carbon. At any rate, the finished product is worth more by ten per cent than it used to be.

THE SACRAMENTO BEE says that Deputy Assessor Harvey was recently at the depot watching the Chinamen who were departing in order to catch those who had not paid their poll-tax. He saw two coolies, apparently about 32 years old, who were slinking out of sight. He approached them and asked them if they had paid their poll-tax. One cried out: "Me no pay; me over sixty-two; too muchee old." The other said: "Me no twenty-one; too muchee young; no pay." Then observing the incredulous looks of the officer they both threw up their hands, one solemnly saying: "Me swear allee same in Clourt," the other adding: "Me Clistian Chinaman, no tellee lie." They had to pay, however, before they went aboard the train.

A MINER writing from French Corral, Nevada county, says: "Here there are scarcely any Chinamen left, for about ten months ago they were thrown out of work in the claims and their places have been filled with whites. People are very well satisfied and the work is better done. The superintendents always predicted we could not do without Chinese help, and now it turns out that we are much better off without the Chinese work."

LORD CAVENDISH, the new Chief Secretary for Ireland, and Thomas Henry Burke, the Under Secretary, were stabbed to death in Phoenix Park, Dublin, Saturday night May 6, by four men, who escaped. All Ireland was thrown into excitement by the tragedy and the Irish leaders express the belief that it was done by enemies of their cause, to throw discredit on the Land League.

THE GOLD HILL (Nev.) public schools have closed for want of funds to pay expenses. The district is in debt nearly \$4,000. It is probable that these schools will not be opened until next fall. The State apportionment, which will be made in July, will pay only the district's liabilities.

A FINE portrait of Blaine has been painted by order of the Venezuelan Government and will soon be forwarded there, to be placed in the State Department.

TRIFLES light as hair spoil our appetites for butter.

Be honest from principle; be just without being cruel; be emphatic without being profane; be charitable without being boastful; be prudent without being selfish; be generous without being wasteful; be reverent without being servile; be devoted without being bigoted; be religious without being fanatical; be zealous without being intolerant; be respectful without being supercilious; be proud without being haughty; be gentle and kind without being submissive; be forbearing and forgiving, but not to the extent of approving wrong; be firm and unyielding in your adherence to truth and right; be ever an attentive listener to reason; be as ready to grant freedom to others as you are to enjoy it yourself; be as careful that you do not cheat your neighbor as you are that your neighbor does not cheat you; be more intent upon improving your manners and morals than upon increasing your fortune; be too proud to defile your lips or your breath with tobacco or whisky; be sure you speak the truth at all times, and you will be a good citizen.—*The Emancipator.*

Two Mutilated Coins.

Yesterday an old man entered a Little Rock store, and taking from his pocket an old buckskin pouch, he emptied two coins on the counter, and then, after regarding the silver for a few moments, said:

"Mister, I want to buy some goods to make a dress."

"That money is mutilated, old gentleman. This twenty-five cent piece has notches filed in it and this fifty-cent piece has been punched. You see, they have been abused. I can't take them."

"Abused," said the old man. "Abused," and he took up the fifty-cent piece and looked at it tenderly. "And you won't take it on account of the holes. Heaven graet that I did not have to offer it to you. Years ago, when my first child was a little girl, I punched a hole in this coin and strung it around her neck. It was her constant plaything. At night when she went to bed we'd take it off, but early at morning she would call for her watch. When our John—you didn't know John, did you? No. Well, he used to come to town a good deal."

"Where is he now?" asked the merchant, not knowing what to say, but desiring to show appreciation of the old man's story.

"He was killed in the war. I say that when John was a little boy I strung this quarter around his neck. One day his watch got out of fix, he said, and he filed these notches in it. He and his sister Mary—that was the girl's name—used to play in the yard and compare their watches to see if they were right. Sometimes John wouldn't like it because Mary's watch was bigger than his, but she would explain that she was bigger than him and ought to have a bigger watch. The children grew up, as they had always lived in the woods they were not ashamed to wear their watches. When a young man came to see Mary once she forgetfully looked at her 50 cents. 'What are you doing?' asked the young man, and when she told him she was looking at her watch he took it as a hint and went home. After this she did not wear her watch in company. Well, Mary and the young man married. John went off in the army and got killed. Mary's husband died, and about two years ago Mary was taken sick. When her mother and I reached her house she was crying. Calling me to her side she said: 'Papa, lean over' I leaned over, and taking something from under her pillow, she put it around my neck and said: 'Papa, take care of my watch.' The old man looked at the merchant. "Do you see that boy out there on the wagon?" he said. "Well, that is Mary's child. I wouldn't part with this money, but my old wife who always loved me died this morning, and I have come to buy her a shroud." When the old man went out he carried a bundle in one hand and the "watches" in the other.—*Little Rock (Ark.) Gazette.*

Chinese laborers were recently engaged by the contractors on the grade of the southern branch of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad, near Crittenden, A. T. The white laborers objected but with no success. They then went in a body to the Chinese camp and ordered the heathen to leave. Their command not being immediately obeyed they attacked the coolies with picks and shovels, and finally made them gather up their traps, and drove them, like sheep to a siding, where they were kept till a train came and took them to Benson. The indignant laborers then went to the Superintendent of construction, and, putting a rope around his neck, threatened to hang him if he would not promise to employ no more Chinese. He made the promise and was released. The laborers then returned quietly to their work.

THE Polish Jews have decided to emigrate to Palestine.

Salutatory.

The following is the introductory article in the sample copy of our proposed daily edition, which appeared on Wednesday. As far as we can ascertain, the public is rather pleased with the new publication. If sufficient support is promised, we will commence the regular issue very soon.

We present the public today a sample copy or prospectus of the daily edition of the Argus—at least of the publication which we propose to issue every day if there is support enough to keep it on a paying basis.

It is purely a matter of business—an exchange of values. We are in a position now to publish as pretensions and valuable a daily paper as Port Townsend will support, if indeed it can support any worthy name.

Some of our business men say that a daily of any importance can only be published here at a sacrifice to the publisher. Perhaps this is true, but we propose to test the matter. The more enterprising of our business men feel that Port Townsend has attained a stage in her growth where it is absolutely necessary for her to have a live daily paper if she would keep pace with the other towns on Puget Sound.

Business begun to revive here last fall. Since then the value of real estate—the surest indicator of prosperity—has steadily but surely advanced. With Irondale permanently fixed upon as the location of an extensive factory, with a saw mill rapidly nearing completion on Point Hudson, with a large shipyard and a sash and door factory in prospect here—with all these avenues of permanent and profitable industry opening the way for more homes, more business, more money circulation, and for other business enterprises quite as important as those mentioned—Port Townsend can hardly help growing rapidly in the near future, if her business men manifest a proper spirit of enterprise; especially in this true in view of the fact that we are in the midst of generally prosperous times—the lumbering business booming, laborers of all kinds in demand, prices of farm produce good, trade brisk and money plentiful.

Why shouldn't Port Townsend prosper in a marked degree? It is her province, with her facilities for ocean communication, to virtually control the local trade of the lower Sound counties. She has every advantage in the way of geographical location, excellent harbor, &c. One thing is needful—indispensable; we must have a means of keeping prominently before the world, of advertising ourselves incessantly; the only known means of accomplishing such results for modern towns and effectually aiding their growth is through the modern, live daily newspaper.

The cost of publishing such a daily paper as is here presented has been carefully estimated—and we are in a position to keep it up at an absolutely minimum expense. It will involve an additional outlay of something like a hundred dollars a month to us. About two-thirds of this must be made up from subscriptions and increased advertising receipts in Port Townsend. If this can be secured, we feel willing to risk obtaining the remainder from outside sources. If the necessary support cannot be secured by promise in advance, we must decline to proceed further. We cannot afford to sacrifice money as well as time and labor in this or any other undertaking, however laudable, but we will undertake the labor if current cash expenses can be met.

In a day or two we will canvass the town for a final decision upon this project. It is matter of regret that we were unable to make this start early in the spring, when a definite announcement was made. The week before the first issue was to appear the editor sustained a slight rupture, and has not been able since till now to undertake any increase of labor. This ought to be a sufficient explanation for the long delay.

MR. KUHN arrived home yesterday. The steamer Helen has been repainted and cleaned up, and now she looks like a different boat.

MR. J. W. BLAKESLEE and family have removed from Port Discovery to Port Townsend to live.

MR. N. R. SMITH and wife, of Port Angeles, came up last week to this place. Mr. S. returned on Monday.

MR. A. U. DAVIS, of Dungeness, has purchased a other young Jersey bull. It arrived from California on the Elder this week.

READ Mr. Landes' advertisement offering the schooner Mist for sale. She is a staunch craft, in good condition and can be bought cheap.

SINCE the whitewashing of the new picket fence on the bluff along Washington Street, that portion of town looks decidedly nicer besides being safer.

MR. ERNEST INGERSOLL, one of the most graphic and descriptive writers for Harper's Monthly, The Century, and St. Nicholas magazines, has been in town for several days preparing his notes for a series of illustrated articles on Western Washington Territory and Puget Sound. He was joined on Wednesday last by Mr. A. C. Redwood, one of the best artists connected with Harper's Monthly, who will make the sketches illustrative of Mr. Ingersoll's descriptions. Both gentlemen are stopping at the Central Hotel, but their time has been occupied exclusively in examining the voluminous manuscripts, notes, and sketches of James G. Swan, Esq., who has kindly placed his valuable collection at their disposal. From Port Townsend they will visit Seattle and other places on the Sound to obtain reliable information and we bespeak for them the kind courtesy of all who feel interested in having our beautiful Sound and country properly depicted in the valuable journal with which they are engaged.

THE SAN JUAN DEDICATION—Next Friday those who expect to attend the dedication of the new Presbyterian church on San Juan on the Sunday following will leave Port Townsend on the Dispatch. Dr. Lindsley, who is to deliver the dedication sermon, is an eminent pulpit orator, and his sermon will be looked forward to with unusual interest. Expectation for fair weather seems likely to be realized, and besides this the scenery to be enjoyed in crossing and on San Juan Island is something worth putting one's self out for. The people of San Juan are famous for their hospitality and will doubtless entertain all who go, and besides, if any considerable number go they will get the benefit of half fare and be carried both ways in daylight, arriving home Sunday evening. None who can spare the time should miss the opportunity.

ORGANIZED.—A brass band was organized here on Wednesday night, with 13 members, under the name of the "Port Townsend Amateur Band." The officers are as follows: D. H. Hill, President; H. L. Tibbals, Jr., Leader; N. D. Young, Secretary; Jas. Stockand, Treasurer. The members have sent for new instruments and new music. They are starting in with every prospect of a successful career. We wish them every distinction that is desirable.

MR. R. DELANTY, of Port Discovery, was in town on Monday. He expected at that time to commence putting in logs through his new shute in a day or two. The shute is about six-hundred yards long, is near the Woodman place, and has been quite expensive to build. Mr. Delanty will extend a railroad back some distance from the upper end of the shute. He is having a car made by the Blackman Bros., of Snohomish, on their improved patent plan.

THANKS—for that plate of delicious fruit from O. H. Holcombe's store. The variety was suggestive of tropical bounty, while the quality was certainly luscious. Holcombe's is the place to get fresh California fruit.

THERE appear to be hopeful indications that we will have daily overland mail after July 1st, instead of once in four days as heretofore.

THERE will be no service in the M. E. church here next Sunday, the pastor being absent in Dungeness.

Capt. R. W. de Lion. Capt. Chas. A. Enell.

R. W. de Lion & Co., STEVEDORES,
In all Ports in Puget Sound, From our long experience in the business, we guarantee satisfaction.
OFFICE, New Wharf, Quincy Street, PORT TOWNSEND, W. T.

N. B.—Capt. Chas. A. Enell, Agent San Francisco and Philadelphia Board of Marine Underwriters for Strait Juan de Fuca and Puget Sound. AGENT for the Tacoma and Blz, W. T. February 3, 1882 - no 31

Capt. Chas. A. Enell, Capt. R. W. de Lion.

CHAS. A. ENELL & CO.
Shipping & Commission Merchants
CUSTOM HOUSE BROKERS,
Forwarding Agents & Storage Facilities
OFFICE, New Wharf, Quincy St.
Port Townsend, W. T.

CHAS. A. ENELL Agent San Francisco and Philadelphia Board of Marine Underwriters for Strait Juan de Fuca and Puget Sound, W. T.

Vessels Consigned to R. W. de Lion & Co.

Ship H. S. Gregory
From Philadelphia.
NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED agents of the above named vessel will be responsible for debts contracted by the officers or crew.
E. A. WATTS, Master.
R. W. de Lion & Co. Agents.
Port Townsend, June 13, 1882.

Bark Nonantum,
From Wilmington, Cal.
NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED agents of the above named vessel will be responsible for any debts contracted by the officers or crew.
FRANK B. FOSTER, Master.
R. W. de Lion & Co. Agents.
Port Townsend, June 12, 1882.

BARK W. H. BESSE.
From Hong Kong, via Victoria.
NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED agents of the above named vessel will be responsible for debts contracted by the officers or crew.
B. C. BAKER, Master.
R. W. de Lion & Co. Agents.
Port Townsend, June 9, 1882.

Chilian Bk. Aconcagua.
FROM VALPARAISO.
NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED agents of the above named vessel will be responsible for debts contracted by the officers or crew.
JOHN GRIFFITH, Master.
R. W. de Lion & Co. Agents.
Port Townsend, May 27th, 1882.

Ship Iroquis.
FROM NEW YORK.
Neither the captain nor the undersigned agents will be responsible for any debts contracted by the crew of the above named ship.
ALBERT V. NICKELS, Master.
R. W. de Lion & Co. Agents.
Port Townsend, May 19, 1882.

British Ship Nineveh
FROM HONOLULU.
NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED agent will be responsible for debts contracted by the officers or crew of the above named vessel.
JOHN L. CLUTOW, Master.
R. W. de Lion & Co. Agents.
Port Townsend, March 27, 1882.

SHIP INDIA.
FROM PHILADELPHIA.
NEITHER THE Captain nor the undersigned agents will be responsible for debt contracted by the crew of the above named vessel.
J. S. Rich, Master.
R. W. de Lion, Agents.
Port Townsend, April 13, 1882.

Chilian Ship Julia.
FROM CALLAO.
NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED agents of the above named vessel will be responsible for debts contracted by the officers or crew.
I. G. WILSON, Master.
R. W. de Lion & Co. Agents.
Port Townsend, Mar. 25, 1882.

British Bark Yuca.
FROM VICTORIA.
Neither the captain nor the undersigned agents will be responsible for any debts contracted by the crew of the above named vessel.
JOHN JAMES, Master.
R. W. de Lion & Co. Agents.
Port Townsend, May 6, 1882.

Ship Syren.
FROM HONG KONG, via VICTORIA.
Neither the captain nor the undersigned agents will be responsible for any debts contracted by the crew of the above named vessel.
GEO. W. BROWN, Master.
R. W. de Lion & Co. Agents.
Port Townsend, May 7, 1882.

SHIP CORA.
Neither the Captain nor the undersigned Agents will be responsible for debts contracted by the crew of the above named vessel.
J. S. THOMBS, Master.
R. W. de Lion & Co. Agents.
Port Townsend, March 28, 1882. no 7

Chilian Bark Oregon.
NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED agents will be responsible for debts contracted by the crew.
THOMAS HARDY, Master.
R. W. de Lion & Co. Agents.
Port Townsend, March 24, 1882.

Ship Osceola.
FROM SAN DIEGO.
Neither the captain nor the undersigned agents will be responsible for debts contracted by the crew of the above named vessel.
CHAS P ROWELL, Master.
R. W. de Lion & Co. Agents.
Port Townsend, April 25, 1882

Ship Jeremiah Thompson.
FROM IQUIQUE.
Neither the Captain nor the undersigned agents will be responsible for any debts contracted by the crew of the above named vessel.
NICHOLAS KIRBY, Master.
R. W. de Lion & Co. Agents.
Port Townsend, April 13, 1882.

Chilian Bk. Norfolk.
NEITHER the Captain nor the undersigned agents will be responsible for debts contracted by officers or crew of the above named vessel.
CH. STEPHAN, Master.
R. W. de Lion & Co. Agents.
Port Townsend, Feb. 15, 1882.

Chilian Ship Inspector.
NEITHER the Captain nor the undersigned Agents will be responsible for debts contracted by the officers and crew of the vessel above named.
J. A. DAM, Master.
R. W. de Lion & Co. Agents.
Port Townsend, Feb. 13, 1882.

SHIP ANNIE H. SMITH.
FROM PHILADELPHIA.
NEITHER the Captain nor the undersigned Agents of the above named vessel will be responsible for debts contracted by the officers or crew thereof.
J. F. Bartlett, Master.
R. W. de Lion & Co., Agents.
Port Townsend, April 2, 1882.

Honduros Bark Chiclayo.
FROM HONOLULU.
NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED agent of above named vessel will be responsible for debts contracted by the officers or crew.
THOMAS ORDAÑO, Master.
R. W. de Lion & Co., Agents.
Port Townsend, Jan. 27, 1882.

Ship Paetolus.
FROM PHILADELPHIA.
NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED will be responsible for any debts contracted by the officers or crew of the above named vessel.
W. N. BURNHAM, Master.
R. W. de Lion & Co. Agents.
Port Townsend, Jan 25, 1882.

SHIP GREAT ADMIRAL.
FROM PHILADELPHIA.
NEITHER the Captain nor the undersigned agents will be responsible for debts contracted by the crew of the above named ship.
FRANK THOMPSON, Master.
R. W. de Lion & Co. Agents.

German Barque Anita Delina.
FROM VALPARAISO.
NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED agents of the above named vessel will be responsible for debts contracted by the officers or crew of the said Bark.
VALDEMAR FISCHER, Master.
R. W. de Lion & Co. Agents.
Port Townsend, Jan. 6, 1882.

For a good Cigar, smoke "Holcombe" Own. None better in Port Townsend.

FARMERS' STORE!

NEW DUNGENESS, W. T.

JUST RECEIVED IN ADDITION TO OUR USUALLY FULL AND COMPLETE STOCK OF General Merchandise the Largest and Best Selected Stock of Clothing ever brought to Clallam County.

Come and see our \$1000 suits. " " " Dry Goods. " " " Furniture. " " " Boots and Shoes. " " " Stoves and Tinware. " " " Rifles and Shot Guns. " " " Crockery ware. " " " Groceries. " " " Hats and Caps. " " " New Sewing Machines.

chines, the best and cheapest in the world, sold on easy time without interest. N. B.—Come and see the only person on Puget Sound who will buy any thing and every thing from a COON-SKIN to a FARM. Drafts bought and sold on liberal terms.

17-11 C. F. CLAPP, 7

The Opportunity of the Day!

ENTIRE STOCK MUST BE SOLD

WITHIN THE NEXT 60—SIXTY DAYS!—60

Store to Let and Fixtures for Sale.

As our Mr. E. H. Gross intends to depart for Europe, we have decided to close our **LARGE AND SELECT STOCK,**

CONSISTING OF **Dry Goods, Clothing, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Carpets, Oil Cloth, Laces, Embroideries, Fancy Goods**

AT AND BELOW COST

The Public will Bear in Mind that

This is NO Humbug!

AND THAT OUR

Immense Stock of Goods Must be Disposed of

by June next

Irrespective of Cost.

GROSS BROS.

San Francisco Store,

Port Townsend, W. T.

THE MAMMOTH STOCK

RECENTLY PURCHASED BY OUR MR. KATZ,

Is now ready for Inspection!

The Public is invited to call and examine, being the largest and most complete assortment of

General Merchandise

Ever brought to Port Townsend, which we are prepared to

SELL AT LOWER RATES

Than any other firm on Puget Sound for Cash.

We can SUBSTANTIATE THIS FACT by our known economy in all our movements and in every branch of our business.

WE KEEP IN STOCK A FULL LINE OF THE FOLLOWING GOODS:

Dry and Fancy Goods, Gents' Clothing and Furnishing Goods, Hats, Caps, Boots and Shoes, Groceries, Crockery and Glassware,

Furniture and Bedding, Hardware, Ship Chandlery,

Cigars and Tobacco, Liquors, Building Material,

Farmers' Implements, Produce a Specialty,

Oils, Paints, Drugs, Clocks, Saddlery, Ammunition,

Seamen's Outfits,

U. S. Marine Uniforms and Military Outfits,

Stationery, Coal and Iron, Tinware,

AND, IN FACT, MOST EVERYTHING.

COME ONE AND ALL!

WATERMAN & KATZ.

Will buy and pay the highest price for all Produce, Wool, Hides, Shingles, &c., &c.

DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

Sole agents for B. Dreyfuss & Co.'s California Wines and Liquors and Hamburg American Packet Company's Steamship Line.

16-2m Port Townsend, W. T.

CHARLES C. BARTLETT.

F. ALBERT BARTLETT.

FRANK A. BARTLETT.

BARTLETT & CO.

NEW

STONE STORE!

GRAND OPENING

OF THE MOST EXTENSIVE ASSORTMENT OF

Spring and Summer Goods!

EVER DISPLAYED ON PUGET SOUND.

CHARLES C. BARTLETT & CO.

Begin to inform their numerous patrons and the public generally, that having completed their large and commodious stone store, they are prepared to display one of the most Extensive Assortments of Goods ever exhibited on Puget Sound, which has just been selected in San Francisco by our Mr. F. A. Bartlett, junior partner of the house.

This Elegant Assortment consists in part of Spring and Summer Goods,

—SUCH AS—

DRESS AND FANCY GOODS,

Laces, Silks, Satins, Hats, Sea-side suitings, Collars, Collarettes, Etc.,

And every other article required for Ladies' wear.

CLOTHING DEPARTMENT.

In this line we have the largest and most complete assortment north of San Francisco.

Hats!—An elegant line of the latest styles, consisting of Felt, Wool and Straw.—**Hats!**

BOOTS AND SHOES,

Ladies, Children, Gentlemen, Loggers, Farmers and Sailors can find a complete and full stock from which to make selections. All tastes and all purses suited.

Carpetings, Mattings and Oil Cloths.—In this line we have a complete stock, which we sell AT THE LOWEST RATES.

WALL PAPERS.

In this line we have a full stock of the latest and most elegant designs. Some of our "esthetic" patterns are very beautiful, and we invite the ladies and gentlemen who have a taste for really superior and classic goods to call and examine this rare stock. Nothing of the kind has ever been seen or offered for sale in this market before. Of the cheaper papers we carry a large stock of the very best. We cannot be undersold on Puget Sound.

Furniture, Doors, Windows, Mouldings, Pianos and Organs.

A Choice Selection of House Furniture, which will be sold on the lowest terms.

Pianos and Organs will be sold at less than San Francisco rates.

A full assortment of Doors and Mouldings, plain, gilt, and black wood.

GROCERIES, HARDWARE AND SHIP CHANDLERY.

A full and Complete Stock of the above goods which will be sold at the lowest rates.

Particular attention given to furnishing vessel's outfits and supplies of every description. In this branch of our business we are prepared to furnish everything required for a vessel from a sail needle to an anchor, or from a skein of sail twine to a 24-inch hawser. Captains are particularly invited to call and examine our stock in this line. FARMERS will find in our stock everything required for farm use, such as Wagons, Reapers and Mowers, Plows, Cultivators, Spades, Shovels, Hoes, Rakes, and every variety of Agricultural Implements of the latest and most improved style, and can supply themselves with family groceries of the best quality at the most satisfactory prices.

Orders from abroad will receive our most careful attention and satisfaction guaranteed. FARM PRODUCE of all kinds, and any merchantable articles, taken in exchange for Goods, and highest prices paid.

Logging Camp Supplies a specialty. Everything required for a Logging Camp Outfit furnished by C. C. Bartlett & Co.

WINES, LIQUORS, TOBACCO AND CIGARETTES, MILWAUKIE, ST. LOUIS AND CHICAGO BEER

AND MALT LIQUORS OF ALL KINDS.

In the above line we have a full, complete and very extensive stock of the very choicest varieties, both Foreign and Domestic. Sole agents for Conrad Seipp, Brewing Co.'s celebrated Salvator Beer, Chicago. Also, Thistle Dew Whisky, from the celebrated Thistle Dew Mill of Kenton County, Kentucky, Distilled by Henry W. Smith & Co., which we receive direct from the manufacturers in Kentucky. Eclipse, Kruggs, Rhoderer Champagne, and other celebrated brands.

INSURANCE.

We are Agents for the Hartford and Commercial Fire Insurance Companies and for the Royal Norwich and Lancashire Fire and Marine Insurance Companies. Particular attention given to Insuring Grain Cargoes to Europe.

As all our Immense Stock has been selected with great care and purchased at unusually low rates we can offer Superior Inducements to purchasers, who are invited to call and examine our Goods.

Our motto is Quick Sales and Small Profits.

Port Townsend, W. T.

C. C. BARTLETT & CO.

PUGET SOUND ARGUMENTS
SUPPLEMENT.

Money is the Best Policy.

The man who is not a miser, but who is not a spendthrift, is the man who is the most successful in the world. He is the man who is the most successful in the world.

There is an old book which says "As the money is the best policy, so the man who is the most successful in the world is the man who is the most successful in the world."

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THE LARGEST AND ONLY COMPLETE TYPE FOUNDRY AND PRINTERS' WAREHOUSE ON THE PACIFIC COAST.
PALMER & REY, SUCCESSORS TO MILLER & RICHARD SCOTCH TYPE FOUNDRY,
205 & 207 Leidesdorff, and 529 Commercial Streets,
CHICAGO OFFICE, 173 MONROE STREET. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
We keep on hand the largest stock of American Fancy Type ever kept on this coast...

THE BEST REMEDY FOR Diseases of the Throat and Lungs.
AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL
Diseases of the pulmonary organs are so prevalent and fatal, that a safe and reliable remedy for them is invaluable to every community. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL is such a remedy, and no other so eminently merits the confidence of the public. It is a scientific combination of the medicinal principles and curative virtues of the finest drugs, chemically united, to insure the greatest possible efficiency and uniformity of results, which enables physicians as well as invalids to use it with confidence. It is the most reliable remedy for diseases of the throat and lungs that science has produced. It strikes at the foundation of all pulmonary diseases, affording prompt and certain relief, and is adapted to patients of any age or either sex. Being very palatable, the youngest children take it without difficulty. In the treatment of ordinary Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Influenza, Clergyman's Sore Throat, Asthma, Croup, and Catarrh, the effects of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL are magical, and multitudes are annually preserved from serious illness by its timely and faithful use. It should be kept at hand in every household, for the protection it affords in sudden attacks. In Whooping-cough and Consumption there is no other remedy so efficacious, soothing, and helpful.

Send for our New Illustrated Price-List No. 30, for Fall and Winter of 1881. Free to any address. Contains full description of all kinds of goods for personal and family use. We deal directly with the consumer, and sell all goods in any quantity at wholesale prices. You can buy better and cheaper than at home.
MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.
227 and 229 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Mr. Korter has made a nice improvement in his barber shop. We venture to say that he has a shop as neatly fitted up as any on the Sound. He has also fitted up a bathroom for salt and fresh water baths. He has done his best to have one of the finest shops, and is master of his profession.
NOTICE.
If you want to buy LOTS in PORT TOWNSEND, or a farm in Jefferson Co. Apply to D. W. SMITH.

THE HOLLY TREE IN
(Water St., nearly opp. Custom H.)
Port Townsend, W.
EVERYTHING NEW and FIRST CLASS!
Meals served in the latest style at all hours.
ORDERS.
For Large or Small Parties will be Promptly Attended to.
GIVE US A TRIAL.
Our celebrated Turkish Mocha Coffee with Cake or Bread, 15 cts. With 1/4 pie 25 cts. Try a cup. Don't fail to remember the place—Nearly opposite Custom House.
ASHIER M. FREEMAN, Proprietor.

PROBATE NOTICE.
In the Probate court of the county, Territory of Washington:
In the matter of the estate of Daniel Smalley, deceased.
Order to show cause why decree of distribution should not be made:
On reading and filing the petition of Thomas Abernethy administrator of the estate of Daniel Smalley, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased in this court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid, and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled;
It is ordered: That all persons interested in the estate of Daniel Smalley, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the county of Clallam, Washington Territory at the office of the Clerk of said court, in said county, on the 30th day of June A. D. 1882, at 11 A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said deceased according to law.
It is further ordered: That a copy of this order be published (4) successive weeks before the 30th day of June A. D. 1882, in the "Weekly Argonaut" a newspaper printed and published in Port Townsend, Jefferson county, W. T.
WILLIAM WARD, Probate Judge.
Attest: JOHN MORRIS, Clerk.
Dated May 22nd, 1882.

A RARE CHANCE
For a man with two or three hundred dollars to permanently establish himself in a paying business, by manufacturing and selling the PATENT "NEW HAMPSHIRE CHURN," the BEST ever invented.
A one-half interest in Oregon and Washington will be sold at a bargain. This Churn is the favorite in California and the East. Many are now in use in this Territory, and thousands more are wanted, but my business is so full that I cannot attend to it. Apply to or address
G. W. BLAKE, address
At his Harness Shop, Port Townsend.
1853. W. T. 1882.
CITY BOOK STORE
AND
NEWS DEPOT.
All the principal papers and magazines received, and after the 1st of June next all year subscriptions will be received for any period at less than publishers' cost price to you. Any book or publication loaned. Old Books bought, sold or exchanged.
GEORGE BARTHOLOMEW,
Port Townsend, W. T.

A Money King.

Probably the richest individual in the United States today is William H. Vanderbilt. His name is as well known abroad as here. His transactions are felt in exchanges of the world. He has lived here and hereabouts since his boyhood, when his father was carving his way to a monumental fortune, but, aside from the regular drivers on the road, it is doubtful if there are five hundred men on Manhattan Island who know what they ever saw this possessor of \$20,000,000. As the prematurely early spring air was gradually changing to the normal temperature of a yet undeveloped March, Mr. Vanderbilt left the unique portal of his solid home on Fifth avenue, squinted with one eye at the clouds that threatened wind from the east, buttoned his thick coat tight in the neck and leisurely passed toward the great Cathedral. Of the few men, women, children, nurses and coachmen near him not one recognized or turned to look at him. He was apparently a few inches less than six feet tall, stout and heavy. His features are large and expressive. He wears long side whiskers and black clothes. A stranger would judge him to be about 58 years old, not over strong and good natured. The lines of his face are deep, and when in repose he has an expression of "grit" and determination which gives way before a smile that seems based in kindness and general condition of content.

An exchange says that "the James boys had a morose and ugly disposition." This may be regarded as authentic. The James boys were not only morose, but they were at times irritable. Jesse James at different times killed over fifty men. This would show that he must have been soured by some great sorrow. No man who is healthy and full of animal spirits could kill the able-bodied voters or a whole village unless he felt eros and taciturn naturally. There should have been a post-mortem examination of Mr. James to determine what was the matter with him. We were in favor of a post-mortem examination of Mr. James twelve years ago, but there seemed to be a feeling of reluctance on the part of authorities about holding it. Detective Pinkerton was the most considerate. At first he said he would hold an autopsy on Mr. James right away, but it consumed so much time holding autopsies on his deceivings that he postponed Jesse's post-mortem for a long time. Detectives are sometimes considered hard-hearted and unloving in their natures, but this is not the case. Very few of them can bear to witness the shedding of blood, especially their own blood.—Laramie Boomerang.

THE BUNCH GRASS COUNTRY.—The Polaris thus speaks of the famous bunch grass country, lying immediately east of Cascade range: "What we would call the 'bunch grass country' is that lying between the Cascade and Blue mountain ranges, a distance east and west of one hundred and fifty miles in round numbers, and from the Coeur d'Alene mountains to the high ridges that run from the Blue mountains westward, about a hundred miles south of the Columbia river, a distance north and south of not less than 200 miles. There are tracts within these limits that may be called 'sage brush land,' as a large part of the Yakima valley and the lower Snake river valley; but, in general, with this exception it is covered with a comparatively clean growth of bunch grass. This country is in general two inclined tables, one sloping downward from the north and the other from the south, and in the Columbia river forming the line of their meeting. These tables are not plains but hills sloping by streams and ravines, but with a general inclination as stated. The whole of it with the exception of the Yakima valley, has also a westward inclination to conform to the flow of the Columbia river, which has a rapid current, and is the only drainage of that vast region."

BIRD seed for sale at LATIMER & CO'S.

CHUTNEY Sauce and Durkum's Salad Dressing, at JAS. JONES.

PAINT, oils, glass and brushes of every description at LATIMER & CO'S.

For the best quality of all kinds of groceries, and cheap, go to James Jones, opposite Central Hotel.

FRESH butter from Brook Farm Dairy (Hall Davis, Proprietor), FOR SALE at James Jones' Grocery Store.

WHY should you cough while you can get a preventative by going to LATIMER & CO'S?

AT JAMES JONES.
Just received, a large quantity of California Port, Sherry and Amber Wines, direct from the vineyard.

For good cigars, go to James Jones' head of Union Wharf opposite Central Hotel.

Just received at Jas. Jones', a large lot of Seaside, double, elephant drawing paper, Drawing pencils, tracing cloth, etc.

The Peruvian Syrup has cured thousands who were suffering from Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Liver Complaint, Bile, Humors, Female Complaints, etc. Remedy free to any address, Seth W. Fowle & Sons, Boston.

SOMETIMES a little assistance at the right time will enable the system to offset an attack which might otherwise result in serious sickness. Ayer's Pills should always be kept at hand, and promptly taken for the relief of slight ailments, before they become formidable diseases.

SHEEP FOR SALE.
Persons wishing to purchase sheep for breeding purposes will find it to their advantage to address
A. BARLOW,
Lopez Island, San Juan county.

People's Market
(Opposite Washington Hotel)
Constantly on hand the
CHOICEST OF MEATS
—AND—
VEGETABLES.
Also Corned Beef and Pork, Smoked Meats, Pork and Bologna Sausages, Head Cheese, Tripe, etc., etc.
Thos. Jackman and F. Terry.

TYPE FOR SALE!
A CHANCE FOR PRINTERS.
100 lbs. of Long Primer (this type) complete, with figures, diphthongs, characters, &c., for sale at 25 cts. per pound. Is securely packed and will be put on board of steamer at Port Townsend free of charge. Also, 100 lbs of Brevier, same outfit, same price; sample below.
Address this office.
Regular trips from Port Townsend to Dungeness and return to Port Discovery, Tuesdays and Fridays. Jobbing done. For Freight or Passage, apply to

Notice.
Assessment No. 1.
The Puget Sound Iron Company.
Location of principal place of business San Francisco, California.
Location of Works, Irondale, Washington Territory.
Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Directors held on the 18th day of May, 1882, an assessment, (No. 1.) of one (1) dollar per share was levied upon the capital stock of the Corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary at the office of the company, No. 328, Montgomery street, Room No. 7, San Francisco, California.
Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 15th day of June, 1882, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Thursday the 20th day of July, 1882, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.
A. HALSEY, Secretary.
Office, No. 328 Montgomery St. Room No. 7. San Francisco, Cal.

WANTED.
A boy to do chores about a house, one that understands taking care of and milking cows. Apply at the postoffice at Port Townsend.

BRIEF LOCAL ITEMS.

SMALL vegetables are coming into market.

FARMERS are already wishing for more rain.

CAPT. WILLOUGHBY returned to Neah Bay this week.

MR. L. SMITH is about reopening the I. X. L. Meat Market.

THE Port Discovery mill was to start up again yesterday.

THE Delanty family in Port Discovery have had a seizure of the measles.

THE Dispatch brought a large load of freight from the Islands this week.

MR. GALLICK, the enterprising trader at Neah Bay, is in town this week.

THE Good Templars are going to have an ice-cream festival about the 26th.

REV. JOHN REID expects to visit Whidby Island on Tuesday next. Service at 6.30. P. M.

PUBLIC school here closes on the 16th. The teachers are getting ready to hie themselves to other scenes.

MRS. OGLEBE and children, and Mrs. Weir, of this place, went to Port Discovery this week to visit relatives.

MR. J. W. ACKERSON, of the Port Discovery Mill Co., came up from San Francisco on the Elder this week.

WE omitted to mention last week that Warren Hastings had returned home from school at the university at Seattle.

THE M. E. quarterly conference was held here Wednesday evening, Rev. A. Atwood returning to Seattle yesterday.

REV. A. ATWOOD, M. E. Presiding Elder, arrived today, and the quarterly meeting will be held at the church this evening.

THE mill at Port Discovery is temporarily "shut down." We noticed a number of citizens from that place in town early this week.

MR. DEAN, of Sequim, was in town a few days ago. He reports a temporary suspension of the clam canning business as basis of operations.

WORK was suspended on the saw mill early this week, on account of a lack of material to work with. Mr. Hinchman went to Sound on Tuesday.

COLLECTOR BASH arrived home on Thursday of last week from his trip east of the mountains. He is looking much improved by the temporary change.

JOE KEIN is Grand Master of Masons in this territory, and the next Grand Lodge session will be held in Seattle. We feel like congratulating you, Joseph.

A NOTE from Dr. Hunt, the dentist, informs us that he will be unable to visit Port Townsend again until July 6th. His advertisement has been changed accordingly.

MR. J. A. MARTIN, of Hoko, came up this week, having closed his season's sealing expedition in the schooner Endora. He sold his catch to Messrs. Gallick and Landes.

WE learn that as soon as repairs now in progress on the North Pacific are completed, the Idaho will be placed on the route between Seattle and Olympia to make daily trips up and back.

CAPT. W. R. BALLARD, of the steamer Zephyr, was in town last Friday, renewing the papers for his vessel. He reports travel brisk on the upper Sound. We are indebted to him for favors.

ON Saturday afternoon last a drunken sailor attacked the Chinese cook in the Washington Hotel with a knife, and inflicted three severe gashes on him. A warrant was sworn out and the offender was brought before Justice Van Bokkelen for a hearing.

THE Helen has discontinued her trips to Dungeness, but will run hereafter between Port Townsend and Port Discovery, making daily trips each way. She will leave Discovery at 7, A. M., and Townsend at 2, P. M.

THE excursion to Irondale last Friday was voted a grand success by everybody. There must have been over two-hundred persons altogether in attendance. Prof. Kerr kindly secured the best of music, and dancing was extensively indulged in on board. Capt. Orr was very obliging, and everybody was made to feel comfortable.

FORTUNATE.—We learn that Mr. S. L. Hunt, who recently left here on his way to Maine, is one of the lucky winners of a law suit involving the title to a large tract of valuable land. By this turn of the wheel of fortune our friend is made the possessor of a handsome fortune—many thousands of dollars. We hope to see him return to Port Townsend where he can find plenty of chances for profitable investments.

GOING NORTH—Our enterprising merchant, Mr. C. C. Bartlett, has fitted out the schooner Granger with a load of general merchandise for trading purposes with the Indians of Alaska. Capt. Morse will start with the schooner in a few days, taking a deck load of lumber from Port Discovery. We learn that Mr. Bartlett himself will go north on the next trip of the mail steamer. Mr. Bartlett is one of the live business men, not only of Port Townsend but of Puget Sound, and his legitimate risks deserve to be rewarded with pecuniary profit. Success to the expedition, say we.

A GARDENER friend of ours let out this piece of information the other day regarding the preservation of young cabbage plants from the ravages of cut worms. We "cabbaged" it for the benefit of our farmer friends. The remedy consists in collecting old oyster cans, melting the bottoms off them and putting them down one over each plant, setting firmly in the ground an inch or so. This opens up a new field of industry for the cans. They were formerly thought to be useful only for tying to the caudal appendage of your neighbor's dog.

MR. LANDES is making marked improvement on the Dennison property which he purchased some time ago. He has had the main building moved nearer to the center of the grounds and is having an addition built to it. When the whole is completed it will be as fine residence property as there is in this town.

ON Saturday last the schooner Queen, from San Francisco, arrived at this port. Among her freight were the boilers and smokestack for the new mill on Point Hudson.

MR. BENJ. GALLIHER, of Olympia, brother of Miss Galliher, of this place, called on us this week. He was with Ward's surveying party en route to Quiloute.

MR. C. B. BAGLEY, of the Olympia Courier, was in town last week on a flying trip of business. The ARGUS received a pleasant call from him.

COLLECTOR BASH brought some fine specimens of quartz ore home with him from his trip east of the mountains. It looks to be quite rich.

WE learn that Miss V. M. Hancock is to be telegraph operator at Dungeness.

FRESH strawberries are now on sale in town.

HON. AMASA MILLER, of Seattle, returned to the Sound from the Bay city this week.

CHURCH NOTICES.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH SERVICES: Services Sabbath June 18: Morning—Christ calling his Disciples, Discourse IV—"Matthew—the Collector" 2.15 P. M. Sabbath school Evening—"Saul, King of Israel"—A hopeless Man.

EPISCOPAL CHURCH SERVICES: In the Red Men's Hall. 2nd Sunday after Trinity. Morning service at 11 o'clock. Evening service at 7:30. Sunday School at 2 P. M. Celebration of the Holy Communion after morning service. The Rev. J. B. Alexander, M. A. Res. Mrs. E. S. Fowler.

BORN.

In Chlmacum, W. T., on the 11th inst., to the wife of Andrew Johnson, a son.

In Port Townsend, June 16th to the wife of Mr. A. Allen, of Port Stevens, Ogn., a daughter.

Mrs. Allen is a daughter of Mrs. L. Hastings, and a sister of the Hastings brothers.

DIED.

In Port Townsend, June 9, 1882, of consumption, Christine, beloved wife of A. Kuthmann, in the 22d year of her age.

Decensed had resided here but a short time, having come from Tacoma to die among her relatives, of whom we mention the Christensens and Petersons. She was born in Denmark, and was a devoted member of the Lutheran Church. The funeral took place Sunday afternoon from the M. E. church, Rev. W. I. Cosper, officiating.

THE GREAT NATURAL DEMAND.

In order to supply the great natural demand for a remedy of real merit, one capable of cleansing the system, purifying the blood, regulating the liver, and acting on the bowels, the California Fig Syrup Company has commenced the manufacture on a large scale of a concentrated Syrup of Figs, and is sending out trial bottles to be given away, so that it costs nothing to try it and convince yourselves of its efficacy. And as every family needs a bottle, it is also for sale in 50 cent and \$1 bottles at N. D. Hill & Son's Drug Store.

NOTICE.

Mrs. Wells would like to say to the ladies of Port Townsend that she will keep a nice assortment of Ladies' and Children's Underclothing, Ladies' Dressing Sacks and Children's Clothing a specialty. At the residence of Mrs. REVELL.

STOCK FOR SALE.

I have three prime cows and calves for sale. H. NICHOLS, Scow Bay, W. T.

WANTED.

A boy to do chores about a house, one that understands taking care of and milking cows. Apply at the postoffice at Port Townsend.

Housekeeper Wanted.

One who understands caring for children and doing general housework. Inquire at this office for particulars.

WANTED.

A good Farm Hand who understands milking cows, or, a girl who can do housework. Wages fair. Address at once, HALL DAVIS, Dungeness, W. T. June 9th.

DR. C. W. HUNT, DENTIST.



Will be in Port Townsend again July 6, '82, prepared to do all kinds of dental work, and remain as long as required. Thanking the public for liberal patronage during my recent visit, I would respectfully solicit continued favors, and will try to give satisfaction in every case. C. W. HUNT, Dentist.

Vessels Consigned to ROTHSCHILD & CO.

German Bk. Black Diamond. FROM NAZASAKI, JAPAN. NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED AGENTS OF THE ABOVE NAMED VESSEL WILL BE RESPONSIBLE FOR DEBTS CONTRACTED BY THE OFFICERS OR CREW. GEORGE BOYD, Master. ROTHSCHILD & CO., Agents. Port Townsend, June 8, 1882.

French Barque Prudent. FROM SHANGHAI, CHINA. NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED AGENTS WILL BE RESPONSIBLE FOR ANY DEBTS CONTRACTED BY THE CREW. PORT TOWNSEND, JUNE 4, 1882. ROTHSCHILD & CO., AGENTS. AILLET, Master. ROTHSCHILD & CO., Agents.

British Bark Carmel. FROM VALPARAISO, CHILE. NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED AGENTS WILL BE RESPONSIBLE FOR DEBTS CONTRACTED BY THE OFFICERS OR CREW. NEIL MCCALLUM Master. ROTHSCHILD & CO., Agents. Port Townsend, May 27, 1882.

Am. Bark Charles B. Kenney. FROM SYDNEY, N. S. W. NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED AGENT OF THE ABOVE NAMED VESSEL WILL BE RESPONSIBLE FOR DEBTS CONTRACTED BY THE OFFICERS OR CREW. H. M. G. DAHLER, Master. ROTHSCHILD & CO., AGENTS. Port Townsend May 25, 1882.

British Bk. Star of Peace. FROM MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA. NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED AGENTS WILL BE RESPONSIBLE FOR DEBTS CONTRACTED BY THE OFFICERS OR CREW OF THE ABOVE NAMED VESSEL. J. B. FRANCIS, Master. ROTHSCHILD & CO., Agents. Port Townsend, May 19, 1882.

Barque John Worster. FROM NEWCASTLE, N. S. W. via TAHITI. NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED AGENTS WILL BE RESPONSIBLE FOR DEBTS CONTRACTED BY THE CREW OF THE ABOVE NAMED VESSEL. F. A. HOUGHTON, Master. ROTHSCHILD & CO., Agents. Port Townsend, April 27, 1882.

Ship Majestic. BOUND SYDNEY, N. S. W. NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED AGENTS WILL BE RESPONSIBLE FOR DEBTS CONTRACTED BY THE CREW OF THE ABOVE NAMED VESSEL. J. A. HATFIELD, Master. ROTHSCHILD & CO., Agents. Port Townsend April 26, 1882.

BRITISH BARK KEBROYD. FROM HONOLULU. NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED AGENTS WILL BE RESPONSIBLE FOR DEBTS CONTRACTED BY THE OFFICERS OR CREW OF THE ABOVE NAMED VESSEL. JOHN STOREY, Master. ROTHSCHILD & CO., Agents. Port Townsend March 28, 1882.

French Bark Prospero. FROM NANTES, FRANCE. NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED AGENTS WILL BE RESPONSIBLE FOR DEBTS CONTRACTED BY THE OFFICERS OR CREW OF THE ABOVE NAMED VESSEL. F. DUBREUILH, Master. ROTHSCHILD & CO., Agents. Port Townsend, March 28, 1882.

British Bark Birchgrove, FROM SYDNEY N. S. WALES. NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED AGENTS OF THE ABOVE NAMED VESSEL WILL BE RESPONSIBLE FOR DEBTS CONTRACTED BY THE OFFICERS OR CREW. J. B. FRANCIS, Master. ROTHSCHILD & CO., AGENTS.

German Bk Martha Brothelman, FROM SHANGHAI. NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED AGENTS OF THE ABOVE NAMED VESSEL WILL BE RESPONSIBLE FOR ANY DEBTS CONTRACTED BY CREW. JACOB KLUTH, Master. ROTHSCHILD & CO., AGENTS.

British Bark Martha FROM SHANGHAI. NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED AGENTS OF THE ABOVE NAMED VESSEL WILL BE RESPONSIBLE FOR ANY DEBTS CONTRACTED BY CREW. ALEX. MITCHELL, Master. ROTHSCHILD & CO., AGENTS.

Holland Bark Hollander. FROM SHANGHAI, CHINA. NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED AGENTS WILL BE RESPONSIBLE FOR DEBTS CONTRACTED BY THE OFFICERS OR CREW BELONGING TO THE ABOVE NAMED VESSEL. J. G. VAN BEEST, Master. ROTHSCHILD & CO., AGENTS.

British Bk Earl of Elgin. FROM SHANGHAI, CHINA. NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED AGENTS OF THE ABOVE NAMED VESSEL WILL BE RESPONSIBLE FOR DEBTS CONTRACTED BY THE OFFICERS OR CREW. JAMES MORRISON, Master. ROTHSCHILD & CO., AGENTS.

Fr'ch Barque Notre Dame Auxiliatrice. FROM NEW CALEDONIA. NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED AGENTS WILL BE RESPONSIBLE FOR DEBTS CONTRACTED BY OFFICERS OR CREW OF THE ABOVE NAMED VESSEL. F. J. VIGNET, Master. ROTHSCHILD & CO., AGENTS.



LATIMER & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

Drugs, Chemicals, Patent Medicines & Fancy Articles

Paints, Oils and Glass-ware;

Pure Wines and Liquors for Medical Use,

Orders Filled with Dispatch.

Prescriptions Carefully Compounded, Day or Night.

Under New Custom House Building. Water st., Port Townsend, W. T.

Francis W. James,

WATER STREET, - - - PORT TOWNSEND, W. T.

Exchange on San Francisco Bought and Sold

Money to Loan at low rates, on Approved Security

County Orders or Scrip, and Foreign Exchange, Purchased

Cash advances made and Vessels disbursed. Consignments solicited

Money remitted to all parts of England, and Collections Made

HONORABLE DEALING GUARANTEED

Reference, by permission, The Bank of British Columbia, Victoria, V. I and San Francisco, Cal.

DRUGS.

Paints, Oils, Varnishes Stationery

Wholesale and Retail, by

N. D. HILL & SON

Port Townsend, - - - W. T.



DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS, TRUSSES, GLASS, PAINTS, OILS, Patent Medicines of all kinds, A Large Assortment.

SOAPS, POMADES, PERFUMERY, HAIR OILS, WALL PAPER, BRUSHES, Etc. And all articles for the Toilet. Quick sales and small profits.

JAMES JONES'

CASH GROCERY STORE.

I have just added a full Line of Groceries to my Stock of Stationery, &c., and intend to SELL CHEAP FOR READY PAY In Either Produce or Cash!

Consisting in part of

Fine wines and liquors;

Choice Butter, Cheese, Honey, Foreign and Domestic Fruits, Provisions and Supplies, Flour, Oat and Corn Meals, Bran, Oregon Apples, Dried Fruits, all Kinds. STATIONERY, a complete Stock & Cheap. The BEST Brands of Cigars and Tobacco. CANNED GOODS—All Kinds, Coffees, Choice Teas of all kinds. Best Brands of Extracts, Ground and Whole Spices. Raisins, Zante Currants. Full assortment of Soaps, Toilet, Washing, Sal Soda, Fine & Coarse Liverpool Salt, Columbia River Salmon. Coal Oil and Candles.

Agent for the Celebrated

"WILDWOOD" WHISKY,

Covington, Kentucky,

For Port Townsend and Vicinity.

JUST RECEIVED—A large lot of Imported and Domestic Cigars of the best brands.

Subscriptions received for all books, newspapers and periodicals published in the United States, at publishers' prices.

ROTHSCHILD & CO.,

Port Townsend,

SHIPPING and COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

Custom House Broker Ships Disbursed.

AGENT FOR STEAM TUGS,

Goliah, Blakeley and Politkofsky.

Letters and Telegrams addressed to our care will be promptly delivered on Board.

D. C. H. ROTHSCHILD,

CONSULAR AGENT OF FRANCE, VICE-CONSUL OF NICARAGUA.

CONSUL OF COSTA RICA, CONSULAR AGENT OF PERU

VICE-CONSUL OF URUGUAY.

Port Townsend, W. T.

JUNE 1, 1881

Puget Sound Argus.

Official Paper of Jefferson County.

ALLEN WEIR, Editor and Proprietor.

Pork Keeps Its Place.

Great alarm was manifested a few months ago by the raisers and shippers of pork when the news was received that American pork products were excluded from several European countries. It was thought that this action by itself would result in lowering the price of pork very considerably, and that it would so prejudice people in this country that there would be less pork consumed at home. Some farmers who had raised many hogs concluded that it was time to substitute cattle and sheep for them, as hereafter beef and mutton would take the place of pork on American tables. For some time sensational reports were circulated in our own papers about the injurious effects of eating pork. But the alarm they excited was soon over. The market, too, very quickly adjusted itself, and pork, hams, bacon and lard were higher than before. It must be evident to every careful observer that pork raising will be profitable in the future as it has been in the past. The foreign outlet for pork may be closed and remain closed for all time, but the vast outlet for it at home will remain open. Nearly all persons relish beef and poultry, and many do mutton, but for a steady diet the great majority of American citizens prefer pork. Pork is the favorite meat food of persons who work, and we are a working people.

There are many things that commend pork to persons of small means who work for their living, as most Americans do. The dressed hog may be cut and cooked almost without loss. Even the head, feet and tail make excellent food. The proportion of bone in pork is very small compared with mutton or beef. The meat is highly flavored and may be eaten with relish without condiments. Different parts of the hog have different flavors and afford variety. Pork can be cooked easier and cheaper than beef and mutton, as it contains an abundance of fat. Butter is not necessary to cook or flavor it. The fat extracted by the process of cooking affords one of the best substitutes for butter. On these and many more accounts pork is more economical than beef or mutton. The value of beef and mutton is greatly impaired by any process of curing, but this is not the case with pork. The flavor of pork is improved by the employment of salt and smoke. Pork can be more advantageously stored away than any other kind of meat. Most laboring persons desire hot meat for supper, and pork can be easily cooked by frying it in its own fat. Pork is more easily transported than beef or mutton, and is more easily preserved. It is preferred for food by lumbermen, miners and all other persons who camp out and do their own cooking. The statement advanced by a distinguished German chemist that fat meats are not desired by persons living in warm climates appears to be contradicted by all who reside for any great length of time in tropical countries. Pork is the favorite meat food in the West Indies, as it is in Central and South America.

As pork keeps its place on the table, so hogs keep their place on the farm. Take the seasons as they go, there is as much profit in keeping hogs as any animals that are raised on farms. Hogs increase rapidly and mature early. It takes but a short time to raise a large stock of them. It costs but a small sum to fit up a farm for keeping hogs. No large or expensive buildings are required for their protection, as they will live and thrive and grow if they have only moderate protection against the cold and wet. Hogs devour and use to advantage most of the waste products of the farm. They consume all the buttermilk and skimmed milk produced in the dairy, the leavings of the table, the imperfect and decaying fruit of the orchard, the poor potatoes and garden vegetables, and the offal of the house, barn and stable. During the summer hogs will live and make a good growth on grass and clover. They will eat a larger number of substances than any kind of stock kept on farms and will generally make a better return for them in a shorter time. Farmers who are largely engaged in raising cattle for beef, find it to their advantage to keep and feed hogs in connection with them. A pig will grow and fatten on the waste of a steer, and its meat will be a matter of clear gain to the owner.

Hogs are cleanly and well-disposed animals when allowed an opportunity to keep themselves in a comfortable and neat manner. The expression "as dirty as a pig," originated with a man who never allowed his pigs an opportunity to keep themselves clean. He kept them in a close sty and made them wallow, eat and sleep in their own manure. The pig is addicted to bathing, and will take to water "as naturally as a duck" if it only has a chance. If the water is

clean the pig will be clean when he comes out of it. The pig is the only large domestic animal that will make himself a bed and keep it clean. It is almost the only animal that will deposit its solid and liquid droppings at a distance from the place where it eats and sleeps. In those and many other respects the pig is a far more cleanly animal than the horse, cow or sheep. If half as much pains were taken to keep pigs clean as is taken to keep horses and cattle so, they would be at all times models of cleanliness. Hogs are easily kept if the right course is taken with them. They will live in a suitable pasture during the summer as well as cows, and they will harvest much that they eat at other seasons of the year. They will eat the rye, oats, wheat or barley in a lodged field so that very little is left to sprout up after they are removed from it. They will dig artichokes and potatoes cleaner than most men will, and will dispose of all the grains of corn left by the huskers. The pig is as docile as any animal kept on a farm, with the exception of the dog, and his reputation for obstinacy, like that of the mule, is largely owing to the bad manner in which he is brought up.—*Chicago Times.*

Physical Training for Girls.

The word "training" is very expressive. It means literally "draw to," but when applied to human organizations we should understand it as physical training by exercise; that is, development of the body by exercising all its parts. This process is quite different from what is generally understood by the term education. This latter term properly applies to the mind, more particularly to the intellectual faculties. In the schools very little attention comparatively is ever given to the education of the moral sentiments or the domestic affections. In the case of girls this constitutes a great failure.

But if the mind is educated at the expense of the body it constitutes a still greater failure. Within a few years public attention has been called in special manner to the education of girls and the higher culture of women. This is all well, but the training of the body—a good development of the physical system—is also important. But how can this be secured? It is needless to say that much here depends upon the type or kind of organization which is inherited. One of the greatest blessings that a person can possess is a healthy, well-organized body at birth. But the advantages of this fail unless it is properly taken care of. This training or care should commence early. While the dispositions or instincts of the boy and girl may differ in some respects, the greatest liberty, as far as exercise, games, sports, etc., are concerned, whether in-doors or out, should be given alike to both.

After ten or twelve years of age the body takes on a more rapid growth and passes through very significant changes. In the case of the girl, this is the most significant period of her life, as far as health is concerned. In the growth and changes of the physical system the greatest pains should be taken to see that there is a natural, healthy development of every part. Unless this is properly attended to the seeds of weakness or disease are engrafted into the system, which affect the highest interests of woman through life.

Physical training just at this period is of vital importance. The exercise that is best adapted to develop all parts of the body in a natural, healthy manner, is domestic labor. It is always at hand; it can be taken regularly every day, and there is such variety that almost every muscle can be exercised. House-work should never be considered menial or degrading; it is nature's laboratory in which the girl may obtain not only the best physical development but most valuable knowledge that will fit her for the practical duties of life. This training may be supplemented by other kinds of exercise, such as walking and out-door sports. The very general introduction of foreign help into domestic service has proved most unfortunate for American women.

Closely connected with this neglect of physical training at home is an evil of great magnitude; that is, supreme devotion to brain work. The practice pursued very generally at the present day of confining the girl in school or seminary for a series of years consecutively is attended with most serious evils. In the language of a popular writer, "it is educating our girls to death." While we would not discard education in all its various departments, extending to the highest culture, we maintain that it is no advantage or blessing if it is to be obtained at the expense of the physical system. There are other parts of the body besides the brain that need faithful training. The highest accomplishments and mental acquisitions will not compensate for impaired constitution and poor health.—*Our Continent.*

Taste for the Beautiful.

This is one of the noblest and the

most useful endowments with which man is gifted. As civilization and culture advance a taste for the beautiful as well as the useful gradually develops itself. Unlike genius this gift is not lavished with a sparing hand. Every person possesses it in some degree, but it is capable of a wonderful amount of cultivation. There is beauty and utility in all things if we could but see it. All nature is beauty and usefulness. In art, science, literature, social and domestic life; in poetry and music there is beauty bordering on sublimity. The mysterious relationship existing between these is in itself beautiful.

Poetry clothes the thought in fitting language, and music awakens a mystic charm that is soul thrilling. The soul must possess a double refinement that has a love for music and the fine arts. This very taste for the beautiful is refining in itself. 'Tis this alone reaches the chord of appreciation for the works of our authors most gifted. There must be a kindred note in the soul of the *connoisseur* even then to fully understand and appreciate our standard arts. We may listen and admire but the deeper feeling of mystic gladness that pervades our entire being must come from a like sentiment in the depths of the soul invisible. If we would raise the standard if our civilization—our manners—we must cultivate and encourage this refining power. As our western society grows older and wiser it will become convinced of this and gradually supply the remedy. We should establish a system of self-culture in the home circle. We surely have or can have some leisure moments. We must read; and not only read, but think; and thinking act. There is endless enjoyment and culture in this, and the little infinitesimals of our every day lives are constantly wielding a gentle influence that is shaping our minds for further work. We cannot all write poetry, but the power of appreciating it is open to all. It elevates and refines our moral and social feelings, raising the general standard of manners throughout the country. This very taste for the beautiful is despised only when it is neglected, and when they place themselves in a situation to feel its influence they too will exclaim: "We have discovered an ever-living fountain of crystal waters, where angels might wash and be purer!"—*Brattleboro (Vt) Household.*

Origin of Names of Fabrics.

Many kinds of dry goods possess old English names which are used, more or less corrupted, throughout the world. The origin of these names are given by Sir George Birdwood as follows:

Damask is from the city of Damascus; satin from Zaytown, in China; calico from Calcutta; and muslin from Mosul.

Buckram derived its name from Bochara; fustian comes from Fostat, a city of the middle ages, from which the modern Cairo is descended. Taf-feta and tabby from a street in Bagdad. Cambrie is from Cambrai. Gauze has its name from Gaza; baize from Bajae; dimity from Damietta; and jeans from Jaen. Druggert is derived from a city in Ireland, Drogheda. Duck, from which Tucker street in Bristol is named, comes from Torque, Normandy.

Diaper is from D'Ypres, but from the Greek *diaspron*, figured. Velvet is from the Italian *velute*, woolly (Latin, *vellus*—a hide or pelt). Shawl is the Sanscrit *sala*, floor, for shawls were first used as carpets and tapestry. Bandanna is from an Indian word, meaning to bind or tie, because they are tied in knots before dyeing.

Chintz comes from the Hindoo word *chett*. Delaine is the French "of wool."—*Scientific American.*

At the City of Medina, in Italy, and about four miles around it, wherever the earth is dug, when the workmen arrive at a distance of sixty-three feet they come to a bed of chalk, which they bore with an auger, five feet deep. They then withdraw from the pit before the auger is removed, and upon its extraction the water bursts through the aperture with great violence, and quickly fills the newly-made well, which continues full and is affected neither by rains nor drought. But what is the most remarkable in the operation is the layer of earth as we descend. At a depth of fourteen feet are found the ruins of an ancient city, paved streets, houses, floors and different pieces of mason work. Under this is found a soft, oozy earth, made up of vegetables, and at twenty-six feet large trees, with the walnuts still sticking to the stem, and the leaves and branches in a perfect state of preservation. At twenty-eight feet deep a soft chalk is found, mixed with a vast quantity of shells, and the bed is two feet thick. Under this vegetables are found again.

Previous to proving Longfellow's will, the heirs pledged themselves to abide by its plain intent, regardless of any legal formalities. The poet's brother Samuel will, therefore, receive a legacy of \$5,000 and each of his children \$1,000.

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Some New Arithmetic.

A merchant bought four barrels of sugar, seven barrels of molasses and two barrels of meal. Find what per cent of beans he mixed with his coffee?

A beggar met two boys; one gave him seven cents and the other gave him eight cents. Find the name of the third boy who hit him in the ear with a snowball?

If one insect has six legs and another insect has seven, how many hornets does it take to lift a boy out of the old man Sabin's orchard?

In one field there are eight sheep; in another seven horses. How many men will it require to conduct a village dog fight?

A county officer on a salary of \$800 a year, purchased two horses for \$600; a carriage for \$400; a set of silver for \$200; four silk dresses for his wife at \$80 each, and played poker to the tune of \$180. How much did he save out of his year's salary, and what is the county going to do about it?

A bureau weighing 68 pounds is to be carried up a flight of stairs 12 feet high? What lifting power must be exerted to the square foot to get it half way up?

A bureau weighing 68 pounds has been tugged half way up a flight of stairs 12 feet high. How fast must the old man travel to get to the foot of the stairs and take his boots off before the infernal old thing smashes him?

A plumber is called upon to mend a leak in a water pipe. He sends an employe who surveys the leak; another who courts the servant girl; a third who has forgotten his accordion; a fourth to look after the other three. He sends a bill for \$4.12. At this rate how long will it take a plumber to secure a mortgage on the city hall?

A asks B for a loan of \$5 until Saturday. Six months later B reminds A that he has not returned that V yet. A denies that he ever borrowed a red cent of B, and offers to punch his head for insulting him. Find what B loses.

Thirteen Mexicans cross the Rio Grande into the United States on a pleasure excursion. They conclude to invest in a herd of Texas cattle. Three-fifths of the number meet with accidents and remain permanently on this side, while another fifth feel hurt about something. What is the exact number who got home without feeling anything in particular?

Macaroni.

This nutritious and wholesome article of food is little used in this country. In Italy, however, its use is universal, often constituting the principal food, or taking the place of fish, vegetables, and the dessert generally, in the regular dinner. It is also sold and eaten in the streets as freely as fruits are with us. Its use is extensive in France and Germany. It consists of pure gluten, which element consists only of three and one-half per cent of wheat flour, and is wholly wanting in rye and oatmeal. The gluten when wet, is a tough, elastic mass, of a yellowish brown color, and is obtained by dissolving out the starch and other constituents of the flour with cold water. The process is as follows: The flour, having been made up into a soft dough, is placed on a fine sieve, over a vat of water, and is kneaded—in Italy with the feet—as long as the water, which falls on it in a spray, runs through milky. The tenacious nature of the gluten prevents its passing through. Starch is manufactured from the contents of the vat. The long, hollow tubes are formed by passing the gluten through a peculiar shaped opening in a metallic plate; and this tubular form, so important to it in cooking, is indispensable to its drying, as gluten, when moist, rapidly tends to decomposition.

Counterfeit macaroni is made from flour, instead of from gluten. It is more smooth and glossy than the genuine; is apt to be moldy inside; is not as elastic; when broken, does not show the glossy fracture of the former; and in cooking becomes pasty, and does not preserve the tubular form. The genuine also—as the counterfeit does not—swells up to more than double its original thickness. It would be a gain to our cookery if macaroni were in more common use among us.—Household.

Things Worth Knowing.

1. That fish may be sealed much easier by dipping into boiling water about a minute.
2. That fish may as well be sealed, if desired, before packing in salt; though in that case, do not seal them.
3. That salt fish are quickest and best freshened by soaking in sour milk.
4. That milk which is turned or changed may be sweetened and rendered fit for use again by stirring in a little soda.
5. That salt will curdle new milk, hence in preparing milk porridge, gravies, etc., the salt should not be added until the fish is prepared.
6. That fresh meat, after beginning to sour, will sweeten if placed

out of doors in the cool over night.

7. That clear boiling water will remove tea stains and many fruit stains. Pour the water through the stain, and thus prevent its spreading over the fabric.

8. That ripe tomatoes will remove ink and other stains from white cloth; also from the hands.

9. That a teaspoonful of turpentine boiled with your white clothes will aid the whitening process.

10. That boiled starch is much improved by the addition of a little sperm or a little salt, or both, or a little gum arabic dissolved.

11. That beeswax and salt will make your rusty flatirons as clean and smooth as glass. Tie a lump of wax in a rag and keep it for that purpose. When the irons are hot, rub them first with the wax rag, then scour with a paper or cloth sprinkled with salt.

12. That blue ointment and kerosene, mixed in equal proportions, and applied to bedsteads, is an unfailing bedbug remedy; and that a coat of whitewash is ditto for the walls of a log house.

13. That kerosene will soften boots or shoes which have been hardened by water and render them as pliable as new.

14. That kerosene will make tin tea-kettles as bright as new. Saturate a woolen rag and rub with it. It will also remove stains from clean varnished furniture.

15. That clean rain water and soda will remove machine grease from washable fabrics.

Truth in a Household.

Miss Martineau truly observes that of all happy households, that is the happiest where falsehood is never thought of. All peace is broken up when once it appears that there is a liar in the house. All comfort is gone when suspicion has once entered, when there must be reserve in talk and reservation in belief. Anxious parents, who are aware of the pains of suspicion, will place generous confidence in their children, and receive what they say freely, unless there is strong reason to distrust the truth of any one. If such an occasion should unhappily arise, they must keep the suspicion from spreading as long as possible, and avoid disgracing their door child, while there is any chance of his cure by their confidential assistance. He should have their pity and assiduous help, as if he were suffering from some disgusting bodily disorder. If he can be cured, he will become duly grateful for the treatment. If the endeavor fail, means must, of course, be taken to prevent his example doing harm.

I fear that from some cause or other there are few families where every member is altogether truthful. Some, who are not morally guilty, are intellectually incapable of accuracy. But where all are so organized and so trained as to be wholly reliable in act and word, they are a light to all eyes and a joy to all hearts. They are a public benefit, for they are a point of general reliance; and they are privately blessed, within and without. Without, their life is made easy by universal trust; and within their home and their hearts, they have the security of rectitude and the gladness of innocence. If we do but invoke wisdom, she will come, and multiply such homes in our land.

Jesse James in Heaven.

The only newspaper which has thus far published an obituary, of the late Mr. James which was in any way worthy of the importance of its subject is the Indianapolis Journal. This notice, which was evidently written under a pressure of profound feeling, gives a short sketch of the deceased, and closes its account of his imposing obsequies as follows:

"The mother of this poor, persecuted saint was greatly broken up, but sought to comfort those about her, saying: 'I knew it had to come; but my dear boy Jesse is better off in heaven to-day than he would be here with us.' And she was right. He is better off—oh, so much better off. And so are we. Gone to heaven! How comforting the thought—to those who don't expect to get there. And then the funeral services were so touching, so appropriate, opening as they did with the saint's favorite hymn, 'What a Friend We Have in Jesus.' Could anything be more suitable to the sad occasion? The sermon by Rev. Martin followed, and is said to have been sweetly full of the forbearance of Christ and his willingness to forgive. The unique services were closed with the hymn, 'Where Shall Rest Be Found?'—an inquiry that has been agitating the people and authorities of states west of the Missouri for some years. Yes, Jesse's in heaven now. He got the drop on Peter, and had the door open in no time. Sweet little Jesse is walking the golden streets, and all the angels from Missouri are now holding up their hands while he goes through their pockets. Angelic Jesse! With a palm in one hand and a revolver in the other he'll march right along with the best of them. Dear children,

do right, be good—and may be you, too, will go to heaven and play with the sainted Jesse till you can't rest. He will be disappointed if you fail to come, and it will not do to disappoint him."

Bayard Taylor on the Chinese.

Bayard Taylor says of the Chinese, in his work entitled "India, China and Japan," published in 1855: "It is my deliberate opinion that morally the Chinese are the most debased people on the face of the earth, Forms of vice, which in other countries are barely named, are in China so common that they excite no comment among the natives. They constitute the surface level, and below them are depths and depths of depravity so shocking that their character cannot even be hinted. There are some dark shadows in human nature which we naturally shrink from penetrating, and I made no effort to collect information of this kind; but there was enough in the things which I could not avoid seeing and hearing—which are brought daily to the notice of every foreign resident—to inspire me with a powerful aversion to the Chinese race. Their touch is pollution, and harsh as the opinion may seem, justice to our own race demands that they shall not be allowed to settle on our soil. Science may have lost something, but mankind has gained, by the exclusive policy which has governed China for the past centuries."

It will require something more than blue China tea-pots and that floral nightmare, the sunflower, to open people's eyes. The race is becoming more artificial every year. Everything that is natural and true seems to be at a discount. It is art, art, art. Artificial light, artificial color, artificial taste—copied from some one else. The craze that we stand in need of is a craze of common sense; a craze that will induce people to build their houses as they ought to be built; with plenty of windows to let in the sunshine, and fireplaces instead of those abominations, hot-air furnaces. What if fuel is a little expensive? It costs much less than a family of invalids, or an annual supply of coffins. So far as home decorations are concerned, no picture can equal an open window, framing woodland and glen—no ornament a good and pleasant face. We have had a deluge of fashionable sham; let us hope that the dove will soon herald the approach of a more honest regime—an age when people will know enough to retire at some other hour than that of daybreak, walk instead of ride, depend on themselves and do honest work; work that they may not be ashamed to own in this world or the next. Give me the glow on the cheek that has been kissed by the wind, the elastic step, the bright eye, the worker, the honest man or woman, and you may have the pale, languid esthetic.

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Managing Surgeon.

Who Was He, Anyway?
The following lyric on somebody who is said to reside in Napa is too good to keep. If we were that insurance man we would get out a policy on the "Poet Lariat's" life for half a million, then fill him chock full of nitro-glycerine and dump him off from the top of Mt. St. Helena:

AN AMATEUR BLESSING.
(Written by the Poet Lariat).
There was a young man down in Napa,
In Galena he first knew his papa—
A festive young sucker, you bet,
He insures men's lives
And those of their wives,
In a manner you mustn't forget,
One day this young man made a mash,
And stayed with his charmer for hash,
In Pope Vale,
Says she, Mr. Man,
Please do, if you can,
Say grace on this meal.

Then the young man was fearfully shock-ed
And his knees together they knock-ed
With fear,
For with all his smooth cheek,
Life insurance to seek,
It wouldn't work here.
But try it he had to,
Though he'd been glad to
Have out the job,
So with eyes wrong side up,
And a curse on his luck,
He opened his gob.
"Mary had a little sheep,
Called it little B. Peep;
O, Lord thou knowest the rest,
Please consider it rest,
And bless this corn bread,
While I pull down my vest."

As some lady visitors were going through a penitentiary under the escort of a superintendent, they came to a room in which three women were sewing. "Dear me!" one of the visitors whispered, "what vicious-looking creatures! Pray, what are they here for?" "Because they have no other home; this is our sitting room, and they are my wife and two daughters," blandly answered the superintendent.

"What drove you to drink?" asked the sympathetic ladies as they set out the delicacies of the season before the old bummer. "Nothing drove me to it, nothing," he replied; "took to it naturally."

