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OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 25, 1878.
 The Conkling-Mines sensation, which the other day absorbed the attention of everybody, yielded the place it temporarily held to its successor, the alleged confession of McLin and Dennis, save with the comparatively few personally implicated in the Herald's startling publication. The fact that McLin has made some such statement as is attributed to him and that Dennis has hinted at frauds in the interests of both sides in the late Presidential vote in Florida, is generally admitted. McLin appears from latest reports to have made more than one, all to the same general purport of discrediting the decision of the Florida Returning Board in favor of Mr. Hayes. Mr. Blair appeared about the only prominent politician here who ascribed the so-called confession to the pricks of conscience, and was confident that it was another broad stride towards seating Mr. Tilden in the chair now occupied by Mr. Hayes. Stripped of all the verbiage surrounding it, the confession seems to have been engineered and to have come from three disappointed aspirants for office. As the distribution of office has been generally conducted heretofore the charge that they have been ungratefully treated and their services ignored, seems well founded. The general opinion among Congressmen—Democrats and Republicans—so far as any has been expressed, is that the "confession" even if it clearly established fraud, is wholly irrelevant so far as the title derived from the Electoral Commission is concerned. But it is believed, all the papers, will ultimately go into the custody of the Judiciary House Committee; and they may considerably influence the final disposition of Mr. Blair's "quo warranto" scheme. It is believed by not a few that this latest is the second step of the series to be taken by Mr. Tilden looking to his ultimate occupation of the White House, Blair's being the initiatory. According to these Mr. Hayes is to be ousted if possible. Otherwise public sentiment is to be so moulded that it will demand the nomination of Mr. Tilden as the martyr candidate in 1880 by the Democratic National Convention; and he is credited with being the chief engineer in charge.

It will gladden the hearts of many who have viewed the growing power of monopolies with distrust and of many others who have experienced something of their oppressions, to learn of the almost unanimous passage of the Pacific Railroad bill by the House, only two dissenters going on record. But any tendencies on the part of the public to self-felicitation over this seeming growth of virtue in the popular branch of Congress will likely be dismissed when they read that the annual grab made under cover of a bill nominally for the improvement of rivers and harbors, was forced through the House without opportunity for debate, by a vote of 165 to 65, \$7,500,000 to be taken at one grab for distribution to the constituents of members seeking a re-election. It is self-evident that many of these gentlemen dare not go before their people on their record. Hence the National Treasury is to be depleted to restore their popularity. I dare assert that a careful inspection of the statistics of the commerce and trade of many of these inland water courses, will fully justify the storm of indignation aroused by this palpable steal.

A good portion of the time of the House yesterday was devoted to the repeal of the Bankrupt Act, and after the adoption of Mr. Knait's amendment, explicitly repealing the act of 1874 and section 61 of the Revised Statutes, the absolute repeal of the law of 1867 and all supplementary acts was effected by a vote of 205 to 39. The adoption of the amendments of course carries the bill back to the Senate.

It is to be hoped the startling intelligence reaching us from time to time by the progress made by communism in California towards complete supremacy, and of the alarming proportions agrarianism is assuming in cities nearer home will have the effect to arouse our rulers to a sense of the danger threatening every community in the country. The devastation and ruin wrought in two short weeks last summer by this lawless spirit, inflamed by the cunning appeals of wicked demagogues and made desperate by the destitution everywhere prevalent, ought to warn us what might be effected through thorough organization and concerted action. And it ought not for a single moment to be forgotten what a terrible element we are not only tolerating but are encouraging to cut our throats, in the armies of tramps overrunning the country in every direction from Maine to Texas and from the Atlantic to the Pacific seaboard. We have given them every opportunity to mature their plans in concert with the vicious classes in our large towns; and they appear only waiting for a few ruffianly lead-

ers of the Kearney type to inaugurate a contest in comparison with which that of last summer would appear like child's play. KNOX.

A New York dispatch of May 13th says: The new steamer State of California will be launched at Philadelphia on Thursday next. Preparations are being made for the event. It is understood that she will be one of the finest vessels ever built in American waters. A private dispatch from San Francisco to-day advises that for the present no more freight be engaged for that vessel. Considerable has already been engaged. It is rumored that she has been chartered or purchased by Russian agents at a round sum.

Catherine E. Beecher, sister of Henry Ward Beecher, died at Elmira, N. Y., May 12th.

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

CECELIA BOUCHE, Plaintiff,
 vs.
GEORGE W. BOUCHE, 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, and San Juan, and complaint filed in the Clerk's office of said District Court.

To George W. Bouche,
 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 in the District Court of the Third Judicial District of the Territory of Washington, holding terms at Port Townsend, in Jefferson County, for the counties of Jefferson, Clallam, Island and San Juan in said Territory, and to answer the complaint filed therein within sixty days (exclusive of the day of service) after the date of this summons, or judgment by default will be taken against you according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of said court for ever dissolving the bonds of matrimony between plaintiff and defendant upon the grounds of abandonment for more than one year, cruel treatment, habitual drunkenness and neglect, and refusal on the part of defendant to make suitable provisions for his wife—said plaintiff and family. Also for a decree giving plaintiff the care and custody of their children, and all common property, and you are hereby notified, that if you fail to appear and answer said complaint as above required, the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief therein sought.

Witness the Hon. J. R. LEWIS, Judge of said District Court, and the seal of said Court, this 16th day of April, A. D. 1878.
 JAMES SEAVEY, Clerk.
 D. W. Smith, Att'y for plaintiff

To ship Masters.

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Oh Think Not So.

Oh think not so, because I sing,
That all my songs are gay,
For hidden clouds within my heart
Brood many a weedy day;
And memory ever seems to bring
The saddest songs she loves to sing.

Oh think not so because my smile
Seems ever bright, you say,
That no fond treasures deep within
Are fondly hid away—
For smiles and tears oft closely blend
And hope her rainbows seldom lend.

Oh think not so, because my heart
Seems patient as the dove,
That there are no sad yearnings
For sympathy and love,
For one to feel my soul's great aim
And help from dawn to daylight gain.

Oh think not so, because I bow
Submissive when I pray,
That I'm not waiting, longing,
For a future brighter day;
Till then I try to weave my life
As full of smiles, least tears and strife.

Mrs. A. H. ADAMS.

Heaven's Whispers.

Lying upon such a bed as only the starving poor ever know of—in such a bleak, gloomy and ghostly room as the poorest of God's children inhabit, a girl of ten looked out through the cracked and dirty panes at the great white moon rising up from its bed so far towards eternity that man has never discovered its location.

Was she ten or thirty? One could hardly have told in the dusky room, lighted only by the rays of the moon—by heaven's own lamp. The fingers were so thin and long that you would have shuddered. The face was so wan and pale that your thoughts would have gone back to some dark evening when you tremblingly skirted a grave-yard and caught sight of a head-stone standing out alone in the gloom of night. And such eyes! Great round eyes, which glistened and sparkled as eyes never do till heaven's gate has opened just enough to let the living catch a glimpse of such joys as man cannot even dream of unless the angel of death whispers in his ear.

Like a great ship suddenly rising out of the fogs of the ocean came the moon. It brushed away the dust and cobwebs and crept through the window, every beam and ray and silvery streak seeming to be burnished the brighter in the struggle. A haggard and despairing mother was on the street, begging for bread. The fire in the old stove slumbered. If a cricket nestled in the old house, it was in some warmer corner—in some of the gloomy rooms where it now and then caught the laugh of a child or a cheery cry from the street. It was very still.

"It is cold in here," whispered the moon, as its beams danced over the ragged old quilt which covered the girl.

"We have not had a warm fire for days and days—we are very poor!" replied the child, as she put out her hand to catch and detain one of the shivering rays.

"There is nothing in the old cupboard—nothing but a few old dishes!" whispered the moon, as it rose a little higher and looked in at another pane.

"Mother was sick yesterday and could not go out," explained the child. "I have been ill for weeks and weeks, and we have come to be very poor."

"No fire—no food—no medicine—no light—no furniture but an old chair or two and a table—it is terrible!" whispered the moon. "I have only been up an hour, and yet I can see into hundreds of rooms in this great town—see warm rooms, tables spread with good things—fires burning cheerfully and people smiling and happy. Who comes to see you?"

"No one!" sighed the child. "It is weeks since I saw any face but mother's."

A cloud crept between the old window and the bright moon, shutting out all its light. It sailed slowly on and on, and after a time all the glory came back to the panes, and the moon said:

"I counted thousands of Christian men and women. They are seated in warm rooms, or are on the street in costly clothing. They look happy and contented. They have plenty to eat and wear. Some have given to something or other called charity—something where one person contributes a loaf of bread, and it goes through three or four hands and reaches no one in particular. Some have given to some foreign mission, as they call it. I don't exactly know what it is, but it's something to buy Bibles for people who cannot read, while you and scores of other intelligent and God-knowing and God-fearing children are dying of hunger in the shadow of a grand church spire. And none of these people have brought you food or fuel!"

"None!" slowly answered the child. "And you are cold?"

"We have only this old quilt."

"Child!" whispered the moon, as it flung more rays of silver over the pale face, "you are dying! Food and medicine and care would have saved you. There was no one in such a city as this—no one in the tens of thousands who have plenty and to spare, who would step aside to enter this door and give charity to the deserving and suffering! Has a clergyman been here to pray with you?"

"No," softly whispered the child.

"But they pray with men who are to be hanged—they sail across the ocean to pray to heathens—they enter mansions and kneel and pray for those whose earnings alone cost enough money to give you food for years!"

There was silence. The girl looked at the moon in a dreamy way with her great round eyes, and the moon grew to be a ball of silver as it asked:

"Do you ever dream of heaven?"

"Every night—every time I sleep!" answered the girl, while a soft smile crossed her face.

"And your mother?"

"She kneels here every night and thanks God that we are not worse off than we are!"

"Hark, now!" whispered the moon, "do you hear anything?"

"I—I hear—I hear—why, it is music!" she answered, lifting her head to catch the strains.

"Is it sweet music?"

"It is blessed—it is grand!" she gasped. "And now tell me what you see!" whispered the moon.

"Gates—gates of gold—a light grander than all the sunshine in the world—people—no, angels—it must be heaven!"

"It is!" solemnly answered the moon. In the darkness a hand pushed open the door—feet echoed in the bare room, and a haggard, pale-faced woman bent over the bed and said:

"Awake, my child—I have some bread for us! Were you afraid in the darkness?"

The moon had gone. It was only when the mother's hand touched the icy cheek that she sank down and gasped:

"God forgive me my poverty, and God bless those whose table-crumbs would have saved my child to me!"

The window was dark. She did not know that the moon had looked in there, whispered soft words to the dying child, and that the gates of heaven were opened for the pure, sweet soul. She saw only the gloom and the darkness, and she cried out at the white face on the pillow:

"Did you think of me—did you call my name—when death came?" And, oh! Lord, may I not soon follow!—*M. Quad, of the Detroit Free Press.*

The Great American Basso.

Myron W. Whitney, who is to be one of the singers at the coming San Francisco Festival, was born in Ashby, Mass., Sept. 5, 1836. About the year 1854 he went to Boston, Mass., and shortly after placed himself under the training of E. H. Frost, a teacher of considerable ability.

He remained with this gentleman for some years, constantly studying, and making rapid progress. While pursuing his studies, he filled the position of leading basso in the then celebrated choir of Tremont Temple, which, under the leadership of Mr. Frost, enjoyed a reputation not confined to Boston alone, as it had become one of the features of the city, and attracted a large congregation to the Temple. The first appearance of Mr. Whitney in oratorio was during a performance of the "Messiah," by "Frost's Tremont Temple Choir," on Christmas, 1858. Mr. Whitney sang "Why do the nations" so effectively as to win for himself the commendation of the press of the city, although at the same time the Handel and Haydn society were presenting such artists as Wetherbee and others in the same role. The writer of this well remembers the glorious manner in which the great basso of to-day, then but a smooth, fresh-faced boy, rendered this arduous creation of Handel. His position was established from that time, and needed no prophet to foretell it.

His first appearance before the Handel and Haydn society was at the Christmas oratorio of the Messiah in 1861, when he secured the favor of the society and its patrons so fully, that he has ever since been retained for the annual Christmas concert. In fact, he is so indispensable an item in this annual oratorio that his absence would be regarded as a disastrous element.

In 1868 Mr. Whitney went to Florence for the purpose of placing himself under the teaching of the great Vannucini, the celebrated master of the Royal Opera.

In the summer of 1871, Mr. Whitney went to London and was absent about one year. During a greater portion of this time he was under an engagement to Mr. Mapleson of Covent Garden Theatre, under whose auspices he appeared in London and the provinces. The engagement opened with a season of seven weeks at Covent Garden, during which he appeared every evening.

At the close of this engagement, Mr. Whitney had the honor of singing in "Elijah" at the great Birmingham Festival. Several of the eldest of the choristers, who had assisted in the first performance under Mendelssohn, came forward at the close of the oratorio and congratulated Mr. Whitney upon his eminent success in the role of "Elijah." The distinguished basso relates this incident with great interest, and dwells upon it with pardonable pride. During this festival the following great works were also produced, viz: Spohr's "Last Judgment," Handel's "Messiah," one of Haydn's Masses, and other equally excellent works.

At the Cincinnati Musical Festival of 1873, Mr. Whitney's already glorious reputation may be said to have culminated, and at its close he stood before our entire people hailed and acknowledged as the greatest living basso speaking and singing in English. This popular verdict has since been affirmed and re-affirmed, and is entirely just and well-deserved. He was warmly greeted on his recent brief visit to our coast, and will be welcomed on his return by all who have had the pleasure of hearing and knowing him.

Navigation in the Air.

Mr. C. F. Ritchel, of Corry, has been perfecting a flying-machine on a new plan in the Riverside Hotel, East Bridgeport; the machine stands in the hall nearly completed. It consists of a black silk cylinder twenty-four feet long and twelve feet in diameter, holding 3,000 feet of gas, and a car suspended from the silk cylinder by cords and rods. This car is of slender brass rods, and extends the whole length of the cylinder, tapering to a point at each end. In the center is a platform, upon which the occupant sits. In front of the seat are two cranks attached to a wheel, which in turn is connected with an upright shaft, at the lower end of which is a fan similar to the screw of a propeller. This fan is about level with the bottom of the platform, and is made of thin brass plates. At the front end of the long car is another brass fan, which is so constructed that it can be turned in any direction by the feet of the occupant of the car, while the center fan is at the same time worked by his hands.

A man of ordinary strength can revolve the handles at the rate of 100 a minute, which gives the fan 3,500 revolutions. The silk cylinder, filled with hydrogen gas, which is the lightest that can be used, to sustain all but a fraction of the weight to be carried, and the central fan is expected to lift the rest by a pressure upon the air similar to that which a propeller wheel has upon the water.

The air being much less dense, the fan or aerial screw is given a rapidity of motion sufficient to partially overcome this difference. By reversing the motion of the fan the power is so exerted as to raise or lower the machine at will. The fan at the end of the framework is also revolved with great rapidity by foot power, and can be turned straight ahead or on either side, working on a plan similar to that of the Fowler steering propeller.

By the use of the fan the machine can be steered like a ship, and the inventor expects that aerial navigation will be accomplished in the same manner that the ocean is traversed by ships, the gas-filled cylinder serving the purpose of a sail, and the fans guiding the machine through the air.

Mr. P. T. Barnum, who is interested in the invention, was present at yesterday's test. There was a flaw in the steering apparatus, by which the fan was caught and broken; nevertheless the machine raised as high as the ceiling, and was lowered at the will of the operator.

We are informed that the machine was tested a day or two ago in the presence of an expert from New York, and that it worked perfectly, sailing about the room, and all the time under the perfect control of the operator. Mr. Ritchel has been working upon the invention since 1871, and is confident he has found the much-sought-for principle to be safely applied in aerial navigation.

He has applied for a patent in the United States, Canada, Great Britain, and France. He expects that a larger machine, capable of carrying several men, would work even more successfully than the small one now being tested, as more power could be employed, and he even has hopes of a still larger one, in which the motive power will be furnished by a small engine.

He informs us that the model of his invention has been shown to the editor of the *Scientific American*, who said he believed it might be made so successful that a trip could be taken to the North Pole in it. Mr. Ritchel is a very intelligent-looking gentleman, apparently about thirty-five years of age. He claims that all other inventors have failed with their flying-machines because they have trusted entirely to the lifting capacity of the balloon appendage, rising by throwing out ballast and falling by letting out gas. Another defect has been the placing of the steering apparatus in the center, where only a comparatively small amount of power could be exercised.—*Bridgeport Standard.*

LAW AGAINST FLIRTING.—Burke, in his *History of Virginia*, says: "I find that the Governor was obliged soon after to issue a proclamation forbidding women to contract themselves to two several men at one time. For women being very scarce and much in request, this offense was become very common; whereby great disquiet arose between parties and no small trouble to the Government. It was therefore ordered: That every minister should give notice in his church that what woman soever should use any word or speech tending to a contract of marriage to several persons at one time, although not precise and legal, yet so as might entangle or breed scruple in their consciences, should, for such offense, either undergo corporal correction or be punished by fine or otherwise, according to the quality of the person so offended."

Although the supply of women is not so limited as it was when this law was in force, we have no doubt there are many young fellows in Farnville who would like to see it reenacted.—*Farnville (Va.) Mercury.*

THE newsboy polishes everything but himself, yet his ready answers cover a multitude of faults. Two newsboys came to the counter. One of them put down ten cents and called for three papers. The other scoffed immediately, and remarked that he would be ashamed to buy only ten cents worth of papers. After thus speaking, he magnificently put down twenty cents, and demanded papers for the whole amount. "Why," said the clerk, "you needn't talk; you are buying only twenty cents worth; that is scarcely more than ten cents." "It isn't, hey?" retorted the twenty-cent boy, "it's a hundred per cent. more!" The clerk said not another word.

Circumstantial Evidence --- Curious Cases.

The old controversy which has so long agitated the public mind, whether direct or circumstantial evidence may be more safely be depended on, still continues. Elementary writers and jurists maintain that in both civil and criminal cases, circumstances alone often lead to a conclusion far more satisfactory than direct evidence can produce. But laymen do not very generally concur in this view. Especially do they doubt whether it is ever justifiable to take human life on evidence which is all circumstantial, and at this very time a great effort is being made to secure the commutation of a sentence of death soon to be executed on a prisoner in this State, the sole ground of the movement being that the conviction was based entirely upon circumstances, without any direct proof.

Slight circumstances, put together, sometimes seal a suspected person's doom. On a recent criminal trial where the defendant was convicted and sentenced to fifteen months' imprisonment, a principal point in the circumstantial evidence against him was that the footmarks in the mud about the place where the offense was committed exactly corresponded with the nails in his shoes, from which there was one nail missing.

In a case of arson in Massachusetts the perpetrator of the crime was detected in a very singular manner. He hired a horse and wagon, and drove a distance of fourteen miles, on a rainy night, to set fire to the house of an old couple who had some time previously refused him their daughter in marriage. In the night the weather cleared off cold, and the mud froze stiff, so that the tracks of the horse could be very distinctly traced in the morning.

It happened that the animal, in consequence of a cracked hoof, had been shod in a peculiar way on one foot; one of the corks was turned lengthwise, instead of being made in the usual manner, at right angles with the heel of the shoe. This peculiarity led to the conviction of the prisoner. He was sentenced to be hanged, but the punishment was afterwards commuted to imprisonment for life.

In another case a murderer who shot his victim was detected by finding that an unconsumed paper wad from the gun with which the shooting was done, supplied a missing piece of a newspaper in the prisoner's possession. By such circumstances, trivial in themselves, great crimes are often proven.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

A Sad Ending.

For years Beau Brummel was the leader of London fashionable society; but his spendthrift habits brought him to poverty, and his last days are thus described by a writer in *Chambers' Journal*:

A poor neglected imbecile is living in squalid lodgings at Calais. It is scarcely possible to recognize in this unhappy being the once gay and elegant Beau Brummel, the glass of fashion and mould of form to the men and women of his generation, whom he ruled with the despotism of an autocrat. Yet this is the poor Beau and no other.

He is holding a phantom reception. Having desired his attendant to arrange his apartment, set out the whist tables and light the candle,—alas! only tallow,—he is ready at eight o'clock to receive the guests which the servant, previously instructed, now announces.

First comes the Duchess of Devonshire. On hearing her name, the Beau leaves his chair, and with the courtliest bow, the only reminiscence of his departed glory, he advances to the door and greets the phantom duchess with all the honor that he would have given the beautiful Georgiana.

He takes her hand and leads her to a seat, saying, as he does so, "Ah, my dear duchess, how rejoiced I am to see you! So very amiable of you to come at this short notice. Pray bury yourself in this arm-chair. Do you know it was the gift to me of the Duchess of York, who was a very kind friend of mine?—but, poor thing, you know she is no more!"

At this point tears of idiocy would fall from his eyes, and he would sink into the arm-chair himself, awaiting the arrival of other guests, who, being duly announced, were similarly greeted.

With these ghosts of the past he would spend the evening until ten o'clock, when the servant, telling each guest that his or her carriage was waiting, would carry his poor old master off to bed. We cannot wish him good-night without the payment of a sigh for the pantomime he has acted, and the sad lesson it conveys.

PARSON L— extended the box to Bill, and he slowly shook his head. "Come, William, give something," said the parson. "Can't do it," said Bill. "Why not? Is not the cause a good one?" asked he. "Yes, good enough; but I am not able to give anything," answered Bill. "Pooh, pooh! I know better: you must give me a better reason than that." "Well, I owe too much money; I must be just before I am generous, you know." "But, William, you owe Heaven a larger debt than you owe any one else." "That's true, parson, but Heaven ain't pushing me like the rest of my creditors." The argument was conclusive.

ILLINOIS and Iowa folks sell out, rush to Texas, find that they have got to work there as well as elsewhere, and return home and declare that Texas is a fraud. If there is any Heaven on this earth we know of a man who wants to pay cash for it.

GREECE is said to be second to England only, in Eastern waters, as a naval power.

Burlington Hawkeyetems.

Drunk every day—for a fact.

HARPER'S *Bazaar*, supreme authority, says, speaking of spring fashions, "Everything is beaded." Even the champagne.

WHEN he gets through with the church debts Kimball is going to try to raise the eight cents discount on the silver dollar.

A KANSAS school committee promptly rejected an applicant for a teacher's position because he spelled bumble bee with an "h."

WHAT is all this complaint about hard times, anyhow? Here are women in Hartford earning twelve cents a day making corsets.

MARTIN TUPPER claims that he is the author of that wonderful ballad, "Old Dan Tucker." Wait till Dr. Holland hears of this.

EMIL HONITILLION, a Texas lawyer, is to be hanged for just shooting another lawyer. They will hang a man for almost anything in Texas.

A TEMPERANCE paper is named the *Royal Road*. Uninspiring EX: change your name; don't you know there is no royal road to greatness?

VAIN man, if you want your smoking tobacco, and can't find it, look for it in your wife's fur box. It is coming time to put such things away.

THE salary of the lightest Congressman in the House, if paid him in the silver dollar he voted for, would weigh more than Senator Davis. "Soc et tuum."

THE recent Sioux war cost the government \$2,312,500. And yet we suppose if you should put the whole Sioux nation up at auction, it wouldn't bring \$115.

"IN its great battle for freedom," says Robert Toombs, "the South lost all but honor." Since which dismal time, the South has carried all its baggage, including salvage, in a collar box.

ST. VALENTINE'S day has gone saddy out of fashion since the new race of "sweet" evangelists sprung up. There is a sentimental piety, brethren, that wastes a blamed sight more postage stamps than it saves souls.

"WHAT is a carnivorous animal?" Professor Miller asked the boy with seven warts on one hand and a sprained thumb on the other. This boy, who stood near the head of the class, when it formed "left in front," and who had played hooky the day before, paused, stood on one foot, looked up at the ceiling, glanced anxiously at the professor, and said in a tone that indicated some doubt on the matter, "A carnivorous animal is one that eats mardi grass." Then the school went into a short executive session, and the professor passed the rattan bill over the boy's veto. Several times.

"THE mule," remarked the livery stable man, as they passed the stall where the sleeping animal was leaning up against the partition, dreaming of an Eden wherein there was but one mule and a thousand timid men, "this mule is a kicker." "This one?" innocently inquired the young man, laying his hand on the mule's bustle to be sure that the proper animal was indicated, "This—"

The livery man said he didn't mind the loss of the money (as the young man did not take out the fancy rig he was going to look at) for he could more than make that up on the horse and carriages as soon as the remains came down; but what he hated about it was having the roof of the stable mused up so where the young man went through.

A WITNESS'S PROMPT-BOOK.—An Englishman who recently brought suit against a railway corporation for damages caused by an accident on the line, not only went into the witness-box well crammed, but even took his note-book with him. He referred to it so often that Sergeant Ballantine took it out of his hands, and himself introduced it in evidence while cross-examining the witness. The book contained a written account of the accident in the form of an address to the jury, interspersed with remarks, such as "Take it easy," "Don't get flurried," "Take care." These, the plaintiff candidly admitted, were to act as warnings to him in giving his evidence. Sergeant Ballantine then questioned him as to the meaning of the figures, 1, 2, 3, which occurred from time to time in the note-book, and it appeared that these were intended as reminders to the witness to count three before answering any question put to him. The entry "Never mind him," referred to the learned sergeant himself. The success of this thoughtful gentleman—he won the suit and obtained \$1,250 damages—may encourage American witnesses to adopt a similar system of notes and checks for use in the box.

STUFFED ONIONS.—Wash and skin very large onions; lay them in cold water an hour; then parboil in salted boiling water half an hour; drain, and while hot extract the hearts, taking care not to break the outer layers; chop the hearts very fine, with a little salt pork, or bacon, bread-crumbs, pepper, salt, mace, and set with a spoonful of cream; bind with a well-beaten egg and work into a smooth paste; stuff the onions with this; put into a dripping-pan with a little hot water, and bake until the onions are very tender, meantime basting often with melted butter. When done, take the onions up carefully in a vegetable dish; add to the gravy in the dripping-pan the juice of half a lemon, four table-spoonsful of milk, and a little browned flour made smooth in cold milk; boil up once and pour over the onions. Serve very hot.

A BOSTON bachelor owns a dress-coat which he has loaned to twenty-three bridegrooms to get married in.

The Russian Palace at Constantinople.

Just now, in consequence of their hate of the English, whom the Turks accuse of having betrayed them, the Russians are so much in favor that I verily believe the whole Russian army would be welcomed in Constantinople.

Turkish Wives.

Having obtained a wife it is worth while to inquire how a Turk treats her. She has not much to complain of generally from the personal ill-treatment of her husband.

It is her duty to wait on her husband, if he is poor, at meals. Her accommodations in the house are inferior to his. In all things she is a slave.

"Only a few weeks ago," says a traveler, "I was in a steamer carrying a harem, where there were probably twenty women wives and slaves, who were shivering under a canvas, which was quite insufficient to keep out the pelting rain."

The quantity of coal raised from the mines of Great Britain reached 100,000,000 tons in a year, for the first time in 1866.

The Husband's Ceramics.

Some women are loth to credit their husbands with good intentions, or to give them the credit due their genius and enterprise. Such a woman lives hard by.

Some men would have stopped here, and waited to be patted on the back, and encouraged to go ahead. This man waited only long enough to lay in a new supply of pictures and to make some paste.

She arrived the other day. He sent her home in a carriage from the depot, and waited an hour or so before following her.

LYCHING.—The papers of interior Texas are fairly teeming with accounts of murders, and homicides have grown so common that it requires some very extraordinary circumstance or other in connection with them to awaken any sort of enthusiasm on the part of the reporters.

WHAT relation is there between brass bands and local politics?—Rochester Democrat. Why, one blows the horns while the other horns the blowers.

The German Torch-Dance.

The ancient rite with which all court weddings in Berlin are celebrated is thus described by a Berlin correspondent of the New York World.

DR. LE MOYNE, THE CREMATIONIST.—Dr. Le Moyné is now eighty-one years of age. He expects his turn will be next, and is anxious for it, but while living, walking with difficulty by the aid of two sticks, he is one of the most intelligent, gentle, generous and lovable old men I ever knew.

Nature Demands a Tonic When the nerves are unstrung, the head aches, the appetite is poor or variable, the sleep disturbed, and a general depreciation of vital power is experienced.

Little People And what they should wear has often puzzled fond mammas. For the benefit of those who do not know we will state that at Sullivan's, 120 Kearny street, they make children's dresses and cloaks a specialty and keep on hand a full assortment made of the new style of woolen materials, also of pique, organdie, swiss, cambric and calico.

WANTED.—A good Agent in every city, town and village in the United States, to take subscriptions for the COMMERCIAL ADVOCATE, the only anti-Catholic and conservative labor paper published in America.

PHYSICIANS of high standing unhesitatingly give their indorsement to the use of the Greenberg-Marschall's Catholicon for all female complaints. The weak and debilitated find wonderful relief from a constant use of this valuable remedy.

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And others, not attended with the goods and prices in the interior, would find it to their advantage to forward their orders to the old and well-known Grocery House of C. J. HAWLEY & Co., established in 1853.

MONTGOMERY'S TEMPERANCE HOTEL, 227 Second st., San Francisco. 50 Mixed Cards, with name, in case, 10c. 35 no talk, 10c. Quilt 10c. AWAY FROM FORESTVILLE, N. Y.

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INFORMATION WANTED! TWO ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, OF LARGE EXPERIENCE, one of whom has occupied the position of Judge, would like to locate in some live and growing town on the Pacific Coast, to engage in the practice of law. Information regarding different locations will be thankfully received. Address H. S. WHITE, Oklahe, Kansas.

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OFFICIAL PAPER OF JEFFERSON CO.

FRIDAY, MAY 24, 1878.

THE CRUISE OF THE WOLCOTT.

On Tuesday morning of this week the U. S. Revenue Cutter Wolcott, Capt. Selden, arrived at this place after a cruise of several weeks in Alaskan waters whither she had gone to be available in case her services were necessary.

The general verdict of those who went on this trip was: "a pleasant time, good weather, etc." They bring good news however, regarding Alaska's commercial and mining prospects for the coming year. The most of the time spent up there was at Fort Wrangel. The report brought from the mines and fisheries is especially encouraging. A new five-stamp quartz mill is expected to be taken up on the next trip of the California. It will be propelled by water, however, and a turbine wheel will be used. Mr. Healy, the discoverer of the ledge, had made good wages by simply pounding up the rock and extracting the gold in it by hand, consequently it is expected that the mill will be very profitably employed. The fishing and canning establishments are all expecting to do a large amount of work during the present summer.

The Indians of Alaska are reaping a rich harvest this spring, as the steamers were prevented from going up the Stickeen river, on account of extreme low water, until very recently. The consequence was that the miners were nearly all taken up in canoes, together with their provisions and other effects. Of course the traders are half pleased with this arrangement, because money paid to the Indians in this way is disbursed up there while that paid to steamers is nearly all brought down to Victoria. The Indians are said to be quite industrious, as a rule; and so far from being naturally hard to deal with, are anxious to have white settlers among them to assist them on the road to civilization. All that seems to be needed is law to make the lawless and vicious whites behave themselves and nothing need be feared from the Indians.

Major Wm. G. Morris, Special Agent of the U. S. Treasury Department, went on the Wolcott, to make investigations preparatory to reporting on certain important matters. He returned with the vessel also, but just what the substance of his report will be we cannot tell.

WORTH SEEING.—While in Seattle recently, we happened in at the fine clothing store of Messrs. Boyd, Poncin & Young, known as the 'Arcade.' Justice to the enterprising gentlemen composing this firm demands that their course be commended. They form one of the few firms on Puget Sound which makes a specialty in business. Their attention is devoted almost entirely in the line of dress-goods, their stock for ladies being of the largest and choicest to be obtained. They seem to be so thoroughly masters of their situation and to gauge their prices so nearly to the ability of their patrons that we take pleasure in commending their style of conducting business.

The telegraph, of the 15th inst., says that the U. S. Senate has ratified the treaty between the United States and France providing for a convention at Paris during the present summer, with a view to the adoption of a metrical system of weights and measures.

In the mind of the average Port Townsend tax-payer an anxiety prevails regarding the amount of money paid for publishing city ordinances, and republishing them when drawn up so bunglingly, by our gifted city attorney, as to require re-modelling.

We are pleased to acknowledge calls this week from Lieut. C. J. Mitchell, M. G. Marsilliot and O. P. Remick, of the engineers' force, and pilot Keene, all of the revenue cutter Wolcott.

SENSIBLE MOVE.—A petition from the citizens of California to the state Assembly and Senate has resulted in a resolution (a copy of which we have and which passed both Houses and received the approval of the Governor) asking the Secretary of the U. S. Treasury to appoint M. G. Marsilliot, 1st asst. engineer, U. S. R. M., to "collect and compile statistics, and conduct experiments," and to report all information to the Treasury and Interior departments, to the Governor of California, the State University and to the California Agricultural Society at Sacramento, with a view to publication in agricultural reports, relative to the production of sugar from beets and melons in the state of California. Mr. Marsilliot is at present doing duty on the revenue cutter Wolcott. He seems, by the showing made, to be the unanimous choice of the people of California for the position indicated above; and, in the event of his appointment will doubtless do good service.

SHIPPING.—Brig North Star, from Seattle, ship Shirley, from Tacoma, and schr Clara Light from Coos bay arrived in San Francisco on the 7th. The following is the latest we have concerning vessels from the Sound now in foreign waters: Bark Lizzie Marshall arrived at Honolulu April 19th. Bark Camden and barkentine Jos. Perkins sailed from Honolulu for Port Gamble on the 20th, and bark Jennie Pitts on the 22d. Barkentine Eureka and Discovery were loading at the same place on the 24th. Bark Sarah arrived at Iquique March 20th. Bktnes Ella and C. L. Taylor sailed from Iquique for San Francisco on the 18th of March. Ship Washington Libbey, from Callao, arrived at San Francisco May 3d. Ship Dashing Wave, from Tacoma, arrived at San Francisco May 15th.

COAST SURVEY SCHOONER.—The coast survey schooner Earnest, Captain Setourman, 181 days from Baltimore, arrived at this port last evening. The captain reports having passed through the Straits of Le Maire January 21st, but after six days of heavy gales was driven back, but made a second and successful attempt on February 1st, and from that time till reaching Valparaiso, March 14th, had heavy gales. Out of 170 days at sea the vessel encountered gales of wind 54 days, but with no accident except loss of fore gaff. The Earnest is a center-board composite schooner, drawing six feet, built by Woodall & Co., of Baltimore, and is intended for surveying in the Puget Sound district.—S. F. "Chronicle", of May 13th.

We commend to the tender mercies of Port Townsend business men, the enterprising (?) and able (?) public print which deplores the fact that capitalists are looking to Port Townsend bay as a location upon which to spend thousands of dollars. This self-styled advocate of Port Townsend's best interests wants the people to effectually prevent capitalists from locating on our beautiful bay at all, by demanding that they come to a point where it is morally certain that they never will come, on account of damaging south-east winds during half the year, and a needless expense in bringing a sufficient water supply to it as compared with that of supplying a more favored point.

THROUGH the kindness of Mr. Keene, pilot of the Wolcott, we have been provided with two neat-looking little cans. The filling in them, however, was the most interesting portion of the donation, as it consisted, in one instance, of clams, and in the other, of halibut. They were from the cannery at Clawcock, Alaska; and we must say, gave indisputable evidence of superior skill in preparation. The clams were very tender and gave out a flavor not unlike oysters. If the company can turn out as acceptable delicacies for a regular thing, it will certainly meet with success.

We received by yesterday's mail Pettingill's Newspaper Directory and advertiser's Hand Book for 1878. The book independent of advertisements, contains 332 pages, printed on tinted paper with numerous pictures of leading journalists, as Henry Watterson, Bret Harte, Geo. W. Childs, Jas. Gordon Bennett, Bayard Taylor and Mr. Pettingill himself. The work contains much that is interesting and useful.

Mr. Benedict, superintendent of the Waterpipe company, at Tumwater, died at Olympia, on Tuesday afternoon, after an illness of several weeks.

DESTRUCTIVENESS OF THE WILD PIGEON.—Having heard a great deal of the destruction of crops by wild pigeons, I thought this Spring that I would pay particular attention to them to see if reports were true. Having sown a small field of barley pretty late, I harrowed it in well and concluded it was safe, but in a few days the pigeons began to assemble and finally probably numbered fifty. I shot at them, but they being very shy, I was not successful. Just as the barley was about sprouting, a heavy fall of rain came, and the next day I managed to kill one while they were on the barley feeding. I took it home and opened it and found in its stomach 430 barley corns. I am sure there were more than fifty; but allow fifty. I multiplied 430 by fifty and found that it made 21,500. Now considering that it was early in the day, I have come to the conclusion that they are SLIGHTLY destructive, as they were still feeding eagerly when I shot at them. If any person knows of an effective method of frightening them away, I should like to hear it as shooting will not do it. A SUBSCRIBER.

A VINDICTIVE contemporary has worked itself into a rage over the discovery of a Coon which would sooner be mistaken for a fox than a skunk, even though a few belonging to the last named family would force it, if they could, to join ranks with them and assist in their offensive occupation.

Telegraphic Summary.

BUCHAREST.—The Roumanian army by orders of Prince Charles, has begun a forward movement eastward along the Carpathian mountains, and is now taking its position as follows: One division near Fergoviste; another near Pitesti; a third near Slatina, and a fourth near Craiova. A reserve division will remain with heavy artillery in Kalafat.

LONDON, May 21. In the House of Commons this afternoon, Sir John Holker, Attorney-General, in reply to an inquiry, said he had heard of ships purchased by persons said to act on behalf of the Russians, but there is no reason to suppose such ships will be employed in the event of war as privateers in contravention of the Paris declarations. There is no reason to believe the United States will depart from observance of the three rules of the Washington Treaty. There is no necessity of discussing the responsibility resting on the Governments of Russia and the United States since there is no reason to suppose they would violate their respective engagements.

WASHINGTON, May 23.—A Washington special says the President has nominated Wm. P. Chandler of Illinois, to be U. S. Surveyor-General of Idaho.

Argument was made by Ex-Gov. Safford of Arizona, before the Senate Military Affairs Committee to-day in advocacy of the bill sanctioning the construction of the bridge of the Southern Pacific Company of California across the Colorado at Fort Yuma. Delegate Stevens, Judge Osborne, and Messrs. Sanford and Power of Arizona, were also before the committee to support the representations of Safford that the people of the Territory are deeply interested in the road as the only one which has entered its borders, and strongly desired the maintenance of the railway facilities thus afforded.

U. S. Minister Seward writes of the famine in China that actual famine is pressing upon fifteen millions of people, while sixty millions are more or less distressed. Crops have been good immediately around the stickeen districts, but as food can be transported only on wagons or pack animals, it cannot be taken over in sufficient quantities to save the lives of the people. In Tientsin a house for accommodation of suffering women and children from the famine district was burned, and 150 lives lost.

ST. PETERSBURG, May 22.—While there is reason to believe the foundations of an arrangement have been laid between the Cabinets of London and St. Petersburg, the small group of personages who know what has occurred, maintain an extreme reserve, and it is extremely difficult to say how far the various rumors are to be relied on.

LONDON, May 22.—Uneasiness is felt at Vienna about the prospect of an understanding between Russia and England. This feeling is not shared by the Ministers, who are thoroughly convinced of England's good faith regarding the European settlement.

LATER.—Berlin seems to be incredulous about an amicable arrangement. A correspondent says Russia has not offered England sufficient concessions in Bulgaria; Russia, in fact, prefers to surrender her Asiatic acquisitions rather than forego her schemes in Bulgaria.

Bucharest advices say the Russians continue to move troops and guns from the Danube into Bulgaria. None are coming northward.

Administrator's Notice.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN BY the undersigned administrator of the estate of Mary Francis Hunt, deceased, to the creditors and to all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within one year after the date of this notice, to the said administrator, or to his attorney, at the office of G. Morris Haller, Esq., in the city of Port Townsend, county of Jefferson and Territory of Washington, or be forever barred.

H. E. MORGAN,
Administrator of the estate of Mary F. Hunt, deceased.
G. MORRIS HALLER, at'y for admin. 144

NOTICE

Executor's sale of Port Ludlow Mill Property, and other Real Estate.

IN the Probate Court of Jefferson County, Washington Territory.

IN the matter of the estate of ARTHUR PHINNEY, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT in pursuance of an order of the Probate Court of the County of Jefferson, Washington Territory, made the 29th day of April, A. D. 1878, in the matter of the above entitled estate, the undersigned, executors of said estate, will sell at public auction, upon the terms and conditions hereinafter stated, and subject to confirmation by said Probate Court, on

Tuesday, the 9th day of July A. D. 1878,

at TEN O'clock A. M. of that day, on the premises at the mill, at Port Ludlow, in said Jefferson County, all the right, title, interest and estate of the said Arthur Phinney, at the time of his death, and all the right, title and interest that the said estate has, by operation of law or otherwise, acquired other than, or in addition to, that of said Arthur Phinney, at the time of his death, in and to all those certain lots, pieces and parcels of land, situate, lying and being in the County of Jefferson, in said Territory of Washington, including the Port Ludlow saw-mill, buildings and improvements thereon, bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

West hf of sw qr, sw qr of nw qr, lots 2, 3 and 4, section 9, township 28, 1 east. Lots 1 and 2, section 16, township 28, 1 east. 318.75 acres.

Also the following described lands in said Jefferson county:

Lot 1 in section 3, township 27, 1 east. 20.75 acres.

Lot 1 and 2, section 10, township 28, 1 east. 85.50 acres.

Southeast qr of nw qr, section 15, township 28, 1 east. 40 acres.

Lot 4 in section 15, township 28, 1 east. 60.50 acres.

Lots 1, 2, 3 and 4, section 17, township 28, 1 east. 160.50 acres.

Lot 1 in section 26, township 28, 1 east. 30.50 acres.

Southwest qr of se qr, section 26, township 28, 1 east. 40 acres.

Southeast qr, section 27, township 28, 1 east. 160 acres.

North hf of se qr, section 34, township 28, 1 east. 80 acres.

Southwest qr of se qr, section 34, township 28, 1 east. 40 acres.

Northwest qr of ne qr, section 35, township 28, 1 east. 40 acres.

Northwest qr, section 35, township 28, 1 east. 160 acres.

West hf of ne qr se qr of nw qr, section 21, township 28, Range 1 east. 120 acres.

South hf of se qr, section 8, township 28, 1 east. 80 acres.

Northeast qr of se qr, section 8, township 28, 1 east. 40 acres.

South hf of nw qr, section 18, township 28, 1 east. 84.73 acres.

Northeast qr, section 29, township 28, 1 east. 160 acres.

Lots 1, 2 and 3, section 4, township 29, 1 east. 90.25 acres.

West hf of se qr, section 4, township 29, 1 east. 80 acres.

Lot 4 in section 9, township 29, 1 east. 36 acres.

Northwest qr, of ne qr, section 9, township 29, 1 east. 40 acres.

Lot 2 in section 33, township 29, 1 east. 49.25 acres.

Lot 4 in section 7, township 26, 1 west. 40.25 acres.

West hf of nw qr, section 4, township 27, 1 west, 80.44 acres.

Lot 6 in section 17, township 28, 1 east. 5 acres.

Lots 3 and 4, section 4, township 28 1 east. 58 acres.

Block 4 in A1. Pettygrove's addition to Port Townsend, 3 lots, 50x100 feet.

The machinery, appliances and apparatus used in and connected with the said Port Ludlow saw mill in the operation and running thereof, including the resawing machine and all castings and machinery for the new mill will be sold as part and parcel of said mill property.

The said executors will also sell, under and by virtue of said order of sale, in front of the office of McNaught & Leary at the City of Seattle, in King County, Washington Territory, on

Saturday the 13th day of July 1878, at 10, o'clock a. m.

subject to the confirmation of the said Probate Court, and upon the terms and conditions herein after mentioned, the following real estate in said King County—described as follows to-wit:

Northwest qr, section 29, township 23, 3 east. 160 acres.

North hf of sw qr, section 29, township 23, 3 east. 80 acres.

Southwest qr of sw qr, section 29, township 23, 3 east. 40 acres.

Lot 3 in section 23, township 23, 3 east. 47.25 acres.

South hf of ne qr, section 24, township 23, 2 east. 80 acres.

North hf of se qr, section 24, township 23 2 east. 80 acres.

Also undivided one-third interest, in ne qr of se qr, section 13, township 24, 3 east. 13.33 acres.

Also about 11 lots, being all in McNaught's second addition to the City of Seattle, in said King County, Washington Territory.

Terms and conditions of sale, cash gold coin of the United States; one-half of the purchase money to be paid to the said executors on the day of sale, and the remainder in three months, to be secured by mortgage on the property, deal at expense of purchaser.

GEO. W. HARRIS,
OLIVER F. GERRISH,
Executors of the estate of Arthur Phinney, deceased.

Port Ludlow, Jefferson County, W. T. May 8, 1878.

James McNaught, attorney for said estate.

BARTLETT'S COLUMN

CHAS. C.

BARTLETT

PORT TOWNSEND, W. T.

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 ad-

dition to arrive, a full Stock

of Men's Clothing.

JUST RECEIVED

A New stock of

Furniture

: AND :

Wall Paper!

— AT —

C. C. BARTLETT

PUGET SOUND ARGUS.

LOCAL NEWS.

POTATO RAISING.—The Olympia "Transcript" thinks our farmers ought to be convinced by this time that they cannot raise too many potatoes. Looking at the question from the standpoint of one who has had years of experience, and watched the markets since 1860, we do not hesitate to pronounce adverse to this advice. The rule has been that as often as prices attained a point which rendered potato raising highly profitable, a kind of mania has been produced which resulted in a surplus amount being raised, bringing prices down to almost nothing again. This fact mainly explains the reason why the value of potato crops varies so much. Time and again has this thing been repeated on Puget Sound, as also elsewhere. We have seen thousands of bushels of fine potatoes thrown to the hogs or allowed to rot where they were pitted simply because they were not worth shipping. The farmer who raised them would be almost sure to entertain such a disgust that potato raising on his land, except for table use, would be entirely discontinued until an important advance in their market value would tempt to another venture. But it is naturally asked, "What is the remedy for this irregularity?" We maintain that it does not lie in following out the promptings of the idea that too many potatoes cannot be raised; but, if a remedy is sought, let it be found in a settled policy of each and every farmer to devote a reasonable portion only of his land to potato culture. This will insure the production of a limited quantity of potatoes in the country and nothing beyond this; prices will be more regular, and the producer will not undergo so great a risk.

A GOOD WEEK'S WORK.—Mr. B. S. Miller, agent for the best pianos and organs went out canvassing a couple of weeks ago and sold in one week, 6 pianos and 4 organs. Mr. M. expects on the next Dakota, a fine lot of pianos and organs, and those wishing to purchase a good instrument can secure the same at quite a reasonable figure.

Mr. John E. Pugh and J. A. Kuhn, Jefferson county piscatorians, are doing good work. Last week they "planted" 100 gold fish in Bell's Lake, situated some 12 miles from Port Townsend. It is thought by some that they will propagate soon for our climate offers no drawback.

It speaks well for the ladies of Seabeck to learn that three bright new pianos have just been added to the music of that little town. And Chimacum must not be left out in this item, as a fine piano will soon become the property of a family in this place.

THE "Tribune" said the Pennell made house fire in Seattle was seen in Port Townsend, fifty miles distant. But the "Courier" man does not believe it. It is true nevertheless, as many citizens of this place will verify, as they watched the reflection of the fire till it disappeared.

We are told that many of the farmers of Chimacum who have heretofore made large amounts of butter, soon expect to let the Cheese Factory have all the milk from their dairies. They say they can make more money in selling the milk than by making butter.

Mr. George Harris, of the Rose Manning opera troupe, as a basso is good. He has a round, full, heavy bass—rolling out a thundering volume on low A. Mr. H. was a student under one of the leading Professors of Boston.

Mrs. Dodd, we are sorry to say, met with an accident last week, injuring her back and confining her to her bed for some time. At this time she is recovering rapidly, being able to be about in her room.

THE Phantom went to Sequim Bay on Tuesday of this week, after a load of canned clams from the establishment of Messrs. T. Jackman & Co.

THE schooner Mist came up from Dungeness on Tuesday night, and returned the following day. The schooner Lititia is down there awaiting a load of freight for Victoria.

THE work of repairing Union Wharf, under the management of Mr. Hadlock, is being rapidly and satisfactorily pushed forward.

PERSONAL.—Capt. Jno. Morris, of Dungeness, is paying Port Townsend a visit again.

OUR Chimacum items indicate that the cheese factory up, there is doing a lively business.

THE presence of the revenue cutter Wolcott makes our harbor look like itself once more.

THE City of Panama goes through to Olympia this week.

THE ROSE MANNING OPERA TROUPE.

—This Opera Troupe arrived here on the North Pacific, on the 21st inst., and received a hearty reception by the people of Port Townsend, especially those acquainted with their situation, for it must be borne in mind that their financial manager left them at Victoria, refusing to pay salaries and board bill—which accounts for their non-appearance as advertised before. However, Mr. W. H. Tilla assumed at once the responsibility and "floated" this talented little company across the bay. Their performance on Tuesday night of "Girofle and Girofla" to a large audience was well rendered with hearty laughter and applause. The acting and singing of Miss Rose Manning in the dual role of "Girofle and Girofla, the twin sisters, was full of grace and piquancy, and her execution of the drinking song "See how it sparkles", was excellent and received a well merited encore. Miss Lotta Chissold rendered the music allotted to her with taste and expression, and was received with much applause. Mr. J. Dauphin, as Bolero, was very comic, and kept the audience in a roar of laughter. Mr. G. Harris took the part of Mouzouck, the Moor, to perfection, his fine bass voice ringing out to good advantage, especially in the duet "My Girofle, my bride." Last though not least, was our old friend Mr. W. H. Tilla, well known to the public of Port Townsend, in the role of Marasquin, the banker's son. He was received with immense applause, acting and singing the part to perfection. Mr. Gus. Walls conducted the opera with great ability, executing the difficult passages and accompaniments with grace and ease. By request of many citizens, the company remained another night, playing Lecocq's famous comic opera Madame Ancot's Daughter. They left for Seattle yesterday, and take with them our best wishes for their future success.

THE Good Templars, of Beacon Lodge, at Dungeness, seem to have succeeded in their mission so well, notwithstanding inharmonious working among themselves, that the saloons in Clalam county are all closed for want of patronage. The emergency seems a terrible one, though. What will be done when election day gets 'round?

WE learn that the North Pacific Cheese Factory, of this county, made shipments last week to Victoria, Seattle and Portland. We hope the business men of the Sound will find no occasion to send away for the cheese they sell, but instead patronize home industry and especially when it is quite as good as that which may be imported.

NEARLY FATAL.—Mr. Fred. Ward, of Dungeness, while working in a logging camp near Port Angeles, came very near being killed one day last week by a log rolling over him. As it was, his head, shoulders, chest and one arm were seriously bruised but no special anxiety is felt as to his recovery.

CAPT. Jack and a company of some four have been doing well in British Columbia. The troupe bought a wagon and two horses, and are now on their way to Cariboo. Jack is bound to be in the mountains.

CHIMACUM ITEMS.

MAY 20, 1878.

EDITOR ARGUS:—For the edification of the many readers of your valuable paper, we would inform them that we still live, move and grope our being.

We have just experienced one of the severest storms of the season, in some places the hail has covered the ground to the extent of several inches. In other places the rain has been one continuous down-pour, and it is feared that in some localities the injuries to crops are considerable, on account of so much rain.

The season so far has been favorable for dairy purposes, as there is abundance of pasturage. The supply of milk at the North Pacific creamery still increases.

Our enterprising firm here will effect their first shipment of cheese this week. We feel confident that it will be pronounced equal in quality to any cheese manufactured in America; for by their inflexible determination, nothing but an article of a first quality will be placed upon the market, so that purchasers may confidently rely upon what they are purchasing as a first class article. Mr. Fields, the superintendent of this establishment, is a gentleman of large experience, having carried on the practice in California and other places for a number of years, thoroughly understanding the business, giving general satisfaction both to producers and consumers. We predict a success for this enterprise second to none in the Territory of Washington. T.

Wanted.—A situation as a nurse girl, taking care of children. For particulars apply to Mrs. Revell, on the hill, Port Townsend, W. T.

LOCAL NOTICES.

STEREOSCOPIC views of all important points of Puget Sound and California, for sale at Jas. Jones'.

GO to Waterman & Katz for the best carpets, at reasonable prices.

GO to Jas. Jones for all kinds of real estate, Corner Custom House.

Blank deeds, mortgages, bills of sale, etc. for sale at Jas. Jones', corner custom house building.

NOTICE.

THE assessment roll of Jefferson county is now in the hands of the county auditor for examination of tax payers. The county commissioners of Jefferson county, W. T., will be in session on Monday, the 27th day of May, 1878, as a board of equalization; when all parties feeling aggrieved by said assessment will be heard. JAS. SEAVEY, Co. auditor. Port Townsend, May 13, 1878.

U can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not required; we will start you. \$12 per day at home made by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. Costly outfit and terms free. Address True & Co, Augusta, Maine.

R. W. DELION. CHARLES CASE.

De LION & CASE, Stevedores,

PORT TOWNSEND

P. O. BOX 37.

SHIPS LOADED AT EVERY PORT ON Puget Sound.

The First-class steamship

CALIFORNIA

CAPT. THORN,

WILL LEAVE

Port Townsend for Sitka,

Alaska Territory, 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 ROTHSCCHILD & CO, Agents.

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.

CONSIGNED TO ROTHSCCHILD & CO.

Honduras Barque Chiclayo.

NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED Agents of the above named vessel will be responsible for debts contracted by the officers or crew.

ROTHSCCHILD & CO., Agents.

J. L. BULLO, Master.

Port Townsend, May 15, 1878.

Schr. Superior.

NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED agents of the above named vessel will be responsible for debts contracted by the officers or crew.

ROTHSCCHILD & CO., Agents.

JOHN LEE, Master.

Port Townsend, May 15, 1878.

French barque Bleville.

NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED Agents of the above named vessel will be responsible for debts contracted by the officers or crew.

ROTHSCCHILD & CO., Agents.

J. J. FLAMBARO, Master.

Port Townsend, Feb. 23, 1878.

Blue Jacket.

NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED Agents of the above named vessel will be responsible for debts contracted by the officers or crew.

ROTHSCCHILD & CO., Agents.

CAPT. PERCIVAL Master.

Port Townsend, Feb. 20, 1878.

Costa Rican Ship Hermann.

NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED Agents of the above named vessel will be responsible for any debts contracted by the officers or crew.

ROTHSCCHILD & CO., Agents.

EDWARD PERKS, Master.

Port Townsend, Jan. 30, 1878.

French Barque Maputo.

NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED Agents of the above named vessel will be responsible for debts contracted by the officers or crew.

ROTHSCCHILD & CO., Agents.

CAPT. HUBBARD, Master.

Port Townsend, March 20, 1878.

Italian Barque DueSorelle.

NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED Agents of the above named vessel will be responsible for debts contracted by the officers or crew.

ROTHSCCHILD & CO., Agents.

G. CAVASSA, Master.

Port Townsend, March 25, 1878.

Costa Rican Ship Mathilde.

NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED agents of the above named vessel will be responsible for debts contracted by the officers or crew.

R. JONES, Master.

Port Townsend, Jan. 31, 1878.

ROTHSCCHILD & CO., Shipping and Commission

MERCHANTS,

Port Townsend, Washington Territory,

Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

**Dry Goods, Clothing,
Boots and Shoes,
Ship Chandlery,
Tobacco and Cigars,
Liquors,
Hardware,
Crockery, Stationery, Etc.**

Exchange Bought and Sold.

Liberal Advances Made on Consignments.

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

Goods Bought and Sold on Commission.

ROTHSCCHILD & CO.

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

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

WAGONS, WAGONS!

THE CAR LOAD OF

HEAVY AND LIGHT WAGONS!

Manufactured expressly for our trade, by

FISH & CO., RACINE, WISCONSIN.

Have arrived on schooner Beebe, and are now for sale at San Fran-

cisco, prices, by

ROTHSCCHILD & CO

Port Townsend, W. T.

Finest of JAPAN TEAS!

Imported direct from Japan,

AND PACKED EXPRESSLY FOR ROTHSCCHILD & CO

—Also a—

Lot of wheat and oats, bran and chopped feed.

At GREATLY REDUCED RATES

Constancy.

☉ rare, true gem, so hardly found.
Amid a world of rock and shifting sand,
Imprisoned now in narrow bound.
O rare, true gem, I hold thee in my hand.
The ray that sendest to my sight,
More keen than diamonds, penetrates my soul;
As gleams from one pale star at night,
Almost reveals creation's wondrous whole.
Many, thine imitations; some
Who paid for these heart-gold, deplore their
loss;
Many to purchase yet will come,
And wake to find thy radiant semblance dress.
Imprisoned now in narrow bound.
O rare, true gem, I hold thee in my hand;
Thy subtle glory I at last have found.
Amid a world of rock and shifting sand.
—F. Elms, in N. Y. Home Journal.

Our Two Squires.

THE STORY OF A LONG FEUD.

CHAPTER I.

It was Christmas morning; a genuine old-fashioned Christmas, sharp and clear and cold. The meadows were covered, far and wide, with crisp white snow, and the hedgerows sparkled with crystal frost-work. The rustic monuments in the village churchyard assumed forms of quaint indefiniteness under their fleecy covering, and the ancient yew trees, dark and gloomy in summer when all else was gay, seemed now like fairy fountains springing upward in the winter sunshine. Within the church was gathered well-nigh the whole population of our Cornish chapel, and with tender eloquence our good old vicar, bowed with age and infirmity, but still earnest, still eloquent, once more preached the message of peace and good-will. Not an eye wandered among the earnest upturned faces; not a sound broke the quiet hush of wrapt attention as he spoke his concluding words.

"And now, my brethren—say, rather my children, for my journey has been long, and most of those who started with me have gone one by one to their rest—for well-nigh forty years have I labored among you, and the time is fast when I, too, shall rest, and when you will hear my voice no more. It is but a little while, and the silver cord must be loosed and the golden bowl be broken. God has been very good to me; yet one gift more, one only, would I ask of Him, that ere I go to my long home, every soul in this my little flock shall have blotted out all memory of former feud or ancient grievance, and shall, with love and fellowship to all mankind, be able to join in the Christmas song of the angels: 'On earth peace, good will among men.'"

All knew for whom these last words were especially intended, for the feud between my uncle, Richard Polwhele, and the only other large landowner in the parish, Sir Philip Trefusis, was a matter almost of country history. It had originated many years back, when both were young men fresh from Oxford. At school and college they had been bosom friends, nay, almost brothers, but (so the story ran) both young men had been fascinated by the wiles of the same village beauty. Neither would yield to the other. A violent quarrel arose, and in a moment of passionate excitement on both sides Trefusis struck Polwhele with his riding whip across the face. Polwhele raised his hand to return the blow, but checked himself, or it would have gone hard with Trefusis, for he was slight and undersized, while Polwhele's strength and daring were proverbial throughout the country side. "If you value your life," he said, controlling himself by a mighty effort, "get out of my sight."

Trefusis read aright the warning of the white face and flashing eyes, and, already dreading the consequences of the rash act, fled away. Richard Polwhele spent the rest of that day alone in the woods, and four-and-twenty hours afterward was stricken with brain fever. Ere he had completely recovered his rival had left the country, and the coquetish cause of their trouble had married a rustic swain whom she secretly much preferred to either of her aristocratic admirers. Thirty years had since passed by, during the greater part of which Trefusis had remained abroad, visiting his native place only at rare intervals. Three years back, however, he had finally returned, a widower with one daughter, now aged nineteen, and had taken up his abode once more at the family mansion, Treccarra Park. Richard Polwhele had also married, and was left a widower with five children—Howard, Mary, Alice, Percy and Dorothy, of ages ranging downward from twenty-two to seven. Uncle Dick would readily have let bygones be bygones, but he waited for Trefusis to make the first overture. Possibly Sir Philip had a similar feeling. At any rate neither would make the first advance, and the result was that "the two Squires," as they were called, met and remained on terms of haughty coolness. No communication took place between the two houses, though it was whispered that Cousin Howard and pretty Edith Trefusis, who had met more than once on neutral ground, were not disposed to keep up the family feud for another generation.

Such being the state of things, the earnest appeal of our good old vicar was not difficult of application; and many eyes were turned upon the two Squires to see in what spirit they received this public admonition. There was a touch of heightened color upon Uncle Dick's handsome face as he stepped forth into the churchyard, the very model of a gallant English gentleman, dispensing hearty handshakes and kindly Christmas greetings to friend and neighbor. Close behind him came Sir Philip Trefusis, his daughter hanging on his arm. At the Lych-gate Uncle

Dick stepped aside to let them pass. With kindly eyes he looked straight at Sir Philip, and we felt instinctively that with him, at least, Mr. Pentreath's appeal had not missed its mark, and that at the slightest answering sign his hand would have been outstretched with generous cordiality. Whether Sir Philip saw the look, I know not, but his daughter did, and an expression of pain came into her sweet eyes as he strode on, proud and silent, and the opportunity for a reconciliation had once more passed away.

CHAPTER II.

We were a merry party round the luncheon table at the lodge, for Richard Polwhele was accustomed to keep Christmas right royally, and besides his own family, nephews and nieces of every degree and friends from far and near were gathered around his hospitable board. Luncheon being ended, a discussion arose as to how we should employ the interval before the important hour of dinner, the dinner, which was to be the crowning glory of the Christmas festival. Some one suggested skating, and the idea was at once hailed with acclamation. Polworthy Pool, a piece of water almost within stone's throw of the lodge, was frozen over, and afforded a capital skating ground. Every available pair of skates was speedily in requisition. There was a general rush for great coats, seal-skin jackets, muffs, furs, warm gloves and woollen comforters. Uncle Dick was led captive by a couple of pretty nieces, one of whom took possession of each arm, and looking like a miniature Arctic expedition, we sallied forth to the pool.

The fun was at its height when Sir Philip Trefusis and his daughter were seen approaching. No one noticed them till they were fairly on the ice, and then we saw with alarm that they were close to a spot where the ice had been broken on the previous day for the convenience of certain ducks and geese who were the regular inhabitants of the pool, and which, though now again frozen over, would certainly not bear the weight of a human being. Uncle Philip was the first to perceive their danger.

"Back! back! the ice is unsafe!" he shouted.

Edith Trefusis drew back accordingly, but her father, either not understanding the warning or too proud to regard it, continued his course, and in another instant the ice crashed under his feet and he disappeared. After a couple of seconds he arose again, and flinging his arms wildly upward, with a hoarse cry of "Help! Save me!" once more disappeared, but this time did not rise again.

"Good God! he has gone under the ice!" said a voice, and in an instant all was terror and confusion.

"Break the ice!" shouted one.

"Fetch a ladder!" said another.

"Run for a rope!" exclaimed a third.

A score of suggestions, practicable and impracticable, were proffered in a breath; but the ringing voice of Richard Polwhele was heard above the tumult.

"Silence all! Dr. Hamlyn, you have a cool head; you tell them what to do. A gate, quick, and lay it over the hole!"

Meanwhile, in less time than it takes to tell it, he had divested himself of hat, coat and boots, and, without waiting for an answer, plunged into the ice cold water. Twice he dived without success. He had well chosen his aid in the doctor, a quiet, unassuming man, but of iron nerves and unlimited resources; and ere he had arisen for the second time a couple of gates had been lifted from their hinges and laid one on each side of the hole. A third time he dived; and this time was so long beneath the surface that a dread came over us lest he, too, should be lost under the ice. But at last, after what seemed an age of suspense, he was seen to rise once more.

"Help! I'm done!" he gasped.

Dr. Hamlyn, kneeling on one of the gates, caught his uplifted hand. Strong arms were quickly outstretched to help him.

"No, no; Philip first!" he exclaimed; and we found that he held Trefusis in his falling grasp.

Under Dr. Hamlyn's directions they were both, though with difficulty, lifted out and laid upon the bank. Sir Philip was to all appearances beyond earthly help, and a terrible fear came over us that Uncle Dick, who was now insensible, had sacrificed his own life to no purpose. Never were words more welcome than Dr. Hamlyn's assurance that he had only fainted.

"Give him some brandy, some of you; and rub his hands and feet."

Eager hands volunteered for the service; but almost ere they could begin their task he opened his eyes and gazed around.

"What's this? Ah! I remember now. But where is Philip?" And shaking himself like a great Newfoundland dog, he rose unassisted to his feet. Sir Philip lay on the ground a few feet off, white and lifeless, his daughter weeping on her knees beside him. Uncle Dick raised her with infinite tenderness.

"Nay, don't weep, pretty one; by God's help we'll win him back to life yet. Now, lads, lend a hand. Doctor, bring him to my place. It is a good deal nearer than his own house, and minutes are precious just now."

Under the doctor's guidance, coats and rugs were laid upon one of the gates; and on this rude couch the silent form was borne up to the lodge. Uncle Dick himself led Edith, tenderly patting the little hand which lay upon his arm, and whispering cheering words of hope and comfort. Quickly we reached the lodge, and the good doctor at once commenced the struggle with the grim destroyer. For more than an hour the household

was hushed in an awful quietness, each hardly daring to speak above a whisper, till that tremendous question should be decided: "Is it life or death?" Poor Edith sat weeping apart, each moment added to her apprehension; while Howard, almost equally distressed, vainly endeavored to console her. At last, after what seemed an age of agonizing dread, the door opened and Uncle Dick came forth, and went straight to Edith.

"God is good to us, my child; your father will live."

Edith threw herself sobbing on his breast.

"O Mr. Polwhele, how can I ever thank you for your noble, generous—"

"When I am dryer, my dear, if you don't mind putting it off a little. I begin to realize that I am slightly damp, and I think it might be as well to put on a few dry clothes. You shall tell me all about it at dinner, my child;" and, gently touching her forehead with his lips, he made his escape.

Meanwhile, though the rescued man had given to the experienced eye of the doctor the welcome promise of life, there was much still to do to win him back to conscious existence. Still the resources of skill and science were repelled with unremitting energy; and after a while the watchers were rewarded by the patient opening his eyes and saying, in a feeble voice:

"Dick, dear Dick! Where's Dick? I want to speak to Dick."

What took place at that interview between the two old friends, so long severed, none knew save themselves, but when some hours later we gathered round the well-spread board, Philip Trefusis and his daughter sat on either hand of our generous host.

And surely such a dinner never was chronicled. Pen and ink would fail me to tell how the two ancient friends, warmed into youth again under the sunshine of love renewed, vied with each other who should best recall the memory of youthful pranks and genial recollection of happy boyish days. And how Uncle Dick, sitting with Edith's little hand in his, and stroking her silken hair, told her what a gay young dog her father was in those merry days; and Sir Philip, not to be behindhand, recounted daring exploits and hairbreadth escapes of which Uncle Dick had been the hero. And how Cousin Howard, seated on the other side of Edith, artfully got possession of her disengaged hand; and how their respective fathers cheerily smiled approval. And how, as all too soon, the clock struck twelve. Richard Polwhele stood up, and, hand in hand with his old friend, trolled out in a deep, rich voice, the good old song of "Auld Lang Syne."

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' auld lang syne?

And how, when the song was ended, dear old Parson Pentreath, always an honored guest at this Christmas festival, folded his hands, and, with tears in his happy eyes, said:

"For these and all His other mercies,
God give us grateful hearts."

And with all our hearts we said:
"Amen."—London Society.

THE DRUNKARD AND HIS DOG.—A crowd was collected one day near a pile of stones in Central Park, New York, evidently very intent upon some object that had brought together quite a collection of policemen. On drawing near you would have seen nothing so remarkable; only a drunken man utterly insensible, lying on a pallet of blasted rocks and stones. But for all there were so many officers on hand, they could not take the man away.

There he must stay, to all appearances, and disfigure the ground, until he came to himself sufficiently to move off on his own hook. He had a friend, of whom he was wholly unworthy—a friend who stood by him like a brother, notwithstanding his degradation.

A noble Newfoundland dog stood over him, looking down into his face, and would suffer no one to approach. He did not like the looks of the policemen, and they did not like his looks. Twenty feet was the regular distance he had settled upon, and it was at his risk that any one came nearer. They brought several pails of cold water and threw over the dog, hoping to drive him away, but he only drew closer to his unworthy companion.

"We can't take the man unless we shoot the dog," said one, "and he's too noble an animal to kill."

"Which is the brute?" asked a passer-by, and very appropriately, too.

A SPARROW'S FRIENDSHIP.—This little story, which comes to us from England, might put many a human biped to the blush: A gentleman residing in Canterbury, being in the habit of feeding the sparrows which congregate about his garden, noticed one of them pick up several of the largest crumbs and place them before another of the number, who gladly availed himself of the opportunity so kindly afforded him of enjoying his meal in peace and quietness. On watching closely for the cause of this, he discovered that the bird on whom this attention was bestowed had only one leg, and was, therefore, under a great disadvantage in procuring the means of subsistence.

The telephone has saved a man's life. A diver belonging to the British ship *Fernon*, while under water, fainted. He had no strength to signal with the rope, but could just whisper, "Pull me up," and then became insensible. The telephone which was attached to his helmet faithfully reported the whisper, and the man's life was saved.

A Bonanza Queen's Jewels.

A few days ago the *Sun* printed an account, taken from the *Sao Francisco Chronicle*, of the regal wardrobe prepared by Worth, of Paris, for a bonanza queen from the Pacific coast, who is about to visit Europe on an extended tour. The wardrobe is the finest owned by any lady on the American continent, and cost a fabulous sum of money. The lady referred to is Mrs. T. P. Bell, of San Francisco. She is a native of Boston, about twenty-eight years of age, and the wife of Mr. Bell, one of the directors of the Bank of California. He is also largely interested in silver mines with Flood, O'Brien, Mackey and others, and is said to have an income of \$60,000 a week. Mrs. Bell is now at the Hoffman house, in this city, and will start for Europe about the first of April. She appeared at the charity ball, flashing with diamonds from the crown of her head to the buckles of her shoes, and created an immense sensation. Few knew who she was and fewer still the value of the gems displayed. Her jewels are now in the vaults of a Maiden-Lane jewelry firm for safe keeping, and to undergo some alterations before her departure for the Old World. A reporter of the *Sun* was permitted an inspection of this glittering array yesterday. The sight was dazzling. It is the largest and most costly collection of gems owned by any one lady in the United States.

There is a stomacher and chataleine of diamonds that is perfectly bewildering to look upon. In the golden belt alone are 850 diamonds. The chataleine is composed of stars and crescents of exquisite workmanship descending to the bottom of the skirt. It contains 1,973 diamonds. A tiara of diamonds is fashioned into crosses, with one huge black pearl in the center that alone cost \$5,000. There are two armlets, with star pendants of diamonds to match the stomacher, each containing fifty large stones. Two bracelets matching the last named article contain gems of the purest water, weighing from two to four carats each. A necklace of huge stones and star pendants cost \$76,000. The central "spark" weighs ten carats, and other stones weigh from three to eight carats each. Nine are of less weight than three carats. There are just 240 diamonds in this trifling article of adornment.

A large emerald and diamond necklace of magnificent workmanship has 250 large diamonds and an equal number of emeralds. There are large diamond and emerald ear-drops to match the above. Bracelets of emeralds and diamonds complete this set. An article of adornment that would make half of Murray Hill sigh with envy is a coral and diamond necklace. The coral is of a fine pink hue, and the diamonds are of large size and great brilliancy, attaining a striking and dazzling contrast. Ear-drops and two bracelets of the same complete the set. A butterfly hair ornament has the body of the insect composed of a fine, long pearl of yellowish white. Pearls, sapphires, rubies and emeralds compose the wings. There is a second butterfly hair ornament. A fine, large opal of magnificent colors compose the body, while the wings are made of diamonds, pearls and rubies, arranged to represent the national colors. A vinaigrette of solid Roman gold has a solitary diamond in the center resembling a fair-sized calcium light. In this superb collection are such trifles as two solitary diamond ear-drops, weighing eleven and a half carats each, which cost \$50,000; a chataleine watch set in gold with turquoise, diamonds and rubies; four magnificent diamond and sapphire rings; and two large diamond star shoe-buckles to match the necklace. The total value of this fortune in jewels is \$250,000. It is to be expected that this product of the American bonanza era will make a sensation when she appears, not alone among the effete monarchies of the other side, but in the English and French capitals as well. It is understood that she will endeavor to make life endurable abroad by the aid of such accessories as a \$100,000 letter of credit, maids, nurses, and so on.

PROGRESS IN AFRICA.—Within ten years all parts of the interior of Africa will be rendered accessible by roads opened and kept in order by business and philanthropic enterprises. The International Society of Exploration, under the presidency of the King of the Belgians, is preparing to run an avenue for trade across the continent, from Loango to Zanzibar, while cross sections will be cut to important points north and south. The English will work these up from their possessions in the south; the French will push south from Algeria across the Sahara Desert, and the Germans and Italians from the northern coast. Missionary and commercial stations will thus cease to be isolated, and the reclamation of the entire continent from the devastations of the slave trade will be sure if slow.—*Cincinnati Gazette*.

ACCORDING to the Statesman's Year-book, the population of Madrid in 1864 was 475,763; according to the census of January last, it is now 404,588—a falling off of 71,199 in fourteen years. A system of the most profound philosophical thought and research of which the Spanish mind is capable has been brought to bear upon an investigation of the causes which must have led to this large decrease in population, and it has finally been determined that the decrease is due to the fact that during the fourteen years from 1864 to 1878, 71,199 more people died or moved out of the city than were born or moved into it.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

THE imperial printing-office at Vienna costs the Emperor of Austria every year two hundred thousand florins.

Fun in the Witness Box.

In a recent trial at Winchester, a witness, failing to make his version of a conversation intelligible by reasons of his fondness for "says I" and "says he," was taken in hand by Baron Martin with the following result: "My man, tell us now exactly what passed?" "Yes, my lord, I said I would not have the pig." "And what was his answer?" "He said he had been keeping it for me, and that he—" "No, no; he could not have said that; he spoke in the first person." "No, my lord, I was the first person that spoke." "I mean, don't bring in the third person; repeat his exact words." "There was no third person, my lord, only him and me." "My good fellow, he did not say he had been keeping the pig; he said 'I have been keeping it.'" "I assure you, my lord, there was no mention of your lordship at all. We are on different stories. There was no third person there, and if anything had been said about your lordship I must have heard it." The baron gave in. Nothing pleases your fun-loving Irishman better than to bother a lawyer, and the Irish courts have known many a dialogue like this: "You are a Roman Catholic?" "Am I?" "Are you not?" "You say I am." "Come, sir; what's your religion?" "The true religion." "What religion's that?" "My religion." "And what is your religion?" "My mother's religion." "What was your mother's religion?" "She tuk whiskey in her tay." "You bless yourself, don't you?" "When I'm done with you I will." "What place of worship do you go to?" "The most convenient." "Of what persuasion are you?" "My persuasion is that you won't find out." "What is your belief?" "That you are puzzled." "Do you confess?" "Not to you." "Who would you write to if you were likely to die?" "The doctor." "I insist upon your answering me, sir." "Are you a Roman Catholic?" "I am." "And why don't you say so at once?" "You never axed me. You said I was a great many things, but you never axed me; you were drivin' crass words and crooked questions at me, and I thought it was manners to cut my behaviour on your own pattern."—*All the Year Round*.

THE HORSE AND HIS RIDER.—In the history of Rome it is related that in 331, B. C., a great chasm opened in the middle of the forum, which it was found impossible to fill. The soothsayers said it would close when it contained what Rome possessed of most value, and then the state would be perpetual. A noble youth named M. Curtius demanded if Rome had anything of more value than arms and valor. He mounted his horse, richly caparisoned, and amid the silence of the people spurred him over the brink of the tremendous precipice (*sic* Liv. l. vii. 6). I have seen a striking picture of this somewhere. It represented the horse and rider after they had passed the brink and were descending to the unknown depths. There was a remarkable contrast between the fright of the brute and the unflinching self-possession of the man. The limbs of the horse were tightened to his body and the muscles of his neck drew his head to his chest, and a shuddering terror expressed itself in the flash of his starting eyes. The rider was serene and calm, with a solemn expression of majesty on his face, as of one who lived with high thoughts. If I were set to spiritualize this picture, I should say that it was no mean representation of a ripe Christian departing this life. The horse is the body and the rider is the spirit. Flesh shrinking, spirit steady and calm and solemn. Flesh dreading the terrible shock, and spirit wrapt in the glory of action, descending that it may ascend.—*Cook*.

IMPROVED SURGERY.—A small yearling youngster out at Fort Wayne, in Indiana, had the misfortune to suck a kernel of corn into his windpipe the other day. The doctor was sent for in haste, and announced that it would be necessary to perform the operation of tracheotomy to save the child's life. The Hoosier mother, familiar with a practice of domestic surgery of a different sort, and not pleased with the idea of having the child's windpipe cut open, seized the sufferer by one leg, and holding him up, head downward, administered sundry resounding spanks. There was a sound not unlike the sound of a pop-gun, and the kernel of corn was ejected with great force. The child was at once relieved, and recovered, of course. The doctor said he was thoroughly familiar with *phlebotomy* in all its forms, but he had never had any experience with this kind since he was a boy, and even then had never known it to be resorted to for surgical purposes. It will enter into the practice of surgery hereafter largely, particularly in corn countries, although it does not necessarily follow that those who resort to it should be called corn doctors.—*Troy Times*.

STAMMERING.—Advising about the treatment of a little girl who stammers, the *New York Tribune* says:

Teach her to speak slowly, deliberately and very distinctly, and take as little notice as possible of her stammering. We know a little girl of nine years who has been so carefully trained to read with distinctness and precision, that though she stammers sometimes in conversation, she rarely hesitates in reading. This little girl's father stammered badly in his boyhood, but cured himself by persistent elocutionary exercise, and in manhood was a fluent public speaker, with no trace of the infirmity. Habitually speaking from full lungs is said to be a permanent cure of stammering in grown people.

"THE Inebriate's Home," says a morning paper. Glad to hear it, but pity his wife and children.

Getting Through.

The chimera that haunts the brain of the housekeeper is a vision of the time when her house will be in order from attic to cellar, her sewing all done up, and abundant leisure afforded her for social enjoyment, reading, and rest.

The Men Who Discredit Character.

It is useless to seek excuses and extenuations for the crimes in unexpected quarters that have shocked the public sentiment. The way to prevent them is to show possible offenders of this kind that no glozing or theorizing or explanation will avail to conceal the fact of vulgar swindling.

The Telephone.

A writer in the Popular Science Monthly says: When we begin to use a telephone for the first time there is a sense of oddity, almost of foolishness, in the experiment. The dignity of talking consists in having a listener, and there seems a kind of absurdity in addressing a piece of iron, but we must raise our respect for the metal for it is anything but deaf.

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San Francisco, May 28th, 29th and 30th, 1878. 2,000 TRAINED SINGERS! 200 MUSICIANS! Telephones, Electricity, Anvils, Artillery, Big Drum, Colossal Organ!

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Advertisement for a new book by Prof. A. Corbett, explaining the process of Hatching Eggs, RAISING POULTRY, and Horse Manure. Price 50 Cents.

CALIFORNIA YEAST CAKES

Advertisement for F. M. LEEF & CO'S BAKER'S STOCK YEAST. NOW fresh on the market, and only goods of the kind MANUFACTURED ON THE COAST.

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It will save your time, muscle, nerves and patience. VERY LIBERAL TERMS to purchasers for re-sale.

J. W. EVANS, General Agent, 29 Post St., San Francisco.

HARNESSES

AT ROCK BOTTOM PRICES. DOUBLE FARM HARNESSES with leather traces, all complete, \$20 to \$45 per set.

TRAPPING THE COUNTESS.—The London World relates a scandal in high life in this fashion:

"This is how the earl found out the countess. Early in the morning he descended the staircase, arrayed in the light marching costume of a night-dress, and hid himself in his own hall.

By making the twenty-second of February a legal holiday, hundreds of young men now cherish the memory of George Washington by sitting in the rear of beer saloons playing seven-up for drinks, who could otherwise be engaged in their usual daily toil that would knock all thoughts of the Father of his Country out of their heads.

A STARTLING decision relating to the right of a husband to the custody of his wife has recently been rendered by a Georgia Judge.

The wife was a minor, being only sixteen years of age, and on this ground her father detained her at home. The husband sued out a writ of habeas corpus, and on the return day of the writ the Judge held "that, notwithstanding the license was irregularly issued and the father had not given his consent, she being sixteen years of age, the marriage was valid and binding, and the parties occupied the relationship of husband and wife; but that under the law which gives the parent the custody and right to the services of his child until majority, unless he voluntarily loses it, the defendant had the right to her services until she was twenty-one, and therefore was entitled to her custody.

The King of Abyssinia accepted the conditions proposed by Gordon Pasha and peace has been concluded between Egypt and Abyssinia.

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HERBINE.

NATURE'S TRUE REMEDY. Prepared from Herbs, and is highly recommended as a specific for Cancers, Tumors, Scrofula, Old Sores, Rheumatism, and diseases of the Throat, Lungs, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Blood, &c.

A HORRIBLE PLANT.

THE MAN-EATING TREE OF MADAGASCAR—HOW IT SEIZES ITS VICTIMS.

From a Letter from Carl Leve, the Discoverer.

If you can imagine a pineapple about 8 feet high, and thick in proportion, resting upon its base, and devoid of leaves, you will have a good idea of the trunk of the tree, which, however, was not the color of the banana, but a dark, dingy brown, and apparently hard as iron. From the apex of this truncated cone at least two feet in diameter eight leaves hung sheer to the ground, like doors swung back on their hinges. These leaves, which were joined on the top of the tree at regular intervals, were about eleven or twelve feet long, and shaped very much like the American agave, or century plant. They were two feet through in their thickest part, and three feet wide, tapering to a sharp point that looked like a cow's horn, very convex on the outer but under surface, and on the inner now upper surface slightly concave. This concave face was thickly set with very strong thorny hooks, like those upon the head of the teazel. These leaves hanging thus limp and lifeless, dead green in color, had in appearance the massive strength of oak fibre. The apex of the cone was a round, white concave figure, like a smaller plate set within a larger one. This was not a flower but a receptacle, and there exuded into it a clear treacly liquid, honey sweet, and possessed of violent intoxicating soporific properties. From underneath the rim, so to speak, of the undermost plate, a series of long, hairy, green tendrils stretched in every direction toward the horizon. These were seven or eight feet long each, and tapered from four inches to a half inch in diameter, yet they stretched out stiffly as iron rods. Above these from between the upper and under cup six white, almost transparent, palpi reared themselves toward the sky, twirling and twisting with a marvelous incessant motion, yet constantly reaching upward.

The natives surrounded one of the women, and urged her with the points of their javelins, until slowly, and with despairing face she climbed up the stalk of the tree, and stood on the summit of the cone, the palpi twirling all about her. "Tisk! tisk!" (drink! drink!) cried the men, and stooping she drank of the viscid fluid in the cup, rising instantly again with wild frenzy in her face and convulsive chorea in her limbs. But she did not jump down as she seemed to intend to do. Oh, no! The atrocious cannibal that had been so inert and dead came to sudden life. The slender, delicate palpi, with the fury of starved serpents, quivered for a moment over her head, then as if by instinct, with demonic intelligence, fastened upon her in sudden coils round and round her neck and arms; then, while her awful screams and yet more awful laughter, rose wilder, to be instantly strangled down again into a gurgling moan, the tendrils, one after another, like great green serpents, with brutal energy and infernal rapidity, rose, retracted themselves, and wrapped her about in fold after fold, ever tightening, with the cruel swiftness and savage tenacity of anacondas fastening upon their prey. It was the barbarity of the Laocoon without its beauty—this strange, horrible murder. And now the great leaves rose slowly and stiffly like the arms of a derrick, erected themselves in the air, approaching one another, and closed about the dead and hampered victim with the silent force of an hydraulic press, and the ruthless purpose of a thumb-screw. A moment more and while I could see the great leaves pressing more tightly towards each other, from their interstices there trickled down the stalks streams of viscid honey-like fluid, mingled horribly with the blood and oozing viscera of the victim.

OUR VICTORIA NEWS.

The following, taken from the proceedings of the Ottawa House of Commons, indicates what is likely to be done by our British neighbors on the subject of mails to Puget Sound:

Mr. Thompson (Carlboo), for Mr. Dewdney, moved for all correspondence or petitions with reference to the establishment of a daily mail between Victoria and Puget Sound. He said he presumed that the object of the Hon. gentleman in bringing this matter before the House was to draw attention to the fact that a daily mail was about being established by the American Government between one and the other end of Puget Sound, and that the establishment of mail communication with Port Townsend at the mouth of the Sound would confer a great benefit on British Columbia, and this too, he believed, at very slight cost.

Mr. DeCosmos said he would like to hear the Hon. Postmaster-General say what he proposed to do with respect to the establishment of a daily mail between Port Townsend and British Columbia—Victoria more particularly. A gentleman had arrived here from Washington the other day who had carried the mail between Puget Sound and Victoria for the last seven years, and this gentleman had informed him that the American Government were disposed to pay their share for the transportation of the mail to and from between Port Townsend and Victoria, 40 miles distant. He was aware that this matter had been under the consideration of the Hon. the Postmaster-General's Department ever since he had arrived in Ottawa, and he would like to know what prospect there was of securing a daily mail between Port Townsend and Victoria.

Mr. Huntington said he could see no objection to the passage of the motion and to the papers coming down. As to the observations of honorable friend, he thought that, as the subject was just now matter of communication between the Postal Department at Washington and his own Department, he would prefer to postpone explanations for a few days.

Motion carried.

Information has just been received in Havana that an earthquake has occurred in Venezuela, by which 600 persons were killed.

A "Herald" reporter interviewed a Russian officer now in New York. He said: "There is no mystery about the Cimbric. I came here with authorization to build or purchase vessels I may deem suitable for our navy. I am personally in favor of having as much work done in this country as good if not better than we get in Europe. And again, we have the advantage of having it executed by a friendly nation that has always shown a kind disposition to favor us. We have chartered no vessels, and do not want to charter any; we are not going to fit out any privateers."

SUMMONS.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE THIRD JUDICIAL DISTRICT OF WASHINGTON TERRITORY, HOLDING TERMS AT PORT TOWNSEND For the counties of Jefferson, Clallam, Island and San Juan.

PUGET MILL COMPANY
PLAINTIFF,
vs.
Grace Jackling,

as guardian of the estate of William Chapman, Jr., Laurence Chapman, Francis Chapman, Edward Grennan, Laurence Grennan, Thomas Grennan, Joseph Grennan, Grace E. M. Grennan, and Mary Jane Grennan, minor heirs of Laurence Grennan, deceased. William Chapman, Jr., Laurence Chapman, Francis Chapman, Edward Grennan, Laurence Grennan, Thomas Grennan, Joseph Grennan, Grace E. M. Grennan, and Mary Jane Grennan, minor heirs of Laurence Grennan, deceased; and Henry Swift, administrator of the estate of Laurence Grennan, deceased. And of the partnership estate of Grennan & Cranney.

DEFENDANTS.
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 and San Juan, and complaint filed in the county of Jefferson, and in the office of the clerk of said District court.

To Grace Jackling:
As guardian of the estate of William Chapman, Jr., Laurence Chapman, Francis Chapman, Edward Grennan, Laurence Grennan, Thomas Grennan, Joseph Grennan, Grace E. M. Grennan, and Mary Jane Grennan, minor heirs of Laurence Grennan, deceased. William Chapman, Jr., Laurence Chapman, Francis Chapman, Edward Grennan, Laurence Grennan, Thomas Grennan, Joseph Grennan, Grace E. M. Grennan, and Mary Jane Grennan, minor heirs of Laurence Grennan, deceased. And Henry Swift, administrator of the estate of Laurence Grennan, deceased, and of the partnership estate of Grennan & Cranney, DEFENDANTS:—

IN the name of the United States of America, you and each of you, are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff, in the District Court of the Third Judicial District of the Territory of Washington, holding terms at Port Townsend, in Jefferson County, for the counties of Jefferson, Clallam, Island and San Juan in said Territory, and to answer the complaint filed therein within sixty days (exclusive of the day of service) after the date of this summons or judgment, by default, will be taken against you according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court, to quiet the title to, and for a good and sufficient conveyance of the land described as, Lot 3, see 18, containing 33 25-100 acres; E 1/4 of SE 1/4 of sec 18, 80 acres; N 1/4 of NE 1/4 of sec 19, 80 acres—all in tp 32, N R 3 E; and lots 2 and 3, Sec 24, and the S E 1/4 of sec 24, and lot 1, sec 13, and lot 1, sec 24, and the N W 1/4 of the N W 1/4 of sec 54 the S 1/4 of the N W 1/4 of sec 24, lot 1, s e 14, lots 1 and 2, sec 23, and the S E 1/4 of the N W 1/4 of sec 23, and lot 3, sec 23, and the N E 1/4 of the N E 1/4 of sec 23, and the S 1/4 of the N E 1/4 of sec 23—All in tp 32, N range, 2 E, containing 867 25-100 acres, more or less. Also lots 2 and 3, sec 34, tp 32, N range, 3 E, 53 90-100 acres; and S E 1/4 of N E 1/4 of the N E 1/4 of the S E 1/4 of sec 34, tp 32, N range, 2 E; and N 1/4 of S W 1/4 of sec 35 tp 32 N range 2 E—213 53-100 acres, more or less. Also SW 1/4 of SW of section 33, and the S 1/2 of SE quarter, section 32, township 31 N range 2 east; and fractional N 1/2 of NE quarter, section 5 township 30 N range 2 East—containing in all 185 40-100 acres, more or less; also fractional 2 and 3 sec 23, the SW 1/4 of the NW quarter of section 24, all in township 30 N range 2 E—containing 118 acres, more or less. Total number of acres in above description about 1447 18-100 acres, in Island county, Washington Territory, from said defendants to said plaintiff, and for their costs and disbursements, and for other relief, for the reason that said plaintiff has heretofore in good faith purchased and paid for said land, and said defendants have heretofore received their full pay to-wit: the sum of \$11,750 for their interest in said land, and there is a defect in the title conveyed by them by reason of said Grace Jackling the said guardian of said heirs not having at the time of said conveyance been duly appointed guardian of said heirs by any court in this Territory, and for other reasons, all of which will more fully appear by reference to the complaint filed in this action.

And if you fail to appear and answer said complaint as above required, the said plaintiff will take default against you and judgment and apply to the court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Witness J. R. LEWIS, Judge of the said District Court, and the Seal of said Court, this 5th day of April, A. D. 1878.
JAMES SEAVEY, Clerk.
McNaught & Leary, att'ys for plaintiff. 8-61

The Antecedents of Disease.

Among the antecedents of disease are impurities in the circulation of the blood, an unnaturally attenuated condition of the physique, indicating that the life current is deficient in nutritive properties, a wan laggard look, inability to digest the food, loss of appetite, sleep and strength, and a sensation of unnatural languor. All these may be regarded as among the indicia of approaching disease, which will eventually attack the system and overwhelm it, if it is not built up and fortified in advance. Invigorate, then, without loss of time, making choice of the greatest Vitalized agent extant, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, an elixir which has given health and vigor to myriads of the sick and debilitated, which is avouched by physicians and analysts to be pure as well as effective, which is immensely popular in this country, and extensively used abroad, and which has been for years past one of the leading medicinal staples of America.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.
SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

The splendid sidewheel
Steamship Dakota,
2100 Tons. H. G. MORSE, COMMANDER.
WILL LEAVE ON THE DATES HERE
after mentioned:
Fare from Port Townsend to San Francisco.
Cabin \$28; Steerage \$13

SAN FRANCISCO.	PT. TOWNSEND.	VICTORIA.
April 20	April 8	April 10
May 10	May 28	May 30
June 20	June 18	June 20
June 20	June 8	June 10

Steamship City of Panama,
1500 tons. W. R. SEABURY, COMMANDER
WILL LEAVE ON THE FOLLOWING
dates:

SAN FRANCISCO.	PT. TOWNSEND.	VICTORIA.
April 10	On arrival.	April 20
May 30	" "	May 10
June 20	" "	June 30
June 10	" "	June 20
" 20	" "	" "

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.

Probate Notice.

IN the Probate Court of Jefferson County, Washington Territory.
IN the matter of the estate of ARTHUR PHINNEY, deceased.

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 up to this date, petition this Court that a day may be appointed for the hearing and settlement of said account. It is ordered that Monday, the 27th day of May, A. D. 1878, being a day of a regular term of said Court, to-wit, of the May term, A. D. 1878, at the Court-room of said Court, at 2 o'clock P. M., to be appointed as the time and place for hearing said petition; at which time and place any person interested in said estate may appear and file his exceptions in writing to said account, and contest the same. It is further ordered that notice of the pendency of said petition and of the time and place for hearing said petition, in the Puget Sound ARGUS, a newspaper published in said county, J. A. KUHN, Probate Judge and ex-officio clerk, James McNaught, att'y for the estate, April 26, 1878. 11-14

Administrator's Notice

RICHARD FRITH'S ESTATE.—Letters of administration on the estate of RICHARD FRITH late of Jefferson County, W. T., deceased having been granted to the undersigned residing in Snow Bay, in said County, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payments, and all persons having claims against the same to present them properly authenticated to the undersigned at his residence within one year from this date.
W. F. LEWISTON,
Administrator of the estate of Richard Frith, deceased.
May 10, 1878.

Probate Notice

IN the Probate Court of Jefferson county, W. T.
In the matter of the estate of PHILIP BEYNES, deceased.
NATHANIEL D. HILL, administrator of the estate of PHILIP BEYNES deceased, having on the 25th day of March, 1878, presented and filed his annual and final account as such administrator, for settlement, notice is hereby given that said annual account will come on for bearing and settlement on Monday, the 27th day of May, A. D. 1878, at 2 o'clock, P. M., at the Probate Court room in Port Townsend, W. T., that being a day of a regular term of the Probate Court, at which time and place all persons interested in said estate are hereby notified to appear and file their objection thereto, in writing, if any there be and contest the same.
J. A. KUHN, Probate Judge.

O. F. GERRISH & CO

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

GENERAL

MERCHANDISE

OF EXTRA QUALITY.

HARDWARE,

House and Ship Carpenter's Tools,
SHIP CHANDLERY,

GROCERIES,
PROVISIONS,

Boots and Shoes,

WINES,

LIQUORS,

CIGARS, &C., &C.

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IMPLEMENTS

Of all Kinds.

AGENTS FOR THE

BUCKEYE

MOWER & REAPER

HAINES' HEADER

Sweepstake Threshers,

SEED-DRILLS

Taylor's Sulky Rakes,

MOLINE PLOWS.

Mitchell's Farm Wagons

&c., &c., &c.

AT THE

Lowest Prices

PORT TOWNSEND, W. T.

H. L. TIBBALS & CO.'S

SUPERIOR TEAMS

WHARFINGERS

Commission Merchants

Vessels Discharged,

Freights Collected,

Teaming of all kinds done,

at Reasonable Rates and Satisfaction Guaranteed.

FORWARDING AND COMMISSION BUSINESS promptly attended to.

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

TIMOTHY HAY, ALWAYS ON HAND.

AGENT

Stellacom Beer, Seattle Beer, and

Levy Bro's Soda Water and Root Beer.

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

To the merchants of Port Townsend, we will say that we receive all your goods and advance the coin for your freight bills, for which we certainly expect your patronage, as we have attended to receiving, shipping, and delivering your goods for many years past. We are still prepared to do all your work at fair and reasonable prices.
H. L. TIBBALS & CO.,
Port Townsend, W. T.

DRUGS, PAINTS, OILS

STATIONERY, &C.,

Wholesale and Retail, by

N. D. HILL,

Port Townsend, W. T.

DRUGS.

MEDICINES,

CHEMICALS,

AND TRUSSES;

Patent Medicines of all inds.

GLASS,

PAINTS,

OILS,

AND BRUSHES;

A Large Assortment.

SOAPS,

PERFUMERY,

POMADES,

HAIR OILS,

And all Articles used for the Toilet,

&c., &c., &c.

Quick Sales & Small Profits

Prescriptions carefully compounded. 4ly

PIANOS AND ORGANS!

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PIANOS

Church, Hall and Parlor
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Prices Lower than Ever Before.

PIANOS FROM \$220 TO \$700
ORGANS FROM \$80 TO \$400

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

CORNISH & CO.,
Washington, N. J.

New Goods

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A LARGE STOCK OF

GROCERIES

—AND—

PROVISIONS,

Which are on sale at

The Lowest Rates for Cash.

CHARLES EISENBEIS,

PROPRIETOR

Pioneer Bakery,

PORT TOWNSEND, W. T.