

Tacomah Living Room

Puget Sound Weekly Argus.

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NO. 17,

PUGET SOUND ARGUS

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

MISCELLANEOUS.

The following is the meteorological data
for the month of May, 1878, as obtained
from the office of the U. S. Signal Service
in Olympia: Mean barometer 30.93; high-
est 30.18; lowest, 29.708; mean thermom-
eter 55.16, highest on the 9th, 87 deg.;
lowest on the 2d, 34 deg.; mean humidity,
70.86 deg.; greatest daily range of temper-
ature 40 deg.; total rainfall 1.36 inches;
prevailing wind S. W.; total movement
of wind, maximum velocity 21 miles;
number of cloudy days on which rain fell
10; cloudy days on which no rain fell 3;
clear days 8; fair days 10.

A certain parson, who was also a school
teacher, handed a problem to his class in
mathematics the other day. The first boy
took it, looked at it awhile and said, "I
pass." The second boy looked at it
awhile and said, "I turn it down." The
third boy looked at it awhile and drew out
"I can't make it." "Very good
boys," said the parson; "we will cut for
a new deal." And the switch danced like
lightning over the shoulders of those de-
praved young mathematicians.

The defeat of Randall by Dill, through
his friend Senator Wallace, is the first
hard blow received by the Democracy
since the introduction of the Potter res-
olution; which Randall favors, but which,
if the signs do not err, will be the means
of losing the next House of Representa-
tives to the Democrats. There is no tel-
ling where a boomerang is going to strike
after it is once thrown.

Hon. John Sherman, Secretary of the
Treasury, has written a very strong
letter to the Potter Committee, demand-
ing to be heard upon the Louisiana elec-
tion business. He says, "not only my-
self, but my associates of both political
parties, acted honestly and properly, and
from a sense of public duty," and de-
mands a fair and candid scrutiny of the
whole matter.

Once more, the sublime has been con-
verted into the ridiculous. The investiga-
tion which was originally intended to oust
Mr. Hayes from the presidency and to in-
stall Mr. Tilden in the office, has degen-
erated into a trumpety attempt to revive
interest in the partisan scandals of the
election in 1876, with poor Tilden's
chances of a resurrection more slender than
ever.

During the recent earthquake in Vene-
zuela, the waters of the River Tuy be-
came heated to such a degree that the fish
left it in disgust. The returned traveler
who told about a country where the geese
flew about already stuffed and roasted,
and where nicely broiled fish could be
caught with a hook and line, may not
have lied after all.

Seest thou the son of folly? He run-
neth to and fro from morning until night.
He sweateth much over the left eye-brow,
and destroyeth the paper collar. His
time is consumed in attending to other
people's business. He gets neither cop-
pers nor thanks.

Among the wheat producing States,
Iowa takes first rank, Minnesota second,
Illinois third and Wisconsin fourth. Ohio
raises the most winter wheat, and Illinois
the most corn and oats. Pennsylvania
raises the most rye, and California the
most barley.

The Cincinnati "Times" thinks it a re-
markable circumstance that some half a
dozen members of the Ohio legislature,
originally opposed to the election of Stan-
ley Matthews for senator, changed their
minds and voted for him, and have since
been appointed to office.

There be three things that make much
noise, yea four cause misery; a new baby,
a midnight cat, a one horse politician,
and a woman with a big mission and little
meat. These also are vanity and make
men use cuss words.

Farmers would find it not only profit-
able but entertaining if they would adopt
the practice of an intelligent farmer in
Kentucky who devotes the yearly products
of one acre of his farm to purchasing read-
ing matter for his family.

A good man and a wise man may at
times be angry with the world, at times
be grieved at it; but, be sure, no man was
ever discontented with the world if he did
his duty in it.

A careful computation of the cost of kil-
ling Indians shows \$11,473.25 each. If the
job was let out at contract the price might
be reduced considerably.

Every man has rules for the children of
his neighbors, but when he comes to deal
with his own children, verily the leather
is on the other hoof.

The McGibeny family are concertizing
in Des Moines, Iowa, meeting there popu-
larity and success.

STEAM NO LONGER KING.

At the Riden Iron Works, a number
of gentlemen assembled to witness the
working of a new application of a well-
known principle in wording machinery,
recently patented in Canada and the
United States by Mr. Thomas M. Fell,
known as "The Carbon Motor." There
were present Mr. Donald McLean, J. J.
Douglis, Capt. W. C. Walker, Mr. T. J.
Moyulhan, Mr. George Cummings, Mr.
George Ames, of the Belcher mine; Mr.
G. W. Dicky, Mr. Joseph Moore, directing
foreman of the Works; Mr. Wilson, of the
Central Pacific Railroad; several influen-
tial mining engineers and others interest-
ed in the subject. The test was a very
satisfactory one, but the most experienced
engineers while admitting they were as-
tonished at the working, expressed a de-
sire feeling confident that a great discovery
in motive powers had been arrived at.
The principle is not a new one. Bisul-
phide of carbon (or liquid carbon) has been
used in steam boilers, before, but in con-
nection with water. There were several
steamers in the French marine to which
the principle was applied, but the diffi-
culty to be overcome was the rapid cor-
rosion of the boiler and pipes. What is
claimed in the present is, that this diffi-
culty is avoided by the use of glycerine
instead of water. Pure glycerine is the
best lubricator in the world, though not
an oil, and therefore neither incrustation
nor corrosion follows its use. The
boilers filled with the temperature of 190
deg. For, the bisulphide of carbon is in-
jected. The latter is almost instantly va-
porized, giving 60 pounds of working
pressure for the engine. After utilizing
the liquid carbon to propel the engine,
the vapor is condensed for re-use, there
being no loss if the parts are tight and the
liquids pure. The great advantages
gained so far as could be perceived, were
first, a saving of expense in fuel, as in a
comparative trial with an engine run by
steam the glycerine carbon machine ob-
tained greater power during eight hours
of motion, and at less consumption of coal
by 55 per cent; second, an absence of
wastage, by corrosion or otherwise, in the
engine; third, ease of management, per-
fect freedom from the danger of explosion.
It was a curious feeling to be able to place
one's hand on the boiler when the machin-
ery was at speed, and find the superficial-
heat, in parts only about 100 degrees.
This is the second important invention
for which we have been indebted to the
Canadians. The first was a machine for
cutting iron plates, devised by a raw Kan-
uck just out of the "bush," and now
have a simple combination that may su-
percede steam and all its perils.—San
Francisco Examiner.

A Living Witness.

Do not despair of ever finding relief
from that dreadful disease dyspepsia, or
it mate liver complaint. A single trial
of White's Prairie Flower will make you
a witness to its infallibility. Druggists say
they never sold a medicine they can more
heartily recommend. It cures chronic
rheumatism, cutaneous and ulcerous scrofu-
la, organic debility, nervousness, etc. etc.
For female complaint it has no equal.
Prairie Flower is gathered from the
prairies of the far west, and then carefully
prepared in the form of a liquid medicine
by an experienced physician. Is positive-
ly purely vegetable and harmless in any
reasonable amount, yet a powerful purga-
tive if taken in over doses. Directions in
full are with each bottle. For sale by all
druggists. Trial size, 25 cts. Large size,
75 cts.

Strawberry Festival.

The ladies of the Presbyterian church
will give a strawberry festival at Good
Templars' hall, on the evening of Thurs-
day, June 20th, proceeds to be applied to-
wards paying the debt on Sunday school
room.

Notice to Shipmasters.

I beg to give notice to all ships masters
visiting Puget Sound to load for foreign
ports with lumber or spars, that on and
after the 1st day of July, 1878, I shall be pre-
pared to load vessels at the very lowest
rate. Having had an experience of 20
years in the business, and having the recom-
mendation of all the mill owners on
Puget Sound, I guarantee satisfaction.
W. H. GILBERT.
Oldest Stevedore on Puget Sound.

NEW STORE AND NEW GOODS

WM. KORTER,

Drygoods, and Groceries,

PORT LUDLOW, W. T.

CAN Supply you with Anything in his
Line, at

LOWEST RATES For cash

Don't fail to give him a Call

Judson & McFadden,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS-AT-LAW
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WATER STREET,
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Managing Surgeon, Marine Hospital.
Port Townsend, W. T.
Can be consulted, night or day, at Hospital

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Bricklayer, Plasterer, and
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Work done at the lowest reasonable rates.
Jobbing promptly attended to.

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WATER STREET,
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THE ABOVE HOUSE IS PARTICULARLY
adapted to the accommodation of all
who desire A RESERVED AND NICE
PLACE to Board, and especially Families
and sojourners wishing good rooms.

COSMOPOLITAN HOTEL.
C. FRANK CLAPP, Proprietor.

THIS WELL-KNOWN AND POPULAR
House has been refurnished and refitted
in all its departments, and is now prepared to
furnish first class accommodations to its
patrons. Being elegantly situated it is easy of
access by the traveling public. Its table will
always be supplied with the best the market
affords. Rooms for families, with board by
the day or week.

New Barber Shop.
IN CENTRAL HOTEL BUILDING.

Joseph de Barrows.
Shaving, Hair Cutting, and Color-
ing, done in style.

W. M. DODD. J. E. PUGH
CENTRAL HOTEL,

Situated at head of Union Wharf,
Port Townsend, W. T.
This House is new and newly furnished, and
possesses all the appointments of a
First-Class Hotel.
Its Bar is supplied with the best of Wines,
Liquors and Cigars. There is a first-class Bill-
iard Table and Reading Room in the Hotel.
Nothing will be left undone to make this
Hotel second to none in the Territory.
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Dealers in
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\$25 per day made by an "worker" of
either sex, right in their own locali-
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worth \$5 free. Improve your spare time at
this business. Address Stinson & Co., Port-
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B. S. MILLER,

Head of Union
Wharf
Pt. Townsend
W. T.



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The Heart's Deception.

Be still, oh, yearning heart, be still; I will not to your teachings hark; For when no joy my pulses thrill, You tell me all the world is dark.

While reason whispers all is fair As when no sorrow filled my breast, That summer's fruits are rich and rare, And earth is still in beauty drest.

You chill me with your dark forebodings, And tell all is gloom without; Yet when I sit in reason's teachings, I find that you are prone to doubt.

Ah, heart, you are an erring preacher; I will no more confide in you; Wisdom shall henceforth be my teacher, The life will wear a sunnier hue.

All joy from earth has never fled, Though youth and summer must depart, 'E'en when the flowers we love are dead, 'Tis winter only in the heart.

A Danish Legend.

Once upon a time a Danish knight was about to be married to the prettiest damsel in all Denmark, and, according to the custom of the country, he rode about from one house to the other personally inviting all his guests. There was to be a dance and a feast after the ceremony, and every one he knew must be bidden.

He rode many miles that day, and after midnight found himself on the further side of a great wood which every one said was haunted by elves, and where there was indeed a fairy ring, as anyone could see who chose to look for it.

Some people would have been afraid to ride through the wood at night, but Sir Olaf was a brave man, so he spurred on his white horse and rode into the wood.

The moon was rising; her white beams penetrated the branches and faintly illuminated the path. They fell upon his fine face and his long, fair, flowing hair; his blue eyes sparkled, he was thinking of the girl he loved and of his coming wedding day.

Suddenly a sound fell upon his ear that broke his reverie; it was the sound of music—strange, delicate, beautiful music. The horse heard it and began to show signs of terror, but Sir Olaf rode on, looking about him carefully, for he could not think that these delicate harps and bagles were played upon by human hands, and the tunes were all strange and elfish.

So, ran the old legend, did the Elf King's daughter play to win the hearts of any men who rode through the Elf wood after midnight.

"But my heart they cannot win," said Olaf, "for that belongs to my true love. I have no fear of the Elf King's daughters."

But just as he spoke, he came into a clearing in the wood; there was the fairy ring; a flood of moonlight fell across it, and there he saw three beautiful maidens, all in green, playing upon the strange and delicate instruments, while in the midst of the ring stood one still more lovely, who held out her arms to him.

"Welcome, welcome, Sir Olaf," she cried, "alight from your horse and come hither. I am the Elf King's daughter, and it is my will that thou shouldst come into the ring and dance with me. It is an honor given to few mortals."

But Sir Olaf remained in his saddle, only bowing low to the Elf maiden.

"I cannot dance with you," he said. "I cannot even stay. To-morrow is my wedding-day, and I must ride home to my bride."

"Your bride is very fair, doubtless, Sir Olaf," said the Elf maiden, "but am I not fairer? Light down, Sir Olaf, and dance with me, and I will give thee two golden spurs, and a robe of white silk that the fairy queen has bleached in the moonshine, as a wedding-gift for thy lady."

"Many thanks, lovely Elf maiden," said the knight, "but I must ride on. I cannot stop upon my wedding-eve to dance or talk with thee. Good-night." And he would have ridden on, but now the Elf maiden advanced and caught the horse by the bridle.

"Light down, Sir Olaf," she said, "and I will give thee gold. Thou shalt have more gold than thou hast ever hoped to have, for thou art but poor, though thou art so brave. Dance in the ring with me, and thou shalt be rich."

"Nay," replied Sir Olaf, "I have told thee it is my wedding-eve. I can dance with none but my bride. Let go my bridle, good Elf maiden, and farewell."

But now the beautiful eyes of the fairy woman sparkled with rage.

"If thou wilt not dance with me, Sir Olaf," she said, "thou shalt remember me. The man who will not take the Elf maiden's kiss shall have the Elf stroke from her hand."

Then she rose on tiptoe and struck him over the heart, and cried, "Get thee home to thy bride."

Away sped the horse, but Sir Olaf sat upon him pale and without motion; his hand no longer held the bridle; his eyes saw nothing, his lips were dumb; a white corpse seemed to ride upon the white steed in the moonlight.

All night those who awaited for the coming of Sir Olaf watched for him in vain; the day dawned, and he had not come; but so brave a knight would never fail his bride. The feast was spread; the wine was poured; the bride was dressed; the guests arrived.

Where tarried Sir Olaf? Those who knew that he had ridden into the Elf

forest at moonlight felt their hearts grow weary; but as all eyes turned towards the wood there came forth from it a white horse which all knew to be Sir Olaf's.

It was ridden by a knight who seemed to be frozen in his saddle; he was white to the lips; his wide-open eyes stared at nothing. The horse came on and paused in their midst, and as though some unseen thing had until that moment supported him, the knight fell forward upon his face. It was Sir Olaf.

"He is dead!" shrieked the bride. "Dead! dead!" shrieked the mother. "Dead!" chorused the guests.

And they wept over him as he lay in their midst, and cried, "There will be no wedding, but a funeral—the funeral of the bravest and best beloved knight in Denmark."

Then the bride tore her hair and scattered her jewels upon the ground, but there arose in the midst of the guests an old, wise woman, who had lived more than a hundred years.

Her long, gray hair fell down on either side of her head, her cheeks were wrinkled, and she was bent double; but her shrill voice filled all the place.

"Listen to me, oh, friends," she said. "I know what you know not. The brave young knight, Sir Olaf, has met the Elf maidens in the wood, and has had the Elf stroke. To every man who rides through the wood after night, do the Elf maidens call, 'Come and dance,' they cry. 'Come and dance.'"

"And whether they dance or not, they give them the Elf stroke over the heart. Only there is this difference: It is well known to all wise people, the man who is untrue to his wife or his love is dead, and all the doctors in Denmark cannot restore him. But one who is quite true, who, there in the darkness of the wood, with the Elf maidens only to look upon him, and the beautiful eyes of the Elf King's daughter looking into his, is utterly true, and neither kisses her soft lips, or dances with her, or takes from her gift or ring, him the lips of his true love may bring to life again."

"The bride has but to kiss him, and he lives again. Only," said the old wise woman, shaking her head, "in my time none have come to life again. All have died who have had the Elf stroke."

"But if thy words be true, old woman, Sir Olaf will breathe once more," cried the bride; "for he is true as steel. I know my knight. I have no doubt of him."

And she knelt beside her pallid lover, trembling and weeping, and showered kisses on his lips, while all stood about in silence, scarcely daring to breathe.

And under these kisses the white lips grew red again; the pale cheeks flushed, life sparkled in those frozen eyes.

The bride felt her knight's breath upon her cheek.

"Wise woman, thou hast spoken the truth," she cried; "even the Elf stroke cannot harm the true heart, and my Olaf is true as the steel of his own good blade."

Then up rose Sir Olaf, strong and fair as ever, and took his bride by the hand, and far in the Elf wood were heard strange, wild sounds, the Elf King's daughters shrieking with rage; for they, like the old wise woman, had never before known one so true as to refuse their kisses and their gold.

Where the Treaty Was Made.

The house where the Treaty of San Stefano was signed is described by a Standard correspondent as standing upon the brink of a precipitous cliff, into whose cave-aten base the waves seemed to boom a constant protest against peace. The Plenipotentiaries met in an elegantly furnished room, about twenty-five feet square, upholstered in blue with yellow flowers and stripes, and carpeted with the produce of the looms of Smyrna in green and red. Porcelain vases of evergreen stood in each window. At the opposite side of the room was a divan, in front of which stood a large table covered with maps. Ignatieff and M. de Nelidoff took their seats with their backs to the window, so that they could scrutinize every play of feature which at this supreme moment must surely break through the impassive stolidity of the two representative Turks commissioned to ratify the defeat of their nation and its consequences. Safvet sat on Ignatieff's right, there being a small round table between these two functionaries. Sadullah was nearer the centre of the room in a large fauteuil bordered with heavy gilt fringe. The other occupants of the room were Princes Cherofteli, M. Bazil, and two Turkish secretaries. When all was ready Ignatieff and Safvet signed simultaneously, the latter holding the document on his hand as he wrote, after the Turkish manner; the Russian writing on the table. Each then took the other's paper and signed again, and the Treaty of San Stefano was completed.

Another buried city has been discovered in Italy. At the foot of Mount Gargano a buried town has been laid bare, the houses being twenty feet below the surface. A temple of Diana was first brought to light, then a portico composed of columns without capitals, and finally a necropolis covering nearly four acres. The Italian Government has taken measures to continue the excavations on a large scale, and has already discovered a monument erected in honor of Pompey after his victory over the pirates. The town is the ancient Sipontum, of which Strabo and Livy speak, and which was destroyed by an earthquake.

A young apprentice to the shoe-making business asked his master what answer he should give to the often-repeated question, "Does your master warrant his shoe?" "Answer, Thomas," said the master, "that I warrant them to prove good, and if they don't I'll make them good for nothing."

Josh Billings on Beer.

I have finally come to the conclusion that lager beer as a beverage is not intoxicating.

I had been told by a German who said he had drunk it all night long, just to try the experiment, and was obliged to go home entirely sober in the morning. I have seen this same man drink eighteen glasses, and if he was drunk it was in German, and nobody could understand it.

It is proper enough to state that this man kept a lager beer saloon, could have no object in stating what was not strictly true.

I believe him to the full extent of my ability. I never drank but three glasses of lager in my life, and that made my head outwist as tho it was hung on the end of a string, but I was told that it was owing to my bile being out of place; and I guess that it was so, for I never billed over wus than I did when I got hom that nite. My wife tho I was goin to die, and I was afraid that I shouldn't, for it seemed as tho everything I had ever eaten in my life was coming to the surface; and I believe that if my wife hadn't pulled off my boots just as she did, they would hav cum thundering up too.

O, how sick I wuz! 14 years ago, and I can taste it now.

I never had so much experience in so short a time.

If any man shud tell me that lager beer was not intoxicating I shud believe him; but if he should tell me that I wasn't drunk that nite but that my stumick was out of order, I shud ask him to state over a few words just how a man felt and acted when he was set up.

If I warn't drunk that nite, I had some or the most natural simtams that a man ever had and kept sober.

In the first place it was about 80 rods from where I drank the lager beer to mi house, and I was just over two hours on the road, and a hole bustid through each one of my pantaloons noez, and didn't hav any hat, and tried to open the door by the bell-pull, and hiccuped awfully, and saw everythin' in the room trying to get round on the back side of me, and, sitting down on a chair, I did not wait long enough for it to get exactly under me when I wuz going round, and I set down a little too soon and missed the chair about twelve inches, and couldn't get up soon enough to take the next one that come along; and that ain't awl, my wife sed I wuz as drunk as a beest, and, az I sed before, I began to spin up things freely.

If lager beer is not intoxicating it used me most almighty mean, that I know.

Still I hardly think that lager beer iz intoxicating, for I have been told so; and I am probably the only man living who ever drunk eny when his liver was not plumb.

I don't want to say anything against a harmless temperance beverage, but if ever I drink eny more, it will be with mi hands tied behind and my mouth pried open.

I don't think lager beer is intoxicating, but if I remember rite, I think it tasted to me like a glass of soap suds that a pickle had been put tew soak in.

A Parrot's Friendship.

Birds and animals often form friendships for other animals not of their own family, and show a deep and sincere attachment. Mr. Adolphus Saxe, a celebrated inventor of military musical instruments, had a little green parrot, sickly, weak and almost featherless. His workshop was full of brass filings and unhealthy odors. Accordingly he placed his old favorite's cage in a large Judas tree that grew near. The parrot was adroit enough to open her cage, and would fly to the upper branches to enjoy her liberty, returning from time to time to her cage for food. As the cage was often open and untenanted, a sparrow, with the usual modesty of its kind, used to enter and help itself. He got so much at home that even when the parrot returned he would not fly off, but kept on eating as though he were the owner, not an invited guest. The parrot not only did not resent the intrusion, but formed a strong friendship for the sparrow, which was evidently reciprocated. When the parrot felt lonely and wanted company, he imitated the sparrow's chirp to invite his friend to pay him a visit, and, unless he was beyond hearing distance, the sparrow always came. On his part, the sparrow, in rainy or winter weather, allowed himself to be shut up in the parrot's cage, utterly disregarding the bolts shut upon him; which he knew would be drawn back in the morning. But one fine, or, rather, one fatal—day, a cat belonging to the neighborhood pounced upon and devoured the sparrow, who, from his familiarity with the house, had not learned to be upon his guard. The parrot, not seeing him return, passed day and night thenceforth in calling upon him whom she was never more to see again, and a week afterwards she was found lying dead under the tree, with, by a supreme effort, she had contrived to drag herself.

A WELL-KNOWN Oxford man, who was at the same time fellow of his college and head master of a prosperous grammar school, was once detected by an old pupil skating on a Sunday afternoon. "I think, doctor," was not the unnatural observation, "you once flogged me for boating a Sunday." "Yes, my dear boy," was the reply, "and I did quite right. If a man really likes boating, one day to him is the same as another. Skating is entirely different. It may freeze hard on the Saturday night and then thaw again before daybreak on Monday morning."

Unearthly Visitors.

THE FOUR QUEER COMPANIONS.

Cibber, the actor and dramatist, in company with three friends, once made an excursion. Cibber had a false set of teeth; one of his friends a glass eye; a second friend a cork leg; but the third had nothing particular, except a remarkable way of shaking his head. They traveled in a post-coach, and while at the first stage, after each had made merry with his neighbor's infirmity, they agreed that at each baiting place they would all affect the same singularity. When they came to breakfast they all squinted, and, as the countrymen stood gaping round, when they alighted:

"Od rot it!" cried one, "how that man squints!"

"Why," said a second, "here be another squinting fellow!"

The third was thought to be a better squinter than the other two, and the fourth better than all the rest. In short, language cannot express how admirably they all squinted—for they went one degree beyond the superlative. At dinner they appeared to have cork legs; and their stumping about made more diversion than at breakfast. At tea they were all deaf; but at supper, which was at the Ship, at Dover, each man resumed his character, the better to play his part in a farce they had concerted among them. When they were ready to go to bed, Cibber called out to the waiter:

"Here, you fellow! take out my teeth." "Teeth, sir!" said the man.

"Ay, teeth, sir! Unscrew that wire, and they'll all come out together."

After some hesitation, the man did as he was ordered. Then another called out:

"Here, you! take out my eye!" "Lor, sir!" said the waiter, "your eye!" "Yes, my eye! Come here, you stupid dog! Pull up that eyelid, and it will come out as easily as possible."

This done, the third cried out:

"Here, you rascal! Take off my leg!" This the waiter did with less reluctance, having been before apprised that it was a cork, and also conceiving that it would be his last job. He was, however, mistaken. The fourth watched his opportunity, and while the frightened waiter was surveying with rueful countenance the eye, teeth and leg lying on the table, cried out in a frightened, hollow voice:

"Come here, sir—take off my head!" Turning round, and seeing the man's head shaking like that of a mandarin upon a chimney-piece, he darted out of the room, and after stumbling headlong down stairs, ran about the house swearing that the gentlemen above stairs were certainly all devils.

Contraction and Expansion.

The rural idea of contraction and expansion is peculiar. Here it is. Charles Augustus was with Julia the other evening, when she observed:

"Charles, dear, what is all this talk about contracting and expanding the currency, and which do you believe in?"

"Well, my sweet," said Charles, pulling up his collar, "that depends upon circumstances. In some cases I should advocate contraction of the currency, and in others an expansion of it. It is according to the circumstances—that is, the condition of things."

"But what is the difference between the two, and how does circumstances affect them? That's what I want to know, Charles."

"Oh, that's easily explained," said Charles, in a tone of great cheerfulness. "For instance, when we are alone we both sit on one chair, don't we?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's contraction. But when we hear your pa or ma coming, we get on two chairs, don't we?"

"I should say we did."

"Well, my love, that is expansion. So you see it is according to circumstances."

"Charles," said she, very softly, burrowing under his ear, "we are contracting now, ain't we?"

"You bet," said Charles, with increased cheerfulness.

THE LAST OF THE SIX NATIONS.—There was a council of the Six Nations at Onondaga Castle, last week, and the Indian citizenship bill, recently introduced by Senator Kernan, in the United States Senate, was warmly discussed. A correspondent of the Utica Republican, who sat by the council fire, writes that the drift of the argument was against any law that would allow or compel them to become citizens, as such a course would withdraw the protecting arm of the Government and open wide the door to the grasping avarice of the white man. They would have nothing to gain and everything to lose; it would be for their true interest to remain as they are. In the evening the young men entertained their guests with a war dance, in which they appeared in full Indian costume and war paint, with tomahawk and scalping knife; and as the war-whoop rang out from hill to valley it required but a slight stretch of the imagination to take one back to the time when that cry struck terror to every white settler who heard it. Keeping step to their native music, these warriors chanted the prowess and valor of their forefathers, when they were the dominant race; the wrongs which they had endured in following the course which the Great Spirit had marked out for them.—N. Y. Tribune.

THOUGHT SHE WAS A TRAMP.—An old lady named Curtis, living in Stetson, with an old coat over her head, went past the barn door Friday evening while a young man named Kimball was feeding the cattle. He thought it was a tramp, and plunged the pitchfork into the old lady's side, one time penetrating the lung and inflicting fatal injuries.

The English Navy.

In speaking of the prospects of England in the case of a war with other European nations, great stress is always laid upon the magnificent fleet of war vessels which she possesses, and the strength which she could thus wield upon the seas everywhere. Powerful indeed is her navy, and it would be difficult for any nation to cope with her upon the ocean, but recent discussions in the House of Commons show that perfect satisfaction and confidence is not felt in the way in which these splendid ships are built. The London Times, last year, two or three times astonished the English public by declaring that a ship then constructing, at a cost of \$2,600,000 and designed to be the most powerful war vessel afloat, was so modeled as to possess the least amount of stability possible, and the running out of her guns at a time when the waves were rolling high, or a sudden effort to turn in an angry sea, would result in her being capsized, especially if she had been injured in the unarmored ends. This ship had been "started upon the principle that as the power of guns had increased so much more rapidly than the power of armor, it was necessary to make the central citadel of a certain thickness of armor, without regard to the state of the ends of the vessel."

About the middle of last month, Parliament began to give its attention to the matter. In the course of the stirring debates that have since taken place, many interesting facts regarding the English Navy have been given to the public. Among other things, it was stated that of thirty-nine iron-clads built between October, 1861, and April, 1870, only fifteen were in good working order. The first cost of the useless twenty-four, added to what had been expended for repairs, reached the sum of \$40,000,000, which was, in effect, a total loss to the nation. It was also shown that these great ships, with so deep a draught, could not be depended upon for coast operations, and the building of monitors similar to those so effectually used by the United States during the rebellion, was strongly recommended. In view of the present unsettled state of affairs, the further discussion of the matter has been postponed for the present, but since the attention of the British Government has been so thoroughly aroused by the recent terrible accident to the *Burydice* off of the Isle of Wight, and by the facts which have been made known for its consideration, some steps will be taken to remedy existing defects as soon as possible.—Toledo Blade.

TURKISH LOSSES IN THE WAR.

From recent published official returns it appears that between the day on which war was declared and the signing of the armistice the Russian army of the Danube captured fifteen pashas, 113,000 officers and men, six hundred and six guns of different calibers, 9,600 tents, 140,200 muskets, and 24,000 horses. In addition, 200,000 small arms, yataghans and pistols were taken from Turkish irregular troops, and also 13,000 lances and daggers. The Russian army in Asia captured during the war fourteen pashas, and 40,200 officers and men, six hundred and sixty-two guns, 16,000 tents, 49,000 muskets, 18,000 horses, and immense stores of ammunition and provisions of all kinds. The number of firearms and miscellaneous weapons taken from the Asiatic irregular troops of the Porte was also, it is stated, exceedingly large, but no details are given. In Europe, as in Asia, a vast quantity of rice, bread and salt was seized, as well as an immense number of cartridges and a great quantity of loose powder. The Serbian troops also acquired a large booty during the short time they were engaged, their trophies being returned as two hundred and thirty-eight guns, ten thousand muskets, and thirty-seven standards, besides ammunition, provisions and horses.

A STUBBORN FEMALE.

Recently Mrs. Ann M. Greedy and her daughter Mary, who were arrested on the preceding day for breach of the peace in repeatedly annoying John B. Colahan, a lawyer, went to prison in default of bail. Mrs. Greedy and her daughter are the females who caused considerable excitement by screaming and attempting to throw themselves on the sidewalk while being taken to the Central Station. At the time Mr. Greedy, her husband, died, he was supposed to be worth something over \$150,000. When the estate came to be administered upon, it was found that the amount coming to Mrs. Greedy would be only \$60,000. This sum was placed to her credit by the Orphan's Court, but this she persistently refused to accept. She believes herself cheated by the administrators and lawyers engaged in settling the estate, and has been arrested four times previous for wronging and annoying them. At least twenty persons offered to go her bail, but she refused all offers, and declares she will remain in prison until justice is done her. Persons acquainted with the case say that Mrs. Greedy is undoubtedly insane.

NEW DEFINITION.

A famous Roman ecclesiastic was making his periodical tour of inspection in the Dublin Sunday schools. "Kate Molony," said he to an intelligent-looking girl, "explain the meaning of the holy Sacrament of Matrimony." A pause. "Please, yer honor, it is a sad state of existence before entering purgatory." "Go to the bottom of the class, you ignorant girl," cried out the local clergyman, very much ashamed of his pupil. But the archbishop stopped him. "Not so fast, Father Patrick, not so fast. The lass may be right, after all. What do you or I know about it?"

Mrs. Stoddard's Trial.

BY ISADORE ROGERS.

Bill Stoddard is just the meanest man that ever drew the breath of life. I wouldn't shed a tear if lightning would strike him and knock him into the furthest corner o' kingdom come.

I won't say but what Will's been good enough, and I've never been sorry for one single minute for the choice I made, but some way he's always held a grudge agin' Phil Elmer.

"Susan, I want to go to town to-day with a load of potatoes, and you know I've been uncommon busy lately, and I wish you'd go down cellar and help me sort 'em over."

"O, never mind your hair," says he; "you're handsomer now than lot's o' women that's ten years younger, and besides, whose agin' to see you down cellar?"

"Well, Susan," says he, "if I had told you, you would have fluttered around like a hen with her head cut off, and had this room just a shinin', and had on your nicest calico and prettiest collar, and a blue ribbon in your hair, and you would have asked him to stay to dinner, and made me feel about as I used to when he used to go home with you from spellin' school."

"And I s'pose you wanted to make him think that he hadn't lost anything by not getting me," said I.

"I don't care what he thinks," says he, "and I don't know any reason why you should."

Among the Osages.

The Osages are naturally good and kind-hearted. They are full of affection towards their sick, and particularly towards their children.

The funeral of the Pagan Osage does not occupy much time. On the spot where a dear one has expired, the mother, the wife, and the other women in attendance, take a handful of mud and besmear with it the right half of their long hair.

What they mean by those sorrowful words is a mystery they themselves cannot give any account of, except that it is an expression of love and sorrow they have learned from their grandfathers.

As a great many facts could be brought to prove that the Osages, as well as all these Western Indians, are of Eastern origin, why could we not say that these words are derived from the old *Idida*?

The heart-rending mourning of the women is soon followed by the ferocious voices of the men, who, in their turns, make the very air vibrate with terror.

This exciting scene will last a little over one hour; then they proceed to the burial. A high bluff is generally selected for the purpose.

Now a chief addresses him for the last time, and bids him farewell. This done, the women, like industrious bees, go to work and very quietly put up a wall, either with rocks or sods, around the remains of their departed friend.

When a Christian Osage dies, his articles of devotion, crucifix, beads, etc., are buried with him. No Christian Indian will allow a scalp to be hung over his grave; on the contrary, it is always ornamented with a small cross, which is rude in material.

A GEORGIA farmer undertook a few evenings ago to clear his hogs of vermin by rubbing them with kerosene, which he accomplished by the light of a fat pitch knot.

A Romantic Murder.

The novelist who is looking for the plot of a first-class sensational story will find in the history of a romance in real life a parallel to which can scarcely be found outside the pages of fiction.

Recently, however, the fugitives were heard from in North Carolina, and a party was organized to effect their capture. A long chase, a desperate resistance, an attempted rescue, and two prison cells for husband and wife and a baby child are thus far the completed chapters of this Georgia romance.

DON PRATT, in his paper, expresses himself as decidedly opposed to the use of the pistol and knife, as in Princeton College, in carrying on the custom of "bazing."

GLASHER, the aeronaut, has noticed that the voice of a woman is audible in a balloon at the height of about two miles, while that of a man has never reached higher than a mile.

A POLITICAL speaker accused a rival of "unfathomable meanness and scoundrelism," and then rising to the occasion, said: "I warn him not to persist in his disgraceful course, or he'll find that *tee o' us* can play at that game!"

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OFFICIAL PAPER OF JEFFERSON CO.

FRIDAY, JUNE 14, 1878.

MAJOR HALLER'S CASE.

On the 25th of May Senator Mitchell and Judge Jacobs called upon Hon. Geo. W. McCrary, Secretary of War, and urged upon him to restore to the army, Major G. O. Haller. Delegate Jacobs was the spokesman, and made a very convincing speech. He was warmly backed by Senator Mitchell who said he had occasion, several years ago, to thoroughly investigate the case of Major Haller, and he was satisfied a great wrong had been done him. Both gentlemen contended that under section 1,230 of the Revised Statutes of the United States, the President had power to order his restoration. It reads as follows:

"When any officer, dismissed by order of the President, makes in writing an application for a trial, setting forth, under oath, that he has been wrongfully dismissed, the President shall, as soon as the necessities of the service may permit, convene a court-martial to try such officer on the charges on which he shall have been dismissed. And if a court-martial is not so convened within six months from the presentation of such application for trial, or if such court, being convened, does not award dismissal or death as the punishment of such officer, the order of dismissal by the President shall be void." (R. S., sec. 1230)

In the original act the word "hereafter" occurs before the word "dismissed" in the first line, and for this reason the Secretary of War replied that this section had been referred to the Attorney General for his decision as to whether it applied to past cases, or to present only. On his decision much would depend; but from a cursory examination of the evidence and of the reports, he was pretty well satisfied justice had not been done Major Haller.

In case the decision of the Secretary of War is adverse, then Senator Mitchell and Judge Jacobs will have a bill passed by Congress giving the Major the right of having a court-martial.

OBITUARY.

CHARLES M. BRADSHAW—born November 9, 1893, in Pike, Bradford county, Pa. Died June 11, 1878, at Port Townsend, W. T. Only child of Theo. H. and Lucy A. Bradshaw.

The departed one was a bright little fellow, of whom any father might well be proud. His mission upon earth, though brief, we are assured was literally one of sunshine, for he scattered it wherever he went. The disease was membranous croup, terminating in congestion of the lungs. The funeral services were held at the residence of our townsman, C. M. Bradshaw, Esq., on Wednesday of this week, and were conducted by Rev. Jas. Agnew, of the Presbyterian Church. A large number were in attendance. Though the circumstances were rendered doubly sad by the fact that the grief-stricken parents, having only arrived last week on the Dakota, considered themselves almost "strangers in a strange land," yet full and earnest sympathy was by no means wanting on the part of our people.

THE GREAT hi-an mytic mud-slingers' sheet draws sweet consolation from the fact that warehouses are being erected at Utsalady, preparatory to drawing a large share of the lower Sound grain trade to that point and away from Port Townsend Bay. Following out its line of reasoning, we might say if we cannot ship all the grain on the Sound from our wharves here instead of at the head of the bay we ought to swing our hats to see it go overland and out through the Columbia river—in fact the further away the shipping point the better.

An Eastern paper wants to interview the man who ever heard of a paragrapher "failing for \$100,000 with no assets." If some enterprising fellow will furnish the \$100,000, we are willing to do the failing part so as to let the world behold the spectacle for once.

SURPRISED.—The fellow who bought 15 cents' worth of bread from the new bakery at W. H. H. Learned's thought something was wrong because he received so much for the money.

THAT INVESTIGATION BUSINESS.

WILLISON DISCLAIMS ANY COMPLIANCE IN THE MATTER.

SPECIAL AGENT EVANS HAD COUNTED WITHOUT HIS HOST.

The following letter from Dr. Willison puts a different light upon matters connected with the recent Marine Hospital investigation:

EDITOR ARGUS: DEAR SIR—My attention was called to an article in your last week's paper, in which statements are made in connection with my name, and others, that are slightly at variance with fact; and liable to create an erroneous impression with the public. Actuated by a fraternal feeling toward the medical gentleman, and cherishing no feeling of enmity against the others, alluded to in your article, I beg your indulgence to offer a word in explanation of the matter wherein my own name is mentioned. And as I do not want a wrong feeling against the manager of the Hospital to gain credence by leaving the impression that I had made complaints against that institution, I wish here to state explicitly that I have never preferred any charge whatever against Dr. Minor, the contractor. In your article you say that:

"Dr. Willison, in response to an invitation to testify, sent a note saying he could be interviewed at his office, thus declining to come forward and substantiate charges he had made."

That statement is an error. No one present at the investigation ever heard me make any charges against the management of the Hospital, nor the Contractor; neither had they any written charges presented by me. Knowing nothing about the condition of the Hospital, having never visited it, I felt that I could testify to nothing that would benefit the Contractor; and as I had made no charges, (nor even knew that direct charges had been made against the management of the institution, until I received the written invitation from Special Agent Morris to appear at the Custom House at one o'clock to be examined by Dr. Ellinwood in reference to the subject) I felt under no constraining obligation to comply with the request of Special Agent Morris, which would necessitate my breaking professional engagements previously made, in order to meet Dr. Ellinwood. Hence I sent the following answer, in substance:

OFFICE AT COSMOPOLITAN HOTEL, PORT TOWNSEND, W. T., JUNE 13, 1878. WM. GOUVERNEUR MORRIS, Special Agent.

SIR—Your invitation to call at the Custom House at 1 P. M., today, was received a few minutes before the time appointed for the meeting. In reply would say that professional engagements prevent me from attending at the hour you have appointed. If Dr. Ellinwood wishes to interview me he will find me at my office almost any time, when not absent on professional business. Yours respectfully, H. C. WILLISON.

Again you state that: "In order that Dr. Willison might have every opportunity of giving evidence, should he have any to give, Prof. Ellinwood in the evening, with Capt. Delany, of the Mastick, called at his office; but Dr. W. declined to see them."

This statement is likewise untrue; and might, if uncorrected, lead the friends of those gentlemen to feel that their high rank in their respective professions was not appreciated by the citizens of Port Townsend. I was in my office most all the evening, and know that Capt. Delany and Dr. Ellinwood did not call there at all. But after I had retired, at my usual bed-time, 10 o'clock, the night clerk in the hotel came to my door and informed me that two men in the bar-room wished to see me; but he said he did not know who they were, and they omitted sending up their names. I told him to inquire their names, and if they wished to see me on any matter of importance, say to them I would dress myself and see them in my office. He returned again shortly and astonished me with the information that one of the gentlemen was Dr. Ellinwood, who said he had only called in while passing.

These corrections are offered only in the hope of preventing the probability of an unfair impression arising to the detriment of those mentioned in your article. You were led into error, most probably, by the fault of your informant being not sufficiently concise in details. Hoping that these explanations will be received in the same spirit of fairness that they are offered, I have the honor to subscribe myself Yours Respectfully, H. C. WILLISON. Port Townsend, June 12, 1878.

It is with great pleasure we give place to the above communication from Dr. Willison. If we did him injustice, the fault was not ours. We have always been more than cautious in touching upon personal matters.

Mr. Special Agent Evans, in his "Report Concerning the Marine Hospital at Port Townsend, W. T."—and we use his own language,—says: "The complaints made appeared to be trifling, and I saw no sufficient reason for disapproval. I subsequently met Dr. Willison, a leading physician of the place, from whom I learned that grounds for complaints of a more serious character did exist."

Dr. Willison was the only witness named in Mr. Evans' whole report. Evans says the allegations that "The Hospital is a public nuisance," etc., were given him, "most of them in writing, by respectable citizens and physicians." We stated last week that Mr. Evans transmitted to Washington allegations against the Hospital, which he knew from personal observation were untrue, and we are ready therefore to believe that he might have done Dr. Willison an injustice.

Dr. W. says: "No one present at

the investigation ever heard me make any charges," etc. That might readily be true, and yet Mr. Evans have received his information from Dr. Willison. However, we will state that the Dr. assured us that if Mr. Evans gave him as authority for any charges whatever against the management of the Hospital he (Evans) stated what was untrue. Dr. Willison's account of Prof. Ellinwood's call, differs substantially from that given to us by one of the parties present. "Twice was the messenger sent to Dr. Willison, and with Dr. Ellinwood's compliments; and it was not yet dark," says our informant. This, however, loses its importance in view of the fact that Dr. Willison disclaims having made any charges against the hospital.

Now, if Dr. Willison will disclaim having written or inspired any of the dirt or nastiness of the "Press," including its personal attack on Prof. Ellinwood, we will be equally ready to publish his denial; and it will, if true, remove a disagreeable impression regarding him, that has got abroad among good citizens.

EXCURSION TO OLYMPIA ON THE 4TH

THE STEAMER GOLIAH

Will leave this city on Wednesday, July 3d, at 8 A. M., touching at Port Gamble only, arriving at Olympia the same evening. Returning will leave Olympia on Friday morning following.

As the steamer will only leave on conditions that a sufficient number of passengers can be obtained from this city, it is particularly requested that all those intending to take part in this excursion, book their names at B. S. Miller's jewelry store on or before June 30th.

Fare for the round trip, single tickets, \$3. Gentleman and lady, \$4. The Port Gamble brass band will accompany the excursionists.

A young friend down in Clalam started a few years ago to make \$16,000. He says he has got the \$16 but the ciphers still remain unmounted obstacles.

The subject of Rev. Jno. Parsons' sermon on Sunday evening next will be "Heroism in the Early Church." All are invited.

Thus far the Olympia people have been louder than those of other places on the Sound in complaints about the warm weather.

It is said Bob. Ingersoll expects, when he dies, to be taken in as a partner, to remodel the universe.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

Portland, June 11. Financial. Gold in New York, 101. Legal tenders in Portland buying 99 1/2; selling, par. Silver coin, 2 and 3. San Francisco Market. June 10th. Flour. Quiet and steady; City Mills superfine, \$4.75 and 5; bakers and family extra, 5.87 and 6. Oregon extra, 5.75. Wheat. Dull; choice milling, 1.80 and 1.85. Barley. Demoralized; 1,830 bags new crop, first receipt, poor quality, sold at 80 c; old feed quoted at 90 and 97 1/2. Corn. Quiet and firm; large yellow 1.97 and 2.05. Oats. Dull and weak. Hay. Sales new out, \$11; old volunteer, \$13. Potatoes. Declining; new, 1.50 and 2. Wool. Dull; southern burry, .13 and .14; free good, .18 and .20; northern 25 and 24.

San Francisco Marine Report.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 9.—Arrived—J. B. Bell, Seattle; schr. Reporter, Seattle; schr. A. P. Jordan, Tacoma; bark Oregon, Seabeck; bark Oakland, Port Madison; bark Atlanta, Port Gamble; bark Aureola, Seattle; bark Lizzie Williams, Seattle; bark Gen. Cobb, Seabeck; bark Revere, Departure Bay; bark A. G. Athys, Bellingham Bay. Arrived ship Ravenscar, Otogo, N. Z.; ship M. P. Grace, New York; schr. Phil Sheridan, Unquai; brig Orient, Unquai; ship M. Notoborn, San Juan; Br bark Ketaidatan, Newcastle, N. S. W.; bktn North Bend, Columbia river; Br ship Dallam Tower, Newcastle, N. S. W.; Br bk Loch Cree, N. Z.; bark J. B. Bell, Seattle; schr. H. L. Tierra, Shoalwater bay; schr. bark Oregon, Seabeck; bk Gen. Cobb, Seabeck; bark Revere, Departure Bay; bk Amethyst, Bellingham bay; brig sheet Anchor, Houshio, sailed—Bark Penang, Victoria. June 10th.—Arrived Bk River Luna, Wellington, N. Z.; bk Mary Glover, Seattle; sir Idaho, Portland; schr. Ida Sannauer, Columbia river; bk Cassandra Adams, Seabeck; schr. Enterprise, Shoalwater bay; schr. bark Oregon, Seabeck; bk Rival, Portland; bk W. H. Gawley, Seattle; bk Emma Utter, Coos bay; Br str Australia, Sydney. June 11.—Arrived—bark Serena, Newcastle, N. S. W.; str Gussie Telfair, Coos Bay; schr. Twilight, Coos bay. Sailed—Str Empire, Coos bay.

New Boot & Shoe Store AT SEABECK.

Boots and shoes of the very best quality and latest patterns MADE TO ORDER. Repairing executed as usual, and satisfaction GUARANTEED. A Fair share of the patronage of the public is solicited. 17-1/2 WILLIAM VETTER.

NOTICE

Executors 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 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 1/2 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 25, township 28, 1 east. 30.50 acres.

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

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

North 1/2 of se qr, section 34, township 28, 1 east. 80 acres.

Southeast 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 1/2 of ne or se qr of nw qr, section 21, township 28, Range 1 east. 120 acres.

South 1/2 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 1/2 of ne 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. 99.25 acres.

West 1/2 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 1/2 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. 83 acres.

Block 4 in Al. Pettygrove's addition to Port Townsend, 8 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 1/2 of sw qr, section 29, township 23, 3 east. 80 acres.

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

Lot 3 in section 29, township 23, 3 east. 47.25 acres.

South 1/2 of ne qr, section 24, township 23, 3 east. 80 acres.

North 1/2 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, deed 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.

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.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.—The rendering of the new version of this play, on Friday evening last, was excellent, considering that the stage was too small for so large a troupe to use creditably to themselves. The characters were admirably personified, their order of importance being "Uncle Tom," "Eva," "Topsy," "Phineas Fletcher" and so on. The lesson taught by this play is a grand one. It sets forth far more forcibly than words could convey, the evils of slavery, and cannot fail to impress all with a sense of horror over the terrible crimes which used to be practiced against the African slaves in America. No true American citizen can witness the presentation of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" by the Colusa Combination Company without feeling a thrill of pride and thankfulness that an institution so atrocious and wicked as that of slavery, has been forever wiped from our land.

NEW LODGE.—On the evening of Friday the 7th inst., a new lodge of Odd Fellows was organized at Port Gamble with five charter members and nine initiates, by Hon. H. G. Struve, Dist. Dpty., N. G., assisted by Dr. N. Lane, and W. H. Pumphrey, of Seattle, Dr. N. D. Hill, of this place, and N. S. Porter, Judge Hewitt and Jno. M. Swan, of Olympia. It was christened "Friendship" lodge No. 13. After the lodge was instituted and its new members initiated, a magnificent lunch was partaken of (about 1 o'clock, A. M.) when the lodge was re-opened and the degrees were conferred upon applicants. Altogether the ceremonies lasted until near five in the morning. The new lodge begins its career under most favorable auspices.

THE Pacific Mail Steamship Dakota, Capt. Morse, arrived at this place from Sound ports on Saturday morning, and left again for Victoria before noon. Her freight down consisted of 1 cask brandy, 4 bags specie, 242 pkgs. merchandise, 1-651 pkgs. barrel staves, 38½ coils wood, 134 dry hides—234 green do., 7 bales pelts, 5 bales furs and hides, 27 bales fish—28 boxes do., 22 sks. wool, 35 tins tallow, 10 sks. potatoes, 40 sks. coal, 62 beer kegs, 1-100 sks. oats.

We are in receipt of a neat pamphlet of about fifty pages, entitled "Howard's Campaign Against The Nez Perces." Its author is Mr. Thomas A. Sutherland, a volunteer aid de camp on Gen. Howard's staff during the late Nez Perce war. No modern library should be without it as its presentation of the subject in hand is racy and entertaining, besides possessing the merit of being authentic.

We are indebted to Mr. Patton, purser of the Dakota, for memoranda of freight on the last down trip of that boat. While speaking of Mr. Patton, it may be well enough to remark that he has already gained many friends on the Sound, in his present capacity, by his obliging disposition and general savvy. The officers of the company could not have made a better appointment.

CUSTOM HOUSE SALE.—The annual sale of articles seized by the Customs officials, of this district, took place on Monday morning of this week. The total gross receipts of the sale were \$767.91. The principal article in question was opium, which brought from \$10.50 to \$12.90 per pound.

We are indebted to Mr. C. E. Dodge, of the firm of Katz and Dodge, San Juan Island, for a specimen of smoked halibut. It is very fine, and demonstrates that the company proposes to carry out its intentions fully.

CAPT. Willoughby, Indian Agent at Neah Bay, came up on the Goliath, arriving here on Monday last. His stay was brief. From him we learn that everything is progressing smoothly down there.

The schooner Mary Parker arrived at this place on Sunday night and discharged about 50 tons of Chuckanut stone for the foundation of Mr. Eisenbeis' new wharf and warehouse that are to be erected.

EMPLOYMENT.—A sober, steady man (German or American, with a wife, preferred) can obtain information directing him to profitable and steady employment by applying at this office.

On Friday last the tug Mastick towed a boom of logs, containing about 600,000 feet of lumber, from Port Angeles to Port Discovery. It belonged to Messrs. Payne, Agnew and others.

The work of filling in Water Street is progressing rapidly. Soon it will present a much better appearance than formerly.

We acknowledge a pleasant call from Hon. T. F. McElroy, of Olympia, on Monday of this week.

THE FOURTH OF JULY EXCURSION.—Father Cesary writes us, from San Juan, that they are making preparations over there to accommodate a large number of people on the fourth of next month. The Dispatch has been engaged to carry excursionists; but we are informed a larger steamer will be secured if necessary. Tickets for the grove will be sold at Mr. Thornton's landing. Tickets from Seattle will cost \$2.50, round trip; children half-price. Admission to the grove \$1. The steamer will leave Union Wharf at 6 A. M., (instead of at 4 as formerly intended) will reach San Juan about 10 A. M. Dinner in the grove will be served at 12 M. Amusements of all kinds will be the order of the day from 1 P. M., until 6, when supper will be served, after which amusements of different kinds will be continued until 3 A. M. It is proposed to start home at 5 o'clock, A. M., July 5th. Undoubtedly a pleasant time will be enjoyed, and many will have cause to remember the occasion.

ONE day recently a horse and cart, belonging to Mr. B. S. Miller, were pushed off the hill where grading is being done. Fortunately neither horse nor cart were seriously injured, though both rolled some distance down the steep hill-side. This calls to mind the advice which we tendered several months ago when Mrs. D. W. Smith and Mrs. A. Edmondson came so near being killed, viz: That each grade on the hill ought to be provided with a strong fence along the outer edge of the road. The cost would be merely nominal compared with the risk daily being run of losing life and property by getting teams accidentally precipitated over the brink.

We had the pleasure this week of meeting Mr. B. Fallows, proprietor of the North Pacific Cheese Factory, located at Chimacum. He was down in this section on business. As an item in favor of this factory, we will state that we are informed since its cheese has been introduced in Portland, it commands from five to six cents per pound more than California cheese does and that an order has come from there for three tons, which order will be filled within the next few days.

OUR Catholic friends in town had the pleasure, during the past week, of entertaining Father Richards, located at Vancouver, W. T., and acting Vicar General for this diocese. He arrived here on Thursday morning last, went to San Juan on Friday, returned on Sunday and took his departure for home on Tuesday.

THE schooner Courser, on Tuesday last, came along side of Union wharf and discharged some 270 packages of merchandise for Messrs. Waterman & Katz, of this place. She proceeded to Seattle, where she will load with coal for San Francisco.

Mr. G. M. Haller, of this place, was appointed prosecuting attorney, in place of W. H. White, absent, at the recent session of the district court at La Conner, and discharged the duties of that position so creditably that he convicted every criminal he took in hand.

INDIAN TRAYS, whom Sheriff Allen, of Whatcom County, took over to La Conner last week, was tried there for killing another Indian, and sentenced to five years' imprisonment. He was brought back here, and now occupies his place once more in our jail.

ON Tuesday morning of this week the tug Mastick left the brig Deacon off Crescent Bay, whither she had towed her from Seattle. The latter had on board 700 tons of coal, besides a deck load of lumber from Coleman's mill, and was bound for San Francisco.

OUR boss gardener, Mr. Jas. Smith, has as fine looking a strawberry garden as can be seen on the Sound. A few days ago we were shown a luscious specimen from there which measured over 3½ inches round and was not full grown either.

ON Tuesday the schooner Courser, while getting "under way" from Union Wharf, got her anchor "fouled" with the corner of the wharf; and, as the tug Mastick had hold of her at the time, she came very taking the wharf to sea.

Mr. E. A. Fields, of the firm of Briggs & Fields, butchers, of this place, has gone to Freshwater Bay in Clalam County.

RUMOR says that an opposition stage line will ere long be in operation between this place and Port Discovery Bay.

The steam tug Mastick seems to be kept very busy. Since her repairs she has been "on the go" all the time.

THE cheese factory at Chimacum can get more milk than it can utilize. Fertile spot, that Chimacum valley.

THE usual run of Spring poetry is becoming somewhat slack.

THE people of Lopez Island want another post-office.

COMMUNICATED.

SAN JUAN, W. T., June 8, 1878.

EDITOR ARGUS:—We feel happy to see by your paper of the 31st ult., that an excursion to our Island, intended to take place the first Sunday of June, was postponed to the Fourth of July, thanks to Father Cesary. As we all hope to make better preparations by that time to receive our friends, we feel satisfied that we will receive many of them at the beautiful grove. Our young girls must surely have made up their minds not to go unmarried another year, as they are already "setting their caps" for the young men who will come, and the old bachelors—so long in hopes to do better—are all ready to obtain the license from the County Seat if any beautiful specimen of the fair sex would like better the position of a country madam than that of a local girl in the city. We think it better, as we expect spurs will be in good demand and prices fair next year. As the San Juan Park Packing Company's railroad is too short, the passenger car too narrow, and the whistle busted, we will meet and welcome all our friends at the steamboat landing with our fast teams; and, if need be, a few yoke of oxen.

Respectfully Yours, JACOB Isaac's son.

THE school taught by Mr. Clarence Morgan, at Port Discovery, closes this week.

COMING TO OREGON.

The afflicted will be glad to learn that a corps of Surgeons from the National Surgical Institute, fitted out with a complete assortment of apparatus for the treatment of every human deformity, will again visit Portland, Oregon, at the St. Charles hotel from June 25th to July 1st, inclusive, 1878. This Institution originally founded at Indianapolis, Indiana, has extended its business throughout the United States and has attained a reputation for the successful treatment of Spinal Curvature, Hip and Knee Joint Diseases, Club feet, Paralysis, Piles and Fistula, heretofore unknown to the profession. References of the highest order can be given.

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.

CONIGNED TO ROTHSCCHILD & CO.

Italian ship *Ravenna Padre.*

NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED Agents of the above named ship will be responsible for debts contracted by the crew. ROTHSCCHILD & CO., Agents. F. DEANDREIS, Master. Port Townsend, June 2, 1878.

Honduras Barque *Chiclayo.*

NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED Agents of the above named bark will be responsible for debts contracted by the officers or crew. ROTHSCCHILD & CO., Agents. JULIO BOLLO, 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. FLAMBARD, Master. Port Townsend, Feb. 23, 1878.

Italian Barque *Duesorelle.*

NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED Agents for the above named vessel, will be responsible for debts contracted by the officers or crew. ROTHSCCHILD & CO., Agents. G. CAVASSA, Master. Port Townsend, March. 20, 1878.

ROTHSCHILD & CO., Shipping and Commission MERCHANTS,

Port Townsend, Washington Territory,

Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

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

Exchange Bought and Sold.

Liberal Advances Made on Consignments.

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

Goods Bought and Sold on Commission. 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 Francisco, 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

The Latest Invention.

Not content with inventing the phonograph, Mr. Edison has just perfected another contrivance which he calls the Aerophone. What it is and what it will do are told by an "interviewer" connected with the New York World:

"I am very sorry," said Mr. Edison, "that I cannot show you the aerophone to-day; I have just sent the application for a patent to Washington, and have taken the machine I had here to pieces." That he has invented a machine which, placed upon a locomotive, will raise its voice and announce in giant tones, that can be heard for miles, "I am engine Marmaduke, and will stop at Bouton Station," or whatever other warning or information it chooses, there is not the least reason to doubt. The vibrating diaphragm principle in use in the marvellous phonograph is made a key to the mystery. The vibrating-plate which in the phonograph moves a sharp point over a revolving cylinder, in the aerophone operates as a valve to shut off and open the flow of steam through a pipe leading from the boiler to a peculiarly arranged horn or whistle. By this contrivance the steam, instead of producing a long, continuous note, is made to pronounce words.

"It is quite simple," said Mr. Edison, smiling upon the perplexed reporter, "but if you don't understand it altogether, just take my word for it that this thing will utter words which can be heard distinctly four miles off, and wait patiently for a few weeks, when I will demonstrate what I say to you."

With this, for the present, the reporter had to content himself. Mr. Edison first having called his attention to the immense value it would have on shipboard in time of fog, or in lighthouses on stormy coasts, from which, by its aid, the keepers could hail all surrounding vessels, informing them of their whereabouts, and of the peculiar dangers of each particular coast.

"I have been so busy in perfecting the phonograph," said Mr. Edison, "that I have thought of but little else for the last two weeks. All the phonographs that have as yet been exhibited are, you know, very imperfect, or rather very meagre in their results. They have been mere experiments. I have, however, perfected the instrument, and in a few days a talking-machine that is a talking-machine will be completed." So saying, he led the way down stairs to a machine shop, where eight busy machinists were industriously at work, and where a perfect network of leather bands, attached to all manner of machines, was in animated motion. Among the workmen, looking over their shoulders and giving instructions here and there, this little man, whose brain had supplied the occasion for all that was going on, moved quietly about, while the reporter, lost in admiration, followed behind. Eight men, and these the most expert machinists—Swiss workmen all of them—are employed at an expense of several hundred dollars a week, merely to make in iron and brass the myriad inventions that are constantly taking form in his mind.

"Ah, here it is," said he, picking up a circular piece of brass, the surface of which was reamed with a fine thread, which, starting at the centre, ran around the plate many thousand times before the circumference was gained. "This is to take the place of the cylinder in the new phonograph. It revolves, you see, in this way (placing it upon a pivot and twirling it around like a platter), and the pointer, which is attached to the diaphragm, will follow the thread by means of a movable arm. The plate will be turned by clockwork to insure a uniform rate of motion. Instead of having to put the sheets of tin-foil directly on a cylinder, with the risk of tearing in removing them, by the means of this flat plate we will be able to have the tin-foil made secure to a cardboard frame, which, having holes at the four corners, that will just fit over four pegs, can be easily lifted from the machine when used, and put away in a safe place until wanted again."

The reporter asked how many words could be put upon a sheet of tin-foil sufficiently large to cover this plate, which is about ten inches in diameter. Mr. Edison replied that he was confident any ordinary 50-cent novel could easily be regulated upon it. To perfect the cultivation of the phonograph's voice so that it will be capable of transmitting precisely the same tones of voice that are spoken to it, Mr. Edison is engaged in making an affair to take the place of the metallic funnel which is now used to bring out the sound. He proposes to construct a tube which shall be shaped like the interior of the human mouth, and which shall be supplied with teeth somewhat similar to those employed in the *vox humana* organ-stop.

"I have another idea," said he. "I propose, in sending the exhibit of several of my inventions to the Paris Exposition, to have a large phonograph running in the machinery department. I will have a piece of tin-foil electrolysed so that the impressions upon it will not wear out by constant use. A very simple contrivance will shift the cylinder—I intend using one of the cylinder phonographs for this purpose—after it has passed under the pointer, to the other side, and so a perpetual stream of talk can be kept up. I haven't decided just what to make this everlasting phonograph say, but have thought that it would be a good plan to have it repeat in several languages—say, French, English, German, Italian, &c.—instructions how to get to the main exhibition of phonographs, which I presume will be in some other building."

He was perfectly serious, and proposed while they were upon the subject the reporter should test with him the phonograph's ability to sing a part song. A double mouthpiece was then attached to one of the machines, and Mr. Edison

taking the air, the reporter volunteering a tenor, a popular negro melody was forthwith sung to the machine. "Now," said Mr. Edison, preparing to set the cylinder in motion, "you will, I think, distinctly hear two parts." Instantly the duet began, and continued perfectly through two verses, and the chorus. "Sometimes, you know," said the inventor, with a merry laugh, "rude people will talk at concerts; suppose we see if we can produce that effect." Reversing the cylinder, he then poured into the mouth-piece a string of meaningless sentences and ejaculations, occasionally interpointing a shrill whistle and a cat-call. The effect when the phonograph again began to operate was droll and wonderful beyond conception. The strains of the duet came forth clear and harmoniously, but it was as if a riot had broken out in a concert room.

Husbands and Wives.

MRS. CHARLOTTE E. FISHER.

I do not say the husband is always to blame. The wife often makes home unhappy; too often both are in fault. Yet I think the husband is more apt to become careless and neglectful of little attentions soon after marriage than the wife is. A trusting, loving girl gives up her freedom forever and goes out from under the sheltering roof of the old home to bless and brighten the new. Goes to be his own in sickness or health, for "better or worse," until one of the twain shall rest from all earthly labors.

Before marriage he was all attention as to his personal appearance; eager to gratify her every wish. He admired the rosebud she selected to wear on her bosom, but thought his own chosen rose-bud much lovelier. He admired the dress she wore, the ribbon in her hair, truly she could do nothing to please him that failed of its object. And he told all his love and admiration in actions, and what was still pleasanter, in words.

Now they are wedded, both sure of the other's love. The days are full of light and joy, she knows a shadow can never darken their home, for is she not his darling; his own happy little wife and does he not tell her so every day? She does not believe any change comes after marriage unless it is greater and more perfect love and trust. Years pass. Have they carried the bloom of life with them? He has business to look after, but he loves his wife just the same, she will not believe otherwise. Yet, sometimes when he goes to his work, with only a hasty kiss and never once noticing the lily buds in her hair, or that she has on his favorite jewels, sometimes, I say, a feeling of disappointment clouds the joy in her heart. The full glory is dimmed. He continues to grow more neglectful. She wears the colors that used to please him; she strives to beautify his home in every possible manner, but he speaks no word of praise. He even finds fault with her once in a while; but what pains her most is his constant indifference, and he has, too, a habit of putting her second instead of first in nearly everything. Occasionally, when he does happen to notice her he wonders at the worn face and quiet manner; and, doubtless thereby, she has become very careless of home enjoyments and love. Does he never remember the many times a gentle woman has stood beside him, lifting the hair from his brow or parting it with soft fingers, or caressingly laying a white hand on his hand? He used to kiss that same hand; holding it in both his own, and say many kindly things. Now she lingers near him, but he never lifts his eyes from his book to the face beside him, or finds one little word of endearment for his wife.

Oh, if the walls of her room could speak, would they not echo the words that had so often been spoken to them: "Oh! God, what have I done? What have I failed to do, that life is not as it once was? Oh! how have I frightened away all the tender words; all the caresses that once were mine? Oh why did I not die when every word and action were full of love? Better—far better to have gone away from earth ere the bridal roses faded than to have lived until my heart calls out vainly, day and night, for the glory of departed days!"—*Rural New Yorker*.

SOFT GINGERBREAD.—Dip up, shake off lightly six even cups of flour; put in a pan and add one tablespoonful saleratus, two of ginger, one cup butter, two cups molasses, and two of good butter-milk; let the butter be soft enough to mix easily with the other ingredients, but not melted; stir all together enough to mix, and bake immediately in two tins about eight by twelve inches square. If the oven is right, twenty minutes will bake them.

FRIED LETTUCE.—Chop lettuce very fine and, if liked, the tops of two or three young onions; add two well-beaten eggs and a little salt; put a piece of butter the size of an egg into a frying-pan and when melted pour in the mixture; turn when of a light brown and serve with or without vinegar.

CREAM FOR CAKE.—One cup of sweet milk; put one-half on to boil, thicken the other half with a beaten egg and a little flour and pour into the milk on the stove, stirring constantly; let it boil up, then remove from the fire, sweeten and flavor to taste.

PLUM CAKE.—One pound of flour, one pound sugar, one pound butter, five pounds currants, one and one-half pounds stoned raisins, ten ounces citron, three-quarters of an ounce cinnamon, three-quarters of an ounce nutmegs, ten eggs.

SPONGE CAKE.—One cup of sugar; three eggs; one cup of flour; one-half teaspoonful of soda dissolved in two tablespoonfuls of cream-of-tartar.

Gas From Water.

While the possibility of making illuminating gas from water has been under discussion, some practical men have erected works, and for a year past have supplied gas in this city made from Croton water. Among the establishments in which this gas is burned are the Standard, Fifth Avenue, Wallack's, Union Square, and Park theatres, and Delmonico's, Windsor, St. James, Fifth Avenue, Buckingham, Metropolitan, St. Nicholas, Parker, and Prescott hotels. The works are at Forty-fourth, Forty-fifth, and Forty-sixth streets and the North river, and Mr. Francklyn, the manager of the Croton line of steamships, is the capitalist who has supplied money for carrying on the enterprise. It is said that \$600,000 is invested. The concern, called the Municipal Gaslight company, has been in active operation for more than a year. A *Sun* reporter on Saturday met one of the directors of the company, and asked him to describe the method of making the gas, and the prospects of the enterprise. He said that the company had carefully avoided publicity, and did not desire public attention. They had a cheap mode of making gas, which nobody else had yet adopted, and which, therefore, gave them an advantage. They were unable to supply the demand, having now over 2,000 applications on the books to which they could not respond.

"The foundation of the discovery that water is convertible into burning gas," this gentleman said, "is the explosion of the old idea that water is an original element. Water is a composition of oxygen and hydrogen, and by subjecting to intense heat the water is resolved into its original constituents, yielding one volume of oxygen gas and two volumes of hydrogen. The process is a complicated one, but inexpensive, and the water gas does not cost nearly so much as the gas made from coal and kerosene. The first operation in the manufacture of this gas is to heat the water, and next to superheat it to about one thousand degrees Fahrenheit. The water is then passed into generators filled with anthracite coal, by means of which it is decomposed into its original elements. The oxygen here unites with the carbon from the coal, and the product is carbonic oxide and hydrogen. At this stage a crude burning gas is had, containing sulphur and carbonic acid. To remove these the gas is passed through purifying boxes, which are immense sieves containing layers of lime. The sulphur is deposited in the lime, and a carbonate is made by the acid. These impurities removed, the gas next passes into carburetted-iron cylinders incased in water jackets, on the glue pot principle. These cylinders are half full of naphtha. The naphtha is vaporized by the heat, and the gas takes up this vapor and carries it into the retorts. In the retorts the naphtha vapor is decomposed and combined with the water gas, and the latter is then burning gas, but not ready for the market. It is next passed through condensers and washers to remove any condensable vapors. The result is a clear white burning gas, entirely free from odor or smoke, and far more brilliant than ordinary coal gas. Its illuminating power is 30 per cent. greater than that of coal gas."

"How much gas do you make every day?" asked the reporter.

"About 500,000 feet."

"Isn't there about as much of other kinds of gas in this mixture as of what you get out of the Croton water?"

"No; the gas comes from the water. We treat it with naphtha vapor simply to give it illuminating power. You go and try this gas. You can place a sheet of white porcelain within three inches of the flame, and there will not be a particle of smoke in three months."

"Are you selling it any cheaper than the other companies?"

"No; why should we? We can't supply the demand for it. If we sought customers that would be a different thing. We can make a big profit from it now, and we intend to do it."

The gas, it is said, costs the company only fifty cents per thousand feet, and they sell it for \$2.—*New York Sun*.

AN ECCENTRIC WELL.—Wells in the oil regions have flowed salt water, fresh water, gas and oil. We now have information that a well in Butler county has been flowing balls of fire. To add to the interest of the phenomenon, each of these balls of fire exploded with a loud report. The well is situated on the McCandless farm, in Butler county, Pa., considerable distance beyond developments. It was finished some time ago, and was drilled as a test well for that locality. About the time it was completed an immense vein of water was struck, which flowed one hundred feet into the air. The well has been flowing some months, and is yet throwing the water about fifty feet into the air. Recently the family living in the vicinity of the well were startled by a loud, rumbling sound, not much unlike thunder. They found, on going out of doors, the noise proceeded from the well. Balls of fire rose above the column of water and exploded with considerable violence. The phenomenon continued for some time. Then the rumbling noise and the balls of fire ceased.

There was a negro marriage in Talladega, Ala., a few days ago, and a few minutes after the ceremony had been performed a rejected suitor of the bride threw his arms around her neck, and, in the presence of a number of persons, inflicted on her eight or nine stabs, from which she died almost instantly. He then mounted the Court House steps and proclaimed: "I done it; hang me or kill me, just as you please, only bury me by Liza's side."

Hints From the Poultry World.

Fowls drink water freely, but they don't know just how much they need and when they have access to the fluid clean, sweet and fresh, they imbibe no more than is good for them. It is, therefore, unnecessary to mix your dough too thin and sloppy at the morning feeding. Have the meal well-scalded, and feed the mixture to the stock stiff and dry, comparatively. This feed should generally be composed of both corn and rye meal, with vegetables—say one-third each. In our practice we have found this preferable, both for the birds and, as an economical provision, for the old or the growing stock. A little pepper occasionally in this dough, and always salt, will improve the mess.

Old breeders declare that chickens from the eggs laid earliest in the season are the most likely to live and thrive, after hatching. It is claimed that continuous laying enfeebles the hens' systems to such an extent that the later eggs in the spring litters are not well endowed with vigor. The constant attentions of the cock to his flock of hens will also impair his usefulness as a stock-getter. We have tried the alternating process to good advantage; i. e., allowing one cock as a companion to the hens for three days, and a second crower for the following three days—first one and then the other male, of the same strain, of course, and brothers preferred which are equal to each other in general qualities. This plan necessitates the keeping of two good cocks for use in the yards where a dozen or fifteen hens are being bred. But it will pay, where only first-class chicks are looked for, in the progeny.

EGGS OR TABLE FOWLS?—"Which yields the better or greater profit?" inquires an experimenter. Perhaps the former—if you cultivate the right breeds for egg-production. A good way to calculate this problem is to select the sort of fowls that will, in proportion to size, yield you the largest average number of eggs in a given time. Two dozen eggs, at the best market rate of fresh ones, will bring about the price of a common fowl's dressed carcass. If you cultivate only the ordinary barn yard fowls, or the lesser-sized birds, like the Leghorns, for example, you may get so goodly a product of eggs (in number) in a season, as to make these pay you better than will the fowl itself, merely as dressed poultry. The Leghorns will lay a good many eggs in a year, with a fair chance and good keeping. It costs, to support these small fowls, less than it does to feed the Asiatics, while the eggs are being grown. And, in the market, "an egg is an egg." We should, therefore, say that, ordinarily, the production of eggs from moderate-sized flocks, that may be disposed of at a handy market (or to families in your neighborhood who are willing to pay the highest price for fresh ones for their own tables), will give a greater profit than will dead poultry alone.

SHADING THE CURRANT.—In our small garden of about an acre we have two rows of the common Red Dutch Currant, and while one row contains nothing but the currants, the other was planted some two years ago with the Red Antwerp Raspberry, for want of space elsewhere, and the soil being of a porous nature, a rich sandy loam, by frequent application of manure for vegetables, the raspberries made a very strong growth, besides producing the present season a bountiful crop of fruit. As I desired to get all the plants I could for planting another year the suckers were allowed to grow, so that the currant bushes were pretty well covered up by them. Now the result was more than double the amount of currants in the shade of raspberries than on the other row. The situation is a gentle southern slope, but a northern one is much better. The sun is a little too hot for the currant here, and the fruit is mostly found in the shaded part of the bush; therefore, as a protection, I would suggest planting the raspberry, and you will not only have more currants but some raspberries, too.—*J. Hunter, Jr., Fairfax Co., Va.*

MANAGING A BALKY HORSE.—A writer in *Home and Farm* says that a balky horse is insane on the subject of going, and should be made to think on some other topic, then he will go. The following devices have been successfully tried to accomplish the desired end: 1. Tying a string around the horse's ear close to the head. 2. Hitching the horse to the swingletree by means of a cord instead of the tugs, the chord fastened to the horse's tail. 3. Filling the mouth full of some disagreeable substance. 4. Tying a stout twine around the leg just below the knee, and then remove it when he has travelled some distance. Never whip a balky horse, for the more he is whipped the crazier he will become. Let everything be done gently, for boisterous words only confuse him and make him worse. Treat him in the mild manner that you would a crazy man, and you will succeed.

It is the interest account that kills. One hundred dollars borrowed at six per cent., with the interest compounded annually, will amount to \$1,842 in fifty years. The same amount, borrowed at eight per cent., will amount to \$4,690 in fifty years. One thousand dollars, at ten per cent., compounded, will sum up \$117,390 in fifty years.

The criterion of true beauty is, that it increases on examination; if false, that it lessens. There is something, therefore, in true beauty that corresponds with right reason, and is not merely the creation of fancy.

A New Cure for Consumption.

A writer in the *Hartford Times* ventilates a new theory in regard to the cure of consumption. He says: "I have a plan which I have long thought worthy of trial as a cure not only for consumption, but yellow fever and cholera. It is founded on the fact that the human body can safely endure a temperature of 300 to 350 degrees. More than a generation ago, men in England tried the experiment of staying in an oven while meat roasted. They only used the precaution of not having metallic articles on their clothing. But here rises an inquiry natural to the student mind. Is the air which enters and exists in the lungs much hotter than the normal ninety degrees of the blood? This air of three hundred degrees plays harmless around the body, including the red-skinned mucous orifices of mouth and nose. Can it lose much of its heat in the short passage to the lungs? This is not easy to determine exactly, but it seems very probable that the hot air retains a substantial degree of drying heat, capable of making bad jerked beef of dead ulcerous matter. This is the point—the hot air attacks and cauterizes the diseased parts, leaving the sound ones unaffected. When the thermometer once rose to an extraordinary degree in a place in Persia where cholera was raging, the disease ceased. The same or greater heat would seem likely to destroy all malarious and other non-metallic poisonous matter which it could reach. I think the great plague of London was stopped by the great fire. Modern art can increase the force of heat by adding the vapor of carbolic acid and other antiseptics. It only remains to suggest a local way of testing this proposed plan of curing consumption. There is a large oven in a cracker bakery in Hicks street, now unused. That is just the place for trial, being quite roomy. To show my faith in the harmlessness of the oven experiment I will enter with a patient. We will have a communication with the outer world, and tell when we are well done and desire to be shovelled out. There will be a dish of carbolic acid for the patient's lungs, not mine, but it does no harm. We will also take in a piece of meat to cut off slices from when it is rare or brown, as we prefer."

The Measure of Success.

One of the chief causes of failure to prosper in business is dislike of strenuous exertion, especially when manual labor is entailed. Too many young men get the idea that because they are smart they ought to be able to live by their wits, and they shift about from pillar to post in any occupation imposing upon them what is commonly termed manual labor. This indeed is a sad mistake; desultory itinerant occupations are laborious to the body, and from their vicissitudes and uncertainty very exhausting to the mind. All men cannot, in the nature of things, learn to follow a trade or till the soil, but those who fall into those vocations will find their pursuits less onerous and more remunerative than such occupations as we consider purely intellectual. If an operative becomes a skilled workman, or the farmer becomes a thorough master of agriculture, he is a success, even though he does not attain riches; and if he permits this latter fact to render him discontented, it is not an evidence that his career has been a failure, but rather that he permits a morbid feeling to overshadow his achievements as an industrious and painstaking citizen. His fidelity and skill are in themselves evidences of success. It seems to be a human proclivity to wish that one's occupation had been something else, almost anything indeed but that which it actually is, and we often hear it said, "If I had my life to pass over again, I would be a so-and-so." The old adage, "Let the shoemaker stick to his last," is justified by experience, but the wisdom of the proverb remains the same, when changing two words we say, "Let the farmer stick to his plough." The advice, if followed in any vocation, will lead to success.—*Friend*.

Mrs. JEFFERSON DAVIS is described as being at present a very stout, very intelligent and very amiable-looking woman. Her face is round, she has a large and expressive mouth, and black hair streaked with gray. She is kind hearted, and is said by a correspondent of the *Chicago Times* to be much liked in Memphis, especially by young people. Mr. Davis is very thin and looks very old and broken. Their eldest daughter, a gentle and graceful young woman, is married and lives in Memphis. They have two other children, one a girl of sixteen, now at school in Germany, whither Mrs. Davis took her last summer, and the other a young man now in Memphis, Jefferson Davis, Jr. He is about twenty-two years of age. He has her large, not handsome face, and is an awkward, loquacious, good-natured sort of an overgrown boy. The Davis family is comparatively poor now, and Mrs. Davis frequently alludes to "our poverty" in a jocular way.

A SINGULAR dream case is reported from St. Thomas, on the Canada South-western Railway. A week ago Jesse McCornell, a brakeman, was killed at Harwich while coupling cars. His remains were brought home to his widowed mother, and that night she dreamed she saw two coffins, one of Jesse's and one containing the body of her son James, also a brakeman. She was so disturbed by this that early in the morning she telegraphed to James, asking him to come on at once to his brother's funeral. He answered that he was on his way, but he was killed at Bridgen, 20 miles from home, by falling off the platform of the car. His remains were conveyed to his mother, and, true to her dream, her two sons lay dead in the house together.

Wit and Humor.

A MISS-CALCULATION—How shall my hat be trimmed?

A ST. LOUIS woman "died" without medical assistance.

EMILY FAITHFUL is called "a born editor." All editors are born.

TRUE friendship grows stronger with age. The same remark applies to butter.

BLUE blood and royal birth can't save a man's hair. The Prince of Wales is growing bald.

TIMES are getting better. This is instanced by the fact that the days are not so "short" as they were.

It is strange that every city in the West should want the mint when it is such hard work to make money.

WIDOWS above fifty cannot marry in Portugal. The law is designed as a protection for aged and innocent bachelors.

A SWISS tourist alarmed his friends by writing home that he was "going to Bern." He did not allude to incineration, but meant Bern.

A KANSAS editor complains that it ain't the fair thing to make a man come down with fifteen cents for two fingers of whisky, when corn is selling at a dime a bushel in that State.

"Does your sister Annie ever say anything about me, sissy?" asked an anxious lover of a little girl. "Yes," was the reply; "she said if you had rockers on your shoes they'd make a nice cradle for my doll."

MRS. PARTINGTON's remark concerning going to church is so timely as to be worthy of repetition now. "Nothing does me so much good," said she, "as to go to church and hear a populous pasture dispense with the gospel."

A GEORGETOWN, Mass., man has been absent from home without having been heard from for over twenty years, and has just returned. His folks say they should have begun to worry about him if he had stayed much longer.

How strangely joy and sorrow are interwoven in this world. Pain chases pleasure like a champion pedestrian, and the sweet tears shed by the maple tree in spring time crystallized into sugar will give an infant the stomach-ache equal to a doctor's bill of \$9.

ONE night the master of the house overheard an exchange of kisses in the corridor. He struck a match and discovered the chambermaid and the valet. She blushed, held down her head, and said: "I thought it was you, sir, I had encountered."—Paris Letter.

"GOING to call on a young lady, I suppose?" the barber asked. The young man, with much dignity, replied: "See here, my friend, do you suppose I put perfume on my mustache because I'm going to see a man, or a boy, or an old woman, or a baby in arms?"

"MARIA," observed Mr. Holcomb, as he was putting on his clothes, "there ain't no patch on them breeches yet." "I can't fix it now, no way; I'm too busy." "Well, give me the patch then an' I'll carry it around with me. I don't want people to think I can't afford the cloth."

"WILLIAM," observed a Milwaukee woman to her husband, "Mrs. Holcomb feels pretty badly now, since the loss of her child, and I wish you would drop over there and see her. You might say that all flesh is grass; that we've all got to go the same way, and see if she's going to use her dripping-pan this afternoon."

TALLYRAND was bored for his autograph by a dull English nobleman. At last he sent the following invitation: "Dear Lord—: will you oblige me with your company to dinner on Wednesday next at eight o'clock? I have invited a number of exceedingly clever people and I do not like to be the only fool among them."

FIVE TIMES A WIDOW.—A person recently met an American lady who is distinguished as having been five times a widow, and has now again entered the bonds of matrimony. Said the friend, "I think I once had the pleasure of dining with you in New York." "When?" asked the fair stranger. "In 186—," he replied. "Yes," she said, reflectively, "that may be so; but I had forgotten it. You see," she added, "it was two or three husbands ago."

A WITTY actor invited a party of gentlemen to dine with him. The hour arrived, and, with one exception, so had the guests. "We may as well begin," said the host; "X. is sure to come, and he would rather we did not wait for him;" upon which the company sat down, and were just finishing the soup when the card of the missing guest was handed to the host. A sudden inspiration of fun led him to propose that before the gentleman came in they should all get under the table. Without an objection, and trusting to the wit for some comical de-velopment, the unsuspecting men hurriedly crept under the table and awaited results, totally ignorant of the fact that their wicked host had not followed their example, but had quietly continued at his soup. The belated guest came in full of an apology for his tardiness. "Don't mention it," said the other, "it isn't of the slightest consequence. We are only at the soup; sit down and be helped." The gentleman did so, but with a puzzled look at the empty chairs at the table. "Oh," said the host, "you miss the other gentlemen? They are all here, but for some extraordinary reason, they all got under the table. What they are doing there is more than I know."

THE Chicago Post estimates the net losses of different base-ball clubs last season as follows: Chicago, \$5,000; St. Louis, \$8,000; Hartford, \$2,500; Louisville, \$2,000; Boston, \$1,500; Stars, \$2,000; Indianapolis, \$4,800; Tecumseh, \$3,000; Milwaukee, \$2,000.

A Church Debt Job.

We should not like, says the Congregationalist, to vouch for the historical truth of the following article, which we copy from another paper, but it sets forth so vividly the coolness with which some people avail themselves of any chance to roll off upon others burdens which they themselves ought to lift, that we are glad to give it place here:

Not long ago brother Kimball found a small church in Central Iowa that was staggering along under a comfortable debt, and it looked to him as though it would just be recreation for him to lift a little country church out of the depths, after his experience and success with the big churches in the great cities, with their overwhelming indebtedness. So he tackled the quiet little rustic Ebenezer and shook it out of all the debt he knew of in about ten hours, and the building was clear of encumbrance.

Then, before the benediction was pronounced, the senior deacon arose, and stated that there had never been but one payment made on the organ, and that the accrued interest on the deferred payments now amounted to about double the principal.

Well, they raised this amount, and brother Kimball was on the point of picking up his hat, when the sexton arose and remarked that the man was around last week, and said, if the furnace wasn't paid for, the notes having run a year over their time, he would take it out before next Sunday.

Mr. Kimball laid down his hat, took off his coat, and the furnace debt was lifted.

He got one arm into his coat-sleeve, and nodded to the pastor to dismiss the congregation, when the president of the Woman's Aid Society said she wished to remark that the society had been unable to fulfill their pledge to pay for the pew-cushions, and the upholsterer had, several times during the past year, served notice on them, and she believed suit would be commenced next week.

Brother Kimball groaned, slid his arm out of the coat-sleeve, headed the subscription in his usual generous manner, and soon cleared the cushions, throwing his coat over his arm, and starting for the door on the run as soon as this was accomplished.

But the chorister called out that he would like their dear brother Kimball to remain and assist them in an effort to pay for the hymn-books, and also for having the organ tuned. The "dear brother" groaned, stopped and assisted.

Once more he started for the door. But Deacon Ophiltree said he believed while they were trying to clear off the church debt, it would be well for them to remember that the sexton had not been paid anything since 1874, and that the interest was running up on his back pay all the time. The money was raised, and Mr. Kimball was trying to climb out of a window, when he was pulled back, and informed that there was an old tax title on the lot when they bought it, that had never been cleared off.

Mr. Kimball got this new flaw cleared up with neatness and dispatch, and was running briskly down the aisle, when he was collared by a trustee, and informed that the man who grained the pulpit and kalsomined the ceiling last winter was there, and wanted his money.

He was paid, and the good brother Kimball was half-way out of the door before he learned that the chandelier must be paid for that week, or they would sit in outer darkness Sunday night. So he went back and brightened up the chandelier.

He ran out so quickly then that he didn't hear the man who repaired the front fence present his bill; but while he was walking down to the depot with the senior deacon, that official suddenly halted, while a look of grave concern overspread his face.

"Well, well, well," he said, "if that isn't too bad."

"What is it?" nervously inquired brother Kimball.

"Why," responded the deacon, dolefully, "we forgot all about the pastor's salary. He only gets \$700 a year, and we ain't paid him nothing but two donation parties since a year and a half ago."

And when brother Kimball climbed on the train, he resolved that the next time he tackled a strange church, he would demand a certified statement before he took off his coat.

A CONSIDERATE DAUGHTER.—What was intended to be a marriage up town Wednesday evening was spoiled because the bride at the last moment refused to have the ceremony performed. Before beginning the ceremony the minister asked if the parents had consented, and neither answered, but when the two stood on the floor together and the question was asked the bride, "Do you take this man as your husband?" she replied in a firm tone, "No!" The minister was in a fix, but as the lady persisted in her answer, he could only tell them that the ceremony could not proceed, and the couple went to the carriage and started back for home. Before they went the lady told the minister the reason for her action. She said that after he had asked them whether their parents had consented to their union, she thought over the matter, and had come to the conclusion that, as her mother was dead, she ought to get the consent of her father before she married, and as he so far had been opposed to the match, she had made up her mind to see whether he would not relent, and if he did, then she would return at some other time and have the ceremony performed.—Kenington (New York) Freeman.

In the United States Senate are thirteen ex-governors.

Napoleon's Prediction on Russia.

Now that the Turko-Russian war is raging and all eyes are turned to Constantinople, the bone of contention of Europe, it may be of interest to quote an opinion given by Napoleon at St. Helena, in 1817, to his surgeon, Barry O'Meara: "In the course of a few years," added he, "Russia will have Constantinople, the greatest part of Turkey, and all Greece. This I hold to be as certain as if it had already taken place. Almost all the cajoling and flattering which Alexander practiced toward me was to gain my consent to effect this object. I would not consent, foreseeing that the equilibrium of Europe would be destroyed."

"In the natural course of things, in a few years Turkey must fall to Russia. The greatest part of her population are Greeks, who, you may say, are Russians. The powers it would injure, and who could oppose it, are England, France, Prussia and Austria. Now, as to Austria, it would be very easy for Russia to engage her assistance by giving her Serbia and other provinces bordering upon the Austrian dominions, reaching near to Constantinople. The only hypothesis that France and England may ever be allied with sincerity will be in order to prevent this. But even this alliance will not avail. France, England and Prussia united cannot prevent it. Russia and Austria can at any time effect it. Once mistress of Constantinople, Russia gets all the commerce of the Mediterranean, becomes a great naval power, and heaven knows what may happen. She quarrels with you, marches off to India an army of 70,000 good soldiers, which to Russia is nothing, and 100,000 canaille, Cossacks and others, and England loses India.

"Above all other powers Russia is most to be feared, especially by you. Her soldiers are braver than the Austrians, and she has the means of raising as many as she pleases. In bravery, the French and English soldiers are the only ones to be compared to them. All this I foresaw. I see into futurity further than others, and I wanted to establish a barrier against these barbarians by re-establishing the kingdom of Poland, and putting Poniatowski at the head of it as king; but your imbecilities of ministers would not consent. A hundred years hence I shall be praised, and Europe, especially England, will lament that I did not succeed."

A NOVEL FIRE-ESCAPE.—An Iowa deaf mute has invented a novel fire-escape. It is a cap or turban to be placed on the head and fastened securely under the chin. It contains enough material to form a small balloon, and when inflated looks like a balloon. It is so arranged that when placed on the head in its collapsed state the air can enter it from underneath and expand it. In case of danger it is adjusted firmly on the head, and the wearer then jumps boldly from the window of the burning building; the air instantly rushes into the turban, swells it into a balloon, and buoyed by it, the wearer comes down so gently as to strike the ground with little force. The inventor claims that with it one can jump safely from a fourth-story window; but to make certain of it and to impart confidence to the jumper, there is a pair of huge padded shoes to be fastened on the feet, so as to blunt the concussion.

DUTIES are ours, events are God's.—Ceil.

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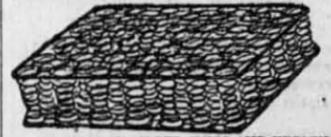
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AMERICAN BEEF IN ENGLAND.

It is not much over fifteen months since the first experiment of shipping fresh beef from New York to London was tried and with faint hopes of success. It has already taken the proportions of an immense business, with the prospect of revolutionizing the London markets. The "Financial Opinion" of May 9th states that the shipments of American beef and mutton received in London during the week ending May 31 amounted to 6974 quarters of beef and 1905 muttons. Besides this beef and mutton, there were received 633 head of live cattle and 659 sheep on foot. In the same paper we find that the supply of meat in the Metropolitan Market on Monday, May 6th, was: English, 2300; foreign, 1170; and that the highest prices were: for English, 12 cts., or 6 pence per pound; for foreign, 10 3/4 cts. On the 21 of May, there were 200 American beeves in the same market, and on the 6th the reporter says: "420 American cattle (live) have arrived in excellent condition." But it is in the item of killed cattle that the heavy business is doing. The present and future volume of this trade may be surmised from an estimate of the fresh American meat received in London and the market price it commands during the week ending May 9th. The quantity—6974 quarters—gives 1743 beeves. Rating them at the low average of 1000 pounds each, we have 1,743,000 pounds for the week, which at only 9 cents per pound (the average was nearly 10 cents and the highest rate 10 3/4), gives a London value of \$156,870 for American beef for one week. If the shipments could be kept up at that rate for the entire year, the sales would amount to \$8,157,240. This is exclusive of live importations and of mutton. The question is, Will these heavy shipments be maintained? The best reply to it is found by a comparison of the shipments this month and the corresponding month of last year. They have increased more than three hundred fold, and are constantly increasing from month to month. In short the American beef, which was at first unpopular and selling at hardly more than half the price of English beef, is now but 10 to 12 per cent. lower than the best of the market. The trade may be regarded as established, and with the future prospects beyond our power of reckoning, since both the demand and supply are almost unlimited. It will have an equalizing effect on the two countries. It will certainly cheapen beef in England and raise the price of beef cattle in the United States.—S. F. Chronicle.

A BOY'S COMPOSITION ON BABIES.—There are four or five different kinds of babies. There is the big baby, the little baby, and the poodle dog, and there is the baby elephant. A white baby is pooter nor an elephant, but it can't eat so much hay. All the babies that I have ever seen were born very young, and they can't none of them speak the United States language. My folks had a baby once. It was a little white baby. It comed one day when there was no one at home. It was a funny looking fellow, just like a lobster. His name is Mariah. He don't look like my father nor my mother, looks like my uncle Tom, 'cause the little baby hasn't no hair on his head. One day I asked my uncle Tom why the baby ain't got no hair and he ain't got no hair. He says he don't know 'cept the little baby was born so, an' he's a married man. Once I pulled a feather out of a rooster's tail and stuck it up the baby's nose and it tickled him so he almost died. It was only a bit of a feather, and I didn't see what he wanted to make such a fuss about it for. My mother said I oughter be ashamed of myself, and I didn't get no bread on my butter for more than a week. I think I'd rather be a girl nor a boy, 'cause when a girl gets a licking she is always shure to get it on her fingers, but when a boy gets a licking he gets it all over. I don't like baby's very much anyhow 'cause they make so much noise. I never knew but one quiet baby and he died.

Rice is of more use and of larger cultivation than any other cereal grown. It is almost the only diet of hundreds of millions of people in China, Asia, and all Eastern countries. In those countries it is used the same as potatoes, and is a substitute for them. Only at the North is rice looked upon as a luxury, to be used with milk and sugar. At the present low price of domestic rice, it is the cheapest food obtainable, not excepting potatoes. Potatoes contain about 80 per cent. of water, and do not gain much in the process of cooking. Rice has no waste whatever, contains only 22 per cent. of water, and in boiling gains three times its original bulk. Hence one pound of rice at 6 1/2 cents per pounds makes three times as much when cooked; equal to three pounds of potatoes at 2 1/2 cents per pound or 7 1/2 cts. Rice properly prepared should come up on the table dry, each grain unbroken, and served with the condiments used on potatoes; and be partaken of a vegetable, with meats, and not as a dessert.—"Sanitarian."

THE St. Louis "Globe-Democrat" urges its readers to become more extravagant in order that money may become more plentiful. Such advice to millionaires is always to be encouraged, but for the general public economy is the golden rule. The principal blessing of a free circulation of money is that any poor man stands a chance of getting a dollar. If he already has it, the chief business of his life should be to keep it, especially in stringent times like these. It will take its departure soon enough.

TO FARMERS.—Make your farm so valuable by constant improvement, skillful culture, good fruit, ornamental shrubbery and pleasant surroundings that no money will tempt you to leave it. We think it should be the settled purpose of every young man to put down his stakes for life, to make a permanent home which he will never wish to part with till he is called to the better land.

A Troy girl wouldn't give a fellow a kiss, but she loaned him one on call.

WHEN TO FORGET.—The Albany "Democrat" asked this question: "Will Democrats forget the great Presidential steal to which J. H. Mitchell was a party?" The Salem "Statesman" answers: "No, not till a guilty conscience shall lose its sensibilities; not till day becomes night; not till wrong becomes right; not till Gable shall fade out of history; not till Cronin ceases to be a headlight; not till James K. Kelly's endorsement expires by limitation; not till Bellinger repudiates the purpose to buy a Republican elector; not till Thayer's speech before Grover shall have buried him in oblivion; no, not till Democratic minds shall be regenerated, will Democrats forget the great Grover-Cronin fraud and hide their faces with shame at the mention of their heinous plot, defended by Thayer and apologized for by Whiteaker, lauded by Noltner and aided by Brown."

DIET.—Elder J. S. Prescott calls our attention to an experiment in dieting, which a person in Medina, Ohio, has practiced with beneficial effects. As an economical experiment it certainly is forcibly interesting. We condense: "For breakfast, five graham gems with butter; no inconvenience or hunger followed—cost three cents. Dinner, 3/4 lb rice, one ounce each of sugar and butter—a good meal—cost five cents. Supper, 3/4 lb corn meal, 1/2 pint milk, cost three cents. One day's cost 11 cents. For a change, one gill of beans, which, by the quart, cost less than half a cent." The correspondent claims to have worked hard, ate nothing between meals, is renewing his age and youthfulness, and only dreads the lonesomeness to be experienced by living to a very great age.—N. Y. Shaker.

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. Dated May 24, 1878. H. E. MORGAN, Administrator of the estate of Mary F. Hunt, deceased. G. MORRIS HALLER, at'y for admin. 14:4

Probate Notice.

In the Probate Court of Jefferson county, W. T. IN THE MATTER OF THE ESTATE OF CHARLES BELL, DECEASED. Order show cause why order of sale of real estate should not be made. F. H. POOR, administrator of the estate of CHARLES BELL, deceased, having on the 27th day of March, A. D., 1878, presented his petition under oath, to this Court, praying for an order of sale of the real estate belonging to said estate, and that a time and place may be set for hearing of said petition; and it appearing from said petition that there is not sufficient personal property belonging to said estate to pay the funeral expenses, expenses of last sickness, the claimers against said decedent, and that it will be necessary to sell the real estate belonging to said estate; it is therefore ordered by this Court that Friday the 28th day of June A. D., 1878, at 10 o'clock A. M., at the Courtroom of this Court, be the time and place for hearing said petition; at which time and place all persons interested in said estate are required to appear and show cause why an order should not be granted to said administrator to sell the real estate belonging to said estate; and it is further ordered that notice of the time and place of the hearing of said petition, be published in the Puget Sound ANGUS, a newspaper published in said County, at least four successive weeks before the time set for hearing the same, and proof of such publication be made to this Court. J. A. KUHN, Probate Judge. J. C. McFADDEN, Atty for Estate. May 28, 1878. 15:4

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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 Scow 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. PATENTS and how to obtain them. Pamphlet of 60 pages free, upon receipt of stamps for postage. Address GILMORE, SMITH, & CO., Solicitors of Patents, Box 44, Washington, D. C.

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