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NO. 49

PUGET SOUND ARGUS

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sertion must be accompanied by cash.
All Accounts Settled Monthly.

Bethany Sabbath School Hall.

The following, from the pen of our worthy ex-townsmen, Lieut. W. F. Kilgore, may be regarded as a correct description of the building bearing the above title. It will be by no means devoid of interests to our readers, from the fact that Bethany Sabbath School Hall, situated in the City of Philadelphia, is supposed to be the finest structure of its kind in the world, and also from the fact that many here will notice such a life-like example of the Lieutenant's natural affinity for such places, and the interest which he takes in religious work of every kind. May his light, and the blessed influence of his earnest labors never be less!

After describing a visit to the place, replete with interesting anecdotes, he concludes, in speaking of the building as follows:

It is situated on Twenty-Second and Balabridge streets. The front is circular in form. The general aspect of the building is that of a two-story church with a dome story. The front elevation is composed of a series of six structures with two towers, one of which is dwarfed, the other rises to the height of near fifty feet, forming a clock tower, surmounted by a bell-chamber and spire of some forty-six feet; the total height from the ground to the top of the finial is 105 feet.

The Superintendent's stand, in the main auditorium, commands an uninterrupted view of the whole building, including four of the outside entrances, and the door-way to and from the class-rooms. From this stand there is in front a general class room 55x63 feet; and, to the right and left of this, smaller rooms, each 20x45 feet, for the use respectively of primary and infant class-rooms. To the front is a series of radiating class-rooms, twenty-eight in number, in two tiers, one above the other. This portion of the school building is provided with ladies' and gentlemen's cloak-rooms, containing wash-basins, &c. Immediately behind the platform is a lecture room 32x45 feet, and at the south-west corner a church parlor 20x28, Supt. office, a waiting room and office of the secretaries.

The whole interior of the building is subdivided by moveable glass partitions, so that the parts can be used separately or in connection with each other.

THE GALLERIES.

The lecture room runs up the entire height of the building and contains a circular gallery. A visitors gallery runs around the east, north and west sides of the room, reached by separate entrances.

In the basement there is a large kitchen under the church parlor, provided with cooking arrangements, and a dumb-waiter connecting with the church-parlor and upper floors, etc., etc.

The seating capacity of the building is as follows: Main hall for junior departments seats 620; teachers' chairs, 94; 18 adult class rooms, 900; infant chapel, 300; primary chapel, 300; visitors' galleries, 350; lecture room, 350; platform, 80. Total seating capacity of building, 3,000.

FROM NEW TACOMA.

It has been a long time since I wrote you before. My excuse is, business. Have had so much to do that I had not time to write.

We had an excellent time at the opening of the new Methodist church at this place, on the 23d ult. Rev. Dr. Guard, of San Francisco, was with us and gave us one of his grand lectures on Saturday evening, and preached two masterly sermons for us on Sabbath. Dr. Guard is one of the most eloquent lecturers and preachers in the United States. Quite a handsome sum was realized at that time to be applied toward liquidating our church debt.

E. S. Smith returned by last steamer, from the east, with an appointment as superintendent of the Puyallup coal mines,

and we understand that the work of opening the mines and bringing coal into market will be prosecuted with renewed energy. It is evident that the Puyallup coal is superior to any coal on the coast, and will find a ready market.

The people are anxiously looking to see what Congress will do about extending the charter of the N.P.R.R. Not only we of Tacoma are anxious, but I think all the people of the Northwest are alike interested in the matter of railroad communication with the east, and wish for the necessary legislation that will enable the company to build their road. This is a common interest. I am told by the authorities here that the prospects for an extension of the charter is good.

The latest sensation in town is the marriage of Capt. Messegue with Miss Kate Frazier. Many of us thought the prospects for such an event were good, but had no idea that matters would be brought to an issue so soon. The captain evidently meant business all the time. He has done well, and a young lady acquaintance of the parties says that "Miss Kate struck a bonanza," when she got the captain. The "multitude" hereabout seem to be "going" in the same way. There will be no old maids here in future years to mourn silently and alone. A broken and marred monument in the desert! How desolate. What a sad sight! Such is an old maid standing alone on this little nick of time, "none to pity, none to care." But I did not mean to become so profound in my meditations upon this subject. We will have none such here.

Rev. Mr. Judy met with a painful accident last Saturday, in which his left shoulder was dislocated and his left arm badly bruised. He has not been able since to attend to his ministerial duties, but is recovering rapidly and hopes soon to be able to resume his labors.

More anon.

A PILLAR OF INFIDELITY.

Had Thomas Paine died in the middle of his career, had he lost his life when death was appointed for him in Paris, undoubtedly we might have remembered him with something of the feeling with which Washington and Jefferson and other leaders of our Revolutionary era at one time regarded him. But he lived long enough to show the fruits of his own principles, and to lose the larger part of his earlier friends. Recent discussion has turned a flood of light upon his last years. New York, in Paine's day, had in it men enough willing to conceal his faults—friends of Paine; friends not only of his political but of his religious principles, who would not have put on record contemporary evidence against him had not the facts been notorious.

We are not to spend more than ten minutes on this noxious theme, and yet the truth is that Paine had in his last years habits absolutely unreportable before a mixed audience. He was personally filthy, and was recommended, at times, to bathe, as a means of preparing him for company. On one occasion he was hired to soak himself for three hours in a hot bath, and he insisted that he did not need the ablutions, when everybody that I had called lately upon him had gone away shocked simply by the man's uncleanliness of person. He was a drunkard. He was intemperate not only in the manner common in that day, but roughly, deeply, beastially so. That all this came from his infidel principles, I do not assert, for some men have been drunkards who were not infidels. But Paine, up to the last, continued to be blasphemous toward Christianity. I do not suppose that he ever really repented. It is true that in the last weeks of his life, he was constantly calling out, "O Lord, save me!" "O Christ, have pity on me!" He could not bear to be left alone. Even in the high noon he would call out so as to alarm the house if left without some one near him. There is evidence that his infidelity sowed the seeds of his bad habits, just as the infidelity of Aaron Burr sowed the seeds of his bad habits. In Princeton, not long ago, I stood in a celebrated cemetery, in an autumnal cyclone, and listened to the whistling of the wind over the grave of Jonathan Edwards and the grave of Aaron Burr. Who can say that the career of Aaron Burr was not the natural outcome of his principles—a systematic course of villainy? and who can say that Edwards' career was not an outcome of his principles—a systematic course of virtues? I have sympathy for a man born with a dip of the needle that leads him astray among the storms of passion. I have sympathy with those who are wrecked because of deep congenital difficulties. Aaron Burr had these, and Thomas Paine had the same; but I presume neither of them had more terrific passions than Jonathan Edwards or Franklin, and yet, in the one case we have lives glorious, and in the other lives infamous.

A punster was thrust into a closet with a threat that he would not be released until he made a pun. Almost instantaneously he exclaimed: "O-pun the door."

Chief Joseph asks, "When will these white chiefs tell the truth?" An echo answers, when there is nothing to be gained by cheating the Indians.

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The Old Farmhouse.

The easy chair, all patched with care, Is placed by the cold hearthstone. With witching grace, by the old fireplace, The evergreens are strewn.

A Florida Lake.

Many wonderful stories have been told of Florida, from the day when Ponce de Leon marched thitherward in search of the "fountain of life" until now.

Lady Arabella Stuart.

Lady Arabella Stuart was a cousin of James the First of England. Being a person of some political importance, her hand was sought even by monarchs, but James saw fit to keep her single.

Sitting Bull.

A Fort Walsh letter says: "Sitting Bull's future home is to be on the Red Deer river. He and his band will be securely guarded by police, but the most efficient watch over him will be that of his neighbors, the Blackfeet."

The Hearts of the Lowly.

One day, three or four weeks ago, a gamin, who seemed to have no friends in the world, was run over by a vehicle on Gratiot avenue and fatally injured.

Cement and Gravel Walk.

To make a walk of cement and gravel concrete, proceed as follows: Dig out the ground for the pathway six or eight inches in depth, and if there is any danger of water standing beneath the path, a tile drain should be laid along the centre, one foot below the ground, else frost will surely heave the soil and destroy the walk.

Stable Floors.

The best stable that I know of has a cement floor, sloping to the rear, with grooves to conduct liquids to a gutter and a "bell" trap. Upon this is a floor of three-inch strips, cut so as to lie level from front to rear, and laid half an inch apart.

Farming for Unemployed Laborers.

The only branch of labor which is not overdone, and which offers independence and fairly remunerative reward for toil and economy, is that of the farm. But it is not attractive. Those out of work in the cities and towns don't want to return to the farm.

Cupid Among the Red Men.

A romantic encounter took place the other day between two Indian women and a tall chief, on board the Soulangee, at Fredericton. The two, it appears, had been traveling with the setting sun towards the great Salt Lake, and had brought a bottle with them to keep their spirits revived.

WHAT A KRUPP CANNON BALL DID.

The Shah of Persia one day expressed a longing for a Krupp cannon in the presence of the Russian Minister, and the Czar immediately sent one of the monster cannon—a 300 pounder—to his ally.

RUSSIAN (to Turk who receives a bayonet thrust)—"But, my poor Turk, you don't seem to mind it!" Turk—"It's the first time in four days that anything has gone into my stomach."

EARLY RIPENING OF THE TOMATO.

By cutting back the ends of the tomato vine as soon as the fruit is sufficiently set to insure a plentiful crop, the ripening season can be pushed to a good advantage. Not only will the fruit ripen sooner, but it will be of finer size and more perfect development.

GROWING WHEAT.

Wheat growing, says a recent writer, has nearly ruined one section of Wisconsin. It has destroyed the fertility of one of the best soils that ever the sun shown on.

FARMER'S CLUBS.

The influence and organization of Farmers' Clubs promise greater and more lasting effect upon the future of agricultural progress than any other existing agencies. Munificently endowed agricultural colleges fail to reach the practical farmer under their present workings.

GOOD Templar.

"Tut—t—t—really, Swizzle, it's disgraceful to see a man in your position in this state, after the expense we've incurred and the exertions we've used to put down the liquor traffic!" Swizzle—"S'—I may preach as much as y' like, gen'l'm'n, but I can tell y' I made more pers'n'al effort to (hic) put down liquor than any of ye!"

Wit and Humor.

THE bone-picker's motto—Pro bono publico. MODERN marriages begin with a court and end with a court.

MANY of Chicago's bank presidents are gone but not forgotten. Mary had von little Ram, its fleece all over his.

"I TELL you what, Jane, it was well I didn't meet that superb creature over there before our marriage." "Yes," said Jane, "so it was—for you."

IT has been wisely and wittily observed, with as much truth as poetry, that a man glories in his strength and woman in her hair, while butter glories in both.

THE Kroomen of West Africa say of the American: "Him catchee horse, make he work; catchee water, make he work; catchee fire, make he work; catchee wind, make he work."

A NEBRASKA judge decided to give a horse-thief one more chance to reform. As the fellow left the neighborhood to begin a newer and better life he took along the judge's horse to help him.

"GENTLEMEN, I introduce to you my friend, who isn't as stupid as he appears to be." Introduced friend, with vivacity: "That is precisely the difference between my friend and myself."

WHILE a compositor on the Montreal Witness was setting up an advertisement of a lost canary, a few days ago, the bird flew in at the office window. This shows the value of advertising.

AVOID ARGUMENTS WITH LADIES.—In spinning yarns among silks and satins, a man will ever be worsted and twisted. And when a man is worsted and twisted he may consider himself wounded up.

USEFUL TO KNOW.—A gentleman of considerable experience writes to say that in order to thoroughly enjoy a roasted goose there should be only two in company—the goose and the goose-eater.

"Who can hold fire in his hand?" exclaimed a public speaker. "Any one that smokes," responded a voice; "he'll strike a match and light his cigar with it, the windiest day that ever you saw!"

A SCOTCH baronet's butler gave up his place because his lordship's wife was always scolding him. "Ah!" his master exclaimed, "ye've little to complain o'. Ye may be thankful ye're no married to her."

A NEVADA man's Chinese laborer recently refused to chop wood on Sunday morning, and when the reason was asked he answered: "Heap no work Sunday; sillee same white man. Heap play poker." Our benighted Chinese!

Now, or Then?

A dignified and delightful old gentleman once told me he thought the young people of to-day were less mannerly than in the olden time, less deferential, less decorous.

It is true that all manners are less formal, that etiquette is less elaborate, now than a hundred years ago. Our grandfathers and grandmothers—some, indeed, of our fathers and mothers—did not sit at breakfast with their fathers and mothers, but stood through the meal, and never spoke except when spoken to.

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But in casting aside forms we are, perhaps, somewhat in danger of losing with them some of that inner kindness of which form is only the outward expression. Without admitting that we are an uncivil people, insisting even that we compare favorably with other nations, I wish our boys and girls would resolve that the courtesy of the Republic shall never suffer in their hands!

Does this seem a trivial aim for those who are bending their energies to attain a high standing in classics and mathematics? There is perhaps no single quality that does as much to make life smooth and comfortable—yes, and successful—as courtesy. No man can be agreeable without courtesy, and every separate act of incivility creates its little, or large, and ever enlarging circle of displeasure and unhappiness.

One does not wish to go through life trying to be agreeable; but life is a great failure if one goes through it disagreeable. Yes, little friends, believe me, you may be very learned, very skillful, very accomplished. I trust you are; I hope you will become more so.

For instance: two girls in the country have each a pony phaeton. One drives her sisters, her family, her guests, her equals, and never thinks of going outside that circle. Another does the same; but, more than this, she often takes the cook, the laundress, or the one woman who often is cook, laundress, house-maid, all in one.

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AN inquisitive traveller, noticing that the man who sat beside him in the railroad car had a weed on his hat, said: "I see you are in mourning. Was it a near or distant relative that you lost?" The bereaved one replied: "Wal, he was pooty distant—'bout thirty mile or so, by the turnpike."

A LADY writes to say, in reply to a question in the Herald, that no miss should be kissed by her gentleman friends after she is 12. A gentleman writes: "Let us not kiss her at all." A girl writes: "As we never know when we begin, do not let us think when we leave off."—N. Y. Herald.

THE strongest inducements ever offered to a congregation was held out by a Pennsylvania parson. "We have a collection this morning," said he, "and for the glory of Heaven, whichever one of you stole Mr. Reed's sheep, don't put anything in the plate." There was an unusually large contribution that day.

THE telephone may be well enough as a musical disseminator, but what the country needs is the invention of some sort of telephone which may be applied to hand-organs and thin-toned pianos in such a manner as to conduct the music noiselessly off, and dump it in some out-of-the-way place where it will not become offensive.

needed pair of four-button gloves to do it! Indeed, no person has as little apologizing to do as Fanny, because she does everything promptly; and you may notice that what we apologize for chiefly is delay.

A City at the Bottom of Lake Geneva. The London Telegraph gives the following report of a remarkable discovery at Lake Geneva: "A strange discovery is reported from the Lake of Geneva. A tourist, having lost his trunk, two divers were employed to search for it.

The London Telegraph gives the following report of a remarkable discovery at Lake Geneva: "A strange discovery is reported from the Lake of Geneva. A tourist, having lost his trunk, two divers were employed to search for it. While they were below water they found what they supposed to be a village since covered by the lake. Their statements led to an investigation of the spot by the municipal authorities, who took measures to ascertain the truth of the extraordinary account of the divers.

THE country school teacher is a person who occupies a position favorable for large and healthy influence. He is a teacher of "reading, writing and arithmetic," but of much more. In school he has many classes in various branches of study such as an advanced education requires, to all of which it is expected he can give intelligent attention.

THE American people are shrewd and observant. They are not often deceived by sham pretensions; but when they are, they soon discover their error. If Hostetter's Stomach Bitters had been a sham, they would long since have discarded it; but finding that there was not a claim put forth in its behalf that its curative properties did not justify, they immediately gave it the preference to every article of its class.

Ladies who are desirous of having goods purchased for them in San Francisco can do so by addressing Mrs. W. H. Ashley, who will send samples of goods for their inspection and approval. Would say that I am an experienced dress-maker, and have the advantage of buying at wholesale, and would give my patrons the benefit of same.

HERBINE purifies the blood. HERBINE is nature's own remedy. HERBINE is a household blessing. HERBINE should be used by every family. HERBINE contains nothing injurious to the system.

HERBINE should not be confounded with cheap nostrums made to sell at a low price. HERBINE is worth \$5.00 a bottle to any person who needs it, but is sold for \$2.00 per bottle.

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Two Serial Stories! "UNDER THE LILACS!" By the Author of "Little Women." "TOWER-MOUNTAIN!" A "Robinson Crusoe" Story. By GUSTAVUS FRANKENSTEIN.

SOME IDEA OF THE ATTRACTIONS of the Christmas Holiday Number of ST. NICHOLAS, of which 100,000 copies will be issued, may be gained from the following: There are poems by HENRY W. LONGFELLOW and WILLIAM CELLEN BRYANT; a fine hitherto unpublished sketch of Boy Life, by the late Theodore Winthrop; and a short story by the author of "Alice in Wonderland," a new fairy story, "Sweet Marjoram Day," by Frank H. Stockton, illustrated by Benelli; Miss Lucretia P. Hale gives a chapter of domestic fun under the title, "The Peterkins' Charades." There are also several other bright, instructive and interesting papers on various subjects, such as the illustrated article, "A Chat About Pottery," a poetic tribute by Dr. J. G. HOLLAND, and a comparison between the manners of young folks in old times and nowadays, by GAIL HAMILTON.

This Christmas Number contains also the opening of a new Serial Story for Boys, a tale of tropical life, by Gustavus Frankenstein, entitled "TOWER-MOUNTAIN," admirably illustrated by the artists Moran and Kelly; a PORTRAIT of Miss ALCOCK, with a sketch of her life; several poems by Two Little American Girls; a Play, and a Christmas Carol (set to music); and half a dozen complete short stories, bright, funny, exciting and pathetic, etc., etc.

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BEST IN THE WORLD! SEE IT! TRY IT! BUY IT! Warranted to Give Entire Satisfaction. American Sewing Machine Co. G. R. WOOD, Manager, 124 FIFTH STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

PENSIONS INCREASED. Nearly every pensioner is entitled to an INCREASE. PENSIONS GRANTED for all WOUNDED BROTHERS. Also NEW BROTHERS LAWS. No Fee unless successful. Address with stamp: COL. M. W. FITZGERALD, U. S. CLAIM AGENT, Washington, D. C.

PUGET SOUND ARGUS.

Our Authorized Agents.
CHAS. C. BARTLETT,
101 N. 1st St.,
Portland, Me.

Get Up Clubs
In order to extend the circulation of the ARGUS...

FRIDAY, JANUARY 25, 1878.

FAR OFF ALASKA.

Our Alaska news, which we publish this week, will be read with great interest...

We have already, on several occasions, referred to the natives of Alaska, and recommended substantially the same views as those expressed by our correspondent...

The eagerness of the Alaska Indians for instruction is shown by our correspondent, in the success attending the labors of Mrs. McFarland, their teacher.

If our government would only use a little common sense in dealing with these Indians, and be guided by the advice and counsel of persons who take an interest in the welfare of those natives...

Secretary Shurz seems determined to carry out the policy of the President regarding Civil Service, and we recommend to him the careful perusal of our correspondent's article.

As for the remainder of the topics contained in the letter, we have but this to say: The government of the United States is bound by every obligation to extend the laws over Alaska, and the sooner the better...

Now that the Alaska mails are to start from Port Townsend, Congress should unite judiciously the two Territories of Washington and Alaska, until the latter shall have a sufficient population to warrant a Territorial government of her own.

Now that San Francisco capitalists have commenced to develop the varied resources of Alaska, it will be well for those flippant writers, who think Alaska only fit for polar bears and savages to reside in...

The fact must not be ignored, or

treated with contemptuous flings of ignorant journalists, that the United States must do something at once in regard to its relations with the Alaska Indians...

We do not wish to see troops again sent to Alaska. The folly and expense of that useless movement are well known in Washington...

GREAT CHURCH FAIR.

The old South Church of Boston, one of the richest churches in New England, gave a magnificent fair, which lasted from Christmas to New Years.

On the occasion referred to, the old church was elaborately decorated with banners and evergreens in that rare style which the Bostonians excel in...

The best of music has been engaged. No pains will be spared by the committee to make the affair a success.

SUMMONS.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT of the Third Judicial District of the Territory of Washington, holding terms at Port Townsend...

IDA B. VEUVE, Plaintiff, vs WILLIAM VEUVE, Defendant.

IN the name of the United States of America you are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff...

Without Doubt.—By close application we have been able to furnish our readers with an edition this week which is undoubtedly the largest lot of reading matter ever issued at one time by any one publication ever existing in Port Townsend.

RETURNED.—Maj. Morris is with us again. Now is the time for the blackmail sheet to resurrect and wail over its well worn text...

PROF. W. H. Roberts, of Olympia, has been presented with a gold bridge pin, by the ladies of Washington Encampment, C. of R. C., of that place.

PROF. Wells, the writing-school teacher, is back again in Seattle.

OIL REFINERY.—As was expected, Mr. Patrick and partner have settled upon a location for their industry, the same being a convenient little harbor on the north side of Shaw's island...

Two first-class sewing machines, a Wilson and a Singer, NEW, for sale. Apply at the ARGUS office.

Stereoscopic views of all important points on Puget Sound & California, for sale at Jas. Jones.

Sheet & Pillow-case Ball

Arrangements are being made for a Sheet and Pillow-case party, to be given on Friday evening, February 22, 1878, at Port Townsend...

All ladies will be furnished with tickets free. A limited number for gentlemen will be sold at \$2 a ticket.

The best of music has been engaged. No pains will be spared by the committee to make the affair a success.

SUMMONS.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT of the Third Judicial District of the Territory of Washington, holding terms at Port Townsend...

IDA B. VEUVE, Plaintiff, vs WILLIAM VEUVE, Defendant.

IN the name of the United States of America you are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff...

Without Doubt.—By close application we have been able to furnish our readers with an edition this week which is undoubtedly the largest lot of reading matter ever issued at one time by any one publication ever existing in Port Townsend.

Notice to Tax Payers.

ALL TAXES unpaid on the first day of February, 1878, will become delinquent and 10 per cent. added thereto with cost for collection.

T. M. HAMMOND

IS PREPARED TO DO

TEAMING OF ALL KINDS

FREIGHT AND LUMBER HAULED, JOB-BING done, orders for cordwood, sleds, carriages kept to hire, &c.

I Do My Very Best to Suit

LIVE AND LET LIVE.

Prices Extremely Low

Freights and wharfage paid on goods when collected with other bills on the 1st of each month

T. M. HAMMOND Port Townsend, W.T.

NOTICE!

As I can no longer afford to be careless about collecting outstanding accounts, I shall, within the next thirty days, politely urge a settlement...

Probate Notice.

IN the Probate Court of Jefferson county, Washington Territory.

Notice for settlement of account. O. F. GERRISH AND GEO. W. HARRIS, executors of the estate of Arthur Phinney, deceased, having filed an account of their administration of said estate...

Probate Judge, and ex-officio clerk. Port Townsend, W. T., Dec. 28, 1877.

Probate Notice.

IN the Probate Court of Jefferson County, Washington Territory.

Notice for settlement of account. O. F. GERRISH AND GEO. W. HARRIS, executors of the estate of Arthur Phinney, deceased, having filed an account of their administration of said estate...

Probate Judge, and ex-officio clerk. James McNaught, Atty for the estate. December 28, 1877.

Notice of Sale.

In the matter of the estate of Alfred Edmondson, bankrupt.

BY VIRTUE OF AN ORDER MADE January 9th, 1878, by the District Court of the Third Judicial District of Washington Territory...

Monday, the 18th day of February, 1878, at 1 o'clock p. m.

At the Court House in Port Townsend, Jefferson county, W. T., to the highest bidder, for gold coin, all the property, real and personal, of said bankrupt...

Tract No. 1, consisting of a tract of land containing 141 acres, situated 1 1/2 miles north of Port Townsend...

Tract No. 2, consisting of the Southwest quarter of the Northeast quarter of section thirty-four in township thirty north, range I west, containing 40 acres.

Tract No. 3, consisting of Southwest quarter of the Northwest quarter of section twenty-seven in township thirty north, range I west, containing 40 acres.

Tract No. 4, consisting of the Southwest quarter of the Southwest quarter of the Northwest quarter of section twenty-seven in township thirty north, range I west, containing 40 acres.

At the same time and place will be sold one mowing machine, complete and in good order; said mowing machine will be sold subject to a mortgage amounting to \$41 in gold coin. Also

1 Plough, 1 Hay Press, 1 Hay Rake, 12 tons hay, Scales, Forks, shovels, Etc.

The above described property will be sold for cash in gold coin, subject to all existing mortgages, and subject to confirmation by the above entitled court.

J. A. KUHN, Plaintiff, vs EMILY FURLONG, Defendant.

SUMMONS.

In the District Court for the Third Judicial District of the Territory of Washington, holding terms at Port Townsend...

JAMES FURLONG, Plaintiff, vs EMILY FURLONG, Defendant.

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

Witness the Hon. J. R. LEWIS, Judge of said District Court, and the Seal of said Court, this 31 day of January, A. D. 1878.

JAMES SEAVEY, Clerk. McNaught & Haller, Attys for plaintiff.

BARTLETT'S COLUMN.

For Sale, A Fine Stock of Holiday Goods Just Received.

ALSO

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

Apply to CHAS. C. BARTLETT.

CHAS. C. BARTLETT

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

GROCERIES,

Dry Goods,

CLOTHING,

BOOTS, SHOES,

HATS, CAPS,

FANCY GOODS,

HARDWARE,

Ship Chandlery,

CROCKERY

WINES, LIQUORS,

Cigars, Tobacco,

Doors and Windows,

Farming Implements,

Furniture,

WALL PAPER,

Plows,

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

The LOWEST PRICES

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

PORT TOWNSEND, W. T.

PUGET SOUND ARGUS.

LOCAL NEWS.

GREAT RAT KILLING.—Last Sunday morning, Mr. James Furlong took his little terrier dog to the slaughter house beyond the bluff, where in two hours or less the dog killed 187 rats. Jim tied 75 of the vermin on a pole, which he brought to town with the hope of selling them to the Chinamen, but John no wantee. Furlong says that Bob Abrams, of Seattle, boasts of having the champion rat-killer on the Sound, but if he will bring him here, he can have a match made up, and the victor can have the spoils to sell to the Baron for the glove dealers of San Francisco. Furlong says that the reason he went last Sunday was because all the ministers had left town; and, having read that a man has a right to pull his ox or his ass out of a pit on the Sabbath day, he thinks he was doing good by pulling so many rats out of their holes, although it was Sunday. We want to hear of anybody who has a rat dog which can beat Jim Furlong's.

The Seattle "Intelligencer" evidently tries to dampen the ardor and humiliate the pretensions of our Dungeness friends. It speaks of seeing an item about a sloop going from there to Victoria, loaded with produce, and adds, "the place must be coming out; get a steamboat line to Neah Bay, and these LITTLE NOOKS will begin to fill up, etc." This sounds like trying to belittle the place with sarcasm, after we consider that from two to five schooners, scows, etc., averaging a tonnage of 25 to 40 each, are kept busy during the greater part of the year in freighting away the surplus produce from that place. Wonder if our contemporary's subscribers down in that section don't feel grateful for such delicate attentions? Or maybe his conceptions of the size and importance of their neighborhood are based upon the amount of patronage he gets from it.

DIRECT IMPORTATION.—Messrs. Rothschild & Co., have just received per City of Panama, a large invoice of fine teas, direct from Japan. They include the finest brands, and can be purchased at extremely low prices, considering their quality. This, we believe, is the first direct importation of that kind ever coming to Port Townsend, and indicates a spirit of enterprise and upward tendency on the part of the wide-awake firm, quite in advance of the ordinary business routine of our town, though none the less in keeping with the justly merited business reputation of R. & Co.

REMOVAL.—Mr Oscar A Carr, of Lopez Island, passed through this place on Monday, accompanied by his family (wife and one child) bound for Hawthorne, Iowa. Mr Carr informs us that he expects to return some time during the coming year; and as he has friends, relatives and property in San Juan county, we may reasonably expect to see him again. We regret to note the departure of such estimable people, and will join heartily with others in wishing them a speedy and safe transfer to their destination as also a no less speedy and safe return.

RUSTICATING.—Mr. Jno. P. Peterson, of our much sought tailor shop, having wearied of the monotony of metropolitan life, concluded last week that he would seek the sequestered and classic regions of Dungeness. Since his return he is quite enthusiastic over that part of his recreation which consisted in selling half a dozen sewing machines, cutting out a number of suits of clothes, and taking extensive orders for more. Well, we can only say to the people of that vicinity that Mr. Peterson is a reliable man, and will guarantee to give satisfaction in all cases.

FINE SAUSAGES.—A friend made us a present, a few days ago, of some of the nicest sausages which we remember to have ever tasted. He says they were a present to him from a young lady in Victoria. We will not vouch for his assertion that she made them, but if she did, we think such savory viands, flavored with thyme and sage, should make our friend conclude that it is time for him to come to the sage conclusion to go over to Victoria and see that young lady in earnest.

\$500 REWARD.—E. Dickinson, Esq., Gov. Agt. at New Westminster, has offered the above named sum for the delivery, at his place, or at Victoria, of one John Jordan, who is charged with murdering a man named N. Stout, on Sunday, the 12th inst. Jordan is described as being 5 feet, 9 or 10 inches high, of Irish descent, having a full beard, long hair, being 45 or 50 years of age, and formerly a soldier in the British army.

REV. Jno Rea was called away to San Francisco on business recently. He started on the Dakota, on Sunday last. We understand that he expects to be back again in two weeks from the day of starting, in time to hold evening services, but that unless other arrangements are made there will be no services in his church on Sunday next.

STEVEDORES.—Messrs. DeLion & Case have this week, for the first time, announced through our columns, their ability and readiness to engage as Stevedores on vessels in any port on Puget Sound. As the qualifications of these gentlemen are known to be first-class for their business, being based upon large experience, and as they are known to be worthy in every respect, we do not hesitate to predict for them a busy time in the future, as well as complete satisfaction on the part of their employers. Success to them.

The attention of the public is directed to the notice of sale of personal property, to take place on the 4th of next month, by Messrs. Rothschilds, & Co., Agents for, and Mr. E. C. Hughes, Purser of the str. California.

CAPT. Libby, of the tug Donald, is quite ill at Seattle, and Capt. Albert Waite, formerly of the Phantom, has been induced to assume temporary command in his place.

RETURNED.—We notice the return to our midst of Mr. Benj. Hammond.

THOS. Hammond, Sr. took a little run up the Sound this week.

Go to Jas. Jones for all kinds of fruit; Corner Custom House.

NOTICE OF SALE OF PERSONAL PROPERTY.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAVING A lien on the hereinafter described personal property, now held in store by them for charges for advances, freight transportation, wharfage and storage now due and unpaid to the amount of \$17.25, and said property having remained in store, uncalled for, for a period of thirty days and upwards after said charges became due. NOW GIVE NOTICE. That in pursuance of an Act of the Territorial Legislature, entitled, an act for the relief of commission merchants, carriers, wharfingers and warehousemen, the undersigned will on **Monday the 4th day of February, 1878**, at the hour of 11 o'clock A. M., at the door of the Store of Rothschild & Co., in the town of Port Townsend, W. T., sell said property or so much thereof as will satisfy said charges and costs at public auction to the highest bidder for cash gold coin as follows to-wit: One trunk and contents and one box and contents, marked "Thomas Curry," the same being wearing apparel and blankets, etc. etc. **E. C. HUGHES, Purser.**
ROTHSCHILD & CO., Agts.
Steamer California.
Port Townsend January 21, 1878.

R. W. DELION. CHARLES CASE.

DeLION & CASE,

Stevedores,

PORT TOWNSEND

P. O. BOX 37.

SHIPS LOADED AT EVERY PORT ON

Puget Sound.

NOTICE.

I TAKE PLEASURE to state that I have transacted my business through Messrs. Rothschild & Co., and that they have given me entire satisfaction. I take pleasure in recommending them to Captains of vessels coming this way, to avail themselves of their valuable services.
JAMES S. THEOBALDS,
Master ship Ventus.
Port Townsend, Dec. 9, 1877.

WAGONS, WAGONS!

ONE CAR LOAD OF

HEAVY AND LIGHT WAGONS!

Manufactured expressly for our trade, by

FISH & CO., RACINE, WISCONSIN.

Will arrive on or about Feb. 15th.

Prices to Compete with San Francisco or

Portland.

For sale by

ROTHSCHILD & CO.

Port Townsend, W. T.

NOTICE.

ALL those knowing themselves indebted to the old firm of Rothschild & Co. up to September 1, 1877, will settle the same at once, as all the outstanding accounts, notes and debts of the old firm must be settled by February 1, 1878, otherwise the same will be handed to an attorney for collection.
D. C. H. ROTHSCHILD & CO.
Port Townsend, Dec. 23, 1877.

CONSIGNED TO ROTHSCHILD & CO.

Bktn Katie Flickinger.

NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED Agents of the above named vessel, will be responsible for debts contracted by the officers or crew.
ROTHSCHILD & CO., Agents.
S. J. GILMAN, Master.
Port Townsend, Jan. 16, 1878.

Am Bk Colusa.

NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED Agents of the above named vessel will be responsible for debts contracted by the officers or crew.
ROTHSCHILD & CO., Agents.
V. C. HOWES, Master.
Port Townsend, Dec. 19, 1877.

Brit. Bk. Formosa.

NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED Agents of the above named vessel will be responsible for debts contracted by the officers or crew.
ROTHSCHILD & CO., Agents.
J. HYLAND Master.
Port Townsend, Dec. 10, 1877.

Brit. bark Egremont Castle.

NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED Agents of the above named vessel will be responsible for debts contracted by the officers or crew.
ROTHSCHILD & CO., Agents.
W. F. DITCHBURN, Master.
Port Townsend, Nov. 2, 1877.

Hawaiian bark Kalakan.

NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED Agents of the above named vessel will be responsible for debts contracted by the officers or crew.
ROTHSCHILD & CO., Agents.
D. P. TRASK, Master.
Port Townsend, Nov. 14, 1877.

Bark Fred. P. Litchfield.

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

Brit. Bark Brier Holme.

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

Bktn Monitor.

NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED Agents of the above named ship will be responsible for debts contracted by the officers or crew.
ROTHSCHILD & CO., Agents.
J. EMERSON, Master.
Port Townsend, Nov. 13, 1877.

Italian bark Orzero

NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED Agents of the above named bark, will be responsible for debts contracted by the officers or crew.
ROTHSCHILD & CO., Agents.
GUEZLIO, NIOOLA, Master.
Port Townsend, Nov. 20, 1877.

The First-class steamship

CALIFORNIA

CAPT. THORN,

WILL LEAVE

Port Townsend for Sitka,

Alaska Terr'y, and Way Ports,

On or about the 3d of each Month.

WILL LEAVE

Port Townsend for Portland, Ogn.

On about the 20th of each Month.

For Freight or Passage, Apply on Board,

20 Or to ROTHSCHILD & CO, Agents.

NOTICE.

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

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

D. C. H. Rothschild.

NOTICE.

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

D. C. H. ROTHSCHILD.

Port Townsend, Jan. 1, 1878.

ROTHSCHILD & CO.,

Shipping and Commission

MERCHANTS,

Port Townsend, Washington Territory,

Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

Dry Goods, Clothing,

Boots and Shoes,

Ship Chandlery,

Tobacco and Cigars,

Liquors,

Hardware,

Crockery, Stationery, Etc.

Exchange Bought and Sold.

Liberal Advances Made on Consignments.

The Highest Price Paid for Wool, Hides, Furs

and Produce.

Goods Bought and Sold on Commission.

ROTHSCHILD & CO.

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

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

Bargains, Bargains.

FOR

HOLIDAY PRESENTS

— WE OFFER OUR ENTIRE STOCK OF: —

JEWELRY,

Comprising Gold Sets, Earrings, Finger Rings,

Breast and Cuff Pins, Sleeve and Collar

Buttons, Studs, Lockets, Etc.

— Also a —

NICE AND LARGE ASSORTMENT OF

Japanese Work Boxes, Writing Desks,

Dressing Cases and Cabinets.

At GREATLY REDUCED RATES.

ROTHSCHILD & CO.

Double Riddle.

There is a word of such a name,
That lifts the soul to see and do—
A happy word, that leaps alone
From lips by pleasure touched and new.

Which, if it join the parted name,
O Blessed Virgin! bears a curse,
Than which the fatal midnight fume,
Or fatal war, holds nothing worse?

What is this word, with helpful charm,
To change the sweetest name we know
To one surcharged with subtle harm?—
And what the strange, new name of woe?

And if you guess this riddle well,
And speak this word in answer true,
How may it lift—I pray you tell—
The tuneful soul to see and do?

—J. G. Holland, in St. Nicholas.

Chased by Wolves.

Some forty years ago the northern part of the State of New York was very sparsely settled. In one of the remote counties, which for a name's sake we will call Macy County, a stout-hearted settler, named Devins, posted himself beyond the borders of civilization, and hewed for his little family a home in the heart of a forest that extended all the way from Lake Champlain to Lake Ontario. His nearest neighbor was six miles away, and the nearest town nearly twenty; but the Devinses were so happy and contented that the absence of company gave them no concern.

It was a splendid place to live in. In summer the eye ranged from the slope where the sturdy pioneer had built his house over miles and miles of waving beech and maple woods, away to the dark line of pines on the high ground that formed the horizon. In the valley below Otter Creek, a tributary of the St. Lawrence, wound its sparkling way northward. When autumn painted the scene in brilliant hues, and it lay glowing under the crimson light of October sunsets, the dullest observer could not restrain bursts of admiration.

Mr. Devins's first attack on the stubborn forest had been over the brow of the hill, some four miles nearer Owenton, but his house was burned down before he had taken his family there from Albany. He had regretted that he had not "pitched his tent" on the slope of Otter Creek; so now he began with renewed energy his second home, in which the closing in of the winter of 1839 found him. He had sixty acres of rich soil under cultivation at the time of which we are to speak, his right-hand man being his son Allan—a rugged, handsome, intelligent boy of sixteen.

The winter of '39 was a terrible one; snow set in before the end of November, and even in the open country lay upon the ground until the beginning of April, while in the recesses of the forest it was found as late as the middle of June. There was great distress among the settlers outside of the bounds of civilization, to whom the deep snow was an impassable barrier. The Devinses neither saw nor heard from their nearest neighbors from the first of December till near the beginning of February, when a crust was formed upon the snow sufficiently firm to bear the weight of a man, and a friendly Cayuga Indian brought them news of how badly their neighbors fared.

Mr. Devins was especially touched by the bad case of his friend Will Inman, who lived on the nearest farm. The poor man lay ill of a fever; Mrs. Inman was dead and temporarily buried, until her body could be removed to the cemetery in Owenton, and all the care of the family devolved upon Esther, his daughter, fourteen years old. After a short consultation, the next morning breaking bright and clear though very cold, it was determined to allow Allan to go over the hill to Inman's, bearing medicine, tea, and other little necessities for the family. He was impressively warned to begin his return at so early an hour that he might reach home before the short day's end, especially because of the danger from wild animals. The severity of the winter had made the wolves more venturesome and dangerous than they had been for many years. Mr. Devins had lost several sheep and hogs, and deemed it unsafe for any of his family to be caught far from the house at night.

Allan armed himself with his light rifle, put some biscuits and cold meat in a pouch strapped to his waist, mounted one of the strong farm horses, and set out on his journey. The road through the forest was better than he expected to find it, as the snow had been drifted off, but at the turns, and in the thickest part of the wood, his horse floundered through drifts more than breast high; and more than once Allan had to dismount and beat a path ahead. Therefore he did not reach Inman's till two o'clock, and by the time he had helped Esther about her work, assisted her younger brother to get in a good supply of wood, and made things more comfortable for the invalid, it was almost sundown. He stoutly refused to wait for supper, declaring that the luteal con still in his pouch would serve, and started just as the short twilight came on. He was a brave lad, and with no thought of peril went off, kissing his hand gaily to Esther.

It took him an hour to traverse the first three miles, and then he came to a stretch of comparatively bare ground, leading through his father's old clearing, and almost to the top of the hill back to the top of Mr. Devins's house. He was just urging old Bob into a trot, when a long, clear howl broke upon his ear; then another and another answered from east and south. He knew what that meant. It was the cry of the advance-guard of a pack of wolves.

The howling sounded near and came swiftly nearer, as though the wolves had

found his tracks and scented their prey. Old Bob trembled in every limb, and seemed powerless to move. Allan realized that he could not sit, but to start, reach home through the drifts ahead, and the increasing cold of the advancing night would render a refuge in a tree too probably as readily as an encounter with the pack.

Presently there came a cry, shriller and sharper than before, and Allan, looking back, saw a great, lean, hungry gray wolf burst from the underbrush into the road, followed by dogs more; and in a moment the road behind him was full of wolves, open-mouthed and keen in chase. Their yells now seemed notes of exultation, for the leader of the pack—the strongest, fleetest, hungriest one among them—was within a dozen yards of Allan, who was now rising faster than ever old Bob had ever gone before or would ever go again. Excitement made the wolf's blood boil in his veins, and he determined to show fight. The moon had risen and the scene was as light as day. Now he could count the crowding host of his enemies, and just as he broke from the forest road into the old clearing, he turned in his saddle and fired. The foremost of the pack rolled over and over; the rest gathered around him and tore their leader in pieces.

By the time they resumed the chase, Allan was a hundred yards ahead with his rifle loaded. He determined to make a running fight of it to the hill, where he was sure of meeting his father, or could take to a tree and shoot until help came. This had hardly flashed through his brain when, right ahead of him, a detachment of the pack sprang into the road and answered with double yells the cries of the rest coming up behind. The horse wheeled suddenly, almost unseating Allan, and dashed across the clearing toward the wood; but he had not taken a dozen bounds when a wolf sprang upon him. Old Bob reared and fell, pitching Allan nearly twenty feet ahead, and was covered with wolves before he could regain his footing. That was the last of poor old Bob.

But Allan! What of him? When he recovered from the effects of the shock, he found himself over head and ears in snow. He had no idea where he was, but struggled and plunged in vain endeavors to extricate himself, until at last he broke into a space that was clear of snow but dark as Erebus, damp and close. Feeling about him he discovered over his head logs resting slantingly against the upper end of a pit, and then he knew that he was in the cellar of the old house his father had built, and which had been burned down nine years before! The cellar was full of snow, except at the corner roofed over by the falling logs, and Allan, bursting through the snow into the empty corner, was as secure from the wolves as though seated by his father's fireside. It was not nearly as cold in there as outside, and he found a dry spot upon which he lay down to think.

He was in no danger of freezing to death, his food would keep him from starvation a week at least, and Allan concluded that, with the first glimpse of dawn, his father would be in search of him, and following their tracks, find old Bob's bones, and quickly rescue him from his predicament. He reasoned wisely enough, but the elements were against him. Before sunrise a furious storm of wind and snow had completely obliterated every trace of horse, rider and wolves. At home, as the night wore on, the anxiety of the family had increased. While they were watching the gathering storm, they heard the loud, dismal howl of the wolves coming over the hill. The chill of fear that they should never see the boy again settled down upon all their hearts, until the house was as dreary within as the winter waste and gloomy forest were without.

Meanwhile the brave youth was sound asleep, dreaming as peacefully as though snugly resting with his brother in his warm bed at home. He slumbered on unconscious of the raging storm without, and did not wake until the next forenoon. It took him several seconds to realize where he was and how he came there, but gradually he remembered his ride for life, the falling of his horse, his struggles in the snow, and his breaking into the protected space where he lay.

The storm lasted all day and far into the succeeding night. Allan ate slightly, quenched his thirst with a few drops of water obtained by melting snow in the palm of his hand, and began casting about for means to get out. He soon found that to dig his way up through the mass of snow that filled the cellar was beyond his powers. If he could have made a succession of footholds, the task would have been easy; but all his efforts only tended to fill his retreat, without bringing him nearer the air. As soon as he saw this, he gave himself up to calmly waiting for help from without.

The second morning of his imprisonment broke clear and cheerful, and Mr. Devins set out to search for traces of his boy. He visited the Inmans, and learned the particulars of Allan's stay and departure, then mournfully turned his face homeward, his heart filled with despair. When he emerged from the forest into the clearing, he met the Indian who had visited him a few days before, and he told the red man of Allan's loss. The Indian stood a moment in deep thought, and then asked:

"No horse, no boy back there?" pointing to the road just traversed by Mr. Devins.

"No. I have looked carefully, and if there had been a trace left by the recent storm I should have detected it."

"Ugh! well, me come over the hill; nothing that way either; then they here."

"Why do you think so?"

"Ah! me know wolves. When Allan

come to this place they ahead horse come; wolves caught 'em this side woods; me look there"—and Tayenathonto pointed to the very course taken by the horse and rider.

It so happened when Allan was thrown from the horse's back that his rifle flew from his hand and struck, muzzle down, in a hollow stump, where, imbedded in the snow, it stood like a sign to mark the scene of the last struggle of the lost boy. The snow had whitened all its nether side. When the Indian came abreast of it, he cried:

"Told you so! See! Allan's gun! And here rest of 'em"—pointing to the little heap over the ruins of the old cabin.

Kicking the snow hastily aside, the Indian examined the ground carefully a moment and then said: "No, only horse; Allan further on."

The Indian, with head bowed down, walked quickly forward, threw up his arms, and disappeared. He had stepped over the clean edge of the cellar and sunk exactly as Allan had. A few desperate plunges sufficed to take the strong Indian through the intervening snow and into the protected corner where Allan, just rousing from his second sleep, sat bolt upright. The Indian's coming disturbed the snow so that a glimmer of light penetrated the dark space. Allan supposed a wolf had found its way down there, and hastily drew his large knife, bracing himself for an encounter.

The Indian sputtered, thrashed about to clear himself from the snow, and in so doing rapped his head smartly against the low ceiling of logs.

"Waugh! waugh!" exclaimed he. "Too much low; Indian break 'em head; look out."

Allan instantly recognized the voice of the Indian, his comrade on many a fishing and hunting tour.

"Tayenathonto!" he cried, "dear old fellow, who would have thought of your finding me!"

The Indian quietly replied:

"Tayenathonto no find; come like waterfall; couldn't help hisself."

A very few minutes sufficed to put both on the surface again, where Allan was received "like one come from the dead," and closely folded in his father's arms. Oh, the joy of that embrace! The past grief and suffering were forgotten in the bliss of that moment.

The Indian had to return with the happy father and son to their home, where he was hailed as Allan's rescuer, and enjoyed to the full a share of the festivities.

In after years Allan married Esther Inman, and now, by the fireside in winter, he tells his grandchildren of his escape from the wolves, and the little ones never tire of petting their faithful old Tayenathonto.—George Dudley Lawson, in St. Nicholas.

Slow and Sure Wins.

We are often more hasty than sure in our affairs. We accept our undertakings which when fairly realized and begun are beyond our strength, and land us in discomfiture and misfortune. Had we measured time and our ability with more exactness, we should have saved ourselves from the mortification of failure, or the terrible strain and consequent reaction following on the fulfillment of our promise and the exact rendering of our assigned tasks. And if we ever do succeed in the rendering of those assigned tasks we are certain not to have done them so well as if we had taken more time about them—been slower and so much surer. This hasty work, indeed, is the rule of all things; and in this we must confess that women are generally to blame. They will not go slowly, and therefore surely, save in the as yet exceptional instances where they have begun their career from the beginning fairly and honestly as men. The uneducated and untrained among them expect to leap at a high bound into the place of head center without having climbed the ladder by the steps of gradual development and in the labor of apprenticeship; and in consequence their work fails, the reins snap and they turn over into the ditch, where they lie calling loudly on Heaven to help them and smite the injustice of man, instead of thinking that perhaps they, like Phaeton before them, made haste to drive before they had learned to hold the reins. Haste in making one's plans is less valuable than slowness and sureness in the consideration, and all due speed and promptitude in carrying them out. Hasty impressions of things are as certain to be wrong as hasty impressions of people; and that half-knowledge that results from a superficial scamp through places is almost worse than no knowledge at all. Undue haste, indeed, which must not be confounded with energetic action wisely considered and powerfully performed, is a form of unwisdom to be deprecated wherever met with and is sure never to come to good ends.—The London Queen.

The other day an unlicensed cigar-vender was arraigned before U. S. Commissioner Osborne, charged with violating the license laws of the United States. The fellow pleaded in answer as follows: "Why, Commissioner, these are not cigars. These are only cabbage leaves and not taxable." "Ah! if that is so," responded Commissioner Shields, "why do you not procure some corned beef, and furnish your customers with the edible that should properly accompany the cabbage-leaves and without which their consumption is not usually considered agreeable. I fear I shall have to hold you, in default of the payment of the special tax." The prisoner was thereupon held in \$500 bail to answer.—N. Y. Independent.

A wicked man killed himself in the lowest level of a mine, and the account says, "Thus his alleged soul was saved over half a mile of transportation."

The Gallant Skobelev.

I went with the Emperor to the positions before Pienna to-day. I find I had far underestimated the loss. The staff gave it as over thirteen thousand before Pienna alone, that is, on the 11th and 12th only. I find also that Skobelev did succeed in taking two of the four redoubts on the Sofia road at once in his assault at 2 p. m. on the 11th. He lost nearly eight thousand men (out of 18,000) in doing so. He himself led the assault on horse-back right up to the glacis of the redoubts. His horse (the seventh he has had killed in this campaign) was blown to pieces under him by a shell which burst right under his belly, but he escaped unhurt and led the way into the redoubt on foot, sword in hand. Thoughtful friend and I, both old soldiers, watched this affair most closely, we both thought he had been repulsed. The day began with a heavy fog at 11, that turned to rain, a continual drizzle, so that it was impossible to see clearly in the mixed fog and smoke that hung like a pall over the spot. Earnestly hoping for Skobelev's welfare—for he has been exceedingly kind to us both, sending us invitations always to reconnaissances where shells were the principal feature, and which we gratefully but firmly declined—we yet both thought he had been badly repulsed. The roll of fire against him, which we now find must have been partly his, in beating off a counter-attack after he was in, was like one continual long roll on the drum for more than fifty minutes. The Turks must have lost heavily in their counter-attacks, for we saw them come bodily into the open space three times. There are four redoubts on the Sofia road. Skobelev carried the two furthest east; that is, nearest the town of Pienna and lower down the hill. They were rectangular and all open at the gorge purposely, so as to be commanded from the higher western ones. He only succeeded in retaining them for twenty-four hours, for on the night of the 12th the Turks pounded him out of them by close artillery fire from above.

All the army hears with satisfaction that Skobelev has been promoted Lieutenant General to-day for his splendid conduct on the 11th. Lieutenant General at thirty-two! Yet the rank has been won step by step.—London Times' Cor. before Pienna.

Traits of a Gentleman.

Why does every traveler feel that an Arab is a gentleman, or that a Turk is a gentleman? Because both the Turk and the Arab manifest perfect self-possession, without a touch of self-assertion, have an air of command devoid of arrogance, are tranquil amid riot, and composed amid difficulty and disturbance. These qualities seem to us to spring from habits of command, and from an inherent sense of superiority, and the observation will apply with equal force to English gentlemen. A gentleman is a gentleman, and there's an end on't. He does not want to be anybody else, because he does not recognize any superior, save of the titular or disciplinary sort. Your vulgar person, or even your person who, without being vulgar, is not a gentleman, is conscious of his inferiority, and periodically labors to conceal or cloud it. There is no concealing it, and the attempt only exposes the fact more glaringly to view. This sort of person, too, is not calm, not self-possessed; he is fussy, solicitous, dominated by circumstances, instead of quietly settling down to a level with them. This by no means implies that a gentleman must not cope with circumstances when they are important enough to demand the exercise of his energies. But when he comes out of the battle, or the Senate, or the hunting-field, no matter what he has gone through, he is composed and quiet once more. He never swaggers; he never makes unnecessary apologies or explanations. He takes things as he finds them. Now and then, no doubt, the idiosyncrasies of genius will lend an exceptional fervor to the manner of a gentleman; and Lady Blessington was so unaware of this that she expressed her surprise that Byron's manner in conversation was not as quiet as she would have expected from a person of his rank. The observation was at once stupid and snobbish. There is no cut-and-dry receipt for a gentleman; but he is as unmistakable to those who know one, as the color of a flower, or the scent of a leaf.

An old but vigorous-looking gentleman, seemingly from the rural districts, got into a car and walked its full length without being invited to sit down. Approaching one gentleman, who had a whole bench to himself, he asked, "Is this seat occupied?" "Yes, sir, it is," impudently replied the other. "Well," replied the broad-shouldered agriculturist, "I will keep the seat until the gentleman comes." The original proprietor withdrew himself haughtily to one end and looked insulted. After a while the train got in motion, and still nobody came to claim the seat, whereupon the deep-chested agriculturist said: "Sir, when you told me this seat was occupied you told me a lie"—such was his plain language—"I never sit near a liar, if I can avoid it; I would rather stand up." Then, appealing to another party, he said, "Sir, may I sit next to you? You don't look like a liar." We need hardly say that he got his seat, and that the original proprietor thought there was something wrong about our social system.—Baltimore Gazette.

In Russia no lists of killed and wounded have been published since the commencement of the war. The consequence is that every one thinks that his own friends and relatives in the army have been killed.

The Mule of Sumter.

When Dahlgren's iron-clads began operations in Charleston Harbor, the Tenth Army Corps made a sudden dash and drove in the thin lines of pickets which the rebels had posted on the eastern end of Morris Island. When daylight came every gun which Beauregard could bring to bear upon the new work began to rain shot and shell, and from daylight till noon there were lively times in and about Charleston Bay. Shortly after noon Fort Sumter opened furiously, and it was feared that an attempt was about to be made by the enemy to advance. There were enough men there, it was thought, to hold it, but there was a deficiency of ammunition, and so a mule-driver volunteered to deliver the ammunition. The only road was the smooth and sandy beach along the bay, and the distance between the two points about a mile and a half. Half that distance was within easy range of Fort Sumter, and Battery Wagner's guns covered all the way to the sand hills, behind which was the Federal camp.

I am describing this incident as it appeared from the shipping in the bay, and what called attention to it was the sudden waking up of every gun on the southeast angle of Sumter. Looking to see the cause of the furious cannonading, everybody was surprised to see a mule team tearing up the beach in the direction of the new work. The driver was laying the lash on, and that mule had its ears laid straight back and was making its legs go. Occasionally a shell would touch the beach, bound up, and explode, and the mule would then hesitate and try to turn back. But the driver would lay the cowhide on with renewed vigor; then the mule put on another spurt, until at last it became entirely demoralized by the explosion of a ten-inch shell almost under its belly. Every glass in the squadron was leveled at the spectacle. The driver got off his seat, took the animal by the head, whirled it around once or twice and started it up the beach once more. Fort Sumter flashed and flamed, Battery Wagner belched and thundered, and still that daring driver urged his mule along, though the way was swept by at least thirty guns.

At last he reached his destination, but he could not stay there, and in a moment he was turned around and exhorting that animal to do its level best. The mule did not need to be told to step out, for in its rear there was roar and racket, and about its ears were flying sand and scrap-iron, which seemed to stimulate its fleetness. Down that hard beach flew the mule, the light cart bobbing and swaying, and the driver's arm rising and falling as he dealt out lash after lash. At last they near the friendly shelter of the sand hills. In another minute they will be safe, but just as they near the place to turn aside a shell came screaming from Sumter. Everybody could see the huge mass of iron as it roared through the air. It struck the beach directly in the rear of the mule and with a bound it overtook it and exploded with terrific violence. A general exclamation is heard from Dahlgren's flag-ship, where the Admiral and his staff are earnestly gazing at the adventurous mule and his daring driver. Fort Sumter's ramparts are black with men, they, too, willing witnesses of Yankee pluck. Along the swell of Morris Island, and covering every elevation, can be seen the Union soldiers, who stand with bated breath, anxious and full of suspense, and every eye intently taking in the scene. When the shell exploded a circle hid the mule for a moment, but when the smoke cleared Mr. Mule had his ears laid back, and, with head down, and legs lashing wildly out, he was making kindling wood of the cart, which had been badly demoralized by a fragment of the shell. Presently the driver is seen limping to the mule; in a second the mule is free from the cart, and, with the driver on his back, and a farewell whisk of his tail, disappears behind the cover of the hills.

The thousands of boys in blue unite in a long and hearty hurrah; the sailors wave their hats and shout themselves hoarse, and, hark! the rebels have caught the infection, and are cheering, too.—Hartford Times.

DEADWOOD IN BRIEF.

There is no such place anywhere. It shows up in its worst forms the "fast and flash" American trait. A little over a year ago the site of this swarming camp was a part of the howling wilderness. To-day there are along the streets and up and down the gulches, within a mile, over 10,000 people. Here is a city of 4,000 inhabitants, with a floating population of 2,000 more. About 1,500 houses and huts, and hundreds of tents up the hillsides, an academy, church, two daily newspapers, four banks, twenty lawyers, physicians, dentists, artists; club houses, theatres in full blast every night, the streets thronged with speculators, tramps and bummers; gambling halls open all day long, and "cappers" on every corner watching for the next "victim"—such is a hasty glance at Deadwood. It is a place in which the few prey upon the many. You can not buy anything for less than a quarter; your living costs you double what it would at Denver or Salt Lake City. You can't step in any direction without facing some device for getting rid of your money. They have even got a "corner" on postage stamps, and you must pay from a dime to a quarter for a three-cent stamp.—Cor. of New York Times.

All confidence which is not absolute and entire is dangerous. There are few occasions where a man ought to either sell all or conceal all, for how little soever you have revealed of your secret to a friend, you have already said too much if you think it not safe to make him privy to all particulars.—J. Beaumont.

Ludicrous Love Tale.

A German author, who has written a book on America, tells a good tale of a case of breach of promise, which would not make a bad afterpiece for the Adelphi. We shall endeavor to condense it, but cannot vouch for its truth. A pretty young girl of New York, well brought up, but poor, cast her eyes upon a smart, talented, and well-to-do young gentleman, and thought he would make no bad husband. But how to catch him was the question. A woman's wit came to her aid. One fine morning, putting on her best looks and prettiest frock, she called upon a young lawyer to ask his advice on the matter. The latter, who was not accustomed to receive such clients in his chambers, was thrown in a state of grand confusion, and overturned no end of piles of law books and papers before he could find her a chair. With many blushes she told her tale. The lawyer entered heartily into her case, and gave his advice. It was to engage the young bachelor, for whom she sighed, in conversation, twice or oftener for about half an hour, in the presence of two of her friends, who could bear witness to the fact, if it was necessary, in a court of justice. If, afterwards, he should refuse an alliance matrimonial, a threatened action for breach of promise would no doubt bring him to his senses. The advice was as maliciously given as lawyer could give it, and his fair client agreed to act upon it, refusing, however, to tell him the name of the victim, which he greatly desired to know. Again and again the lady visited the lawyer to report the progress. She was in a fair way of succeeding and the lawyer was delighted, and prolonged the conversation, though several clients were waiting for him in his ante-room.

"But, my dear madame," he one day said, "your witness, madame; have you brought them with you, as I recommended?" "They will be here in an instant. I have given them the meeting here." "And you are sure they can bear witness to more than one rendezvous, at least?" "I am quite easy on that score, for I have had four witnesses on each occasion, who have just been outside the very door of the cabinet where we have met." "Capital! capital! capital!" exclaimed the young lawyer; and this conversation was continued for some time very gaily, both asserting the cleverness and malice of the game being played. "Ah, well," said the former, at length, "I hope you will no longer refuse to give me the name of the too happy victim; for, the fact is, I can't plead without knowing the name of the adverse party. We must see that he does not escape much longer." "Are you sure?" "Perfectly; there is no escape for him." "He must marry me or go to the galley!" "I should think so; indeed. But his name, his name; do I know him?" "Yes, sir." "Bah! who is it, then?" "It is you, sir," said the young lady, smiling through her blushes, "and the witnesses are four sham clients seated outside your door."

Russian Rule in the Caucasus.

It is not a century yet since the races of the Caucasus were so many tribes of brigands, continually warring with one another and devastating the land. This state of insecurity has ceased since Georgia became Russian territory. Russian rule, according to Mr. Oliphant, whom Mr. Freshfield lately quoted in the Times as a hostile witness, "has been efficacious in improving the material condition, and in developing the internal resources of the country. In my view, the apology which the Englishman pleads for holding India stands good for the Russian in holding the Caucasus. Lands that were in constant insecurity, where crime and bloodshed were continual, where Christians were in absolute danger, have become, under foreign rule, as quiet and as secure as any part of civilized Europe. As in India, so in the Caucasus, ways of communication, roads and bridges, have been opened to public use, and have been kept in order, and railways have been introduced. Free schools of great value have been established, and protection afforded to natives in furthering their own individual interests. The people are left to themselves in all that concerns or resembles municipal government, and to that choice and profession of religion. No coercion in religion is exercised, and no propagation of religion by teaching permitted, although the free sale of the Scriptures and tracts is sanctioned by the Russian Government. My residence in the Caucasus has convinced me that Russia cannot to any great extent develop the resources of the Caucasus, because of the backwardness and indifference of the Georgians and Armenians, who, when wealthy, prefer to keep their money rather than invest it in improvements that would in all probability soon repay them. Thus it is that the wealthy city of Tiflis remains without drainage or drinkable water, while many of the streets are unpaved. Thus it is that no progress is made in the projected railway to Baku. The Russians have done much for the benefit of the Caucasus, and now want the rich of the land to come forward and act for themselves, but unfortunately cannot interest them in any schemes of improvement.—Leisure Hour.

A LOVER'S hope resembles the bean in the nursery tale; let it once take root and it will grow so rapidly that in the course of a few hours the giant imagination builds a castle on the top; but by-and-by comes disappointment with a cruel ax, and hews down both the plant and the superstructure.—Walter Scott.

TWENTY young Chinamen have arrived in Paris, to follow a course of studies in the colleges.

The Moons of Mars.

The following calculations concerning the moons of Mars (in Scribner) have been made by Lieut. Sturdy, of the Naval Observatory, with the approval of Prof. Hall, the discoverer: We might at first conclude that the inhabitants of Mars, if such there be, would witness the extraordinary sight of two brilliant moons passing each other in the heavens above them, but a little further reflection will show that to all intents and purposes Mars has but one practical moon, and that as far as light reflecting is concerned the outer one is a most useless attendant. The inner moon being fifteen miles in diameter and 3,500 miles away would subtend from the surface of Mars subtend an arc of 23m. which would give it an apparent size of about three-quarters of our moon.

Now the outer one being but eleven miles in diameter and 12,000 miles away would subtend but about 3m. of arc, and as the naked eye, that is, the human eye of this earth, can but barely see a celestial object which subtends 1m. of arc, it follows that to the inhabitants of Mars their outer satellite would appear to be a little larger than Mars does to us. We may therefore conclude that for the people of Mars there is but one practical moon, and that that one rises in the west. Again supposing that this inner moon should rise on a certain evening at six o'clock, it would set in the east 11h. 34m. and rise again in the west at 5h. 9m. the following morning,—set again at 10h. 43m. in the forenoon to rise once more at 4h. 18m. in the afternoon, and so on. Thus to the men of Mars the moon rises twice in the same night.

Let us see now how his moonlight nights would compare with ours. Supposing his moon and ours to rise at six o'clock in the evening. At six o'clock the next morning he would have had nearly twelve hours with our moon above the horizon, while the Martians would have had light from theirs but 6h. 25m.—that is, counting from six o'clock in the evening to six o'clock the next morning. But on the other hand, the Martians have their moon every night, which is a boast we on earth cannot make.

There is still another interesting phase of Mars's moon. Speeding through its orbit in 7h. 40m., each quarter will consist of but 1h. 55m.; thus as in the former case, supposing it to rise at six o'clock in the evening and at that instant of time to be full moon, at 7h. 55m. it will have reached its last quarter, at 9h. 50m. it will be new moon, and at 11h. 45m. eleven minutes after setting, it would reach the second quarter. Thus in one night the Martians will see their moon passing through all the phases, which with us and our moon require more than 27 days.

WHO HATH WISDOM.—He who turneth away his head when he puncheth the fire. She who putteth not on her bridal raiment until the bridegroom appeareth.

He who smiteth not a strange animal, but first informeth himself as to its nature.

He who punisheth a refractory mule at a distance with a pole.

She who does over her old bonnet when her husband stoppeth his gin.

He who subdueth his temper when the provoker of his ire is the biggest fellow.

He who pledgeth himself to abstinence when ye liquor recoileth from his stomach.

Ye young girl who persuadeth not herself that ye husband will be much kinder than ye lover.

He who putteth not up his money on a horse race, without first having an understanding with ye horse's rider.

She whose character being exceedingly shabby, doth not seek to injure her neighbors.

The old maid, who, having no one to love her, railleth not at the younger folks, nor whispereth venom against him whom she would fain have won.

And all such have wisdom.

THE WRONG COFFIN.—A married couple in Prussia provided themselves with coffins beforehand, and kept them in a stable, where they were utilized as cupboards for the reception of various kinds of food; but the final appropriation of the coffins was marked by a singular *con-tre-temps*. The man died; the widow packed the contents of both coffins into one; while the body was deposited in the other. By some mishap, the coffin full of eatables was lowered into the grave. Next day the widow, opening the lid of the (supposed) cupboard, was scared at finding the dead body of her husband. Of course the interment had to be done all over again, with an interchange of coffins.

WHAT A LEAF SAID.—I am a fading leaf, watching for the signal of my dissolution. You can think as you like about man, as he fades and falls—make the end of your life here as mournful as you please—dishonor death by evil names and images, but leave me out of your sad analogies. I protest against being one that shudders at dissolution. I might have done that in June, when my life was all to live; but in September, when I begin to loosen from the spray, the loosening seems as good as the budding.

It is a sweet mystery to be made clear, no doubt, sometime. So I shall die as I have lived, with my face to the sun and the loving heavens, and welcome the autumn frost, as I welcomed spring sunshine.

As we stand by the sea-shore and watch the rolling tides come in, we retreat, thinking we shall be overwhelmed; soon, however, they flow back. So with the waves of trouble in the world; they threaten us, but a firm resistance makes them break at our feet.

The Surviving Relation of Extinct Birds.

No remaining birds of New Zealand equal in interest the weird-like-kiwis, or Apteryx, the wingless relation of the gigantic bipeds of the past. Of the Apteryx four species are generally recognized—one, nearly extinct, in the Northern Island, and three in the Southern. The country was known many years before the kiwi was noticed by naturalists, and the first skin brought to England was exhibited at the Linnean Society in 1831, was at first believed to be an artificially formed imposture. It was not until the skin had been opened and the presence of rudimentary wings detected that the fact of so unique a form of life was recognized. The different species vary in bulk, from the size of a duck to that of a small goose. The plumage of the whole body is of the same character, and utterly different from that of other birds. Instead of springing from the skin in small tufts the feathers grow like the hair of mammals, each plume singly. They are lanceolate, and the filaments are merely disunited hairs or barbs, the shafts terminating in a soft point. The beak is very long and snipe-like, adapted for probing the soft ground for earthworms at night, when alone it ventures abroad. Perhaps no creature is more defenseless or less capable of adapting itself to any change of the condition of life. Its only strength is its legs, which it uses for burrowing with great rapidity, so that a kiwi confined in an inclosure has been known to burrow down for more than a yard into the hard ground beneath the fence, and thence up to the surface outside, and make its escape in a single night. The egg of the kiwi is larger in comparison to the parent bird than that of any other bird. The egg of a mother, weighing three pounds, will weigh fifteen and a half ounces when filled with water, and measures five inches by three. The plain grey and brown plumage of the different species, and the nocturnal habits of the whole group do not aid in making them interesting or attractive birds, for they can seldom be seen, either in nature or captivity, save coiled up in a ball among ferns or straw. But they are the last living representatives of the creatures that once were the most advanced type of life. The skeleton is yet more remarkable than the mere outward form; the ribs, only nine in number, broad and flattened like those of the tortoise; the wing-bones under the skin are two inches long; no furculum or merry thought; no flesh on the breast-bone, which is a small shield without any keel or ridge. The vertebrae of the neck strong and massive; the small head and long, feeble bill; the enormous pelvis, with the great muscular attachments, the flesh of the bird being all on its back instead of on its breast; the huge and disproportionate thigh and leg bones, all call up the idea of creatures not less unlike the ordinary bird of everyday life, than the flying reptiles of the same geological epoch.—Philadelphia Telegram.

DURING a recent thunder storm near Memphis, Tenn., a negro was severely kicked by a vicious mule, and just as he was picking himself up, a stroke of lightning hit the mule and killed him dead on the spot. "Well, dar!" exclaimed the negro, "ef dis chile hain't got powerful friends to venge is insults, dan dere's no use tryin' to hab faith in anything!"

Among the base, merit begets envy; among the noble, emulation.

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PEOPLE'S PAPER.

The Proprietors have determined, if possible, to place it in the hands of every intelligent reader on the Pacific Coast.

The exclusive advantages it has already obtained by indomitable perseverance have excited the envy of competitors and gained unbounded praise from the world at large. As an incentive to many persons who have a great deal of IDLE TIME to occupy themselves profitably, we offer the following valuable Premiums, and expect by this means to gain their energetic cooperation.

The WEEKLY CHRONICLE makes a specialty of giving complete and reliable MARKET REPORTS, and also contains a highly valuable and interesting AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.

There is no limit to the number of Prizes any one person may receive. Nothing more is required than to get up the different Clubs specified in the list, and the ENTIRE LIST OF PRIZES will be forwarded to them.

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

GOLD COIN

In Lieu of the Valuable Premiums.

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Immediately. A number of neighbors can get up a Club amongst themselves; each one will get the paper and they can draw lots as to who will have the premium.

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The wonderful and liberal list of Premiums we offer. You will find articles both USEFUL, BEAUTIFUL AND DESIRABLE to everybody, and they cost nothing but a little of your idle time in doing a service to your neighbors by procuring them a first-class Family Newspaper and valuable premium for yourself.

FOR EXAMPLE.—Suppose, in looking over our list, you should desire a Centennial Seven-shot Revolver, a Lady's Riding Whip or a Silvered Wire Breakfast Caster, or something else of that value, all you have to do is to forward the names of yourself and two others, and the desired article will be given free.

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Subscribers for the WEEKLY CHRONICLE at \$2 25 per year (including postage), will receive any one of the following premiums, the selection left to the winner:

A Premium of \$1 50 in Coin.

A Centennial seven-shot Revolver, blued steel, 22 bore. Valued at \$4.

A Lady's Riding Whip, nickel-plated. Valued at \$2 50.

A choice of any one of the following standard authors' books, elegantly bound in cloth, illustrated covers, 16mo: Byron, Burns, Goldsmith, Shakespeare, Moore, Cowper, and the British Dramatists. Valued at \$2.

A Base Ball Club Outfit of two Bats and a Regulation Ball. Valued at \$2 75.

A Gold Pen, Pearl Holder. Valued at \$2 50.

A Silver Wired Breakfast Caster, three Crystal Bottles; very neat and pretty. Valued at \$2 50.

A Four-bladed I X L Pocket Knife. Valued at \$2 50.

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A Base Ball Club Outfit of two Bats and a Regulation Ball. Valued at \$2 75.

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A Silver Wired Breakfast Caster, three Crystal Bottles; very neat and pretty. Valued at \$2 50.

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Consultations at the Institute or by letter free. Medicines sent by express. Address, L. J. CZAPKAY, M. D., 209 Kearny Street San Francisco.

ENCOURAGEMENT OF AMERICAN AUTHORSHIP.

Notwithstanding the tremendous advances made in this country in everything connected with the development of the newspaper press, it is painfully evident that in some branches of literature, encouragement and progress have not kept pace with the progression of other nations. We believe that American genius and industry are fully capable of rivaling the very best products in every field of intellectual labor, if the incentives to exertion are here made as powerful as those which foster the famous literary works of other countries; that the aggregate of native talent at least equals that of any other land, and that, if our products in any one department are inferior, it is because accidental drawbacks have prevented the liberal extension of the kind and degree of encouragement necessary to produce the best results.

Effective literary labor, of all descriptions, is, to a great extent, as much a matter of business as mercantile or mechanical pursuits, the conducting of an intricate and protracted lawsuit, or the successful prosecution of surgery. The desire or ability to directly or indirectly benefit mankind forms an essential element of every creditable industry, whether the labors by which it is prosecuted are mainly physical or intellectual; but this fact does not destroy the necessity of offering a sure and attractive pecuniary incentive for every act or work considered useful for the promotion of the general welfare in an age and country so practical to the United States of 1878. There is, perhaps, nothing more essential than the cultivation of wheat, but there would be a sorry prospect of abundant crops if farmers were never encouraged by the hope of realizing a fair reward for sowing, reaping, harvesting, and threshing their golden sheaves.

It would scarcely be necessary to repeat these obvious truisms if the impression had not been widely disseminated that great authorship stands apart from all other achievements as a thing that can be hoped for and anticipated in the absence of the pecuniary inducements which are universally regarded as necessary to ensure all other manifestations of human energy and talent. There are people who seem to expect that, while a fair—if not a liberal—money reward is needed to call forth the exertions of the laborers engaged in every ordinary trade, vocation, profession, and pursuit, authorship will bloom in the arid deserts of poverty, and genius gleam like a glow-worm in cheerless garrets. But the utter falsity of this idea is disproved by the literary history of past ages and the present time.

The capacity to perform great literary labor has often been manifested in the absence of a direct pecuniary reward. For some of the great literary works that have delighted and benefited mankind, the authors received but a miserable money return, or no pecuniary recompense whatever; but while these circumstances have tended to develop and strengthen the false opinion we are endeavoring to combat, they do not furnish the slightest excuse for the continued maintenance of an error that has already wrought great injury to this country. The talent to become a physician, or a lawyer, or a statesman, or an inventor, or a good farmer, or a successful mechanic, is often displayed by young tyros before they earn a fee or a week's wages; but who does not know that it would be downright folly to expect steady and useful labors from men who have shown capacity for either of these pursuits, if they were doomed to hopeless poverty as an inevitable penalty of an attempt to follow the natural bent of their genius?

Already, in the United States, a number of branches of literature have been well established; but they are mainly those which have held out strong or attractive hopes of remuneration. Newspaper writing and publishing have sustained an immense amount of talent and energy, and various causes have combined to assure a comparatively liberal and certain support for educational, theological, medical, and legal literature. As a result, the advances attained in these fields at least equal, if they do not surpass, those of any other country. We have, too, a number of novelists, poets, historians, dramatists, biographers, and writers of books of travel, who, in spite of unfavorable circumstances, and in

defiance of ruinous foreign competition, have achieved fame and obtained tolerably fair pecuniary compensation for their labors, but the aggregate amount of popular general amount of literature of the higher grades has fallen far below what it should be or would be if the laws and customs of the country properly fostered the talents by which such works are produced.

The mere pecuniary interest of the comparatively small number of men and women who might, under favorable circumstances, win reputations as poets, novelists, historians, and biographers, is a matter of very small consequence, when compared with the great national ends that would be served and promoted by the development of a copious and elevated literature specially adapted to the wants and condition of this great Republic. It matters little to the man who might be a great poet, a great novelist, a great historian, or a great writer on scientific subjects, that the fear of starvation forces him to turn his talents and energies in other directions,—to add to the innumerable army of place-hunters, become a hack-writer, or to win bread by steady toil in any of the ordinary professions or mechanical pursuits. The thing most worthy of serious consideration is not the fate or fortune of the possible author, but the intellectual interests of the people.

COMMUNICATED.

For the ARGUS.

MR. EDITOR:—With reference to Mr. Cook's argument, I am surprised that you published my remarks at all; for it is so contrary to the general rule with editors to publish both sides of an argument; and your example in this instance is really refreshing.

You mistake in thinking my ideas are from Paine or Volney, for they believed directly the opposite. I do not claim the proposition that time, space and matter, are without beginning or end to be a logically established truth, but simply a self-evident one. We cannot possibly conceive of a time in the past when there was no time or space; or of a time in the future when either will cease.

Matter is something. Something cannot be made from nothing; hence from our natural and intuitive perceptions we see that matter never had a beginning, and can never have an end.

"Nothing, considered in the light of raw material, is about played out."

You ask "what constitutes a deep human instinct?" I know of none deeper than our natural and intuitive mental perceptions. You mistake in making me say "this world is an independent existence, because it is matter." I speak of matter in the aggregate as an independent existence. This world of matter, as relative to the aggregate, amounts hardly to a speck, and is whirled around in its place in the great chemical commotion of the universe, in accordance with the eternal law of cause and effect. Law is necessarily inherent to matter, for nothing can exist without a mode of existence and that is the law, which as much belongs to it, as belongs to the law; they are inseparable, co-extensive, and co-eternal.

I do not say that "matter cannot constitute a personality," but that matter in the aggregate does not constitute a personality; for if it does, then each of us is a part of that personality; which is absurd, for one independent personality cannot be made up of billions of dependent personalities.

The will is a SUBJECT of government and is always governed by the stronger motive.

A badly constituted individual—a victim of bad parental conditions—may will to do bad acts which you under the same surroundings, could not will to do; and the difference between you is simply a matter of heritage.

Oak Harbor Jan. 13, 1878.

COMPARATIVE.

The following, from an English paper, shows to some extent the estimation placed upon our lands by European writers. Possibly Lord Dufferin referred to the Pacific Coast as well as Canada:

Lord Dufferin has been visiting the outposts of British domain in the New World. He has passed through regions which would startle our mere stay at home folk, and yet he finds that there is British territory fertile and promising in every respect that only waits for men to cultivate it. It does not quite realize Douglas Jerrold's description; tickle the land with a fork and it will smile a harvest. A man who goes out there must be prepared first to submit himself to a course of hard work, to look upon severe obstacles as mere matters of course, and consent to drudgery to which he would never consent at home. But no man is worth his salt unless he is prepared to "rough it" for a purpose. To own land in Canada, with fair prospects of farming paying there, is far better than to rent land in England with the almost certainty of failure. We have lately had occasion to discuss questions of immigration and we find that our great shipowners, while admitting that the flow of people to the American continent will be checked as to numbers, believe that in the next year or two they will have to carry passengers of a better class; men who, with a small capital find that farming, a pursuit to which they are devoted, only means ruin here. There it means property and chances of advancement. Landowners

have had better mind what they are about. After, say three seasons of bad weather, farmers may well be discontented with their lot, and look to landowners for an alleviation of it. And the landowners had better be beforehand in sympathy and practical help for a class which has lately suffered very severely.

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SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

Steamship **City of Panama**, 2100 Tons. H. G. MOISE, COMMANDER. WILL LEAVE ON THE DATES HERE AFTER MENTIONED:

SAN FRANCISCO.	PT. TOWNSEND.	VICTORIA.
Aug. 30	Aug. 8	Aug. 18
Sept. 10	Aug. 28	Aug. 30
Sept. 20	Sept. 18	Sept. 19
Oct. 20	Oct. 8	Oct. 10
	Oct. 28	Oct. 29

Steamship City of Panama,

1500 tons. W. B. SEABURY, COMMANDER

WILL LEAVE ON THE FOLLOWING

SAN FRANCISCO.	PT. TOWNSEND.	VICTORIA.
Aug. 10	On arrival.	Aug. 20
Aug. 30	" "	Sept. 10
Sept. 20	" "	Sept. 30
Oct. 10	" "	Oct. 20

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

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

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

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Seattle Beer, and

Levy Bro's Soda Water and Root Beer.

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

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

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

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Patent Medicines of all kinds.

GLASS,

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A Large Assortment.

SOAPS,

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And all Articles used for the Toilet,

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AND

Vegetables.

Also, Corned Beef and Pork, Sm-

Ments, Pork and Bologna Sausages,

Head Cheese, Tripe, &c., &c.

L. SMITH & C. BICKLEY,

Dissolution of Partnership

THE undersigned, late partners of

firm of McNaught & Haller, hereby

notice that they have on this, the

1st of January, 1878, dissolved said

partnership, by mutual consent.

JAMES McNAUGHT

G. MORRIS HALL