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PUGET SOUND ARGUS

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OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, D. C. May 24, 1878.
Much feeling and not a little indignation was aroused among Republicans by a publication in Tuesday's "National Republican" charging that Administration Republicans had been treating with Alexander Stephens for the support of the little handful of Democrats supposed to be hostile to the Potter investigation. It was said that this alliance had been advised by Mr. Hayes and Cox of Ohio, had been entrusted to the negotiations. Stephens was found agreeable, his only stipulation being that he and his little bands of Democrats should be allowed to dictate the future policy of the Administration in return for their interposition to save Mr. Hayes from impeachment. All went well until the "stalwart" Republicans came to be consulted, when they, with one accord, denounced the transfer of the Administration for such a small consideration. Consequently the plan fell through. Another version, arising from the same cause probably, represented the Democrats in Congress as a pack of grunting, half-famished wolves; they had scented Mr. Hayes and were on his track in full pursuit. The President grew nervous and as they closed in on his flank and crowded his rear, snapping and snarling and showing their teeth, he became panic-stricken. He finally found he had no hope of reaching cover before his pursuers would be on him and he first threw Mr. Sherman out to them, then Noyes, and then other Republicans as they first came to hand, to delay the final catastrophe and save himself as long as possible from their fangs. The narrative stopped here with an intimation that Mr. Hayes had about concluded to accept their terms and become a wolf himself, leaving the few undistributed members of his party to be devoured at leisure. It appears there was just this foundation for the startling tales; Cox prepared two resolutions, varying somewhat in purport, but both designed as compromise measures. He got as far with them as to have shown them to some of the anti-Administration Republicans, who refused to hold any parley with the enemy on the basis proposed and the scheme was dropped. So far as the President was concerned it was emphatically denied that he had ever entertained the project of a bargain with Stephens or a compromise with the Potter wing; and the matter has dropped wholly out of sight. Carter Harrison dropped a bomb-shell among the Democrats Wednesday. It had the effect to create a good deal of excitement and just as the confusion incident to its advent had somewhat subsided, Wilson of West Virginia, pitched in a hand grenade that woke up both sides again; but neither did much execution and the casualties included none killed or very seriously wounded.

The majority report of the House Committee on Revision of the Laws Regulating the Electoral Count has been submitted. It is signed by six of the ten forming the Committee, and contemplates pro-rating a direct vote by the people among the different candidates, and proposes the entire abolition of the Electoral College. This is to be effected by Constitutional amendment. The minority report favors no change of the present method, and characterizes that proposed by the majority as un-American. This is signed by three members, Mr. Potter, though, agreeing that some change is demanded, has signed neither of the reports. Hewitt found himself deserted by a sufficient number of his own party yesterday, to defeat any reduction of the army below 25,000 men. Throckmorton's amendment to that effect was adopted receiving the full Republican vote, that of the Texas delegation and several Northern Democrats. At last evening's session, the Republicans executed a flank movement by attending in force while many Democrats were absent, giving the former a working majority. Hence they had it nearly all their own way in dealing with the details of the army bill.

It is a cause of sincere regret with many Republicans and Democrats that the Democratic National Committee did not take occasion to quiet the distrust aroused throughout the country by the passage of the Potter resolution, so far as it could, by a declaration disavowing any attempt to assail President Hayes' title. It is useless to deny that as passed without a limitation in that direction, it has had a very mischievous influence. It is felt here and the loaded mails and burdened telegraph wires, are bearing messages imploring that such a purpose if it exists be at once abandoned, tell the same tale from every section of the Union. Let us have peace.

Fortifications are to be immediately erected for the protection of Esquimalt and Victoria.

TONNAGE SUPPLY.

The work of cutting the largest wheat crop ever produced in California will soon commence. In a few favored sections, the grain is already ripe for the reaper. In less than 30 days the new crop will begin to come forward. For six months thereafter, there will be a lively movement in getting the crop to the seaboard, and in re-shipping to foreign markets. We have already, says the Bulletin, a fair supply of disengaged tonnage in port, besides three or four ships chartered for new wheat. There is at least 25,000 tons of tonnage due in the next 25 days. It is claimed that there is 200,000 tons of tonnage under way, or engaged to come, as follows:

New York, tons.....	40,000
Philadelphia.....	12,000
Boston and Baltimore.....	9,000
Liverpool and London.....	23,000
Australia.....	54,000
Other sources.....	62,000
Total.....	200,000

All the above tonnage will be due within the next six months.

A materialized spirit turned red in the face last Saturday evening, in an obscure town in Missouri. A medium named Mott has dwelt at Memphis for many years, and has assumed to hold communications with disembodied spirits. An ingenious skeptic named Pattee, after attending several seances in which departed spirits were materialized much to the edification of the company, resolved to expose the trickster. He procured a hollow ring, with a small orifice in front and a tube on one side connecting with a rubber ball that was filled with alcoholic solution of aniline. When the curtain parted and a spirit face appeared in the gap about sixteen inches from his hand, he compressed the rubber ball and squirted the aniline dye with such precision that the unearthly visitor ducked its head and ran behind the door. In a few minutes the medium's wife was summoned to a council in the cabinet, and then the announcement was made that some one had been injecting chemicals into the spirit's face and "destroying the conditions." A light was brought, and a long-haired gentleman opened the cabinet door. Then the wonder grew, for Mott's face was daubed with scarlet. "His face is covered with blood!" some one exclaimed, and then the light was extinguished. Although the medium was obviously wounded he did not say dye.

Strawberry Festival.

The ladies of the Presbyterian church will give a strawberry festival at Good Templars' hall, on the evening of Thursday, June 20th, proceeds to be applied towards 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 prepared to load vessels at the very lowest rate. Having had an experience of 20 years in the business, and having the recommendation of all the mill owners on Puget Sound, I guarantee satisfaction.
W. H. GILBERT,
Oldest Stevedore on Puget Sound.

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. 14:1

JOHN P. PETERSON Merchant Tailor,

AND MANUFACTURER OF
Gents' and Boys' Fashionable Suits.
IS PREPARED TO MAKE UP GENTS' clothing according to the latest fashions. Special attention paid to repairing and cleaning. Terms moderate. Has constantly on hand a lot of fine French Cloths and Cassimeres, Oregon and Mission Cassimeres, from which parties can select for themselves.
Orders from a distance promptly attended to.
Parties wishing to buy the best Sewing Machine should call on John P. Peterson, Port Townsend, and examine the New White. Mr. Peterson will be pleased to show all about the machine and give full instructions free. Every machine warranted to please.
JOHN P. PETERSON,
Agent, Port Townsend.
SAM'L HILL, 19 Montgomery st.,
San Francisco, Gen Ag't Pacific coast

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Orders can be left at B. S. Miller's Music store.

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Managing Surgeon, Marine Hospital.
Port Townsend, W. T.
Can be consulted, night or day, at Hospital

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PORT TOWNSEND, W. T.
Bricklayer, Plasterer, and
Stone Mason.
Agent for San Juan Lime.

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WATER STREET,
Port Townsend, W. T.
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 eligibly 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 Coloring, done in style.

WM. DODD. J. E. PUGH
CENTRAL HOTEL,
Situated at head of Union Wharf,
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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 Billiard 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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Hoxsie & Fowler,
Dealers in
Hay, Grain, Feed & Produce
of all kinds, and
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BEST business you can engage in. \$5 to \$20 per day made by any work or of either sex, right in their own localities. Particulars and samples worth \$5 free. Improve your spare time at this business. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

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Head of Union Wharf. Pt. Townsend W. T.

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Carries the Largest Stock in the Territory

JAMES JONES,
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IF YOU WANT
Reading Matter
Stationery of all kinds
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Picture Frames, ALL SIZES
Book-shelves & Brackets
Nice Fresh Candies
Nice Fresh Fruit & Best Cigars
Go to James Jones.

WATERMAN & KATZ,
SHIPPING AND COMMISSION
MERCHANTS
AND DEALERS IN
General Merchandise,
Keep Constantly on Hand
THE LARGEST STOCK
OF
ALL KINDS OF GOODS,
Consisting in part of
Furniture, Lumber, Doors, and Windows,
WAGONS, & All Kinds of Building Material
Farming Implements, Saddlery, &c.
And will Sell
CHEAPER FOR CASH,
Than any House on Puget Sound!
AGENTS FOR
Wells, Fargo & Company's Express
Our Facilities for Purchasing in
the Leading Markets are
Superior to any.
We will give and take Exchange on
SAN FRANCISCO AND NEW YORK
At the most Liberal Discount.
WATERMAN & KATZ.

The World.

"O the world is beautiful, bright, and fair!"
And a merry laugh rang out on the air,
As the little one tumbled the new-mown hay,
Chasing the butterflies, bright and gay;
But the sun went down, and he drooped his
head,
For the pretty things in his hands lay dead.

"O the world is beautiful, bright, and fair!"
And the maiden shook out her golden hair,
And she sweetly smiled, as the lily and rose
'Mid the shining tresses she deftly wove;
But the lover came not to claim his bride,
And the thorns remained, and the roses died.

"O the world is beautiful, bright, and fair!"
And the young mother softly breathed a prayer
As she nestled her baby close to her breast,
And his murmurings gently soothed to rest;
But the father had need of one Angel more,
And He opened for it the heavenly door.

"O the world is beautiful, bright, and fair!"
Sighed the aged one with silvery hair,
"But over it all is the serpent's trail—
With the merry laugh comes the mournful wail;
I but tarry awhile till the summons come
To join my beloved in our heavenly home!"
PARSON V. BASCHE.

Sudden Reformatations.

BY J. B. S.

Richard Slingerton was a man of the town as the expression goes. His natural and acquired gifts and accomplishments gave him admittance into the houses of the best families in New York City; he was managing man in a first class business house on a large salary. Young and prepossessing in appearance, few would have taken him to be what he was, an unprincipled man. At the age of thirty he had come to find his single life uninteresting.

The good book tells us that no man can live a happy life who lives altogether for himself, and it no doubt refers to a higher law than circumstances can reach, that goes all through society, when it says God made of one blood all the nations of the earth. A young and good-looking bachelor may haunt every known place of amusement in the city of New York—and it has not a few—he may travel and spend nights in the Jardin Mabille, talk to and flirt with all the pretty girls he can meet there or elsewhere—yet he will discover when tired out and sick with over-stimulating himself, some night just after he has reached thirty years of age, that a bachelor's life has lost its charm for him.

These generalizations may be altogether true and sound, or only in part—be that as it may, the hero of this story, Richard Slingerton by name, got tired of a single life when he was thirty years of age, and went out day after day and night after night, to find a girl good enough to be his wife. He took no account of their being two sides to everything—that a girl he was suited with might not be suited with him, and for not doing so, he was compelled to search longer than he thought he would have to look for a wife, as here and there a lady whom he liked, when his attentions became too marked and exclusive, gave him the cold shoulder. But I need not tell how, when and where he was snubbed, as it will not add to this story in the least.

Before long, however, there were ominous rumors. Those who professed to be good judges in such matters, said that the beautiful Miss T— of — street had fallen head and ears in love with Richard Slingerton, and he had proposed to her, but that her father had refused his consent to their engagement and marriage. Her father was a wealthy criminal lawyer, and from long dealings with unprincipled men he had acquired the faculty of judging human nature.

It has been well said that so restless and vital is the force that speaks in every part of a man, that nature and acquired disposition reveals itself in contour of the face, motions, gestures and complexion, and in countless other outward manifestations to practiced eyes and subtle minds experienced in observation of character. The phrenologist who examines your head, while doing so, is engaged, it has been said, in observing whether you are talkative, or silent, whether you are neatly or slovenly, whether you are loudly or plainly dressed, and in observing your features when they are in repose, and in movement. The skill to do this it is well known is not confined to phrenologists; society is full of equally keen, just and practiced observers.

Mr. T., Richard's loved one's stern and unyielding parent—for Mr. T. was stern and unyielding in most cases—suspected Richard of being a worldly, unprincipled man from the first time he saw him. He himself was what could be called a good man. He had one great fault, however; the fault of occasionally over-indulging in liquor to such an extent that under its influence he committed many indiscretions, and once in a while a grievous sin. He would give the world, including his daughter, if he wanted her, to the man who could cure him of his love for the intoxicating cup.

He was a church communicant, and every time he was tripped into the sin of over-indulging in liquor that caused him to be unlike himself when under its influence, he would be in agony for days and perhaps weeks, lamenting his sin. God looks at the spirit that prompts the

act, and not so much, perhaps, at the act itself, be it sinful or otherwise. The spirit that prompted Mr. T. to get intoxicated was merely an inordinate love of pleasure, and he always meant to stop short of intoxication when he commenced drinking. So God did not give him over to himself in his weakness, but Christ was with him, and raised up an instrument to heal him of his great infirmity.

Coming one day to see his ladylove, Richard's quick eye detected that her father, who came into the parlor to meet him in her stead, was intoxicated, and he mentally exclaimed,—

"To-night I can work on the old man so that he will consent to give me his daughter in marriage."

He asked Mr. T. if he could see his daughter.

"You're a scorch-drel!" said Mr. T., in great anger. "I forbid you 't house!" Richard thought to himself,—

"He is as great a scoundrel as I was. And he knew me so well that I must confess and tell him that since I have loved his daughter, his pure and lovely daughter, I am a changed man," (which was true.) "I used to get under the influence of liquor—I must pretend not to see that he is—but now I am thoroughly temperate, and intend to join the church as soon as possible."

These thoughts went quickly through Richard's mind while he was employed gazing in apparent astonishment at Mr. T. "I was a scoundrel, Mr. T.," Richard said, presently, "but I am at last, I trust to God, on the straight and narrow path. I intend to become worthy of your daughter—to become a member of the church in a few days. It was her love that completely changed my nature. My love for her and her's for me. I sat up very late last night bewailing my former sinful way of living. Last night, thinking that I could come before you to-day—good a judge of human nature and of character as you are, Mr. T.—and show you that I am a changed man. I used to drink very freely, Mr. T., but three days after I became acquainted with your daughter, I made up my mind, by the help of God, never to get intoxicated again, and I have known your daughter some time now, as you know, and I have abstained from any indulgence, and have no desire to commence again my former style of fast living. Mr. T., look closely at me, and see if I am telling you the truth."

Mr. T. was not so much under the influence of liquor that he was not taken completely by surprise, and feeling flattered, and not being thoroughly clear-headed, he impulsively stretched out his hand to Richard with a remark that led Richard to understand that Mr. T. believed every word he had said about his repentance. Richard grasped Mr. T.'s hand and shook it cordially, and whispered in his ear:

"Let us kneel down and pray. I am so glad I came here to night; it seems good to be here, and I feel that I am an instrument in God's hands to bless you, Mr. T."

Richard, after he had talked as above, was astonished at his boldness, but he had hardly finished his above quoted remark, before Mr. T. was on his knees, the tears running down his cheeks, and before Richard, who was the means of getting him there, had knelt to pray himself, Mr. T. rose and exclaimed:

"You are my best friend! My daughter is yours. I know that I am saved from my besetting sin. I feel that I will be able to hereafter live a godly, righteous, and temperate life to the end. I feel the spirit of the Lord Jesus upon me, and that in answer to my prayer just made I have the spirit of strength to do God's will willingly while I live, and refrain from the intoxicating cup."

"God grant it to be as you have said to both of us. God bless us both," said Richard in a voice trembling with emotion.

Soon after this memorable occasion Richard Slingerton was married to Miss T. Ten years after their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Slingerton and children—they had two—were called to the death-bed of Mr. T. He died blessing Mr. Slingerton, and as his daughter bent over to kiss him for the last time, she said his face was like that of an angel.

Though Richard Slingerton was sorely tempted to return to his former free and easy manner of living, only twice did he yield to the wiles of the tempter, after which he always did sorely repent, and now he is established, strengthened, settled as a pillar of the church. He became a communicant a few weeks after the night of answered prayer in the parlor of Mr. T.

INCIDENT FROM THE STATE HOUSE AT BOSTON.—It was on a public occasion, when a large number of prominent men were present. A Springfield gentleman, having no one to point out the celebrities to him, managed to get on speaking terms with an intelligent looking lady who sat next him in the gallery. He told her his situation and asked if she could name some of the prominent men who were present. As she proved to be a stranger, too, he proceeded to point out to her the few persons whom he recognized. "There is ex-Governor —, and next to him is General —; behind him is Senator —; that one there is —, the poet," etc. The lady showed by her looks that she wished to reciprocate, and, after looking all over the hall, leaned forward, excitedly, and, pointing her finger, said: "There goes Deacon —, of our church."

A HANDBILL announcing a picnic for colored people, in Kentucky, reads thus: "Persons attending are requested to leave pistols and razors at home."

The City of Odessa.

The city of Odessa, 400 miles from Constantinople, is at once the chief commercial port and a thoroughly Russian city. It was in the twilight of the morning of the second day when we landed on Russian soil, and stood within the walls of Odessa. The elegance of the city is due to the genius of Emanuel de Richelieu, a French emigrant, who was its first governor, in 1830, and whose statue in bronze is at the top of the grand staircase, which leads to the gardens and to the sea. The streets are broad and well paved; the buildings are large and elegant; the churches are immense, and ornamented to excess; and everywhere there is an air of wealth. At evening the splendid boulevard which runs along the sea was thronged with persons of all ranks. The ladies were fashionably dressed, but many men had a decidedly Russian appearance. Chief among the public buildings is the University of New Russia, established in 1865, and is worthy of its name. The Public Library is well supplied, and in its Museum is a relic which can never fail to awaken recollections of one of the noblest of men. It is a japanned flat candlestick once the property of the philanthropist Howard. His remains lie mouldering on the shores of the Black Sea, near Kherson. His last words to his friend Priestman have been fulfilled. "Let no monument or monumental inscription whatever mark the spot where I am buried; lay me quietly in the earth, place a sun-dial over my grave, and let me be forgotten." He can never be forgotten, but those who pass by his tomb in its lonely place are alike ignorant of his virtues and his name.

Of the two hundred thousand citizens of Odessa, eighty thousand are Russians, fifty thousand are Jews, ten thousand are Germans, fifteen thousand are Greeks, fifteen thousand Turks, ten thousand Italians, and twenty thousand French, English and Americans. The commerce of the port is large and valuable. The imports and exports are estimated at over seventy millions in gold per annum. Although American petroleum is a large factor in the imports, yet it may be interesting to the denizens of "Oil City" to know that on the shores of the Caspian Sea there are immense wells of Russian petroleum. It abounds at Baku, in the southeastern Caucasus, and in the north-western corner of the Caucasus at Taman. At the latter place the supply seems to be inexhaustible, and that found at the former place is equal to our best. The crude article can be bought there at thirty cents per barrel, and is now sold in Moscow and St. Petersburg, at one dollar and a half per peck, or six gallons. One thing, however, is favorable to the American trade; the Russians are slow at present to invest capital in the outfit necessary to bring their petroleum into market, and until then we can let our light shine. —National Repository.

Enormous Prices for Paintings.

Some enormous prices were realized at a sale in London on Saturday, the 6th inst., of the collection of pictures formed by the late Mr. Munro. Sir Joshua Reynolds' "Kitty Fisher" brought \$2,570, and his portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Stanhope, personifying "Contemplation," was knocked down for \$15,300. Wilkie's "Gentle Shepherd" brought only \$816, and the pictures of Richard Wilson, believed by many in England to be the finest classical painter of the eighteenth century, sold for a mere song. Then came the productions of Joseph M. W. Turner. Thirty-two drawings, large and small, brought a little over \$81,500. The oil pictures, which included "Ancient Italy," "Modern Rome," "Rome from the Oventine," "Juliet after the Masquerade," "Van Tromp's Gallery," "Avalanche in the Val d'Aosta," and the "Kilgarren Castle," went at prices ranging between \$10,300 and \$39,780 apiece. Two others sold for \$30,000 each. The nine works in oil produced an aggregate of \$211,956, and the grand total for all the Turners sold that day was \$293,632. Two undeniably genuine Hogarths, being two of the scenes from the "Harlot's Progress," went cheap, one for \$2,650, and the other for \$1,530. Two paintings by R. P. Bonington, "The Fish Market," and "The Grand Canal, Venice," sold for \$15,300 apiece. The total amount realized was \$356,575, the highest ever reached for such a small number of pictures. —N. Y. Herald.

THE WOMEN'S HOTEL TRIED.—A boarder at the Women's Hotel fills a column of the New York Sun with praises of this establishment. She says: "I have been much more luxuriously provided for than I am accustomed to or care to be; have received in every particular much more for what I am to pay than I ever did before. We have a quiet, elegant home, such as the most opulent woman in the city might envy, and into which no rude masculine element can possibly intrude; the use of a library and reading room superior to that which the ordinary millionaire places in his own house; surroundings which are artistic and aesthetic in the highest degree; the material benefit of a good French cuisine, and the respectful, prompt attendance of a corps of trained colored waiters. I don't know how to realize that I am in a working-woman's hotel. In fact the whole thing seems like a dream."

CIVILIZATION in America may be pushing right ahead of any other nation on the globe, but when a newspaper "stops the press to announce the result of a game of base-ball between the Clodhoppers and the Bowlegs," man's faith in its onward progress is subjected to a terrible wrench.

Poisonous Gases in Houses.

Typhus fever, diphtheria, and other fatal diseases, are often caused by sewer gas which forces its way through the water-closet and open fixed basins into the house. Another dangerous gas is that emanating from stoves. The New York Herald thus writes about both these poisons:

Unless there is a free circulation and an adequate supply of pure air in a bedroom occupied by one or more persons, the volume of air enclosed becomes very rapidly exhausted of its life-preserving properties, and proportionately charged with gases of an opposite character.

The mere breathing of the air takes from it the oxygen, and returns a volume of carbonic acid gas, which speedily assumes an undue proportion to the former, and renders the atmosphere absolutely dangerous to life.

But there are other sources of danger that too frequently fail to be recognized, even by generally careful householders. These are the pipes leading from water-closets, sinks and fixed wash-stand basins, to the house drain, and which often serve as the inlets by which that most deadly of poisons, sewer gas, enters dwellings.

It does not matter very much whether the poison enters the hallway from a water-closet, the kitchen from a sink, or the bedroom from a fixed wash-stand basin, it will attack the sleeper in his bedroom.

Thousands of fatal cases of disease that are believed to be the result of contagion are really due to sewer-gas poison brought directly into bedrooms by the ways we have suggested.

Another dangerous gas that must be guarded against in bedrooms is that emanating from stoves. During cold weather these stoves are much used as heaters in sleeping apartments, and through ignorance of the principles of combustion and ventilation, the carbonic acid gas given off fills the air with its poison.

It is a hundred times safer to sleep in a cold bedroom than in one heated by a badly-regulated stove. Open fireplaces obviate all danger, and serve as the best means of ventilation.

TO WASH GREASY WOOL.—Dissolve a large tablespoonful of borax in a pint of boiling water. Mix one-quarter of it in the water in which the wool is to be washed. "Put in one piece of goods at a time, using soap if needed, and if necessary add more of the borax water. Wash well and rinse in cold water, or in water only slightly warmed. Shake well, and hang where the goods will dry quickly. For twenty-six years I have used for washing my white flannels water about as hot as would be used for cotton clothing. My flannels are beautifully soft, as well as white. I never have any shrink. For washing goods that fade use crude ammonia instead of soap. Soiled neckties may be made to look like new by taking one-half a teaspoonful of spirits of hartshorn to a teaspoon of water; wash well, and if very much soiled put through a second water with less ammonia in. Lay it on a clean white cloth and gently wipe with another until nearly dry. Then lay a cloth over it and smooth with an iron not very hot. If the color fades it will all come back to its original hue. Use no soap, and do not rinse. —Exchange.

APPLE TARTLETS.—Peel, core and halve some large apples, trimming them so as to get them all one size; drop them as they are done into cold water, with the juice of a lemon squeezed into it to prevent their turning brown. Have ready a syrup (made with one pound of sugar and one quart of water) boiling hot, put the apples into this, with the thin rind of a lemon and two or three cloves. As soon as they are cooked (great care must be taken that they do not break) take them out and leave them to get cold, then set the syrup on the fire to reduce. Make some short paste with two ounces of sugar, two ounces of butter, the yolks of four eggs, a little water, a pinch of salt and flour *quant. suff.*, work it lightly and roll it out to the thickness of one-eighth of an inch. Line some patty pans with it, fill them with uncooked rice to keep their shape and bake them in a moderate oven till done. Remove the rice and place on each tartlet half an apple, the concave side uppermost, pour a little of the reduced syrup on each tartlet, and lastly put a piece of guava or currant jelly in the cavity of each apple.

VEAL BALLS.—Three and one-half pounds chopped meat, 1 tablespoon of salt, 1 teaspoon pepper, 1/2 nutmeg, 5 small crackers rolled fine, 3 eggs; work well together to make it adhere; if the veal is lean add a small lump of butter and 1 teaspoon cream; form the veal into a large ball and spot thickly over with butter; then strew over it the powdered crackers (a small portion of which should be mixed with the other ingredients); place it in the oven and cook slowly for two hours; from time to time add a little water, that there may be gravy.

BEAN SOUP.—Take Spanish or black beans, wash and put into a pot with a proper quantity of water; boil until well done; then dip out the beans and press them through a colander into the water in which they were boiled; tie up some thyme in a little bag, put in the pot to simmer a few minutes; boil hard a few eggs, quarter and put eggs into the soup; a sliced lemon, a little butter, and season with salt and pepper.

RICE CROQUETTES.—Into 1 pint cold boiled rice stir 1 egg and 1 teaspoon of salt; mix well and mould into egg-shaped balls; fry in hot lard.

FILLET OF SOLE.—Take a flounder or any other fish; fry a nice brown; butter well all the time it is on the fire; serve with slices of lemon and tomato sauce.

The Fascination of Archery.

So long as the new moon returns in heaven a bent, beautiful bow, so long will the fascination of archery keep hold of the hearts of men. I can demonstrate this fascination, and can give the reason why it exists. But first a word as to the fact of its existence. Since the publication in this magazine for July, 1877, of an article on archery, I have received nearly five hundred letters of inquiry, and men have come hundreds of miles to see what manner of bows and arrows I use. You have but to mention an archer or archery to your friend and immediately his interest is aroused. He may scoff at the bow and sneer at the arrow; but he will inquire and show curiosity. Hang a long bow and a quiver of arrows conspicuously in your hall or library, and you will soon discover that no exquisite painting or bit of statuary will receive more attention from guests than will be accorded to these ancient weapons. No doubt if one could procure a snell strung with gold and silver cords, after the fashion of the old time instrument wherewith the gods made music, the same fascination would attach. Indeed music and poetry sprang from the bow as did the goddess of wisdom from the head of Jove. The bow is the old first lyre, the monochord the first rune of fine art, and is inseparably connected with the history of culture as are the alphabets of the learned languages. What the fragments of Sapphic song and the Homeric epics are to the literature of to-day, the bow is to the weapons of to-day. When a man shoots with a bow it is his own vigor of body that drives the arrow, and his own mind that controls the missile's flight. Not so with gun shooting. The modern weapon is charged with a power acting independently of muscular operations, and will shoot just as powerfully for the schoolboy or the weakling as it will for the athlete. The Sapphic songs were the natural music of love; the Homeric epics were the natural out-pourings of a great, strong, self-sufficient soul, surcharged with inspiration of heroism; and when Apollo is represented with drawn bow he is the symbol of the natural perfect physical manhood in an attitude displaying its highest powers and graces. It is curious to note how surely the bow and arrows have found their way into the hands of all wild peoples whose mode of life has made physical culture a necessity with them, and it is equally interesting and significant to discover that among these wild peoples a chieftain is invariably chosen on account of his ability to draw a mighty bow. We are nothing better than refined and enlightened savages. The fibre of our nature is not changed in substance; it is polished and oiled. The wild side of the prism of humanity still offers its pleasures to us, and it is healthful and essentially necessary to broad culture that we accept them in moderation. Sport, by which I mean pleasant physical and mental exercise combined—play, in the best sense—is a requirement of this wild element, this glosed-over, physical, heathen side of our being, and the bow is its natural element. —Scribner's Monthly.

PATERNAL GOVERNMENTS.—Mr. Elihu Burritt considers the question whether it is the business of government to assist the emigrant and the laboring producer, by special grants of monetary assistance. Mr. Burritt particularly favors small loans to actual settlers on the lines of the far Western railways, the interest thereon to be paid annually. It is only in this way, as he believes, that the railways to which the Government has made large advances can be rendered profitable and solvent. Mr. Burritt holds that if great corporations can be properly assisted to "develop the resources" of the country, there is no reason why those whose toil increases the resources of the railways should not receive a proportionate encouragement. He is inclined to consider such advance made by the Nation to the settler as a simple business transaction, by which both parties would be gainers, and the great work of clearing and settlement be forwarded. He does not see why the aid which is freely granted to a corporation should not be granted to individuals, nor why a republic should not be "paternal" in the sense of caring for the very poorest of her citizens. —N. Y. Tribune.

EXPLORATION OF MT. TONGARIRO.—P. F. Connelly, the English sculptor, has gone to the summit of Tongariro, the burning mountain of New Zealand. The volcano is regarded as sacred by the Maoris, who have objected to all attempts to explore the mountain on the part of the colonists. It is situated nearly in the centre of North Island, and though 6,600 feet high, is more inaccessible than either Mount Edgecombe or Ruapehu, both of which exceed 10,000 feet in height. Mr. Connelly found every obstacle placed in the way of his progress by the natives, who took possession of his horses, guns, saddles, and nearly all of his outfit, including his sketches. He, however, overcame all resistance, and by the help of some chiefs more friendly than the rest, succeeded in thoroughly exploring the crater, took a number of sketches and photographs of the locality, and determined the positions of the most important peaks.

If you know a man who is willing to kiss your boots because you are rich, you may be sure that there is some one he compels to kiss his boots in turn. He who will cringe before one who is bigger than himself will play the tyrant over all smaller than himself.

Good field hands are hiring in Georgia at \$50 and \$75 for the year.

Some Negro Stories.

I.—THE BIGGEST FOOL.

A traveller he was travelin' along, an' he stop at de fust house he come, an' ast 'em to gib him sompin to eat. So dey sart de olest gal down in de cellar far to cut some bacon; an' she stay so long dey all went down to see what she bin doin'.

So den he went 'long a little furdur, an' he foun' a man had done have a par o' breeches made; an' dey wuz de fust par o' breeches eber he have. An' he done tie 'em up in de tree, an' wuz tryin' fur to jump into 'em; and every time he jump he jump so high.

So den dey tank him, an' de traveller went 'long a little furdur, an' he fin' a man sawin' logs in de wood. An' he ast him what wuz he doin'.

II.—KILLING THE RABBIT.

One day Bear and Fox dey ketches Rabbit, an' dey says: "Less us burn dis ole Rabbit up." Kase Rabbit be steal eberyting dey makes.

When from any cause there is difficulty in getting a supply of the best oats, an excellent mixture may be made of crushed maize and beans, in the proportion of two-thirds of maize and one of beans.

An idea for mothers: Baste a piece of needlework on the bottom of children's cloaks; this takes the place of a white dress in the street, and is far more easy to do up.

MOLASSES CAKE.—Oae cup molasses, three tablepoonsfuls butter, one teaspoon ginger; stir very stiff with flour; one teaspoon soda in one cup hot water. This is good, cold or warm.

DRONTY is expensive, and without other good qualities is not particularly profitable.

The Sea-Serpent of Nahant.

S. A. Drake writes in Harper's Magazine for May: There is one topic with which the annals of Nahant are indissolubly united that we feel a natural diffidence in approaching, yet cannot in conscience ignore, and that is the sea-serpent.

For a time nothing else was talked of but the wonderful sea-snake which was repeatedly seen in Gloucester Bay in August, 1817, and occasionally also in the waters of Nahant Bay, by hundreds of curious spectators, who ran to the beaches or pushed off in boats at the first news of his approach.

Stimulated, also, by the large reward offered for the serpent, alive or dead, vessels were fitted out, manned by expert whalers, which cruised in the bay. The revenue vessel then on the station was ordered to keep a vigilant lookout, and her guns double-shotted for action.

Horse Feed.

Every good groom knows that sound oats and beans and peas in due proportion, and at least a year old, are the very best food for a galloping horse—the only food on which it is possible to get the very best condition out of a race horse or hunter.

When from any cause there is difficulty in getting a supply of the best oats, an excellent mixture may be made of crushed maize and beans, in the proportion of two-thirds of maize and one of beans.

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Intelligence Items.

An elective course in Chinese is proposed at Harvard.

A compulsory education bill was passed by the Wisconsin Assembly recently.

The Connecticut Senate has passed a bill restoring the old system of raising school money by district tax.

The State of Virginia has at present no resources with which to make Mr. McCormick's gift of a telescope to her university available.

The Union Theological Seminary has consummated the purchase of the library of the late Professor Henry B. Smith. It consists of 4,000 volumes and 7,000 pamphlets, and is especially rich in the departments of theology and metaphysics.

At their National Convention, in Chicago, the Women's Christian Temperance Union resolved to keep their organization "separate and intact from all others."

A "HOLLY TREE" Inn has been maintained in the city of Wilmington, Del., since 1873. Recently a new building has been erected for its accommodation at a cost of nearly \$5,000.

Prof. Austin Phelps sums up the judgment of the American churches with regard to card-playing thus: "In the Catholic, Episcopal, and perhaps Lutheran Churches, the innocence of this amusement is not often questioned.

The Boston School Committee gave a hearing last week to the advocates of industrial education. The apparatus and tools of one of the industrial schools were offered to the committee for the purpose of enabling them, by practical application, under their own immediate supervision, of the system of education now pursued there, to determine their decision as to whether the system shall be incorporated into the course of instruction in the Public Schools of Boston.

Out of Tune.

When the tones of a musical instrument become harsh and discordant, we say it is "out of tune." The same may be said of that far more wonderful and complicated piece of mechanism, the human structure, when it becomes disordered.

Connoisseurs

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

100,000 NEW YORK CIGARS! JUST RECEIVED EX HULL, AND FOR SALE AT LOWEST MARKET RATES. KOZMINSKY & BRO., 202 Sansome Street, San Francisco.

THE UNIQUE BOON!

LADIES and gentlemen, save your money. Avoid all humbuggery and the chances of being crippled. All who are afflicted with hard or soft Corns, Bunions, Warts, Moles, etc., BURROUGHS' MASS will remove them completely and at once, and without knife, pain, soreness or scurrilousness.

ALBERT MAU & CO.'S Emperor Savon

Ask your Grocer for it and take no other, as it is the best soap for family use. Each bar weighs one full pound. We are also Sole Agents for the Pacific Coast for CUDDELL TOILET SOAP. These Toilet Soaps are better than any imported. Remember the name, EMPEROR SAVON.

That Point of Ours.

Editors Press:—Your spicy article, written under the inspiring influences of new carpets and Averill paint, inspires a few thoughts in sympathy with your remarks.

I too am in the midst of renovation. Mt. Pleasant must keep its name good. So we espied the advertisement of the California Paint Company in the Rural; we gave our order and a supply is somewhere on the way.

Mt. Pleasant, Tuolumne Co., Cal.—Mining and Scientific Press.

New Employment Office.

New enterprises of every character, tending to benefit the public, we hail with pleasure, and one that strikes us with considerable force, at the present, is the fitting up of the premises, No. 623 Clay street, San Francisco, next door to Frank G. Edwards' carpet store, for a new, first-class Intelligence and Employment Office by those gentlemen who have so long pleased the public in their efforts while in the employ of Crosett & Co., in whose establishment they have been the leading men for a number of years.

Ask Your Grocer for Paul Reiger's

Concentrated Flavoring Extracts; or if you want to get a still stronger article ask for Paul Reiger's Triple Extra Flavoring Extracts, not surpassed by any in the world.

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

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

ÆTNA MOWERS with double motion and latest improvements and "extras," at greatly reduced prices. Berry & Place, corner Market and Fremont streets, San Francisco.

MEADOWS MAGIC LINIMENT is a sure cure for Neuralgia, Headache, Rheumatism, etc., or money refunded. It is sold by all druggists, at 50 cts. a bottle. Abrams & Carroll, Agents, San Francisco.

J. W. SHAEFFER & CO.'S GREEN SEAL CIGARS are made from finest Havana Tobacco. 323 Sacramento street, San Francisco

BUTTERICK & Co's Patterns, spring styles. Send stamp for catalogue. 124 Post st., San Francisco.

PHOTOGRAPHS of superior finish at Morse's Palace of Art, 417 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

ALL Photographs made at the New York Gallery No. 25 Third St., S. F., are guaranteed to be first-class. Prices to suit the times. J. H. PATRICK, Proprietor.

TEETH SAVED.—Filling Teeth a specialty. Sets of Teeth from \$10 upward. Teeth extracted without pain. DR. MOFFETT, 120 Sutter street, S. F.

CROSETT & Co., 623 Clay street, S. F., are prepared to furnish help of all kinds, at short notice, for hotels, mills or farms, both male and female. Send your order to them. They are prompt and reliable.

For the best Photographs and the lowest prices go to the old and reliable establishment of WM. SHEW, No. 115 Kearny street, San Francisco, established in 1831, and formerly located on Montgomery street.

Purchasing Agency. Any parties desiring of having goods purchased for them in San Francisco can do so by addressing Mrs. W. H. Ashley, who will send samples of goods for their inspection. To the ladies I would say that I have a first-class establishment for Dress-making, and am prepared to execute country orders with dispatch.

Given Away.—A superb pair of 6x3 Chromos, worthy to frame and adorn any home, and a Three Month subscription to LIVING HOUSE, a charming 16 page literary paper, full of the choicest stories, poetry, etc., sent free to all sending Fifteen Cents (stamp taken) to pay postage. The publishers, J. L. Patten & Co., 163 William St., N. Y., guarantee every one Double Value of money sent. \$150 in prizes, and big pay, given to agents. Write at once!

MONTGOMERY'S TEMPERANCE HOTEL, 227 Second St., San Francisco. 6 Meals Trips, 21c.

50 Mixed Cards, with name, in case, 10c. 3 no Jaike, 10c. 10c. 10c. Atwater Bros., Forestville, Cal.

DR. GEORGE H. BAKER, DENTIST, 925 Market Street, San Francisco.

HUMAN HAIR! The Cheapest A No. 1 goods in the city. A. R. CAMPBELL, 110 Second Street, S. F.

CROSETT & Co., DENTIST, No. 10 Third Street, San Francisco.

SCARCE GOODS, Books, Photos, &c. Sample Catalogue, 5c. Paris Book Co., Chicago, Ill.

GUNS REVOLVERS. Price List free. Address Great Western Gun Works, Pittsburg, Pa.

25 FANCY MIXED CARDS. Snowflake, postpaid. NANSAT CARD CO., NANSAT, N. Y.

C. R. HALL, MANUFACTURER, 113 Tyler Street, San Francisco. Send for Price List.

NEWEST NOVELTIES AND NOTIONS. FRESH! 420 Clay St., S. F. Bonds, Certificates of Stock, Checks, Drafts, Notes, Corporation Seals, &c., &c.

REVOLVER FREE. Seven-shot revolver, with 420 Clay St., S. F. Box cartridges. Address J. Brown & Son, 126 and 128 Wood St., Pittsburg, Pa.

LADY CANNASSERS WANTED FOR NEW. Fine instruments. For particulars address A. COLPIN, 470 12th street, Oakland, Cal.

GILHAM'S GREEN OINTMENT, FOR all external diseases of the horse, has no equal. For sale by Dealers, Druggists and Harness-makers. MAIN & WINCHESTER, San Francisco.

MY POULTRY CIRCULAR TELLS HOW TO double egg production of hens, raise chickens without loss from disease, etc. Sent free to any address. C. P. STONE, Mission Market, San Francisco.

SEND FOR ONE! SOLID GOLD MOUNTED. Quartz Rings, \$7.50 each. At H. MYRICK & SON'S Loan Office, 247, 233 and 408 Kearny Street, S. F.

\$10 to \$25 a day made by Agents selling our Chronos, Crayons, Pictures and Chromos. Send for 25 Cent Catalogue. J. F. BUFFORD'S SONS, BOSTON, (Boston, Mass.)

A LADY IN SAN FRANCISCO HAS RECENTLY effected a cure, without recourse to the treatment of Paralytics and also in Nervous Diseases. She has been induced to offer her services to the public. Apply to 221 13th St., bet. Howard & Folsom, S. F.

WANTED AGENTS TO SELL ORDEES FOR Small Pictures to be Largest in India Ink and Water Colors. The oldest Copying House on the Pacific Coast. Send for circulars to HIGGIE BROS., 224 Post Street, S. F.

REES'S ADJUSTABLE STENCIL. THE best made—of all sizes, in bulk, in fonts, and in alphabets. Price List free. SAILER & Co., Pacific Coast Agents, 110 Post Street, San Francisco.

TO PRINTERS.—60 lbs. Brevier, 50 lbs. Mispel, 100 lbs. Nonpareil (or any size) at less than half price. Also, an Adams book press and several fonts wood type. Impressions of type, with price, sent on request. J. F. STEARNS, 522 Clay Street, San Francisco.

RECITATIONS AND READINGS FROM SHAKESPEARE AND THE POETS, IN PRIVATE PARLORS AND DRAWING-rooms, or at public entertainments. OLIVER BRIDGEMAN, Actor and Elocutionist. Also, receives a limited number of pupils. Forms ready-made and manages dramatic clubs. Office hours from 10 A. M. to 12 M. and 2 to 4 P. M. Call or address No. 320 Post St., San Francisco.

"A NEW BROOM SWEEPS CLEAN." The Patent Elastic, warranted never to get shabby on the handle in the house and dries quickly. Ask your grocer for it. Manufactured only by HOBBS & CO., 215 and 217 Sacramento Street, San Francisco.

INTERNATIONAL HOTEL, 524 and 526 Kearny St., San Francisco. \$1.50 and \$2.00 PER DAY

H. C. PATRIDGE, Proprietor. Two Concord Coaches, with the name of the Hotel on, will always be in waiting at the landing to convey passengers to the Hotel free. Be sure you get into the right Coach; if you do not, they will charge you.

100,000 lbs. CHOICE SMOKING TOBACCO, Packed in two, four and eight ounce sacks from Forty to Sixty-Five Cents per Pound.

These Tobaccos will be found superior to any in the market or the price. We will send them to any address in lots of not less than five (5) pounds, C. O. D. Address, E. BRIGGS & CO., Tobaccoists, 525 and 527 Market St., San Francisco.

CAMERON HOUSE, 519 Sacramento St., cor. Leidesdorf, San Francisco.

L. R. BAILEY, FOR FIFTEEN YEARS Proprietor of the Old Portsmouth House, San Francisco, has leased the above House, and having put the same in good order and repair, will endeavor to see his old customers, and will endeavor to make them at home, as at his former location.

CLIPPER SPRING BED!

IS PROOF AGAINST BED BUGS AND VERMINE. First-Class Mattress furnished. Sent C. O. D. to any address in the country. Prices from \$1 to \$14. With order send measurement of bedstead. C. D. & R. HINCKLEY, 149 New Montgomery Street, S. F.

PACIFIC WATER CURE AND— Eclectic Health Institute, NORTHWEST CORNER 7th and L STS. SACRAMENTO, CAL.

Being fully prepared to treat all forms of disease on the latest and most scientific principles, together with good rooms and board, we with confidence ask for public patronage. For further particulars address H. E. CLAYTON, M. D., Proprietor.

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Contains Horse Programme of principal Theatres and places of Amusement of San Francisco; Theatrical gossip and general review of current events in the Dramatic World. Send for sample copy.

Annual Subscription..... \$3.00 Per Month..... 50c In Advance.

Address FOOTLIGHT PUBLISHING CO., 330 Nansome St., San Francisco

The ship Wildwood is reckoned the fastest sailer on the Pacific coast.

The front of the Washington Hotel building is being repainted.

The bark Oakland sailed from San Francisco for Port Madison, on the 17th.

Prof. Roberts' music class will take a vacation from the 1st to the 21st of July.

Mr. H. L. Yesler, of Seattle, has invested \$20,000 in 200 shares of Seattle and Walla Walla railroad stock.

The trustees of our Territorial Insane Asylum report very flatteringly in favor of its present management.

On Thursday of this week a band of 8 young cattle arrived from east of the mountains, via Seattle, for Messrs. Briggs & Fields.

A new and wide sidewalk is being laid in front of the business houses of Messrs. Sterling, Peterson and DeLaitang, on Water Street.

Rev. Mr. Davis, of the Episcopal Church, of this place, will hold Divine services at Chimaicum next Sunday, at 11 A. M. The friends are invited.

To the front.—Company A, 4th Artillery has been ordered from Fort Townsend to Fort Walla Walla. Capt. Bancroft will remain in charge of the station here.

The bark Lady Lampson, which went ashore in Esquimalt Harbor, has been put in sea-worthy condition and will load with coal, at Nanaimo, for San Francisco.

On Thursday the steamer Teaser went down to Neah Bay, having on board a yoke of oxen and some supplies which Capt. Willoughby was taking to the reservation, from Seattle.

Correction.—Last week in speaking of the acting Vicar General for this diocese, of the Catholic Church, we gave his name as Father Richards instead of Father Younger, as it should have been.

Patriotic.—In order that the world might "know our people by their actions," a number of flags in town were aired from their poles on Monday last, in commemoration of the battle of Bunker Hill.

Accident.—On Monday last a little son of Mr. Geo. Barthrop, fell overboard from the wharf at the rear of the Central Hotel, and would have drowned but for the immediate assistance of Master Henry Rothschild and Mr. Fields.

Postponed.—The executors of the estate of Arthur Phinney, deeming it for the best interests of the estate and all concerned, have indefinitely postponed the sale of property, advertised to take place July 9th. Buyers and others interested will please take notice and act accordingly.

Vocal Music.—A want, long felt, is to be supplied by the organization, early in the coming fall, of a singing school. It will be taught by Prof. Roberts and Thos. Tallentire. This step will be taken at the earnest solicitation of both parents and young folks, and is confidently expected to prove successful and beneficial in many ways.

We are willing to pit Mr. Jas. Smith, of this town, against the rest of the world in raising strawberries. Last week we mentioned a sample from his garden, which measured 3 1/2 inches round. The type should have said 4 1/2. This week we have had the pleasure of adorning our editorial table with a box containing about half a gallon of berries from the same garden, among which are several specimens each of which makes the large one of last week look like a veritable "little one for a cent."

The varieties were "Jocundi" and "Cunningham," and finer berries never grew. Mr. Smith says if any body can beat them he'll buy plants from the champion at once.

COMMUNICATED.

FROM CHIMACUM. EDITOR ARGUS:—The pioneers of Chimaicum valley are men and women of education and refinement, and it is very desirable that many more should be added to their numbers...

FROM DUGENESS. EDITOR ARGUS:—Last, but not least we notice with pleasure the interest being manifested by the citizens of Dugeness and vicinity in making arrangements for a proper observance of the coming Fourth of July.

MARINE.—The Italian bark Fortuna, of 1087 tons, will take lumber from Milton to Callao. Rutland shire, of 1684 ton, will take lumber to Callao from San Francisco, getting £2,000 for so doing.

The "Transcript" has simmered down a paragraph to this: "The man who borrows a newspaper instead of subscribing for one, is the man who will try to crawl over the wall of heaven instead of passing through St. Peter's gate."

On the 17th the steamer Brunette cleared for Victoria; on the 18th the schooner Mary Parker cleared for Nanaimo; and on the 20th the bark Eureka cleared San Francisco.

FATHER CESARY held special services yesterday, morning and evening in honor of the feast of Corpus Christi. A goodly number were in attendance.

FATHER CESARY has purchased one of those superb Estey organs from B. S. Miller's jewelry store, for the Catholic Church at La Conner.

THE papers are claiming big things for the fine half-breed Percheron stallion, "White Prince," belonging to Mr. Wm. Munks, of Fidalgo.

COMING.—bark Tidal Wave, for Port Madison; ship Fortuna, for Milton, and schr. D. S. Williams, for Seattle.

WE are pleased to hear that Mrs. Albert Briggs, who has been quite ill, is recovering slowly.

Telegraphic Summary.

The following news was received at military headquarters in Portland from Capt. Bernard's camp on Owyee river, under date of June 17th:

Winnemucca, Prute Chief, has just returned to Capt. Bernard's camp with a small party of his men, the interpreter, Jerry, being among them. From Winnemucca and Jerry it is learned that the hostiles have left Stein mountain and are moving into Harney Lake Lake valley, toward the Malheur agency...

LONDON, JUNE 18.—Berlin correspondents send very contradictory accounts of the doings of the congress. Some assert Lord Salisbury proposed the admission of Greece, supporting his proposal in a speech which occupied the entire sitting.

WASHINGTON, June 18. June returns to the department of agriculture indicates an increase of fully 3 per cent. in acres planted in cotton.

In consequence of the failure to obtain a two-thirds vote in the House for the motion to pass the bill under suspension of the rules to pay the fisheries award of the Halifax commission, the Senate will insert an amendment to effect that purpose in the sundry civil appropriation bill.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 18.—No later news concerning the Indian troubles has been received at military headquarters this morning. The impression at headquarters is not very sanguine as to an early and successful termination of the war.

Gen. Crook still remains at Fort Hall and will not move westward to take an active part in the hostilities. He has but 200 men at Fort Hall, all of whom are required to hold the Indians on that reservation in check, and he considers he will be directly assisted Howard, more by keeping the Indians under his control well in hand, than by marching to the

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

Financial. PORTLAND, June 19. Gold in New York, 109 3/4. Legal tenders in Portland buying 99 1/4; selling, par. Silver coin, 2 1/4 and 3.

San Francisco Market. Flour. Prices again reduced a shilling; extra family and bakers' 45 1/2 and 45 3/4; extra superfine, 45 3/4 and 46; superfine, 44.50 and 45. Wheat. Quiet; good old milling, 1.80. Barley. Dull; new, 85 and 90 cts; old 95 and 97.50 cts. Oats. Dull; feed, 1.25 and 1.45. Corn. Dull; large yellow, 42. Rice. Inactive and nominal at 41 1/2. Hay. New crop, 47 and 48 1/2. Potatoes. Dull at 1 1/4 and 1 1/2. Wool. Quiet and unchanged.

San Francisco Marine Report.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 18.—Arrived—Rk ship City of Florence, Adelaide; bk California, Sydney; schr Gotama, Coos Bay; ship Antelope, Manila; ship J. W. Marr, Calcutta; Fr brig Deux Amos, Iquique. Sailed—Bark J. E. Bell, Seattle; str Colima, Panama; str Oceanic, Hongkong via Yokohama, with the following treasure list: Fine silver, \$288,425; trade dollars, \$104,800; Mexican, \$33,287; gold coin and dust, \$8,817.

PROPOSALS FOR FURNISHING RATONS & SHIP CHANDLERY, FOR REVENUE VESSELS.

CUSTOM HOUSE, PORT TOWNSEND. Collector's Office, June 20, 1878. SEALED proposals will be received at this office until 12 o'clock, noon, of Monday, July 8, 1878, for supplying rations and ship chandlery (to be bid for separately) for the use of the crews and vessels of the United States Revenue Marine Service in this Collection District for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1879.

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

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

Also the following described lands in said Jefferson county:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Lots 1, 2 and 3, section 4, township 29, 1 east. 99.25 acres.

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

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

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

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

Lot 4 in section 7, township 29, 1 west. 40.25 acres.

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

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

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

Block 4 in A1, Pottsgrove'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 hf of sw qr, section 29, township 23, 3 east. 80 acres.

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

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

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

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

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

BARTLETT'S COLUMN

CHAS. C. BARTLETT

PORT TOWNSEND, W. T.

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

GROCERIES,

Dry Goods,

CLOTHING,

BOOTS, SHOES,

HATS, CAPS,

FANCY GOODS,

HARDWARE,

Ship Chandlery,

CROCKERY

WINES, LIQUORS,

Cigars, Tobacco,

Doors and Windows,

Farming Implements

Furniture,

WALL PAPER

Plows,

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

The LOWEST PRICES

Now on hand, with a large addition 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.

CHOIR'S DIRECTORY.—Mr. Choir, of Seattle, has at last issued his "History, Business Directory and Immigrant's Guide Book to and throughout Washington Territory." Late advices indicate that it will bear up under the name. He announces his intention of publishing it yearly, so that there will be an opportunity for improvement in the future numbers—for which there is abundant room. With the exception of a few gross errors which we noticed, the book seems pretty reliable, as no doubt much time and labor was spent in collecting and compiling its information. It contains 126 pages, including covers, and looks something like Gospel Hymns, No. 2, only it is the Choir with the congregation, left out. It can claim the merit of originality, order and method in its arrangement; and, to some extent, sprightliness. Price \$1. We refrain from further remark.

MR. C. E. DODGE and wife, of San Juan, came over to Port Townsend in the sloop Quickstep this week. Mr. Dodge is proprietor of the San Juan Packing Company, and is fairly inaugurating a large business in the way of preparing and putting up salmon, halibut, bacon and venison hams. He informs us that about a dozen boats and small craft are at present industriously and profitably engaged in taking fish for his establishment. He is looking to San Francisco for his main market.

The excursion to San Juan has been abandoned, or suspended indefinitely. Father Cesary is not to blame but others, connected with the affair, failed to cooperate satisfactorily. So the lineal descendant of the patriarchal Isaac will be disappointed. Well, he can console himself that others are disappointed too, for many expected to embrace the opportunity of visiting the Island and admiring its beauties.

The fellow who has been lying around town for the past month wishing "something would turn up these hard times" was surprised to notice that something turned up very suddenly one day recently. It was an iron hoop, and he had unconsciously trod upon its north-eastern boundary.

MR. CHAS. BARTLETT is having a substantial job of repairing done in the way of putting in new pipes and foundation timbers under his warehouse. Mr. B. is one of our business men who "goes in to win," hence everything he does is intended to be substantial.

The subject of Rev. Jno. Parsons' lecture next Sunday evening will be "John Huss and his times." As reminiscences of this martyr, of the 15th century, may prove interesting, a goodly hearing may be anticipated. Every body is invited.

THROUGH the kindness of Messrs. Haller & Engle we have been furnished with a complete copy of the proceedings of the Whatcom County District Court session at La Couver, but haven't room for its insertion.

ABOUT all the patriotism and valor in the country is just now congregating around bar-room tables where belligerent Indians are being hunted down and slain in great numbers.

The schooner Mary Parker, Monday last, discharged another cargo of Cluckanut stone at the wharf foundation for Mr. Chas. Eisenbeis.

REV. JAS. AGNEW, of the Presbyterian Church, expects to be in Seattle next Sunday. His pulpit here, it is expected, will be vacant.

The sloop Quickstep left this port on Tuesday morning of this week for San Juan Island, having on board about 10 tons of freight.

MRS. CAPT. STRATTON, of the Port Angeles Light-house, paid Port Townsend a pleasant visit during the past week.

MR. CLARENCE MORGAN has been induced to teach school another month in Port Discovery.

PAUL PRY discourses to our readers again this week, in his usual racy and interesting style.

Mrs. C. J. Mitchell, wife of Lieut. Mitchell, of the Wolcott, has returned to Port Townsend.

WORK is still progressing on Mr. Hastings' wharf in front of the Custom House building.

THE N. P. "Rural" is struggling for a place among the illustrated papers of the coast.

THE school taught by Mr. Johnston, in Dungeness, closes in a few days.

OUR Hoko "eyetems" are a new feature in the ARGUS.

HOKO EYETEMS.

The little town of Hoko was enlivened a few days ago by the presence of some of the most notable dignitaries of this lower Straits country. Maj. E. W. Blake, U. S. Inspector of Customs, of Neah Bay, first made his appearance around the rocks in his beautiful little vessel, off-loaded and manned in the most economical fashion, himself being Captain, mate, cook and crew. A very gentlemanly crowd of fellows they are, with whom a voyage would be a pleasure were it not for one peculiarity, that of WALKING ashore on (or under) the water which, in Clatsop, we are sorry to say, proved a failure and resulted in the Captain, cook and crew—rubber boots and all—being submerged; only for a season, however, as the bottom of the bay formed a good solid incline on which to climb out and dry off.

A few hours after the arrival and departure of the first-named party, Capt. Chas. Willoughby, U. S. Indian Agent for Neah Bay, came along in his fine Chinook canoe, with the Doctor as interpreter and handy man generally among the Indians who show him great respect, and with whom he is no doubt a general favorite.

The Captain is looking well, and seems to feel at home in his present arduous position, which to most men would be anything but pleasant, as the tribes under his charge have had such a variety of treatment "from good to bad and from bad to worse" that they have become a very suspicious class of people; and, were it not for a wholesome dread of the consequences of law-breaking, would be unmanageable. As it is, a great many difficulties are encountered and overcome, and the government need have no fears about the management at Neah, for as long as the present incumbent holds the reins of law, to its fullest extent, will be lived up to by ALL on the reserve. These gentlemen were very much pleased to see the improvements being made on the shores of this bay; and, as accommodations were ample for their comfort, concluded to remain over night, thereby gleaming the following facts about the principal enterprise at this point: The Hoko Salmon Company, incorporated, are here located, and have all the machinery and buildings put up and arranged for the canning of salmon. These consist of about as follows: One tin shop, 20x40 feet, in which suitable machinery has been arranged for the management of from eight to twelve thousand cans per day; one cannery proper, 20x60 feet, with tanks, racks, benches, tables, etc., etc., complete; one bath-room, (where the cans are boiled) fitted up with two large boilers and all the necessary coolers, tables, tacks, etc., etc., 16x40 feet; (the boilers are well set up in brick work, with ample fire space, smoke stack, etc.); one labeling, packing and storage house, 20x60 feet, properly arranged, and a wood shed, 13x40 feet, where the winter's wood will be stored from the rain and snow. An abundance of cool, soft spring water is brought in from the adjoining hills and confined in a large tank above the buildings, being led thereto by iron pipes, with hose attached at various places about the works for use as cleansing agents and as a security against fire. There are also various residences in the village; small they are, it is true, but nevertheless neat and comfortable.

Mr. John A. Martin, is here engaged in mercantile pursuits; keep an assortment of general merchandise, for Indian trade principally. The "Hoko House" has gained an enviable reputation, since it opened about a month ago with a full corps of cooks, sugar barrels, flour bags, dried apples, etc., etc., too numerous to mention; and, under the present management we predict for it a large run of custom during the fishing season—at least so the Captain and Major thought that morning after the hot coffee and toast had been tried and—"found wanting" when the "next" dropped in.

Come again, friends, and you will always find a pleasant greeting from the Hokoites. O. KOKE MAN.
June 10, 1878.

MARINE.—On Friday evening last the bark Jas. Cheston, Capt. Frank S. Swanton, from Port Gamble, lumber laden for San Francisco, put into this port in tow of the tug Goliath. Cause of delay—heavy head wind in the straits. The bark John Jay, from Seattle, coal laden for San Francisco, put back to this place on the 13th inst., leaking very fast. On Friday she was towed back to Seattle by the Mastick, for the purpose of discharging a part of her cargo and making some repairs.

A LITTLE RUSHER.—The mail schooner Winefred, on her last trip up, made the run from Neah Bay to Port Angeles in 4 hours and 40 minutes. Capt. Gilbert informs us that this is the shortest period in which the Winefred ever made the run between the two points named in the three years she has been on the route. Capt. Gilbert has had over twenty years' experience on the Sound, and understands his business thoroughly.

SMART SAILING.—The schooner Western Home, lumber laden, from San Francisco to Victoria B. C., left the latter place on Friday evening last and made the run to this port in 2½ hours. This, we understand, is a trifle ahead of the North Pacific's time.

THE French barque Nouveau Nomade, Capt. Paul Querre, arrived at this port on Saturday last from San Francisco. She will load for Buenos Ayres.

MR. G. W. MORSE, of Oak Harbor, finds it necessary to replenish his stock of goods "periodically, if not oftener." He was in town this week.

THE Catholic services on Thursday were pretty liberally attended.

NIGHT FALL AFTER NIGHT-FALL.

About midnight between last Saturday and Sunday the Steamship City of Panama came in. When the gun was fired off, announcing her arrival, Mr. Tibbals jumped out of bed; and, hastily donning his daytime habiliments, rushed down to the wharf at break-neck speed. On coming down the grade where Miller's crew have been taking away earth for street-filling, the impression in his mind that it was a gradual descent was suddenly removed. It was somewhat thorny: In removing the earth, a bench had been left making a perpendicular "jump off" of about four or five feet. It is to this fact that Mr. Tibbals lays the blame for his numerous somersaults, plunges into the gravel and other exhibitions of agility, together with bruised shins, sore joints and a general stiffness which makes people think he is putting on airs when he walks. He is now thinking seriously of having a coat of arms with the motto engraved thereon, "look before you leap."

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 & Portland, Ogn.
On about the 20th of each Month.

For Freight or Passage, Apply on Board,
20 Or to ROTHSCCHILD & CO. Agents.

NOTICE.

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

CONSIGNED TO ROTHSCCHILD & CO.

French bk Nouveau Nomade.

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.
P. QUEEKE, Master.
Port Townsend, June 20, 1878.

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.
J. LO BULLO, Master.
Port Townsend, May 15, 1878.

Schr. Superior.

NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED Agents of the above named vessel will be responsible for debts contracted by the officers or crew.
ROTHSCCHILD & CO., Agents.
JOHN LEE, Master.
Port Townsend, May 15, 1878.

French barque Bleville.

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

Italian Barque DueSorelle.

NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED Agents of the above named vessel will be responsible for debts contracted by the officers or crew.
ROTHSCCHILD & CO., Agents.
G. CAVASSA, Master.
Port Townsend, March, 29, 1878.

ROTHSCCHILD & CO.,
Shipping and Commission
MERCHANTS,
Port Townsend, Washington Territory,
Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
Dry Goods, Clothing,
Boots and Shoes,
Ship Chandlery,
Tobacco and Cigars,
Liquors,
Hardware,
Crockery, Stationery, Etc.
Exchange Bought and Sold.
Liberal Advances Made on Consignments.
The Highest Price Paid for Wool, Hides, Furs and Produce.
Goods Bought and Sold on Commission.
ROTHSCCHILD & CO.

CALIFORNIA WINES, IMPORTED BY US DIRECTLY FROM THE vineyards, in pipes, barrels, or quantities to suit. For sale at San Francisco rates by
ROTHSCCHILD & CO.
BEST ASSORTMENT OF CALIFORNIA MANUFACTURED GOLD Sets, Ear Rings, Finger Rings, Breast and Cuff Pins, Sleeve and Collar Buttons, Studs, Lockets, &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 Romance of Accident.

Many of our most important inventions and discoveries owe their origin to the most trivial circumstances; from the simplest causes the most important effects have ensued. The following are a few called to random for the amusement of our readers:

The trial of two robbers before the Court of Assizes of the Basses-Pyres accidentally led to a most interesting archaeological discovery. The accused, Rivas a shoemaker, and Bellier a weaver, by armed attacks on the highways and frequent burglaries, had spread terror around the neighborhood of Sisteron. The evidence against them was clear; but no traces could be obtained of the plunder, until one of the men gave a clue to the mystery. Rivas in his youth had been a shepherd-boy near that place, and knew the legend of the Trou d'Argent, a cavern on one of the mountains with sides so precipitous as to be almost inaccessible, and which no one was ever known to have reached. The commissary of police of Sisteron, after extraordinary labor, succeeded in scaling the mountain, and penetrated to the mysterious grotto, where he discovered an enormous quantity of plunder of every description. The way having been once found, the cavern was afterward explored by *savants*; and their researches brought to light a number of Roman medals of the third century, flint hatchets, ornamented pottery, and the remains of ruminants of enormous size. These interesting discoveries, however, obtained no indulgence for the accused (inadvertent) pioneers of science, who were sentenced to twenty years' hard labor.

During the Thirty Years' War in Germany, the little village of Coserow, in the island of Usedom, on the Prussian border of the Baltic, was sacked by the contending armies, the villagers escaping to the hills to save their lives. Among them was a simple pastor named Schwerdler, and his pretty daughter Mary. When the danger was over, the villagers found themselves without houses, food, or money. One day, we are told, Mary went up the Streckelberg to gather blackberries; but soon afterward she ran back joyous and breathless to her father, with two shining pieces of amber each of very great size. She told her father that near the shore the wind had blown away the sand from a vein of amber; that she straightway broke off these pieces with a stick; that there was an ample store of the precious substance; and that she had covered it over to conceal her secret. The amber brought money, food, clothing, and comfort; but those were superstitious times, and a legend goes that poor Mary was burned for witchcraft. At the village of Stämen, amber was first accidentally found by a rustic who was fortunate enough to turn some up with his plough.

Many valuable literary relics have been preserved by curious accidents, often turning up just in time to save them from crumbling to pieces. Not only mineral but literary treasures have been brought to light when excavating mother earth. For instance, in the foundations of an old house, Luther's "Table Talk" was discovered lying in a deep, obscure hole, wrapped in strong linen cloth, which was waxed all over with beeswax within and without. There it had remained hidden ever since its suppression by Pope Gregory XIII. The sudden falling in of a ceiling, for example, of some chambers in Lincoln's Inn, revealed the secret depository of the Thurlow state papers. Other literary treasures have turned up in an equally curious manner. Milton's essay on the "Doctrines of Christianity" was discovered in a bundle of old dispatches; and it is said that one of the cantos of Dante's great poem was found, after being long mislaid, hidden away beneath a window-sill.

It is curious to trace how the origin of some famous work has been suggested apparently by the merest accident. We need but remind the reader how Lady Austen's suggestion of "the sofa" as a subject for blank verse was the beginning of "The Task," a poem which grew to formidable proportions under Cowper's facile pen. Another example of—"What great events from trivial causes spring," is furnished by Lockhart's account of the gradual growth of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." The lovely Countess of Dalkeith bears a wild legend of border dabblerie, and sportively asks Scott to make it the subject of a ballad. The poet's accidental confinement in the midst of a yeomanry camp gave him leisure to meditate his theme to the sound of a bugle; suddenly there flashes on him the idea of extending his simple outline so as to embrace a vivid panorama of that old border-life of war and tumult. A friend's suggestion led to the arrangement and framework of the "Lay" and the conception of the ancient harper. Thus step by step grew the poem that first made its author famous. The manuscript of "Waverley" lay hidden away in an old cabinet for years before the public were aware of its existence. In the words of the Great Unknown: "I had written the greater part of the first volume and sketched other passages, when I mislaid the manuscript; and only found it by the merest accident, as I was rummaging the drawer of an old cabinet; and I took the fancy of finishing it."

The characters in "Oliver Twist" of Fagin, Sikes and Nancy, were suggested by some sketches of Cruikshank, who long had a design to show the life of a London thief by a series of drawings. Dickens, while paying Cruikshank a visit, happened to turn over some sketches in a portfolio. When he came to that one which represents Fagin in the condemned cell, he studied it for half an hour, and told his friend that he was tempted to change the whole plot of his story—not to carry Oliver through adventures in the

country, but to take him up into the thieves' den in London, show what this life was, and bring Oliver through it without sin or shame. Cruikshank consented to let Dickens write up to as many of the drawings as he thought would suit his purpose. So the story as it now runs resulted in a great measure from that chance inspection of the artist's portfolio. The remarkable picture of the Jew miser in the condemned cell, biting his nails in the torture of remorse, is associated with a happy accident. The artist had been laboring at the subject for several days, and thought the task hopeless; when sitting up in his bed one morning with his hand on his chin and his fingers in his mouth, the whole attitude expressive of despair, he saw his face in the cheval glass. "That's it!" he exclaimed; "that's the expression I want." And he soon finished the picture.—*Chambers' Journal*.

Inflation Punctured.

By the natural reaction of the inflation of prices, which an extraordinary issue of paper money has created, and under three years of the steady pressure of the appointed time of resumption, the paper money has steadily appreciated in purchasing power, until it is now almost par with gold. In the confidence created by this the Secretary of the Treasury proposes that there shall be no reduction of the volume of greenbacks below 300 millions. This will support all the bank circulation. It is probable that Congress will go even beyond this, and prescribe that the greenbacks shall not be reduced below the present volume of over \$40 millions. This settles that there shall be no contraction of the volume of currency by the act of the Government. The appreciation having reached par with gold, can go no higher. Prices can not decline further because of fear of money growing dearer. A sure basis has been reached, on which all can build with safety. No rational man will call for another inflation to unsettle things, and create a new alarm, and make it necessary to go over all this hardship again. Inflation parties have lost their occupation. The currency question, which was so disastrous to the Republican party last year, is now virtually taken out of politics. Industrial and trade enterprise can launch out in confidence, and the Republican party will not have this stumbling-block in the way of a victory which shall regain the State of Ohio and the National House of Representatives.—*Cincinnati Gazette*.

ARE all the fools dead? No; but they are trying to get out of existence as fast as possible. The record says that a Troy woman took strychnine because her husband wouldn't run in debt to get her a velvet cloak; a Chicago youth swallowed an overdose of morphine because a bad woman locked him out of her miserable heart and house; a sixteen-year-old Kentucky girl took ratbane because an old married man told her he had no business to love her; an Arcola, Ill., man hung himself in the smoke-house because he possessed only ten thousand dollars, and feared he might come to want. These are little bits of samples of what is going on in this busy world. Every day brings a fresh item.

TOO ENTHUSIASTIC.—During the session of a temperance meeting in Harlem, the other night, one of the persons who occupied the stage was an enthusiastic deacon, who frequently interrupted the speaker by yelling: "Thank heaven for that!" One gentleman was called upon, who arose and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I am heart and soul in this cause, and feel that it will be a great benefit to the people of this place." "Thank heaven for that!" yelled the deacon. "But, ladies and gentlemen," he continued, "I am going to say that it will be impossible for me to address you this evening." "Thank heaven for that!" said the absent-minded man, when he was politely requested to take a back seat.

AMERICUS SYMMES, son of John Cleve Symmes, who invented the curious theory that the earth is hollow, open at the poles, and capable of being inhabited within, wants to be attached to the Howgate expedition to the Arctic regions in order that he may have the opportunity of proving his father's theory to be true. He is bound to go into that hole if he can find it. It is his by right of inheritance, and it would be unjust to deprive him of his right. Let him go, by all means. If he never comes back, we can at least imagine him dwelling happily in that inner world where the rigors of the Arctic regions are escaped, and from whence the bears return fat and comfortable in the Spring.—*Portland Transcript*.

MANAGEMENT OF HOT BEDS.—Where it is intended to grow plants merely for transplanting in the garden, they may be sunk in the ground to the depth of eight or ten inches, and in such a case require more than two feet of enriching material, but when forcing and perfecting are designed a permanent heat must be kept up, and the bed must be made on the surface, so that fresh and warm dressing may be added when necessary—a depth of three to four feet in such cases being wanted. The mold should be laid on as soon as the bed is settled and has a lively, regularly-tempered heat.

How sweet a thing is a love of home. It is not acquired—it is a feeling that has its origin elsewhere. It is born with us, brought from another world to carry us on with joy in this. It attaches to the humblest heart that ever throbbled.

Forty thousand persons have signed the pledge in Chicago.

Recollections of a Disaster.

Recently inquiry was made about the Moselle disaster, which occurred on the Ohio river, at Fulton, in the spring of 1837 or 1838, and information has been offered as to the date, but it does not satisfy the interest that the question creates. The writer hereof was a resident of Cincinnati at the time of the Moselle explosion, and narrowly escaped the fate which befell the victims of that disaster. The Moselle was built in Letherbury's yard in Fulton, and was launched early in the spring of 1838, we believe, for we have not at this moment the data, which we have stowed away somewhere, that will fix the date exactly. The vessel was partly owned by Capt. Perrin, who was appointed its commander. The Moselle was one among the first "crack" boats, which were built to take the places of the *Mediator*, *Algonquin*, *Monongahela*, *Fairplay*, etc., and was intended to beat the *Pike*, *Ben Franklin*, and other sharp-bowed, big sidewheel steamers that were carrying off all the trade for Southern ports. It was the custom of the fast boats, at that day, to run over a mile or two above the city, when they were to start on a Southern trip; then turn, and coming back again, pass the wharf under full press of steam, with "scape pipes turned into the wheelhouse, so that the ves had the appearance of fairly flying by without the aid of steam; and it had a very fine effect. On such occasions the wharf was literally crowded with spectators. The first trip of the Moselle was to be signaled by an excursion to New Orleans. In addition to the regular list of passengers, a considerable number of persons had been invited by Capt. Perrin, as his personal guests, to make the trip. The writer hereof was one of the favored number, but he was unable to avail himself of the courtesy. After the vessel had taken on her freight, and her city passengers and guests had got aboard at the landing, the Moselle steamed up to Fulton, for the purpose of taking on several German families, who were bound for Texas. The emigrants were taken aboard, and the vessel was swinging around with the current, for the purpose of passing down by the wharf, under a marvelous pressure of steam, intended to eclipse any previous effort of the kind, when suddenly the boilers exploded, involving in the catastrophe the crowd who were thronging the decks, and burning and scalding to death a large number of the light-hearted tourists, who were thus suddenly wrapped in terrible disaster. The only persons who escaped scalding, and were not more or less injured by the explosion, were ladies, children, and a few gentlemen, who were fortunately in the ladies' cabin. The decks above and below were strewn with the victims, and a considerable number of persons were rescued from the river, having jumped into the water to escape from the scalding steam.

Capt. Perrin's body was found among the timbers of a new vessel, afterward named the *Monsoon*, which was building on the same stocks from which the ill-fated Moselle had but recently been launched. The vessel was a frightful wreck from stem to stern; and she slowly floated down the river to the Water Works, where she sunk close to the shore, immediately in the rear of that building; and the wreck of the vessel lay at that point all season, and was visited by thousands of curious people, many of whom procured pieces of the ill-fated boat, until she was chipped up into fragments, and carried away piecemeal. Many elderly citizens, young persons at the time, will remember the consternation the report of the explosion created throughout the city, and over the whole country. The wharf, between Main street and Broadway, on the evening of that terrible day, was crowded with people who were awaiting the appearance of the Moselle, and cheer her with her joyous human freight, as she steamed by the wharf, but they were not gratified. Within a quarter of an hour after the explosion, the frightful intelligence was received by the waiting multitude, and thousands of persons rushed east up Front street, hastening to the scene of disaster! Within half an hour the terrible intelligence had been spread over the entire city, and the inhabitants were fairly horror-stricken! The newspaper reader of to-day, who is surfeited with horrors every morning at the breakfast table, can not realize the intense excitement which moved the whole country as the terrible news of the Moselle explosion was spread broadcast. And it was a topic of terror for years afterward.

The funeral of most of the victims of the Moselle explosion was public, and thousands of persons joined the procession in vehicles and on foot. It was by odds the most extended funeral ever witnessed in Cincinnati. Owing to the misplacement of the documents giving a detailed account of the notable event, we are now unable to give the names of the victims whose awful deaths were thus commemorated. It will be remembered by many elderly readers of the *Gazette* that large fragments of the collapsed boiler of the Moselle—one of which was sent whirling across the Ohio, while another was taken from a tannery on the hillside, through whose roof it was sent crushing—were for years objects of deep interest in the old museum at the corner of Main and Pearl streets. Two of the victims were dashed through the roof of a building on Front street, near where the explosion took place; and for a long time the blood of Captain Perrin and several other unfortunates, reddened the timbers in Letherbury's boatyard. Five months after the explosion the skeleton of a man was fished out of the hold of the wrecked vessel, and fragments of others were found under the deck when the vessel was taken to pieces.

We have depended on our memory for this brief, rambling account of an incident which occurred forty years ago, and which has been called up by inquiries in the papers. Certainly old files of the *Gazette* would give some interesting items in this connection which would bear reading.—*Cincinnati Gazette*.

A Tramp Editor.

He took pepper-sauce in his. We were sure of it; for we could smell it from the other side of the table. He was short and seely looking and his foot gear wore the usual signals of distress. His red side-whiskers were a lighter but not a brighter red than his face; his whole physiognomy was rustic. He rubbed his hands with pleasure as he steadied himself against the "bank" and exclaimed in a soft voice, "Well, it gives me pleasure to find myself among the gentlemen of the press; I feel like a fish in the water again."

"You are a printer?" we asked.

"No; editorial!" was the dignified response.

We stared, and then we smiled. We had seen tramp printers, tramp hatters, tramp shoemakers, tramp almost everything, as well as tramps absolute; but never before had a tramp editor introduced himself.

He went on: "I came to Detroit with recommendations to the *Free Press*; but there being no opening there, Mr. Quinby advised me to look further West in the interior. Are you in need of any assistance in that line?"

We gently explained to the deluded individual how it would be as reasonable to expect that the proprietor of a peanut stand would employ a twelve hundred dollar bookkeeper, as that the publisher of a country newspaper would hire an editor. The ideal when a good pair of scissors can be purchased for forty cents, and paid for in advertising.

A thought struck us: "Can you write greenback editorials?" we asked.

"Oh, certainly," was the reply.

"Then, perhaps, we can direct you to a job. A greenback paper has just been started here, and they need an editor. They need some one who can write an editorial that a common, ordinary individual can find head or tail to; something that can be understood without an interpreter. They are going to beat us at the election next Monday, too, and you would have a chance at some glorification editorials. We should go and apply for the situation by all means. Dish 'em up lively, and then we will send 'em back to you, and we can have some fine, exciting times."

We looked up from the work on which we were engaged, and he was gone! We understand somebody afterward gave him a pass over the narrow gauge to Lawton.

A QUAIN anecdote of the artist Turner is told by a correspondent of the *London Times*. "The dark, dingy old house," he says, "in Queen Anne St., where Turner lived, is familiar to most of us. I knocked at the door, which was opened by an old woman, whose head was enveloped in a dense mass of flannel and linen. Turner was at home. I was ushered into a small room on the right of the hall. After some little nervous suspense the door opened; a small man appeared, with grayish hair, beetling eyebrows, and such a pair of small, keen, gray eyes as I had never seen before, and never shall see again. He had on a dirty apron reaching nearly to his chin, sleeves of the same dirty white on his arms, and a trowel in his right hand; his hands and face well smeared with brick-dust. This was the great Turner. He exclaimed as he entered, 'What do you want? Don't you see I've got a bricklaying job in hand?' After some little talk, he said, 'I suppose you wish to see the gallery.' He kindly took me into it, and told me to come whenever I felt inclined, but he said, 'Mind and don't give her anything,' alluding to the old woman who let me in."

THOUGHTS TO BE REMEMBERED.—The object of all knowledge is truth. The essence of all moral goodness is love. The spring of all spiritual activity is faith. The foundation of every virtue is humility. The first duty of a sinner is repentance. The fountain of all blessing is Jesus Christ. The source of all grace and peace is the indwelling of the Holy Spirit. Our own happiness is the best promoted by seeking the welfare of others. The most effectual security against evil is trust in God. The most valuable riches is contentment. The best antidote against melancholy is occupation. The surest remedy against the fear of death is the hope of heaven. The greatest enemy of human happiness is sin. The most effectual means of obtaining good for ourselves and others is prayer. The light to guide every step of our progress is the Bible.

SOME weeks ago a well-appearing man, past the middle age, suddenly turned up at Long Point, a promontory on this side of the river, a short distance below the cemetery. No one knew from whence he came, his name or history. He was accompanied by a young girl, and a cat and dog. Underneath the cliff, in a cave-like formation, he reared a hut of stone, and of boards, and made a door without hinges. There he has continued to live with the child and animal pets. He has a small stove for heating and cooking purposes, but where he gets his provisions we have not ascertained. He has been visited by a number of curious people, whom he receives, but towards whom he exercises a positive reticence. His strange manner and mode of life has secured to him the cognomen of "Robinson Crusoe."

INNUMERABLE sins bring countless sorrows.

Wit and Humor.

LUMBER dealers always have the largest board-bills.

AN honest man is like an under-done steak—Very rare.

A DUTCHMAN repeated the adage, "Birds mit one feather goes mit demselves."

A NEW story, by Mrs. Hoey, is entitled, "All or Nothing." About a lawyer, we suppose.

MAN lives not in the present but in the future. At 7 A. M. he looks for noon; at 1 P. M. he begins to sigh for 6 o'clock.

THERE ought to be some way of utilizing the tramps. Even alligator hides are worth seventy-five cents each in Louisiana.

THERE may be a "time for everything," but the time to finish the Washington monument has never been discovered.

THERE were a gang of gypsies in town the other day. To a man with only one shirt a gypsy is an object of dreamy contemplation.

A COLUMBUS man says he started in thirty years ago to make \$1,400,000. He has got the fourteen, but the ciphers bother him.

It isn't the supremacy of the capitalists that the disaffected classes in this country object to so much as working between meals.

THE subject of a New Haven man's address was, "What shall we live on?" We didn't get the particulars, but we think it is eggs.

A PIUTE chief owns a high silk hat, and is so careful of it that, his hat being leaky, he keeps it covered with skins in a hole in the ground.

A NEW YORK Irishman who had a pup and a large dog, cut two holes in the kennel, one big one for the dog, and a little one for the pup.

A MAN was walking along a Chicago street singing, "Heaven is my home." "Don't you feel homesick?" yelled a small boy who passed him.

PEOPLE who attempt to eat boarding-house pie-crust with a fork, should remember that time thrown away can never be recalled.—*Oil City Derrick*.

BOB INGBERSOLL says: "Woman has the right to do as she pleases." Well, whether she has or not, that's exactly what she does—if she's married.

E. BURD GRUBB is captain of a militia company in Philadelphia. Won't the American eagle scream when it sees Burd Grubb that it cannot eat.—*Worcester Press*.

A TOM-CAT is a more independent animal than man. When a man comes home at 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning he slips in as quietly as possible, but a tom-cat don't seem to care. The later the hour, and the nearer the house it approaches, the louder it will yell.

THE sexton of a parish church in county Armagh was about to lose his wife. She begged him to bury her in Tyrone, among her own kindred, forty miles away. "Indeed, Pogy," said he, "I'll try ye here; but if you give any trouble, I'll take ye up and bury ye in Tyrone."

A BRIDGEPORT man has been twenty years perfecting a machine to enable him to fly over Niagara Falls. It would have been cheaper, we think, to have taken to the bridge.

JEM MACE says that although the Goddess of Liberty on the new dollar seems to be in very good training he will fight her for the championship of America, and afterwards tend bar for her.—*New York Herald*.

"JOHN," said a poverty-stricken man to his son, "I've made my will to-day." "Ah!" replied John, "you were liberal to me, no doubt." "Yes, John, I came down handsome. I've willed you the whole State of Virginia—to make a living in, with the privilege of going elsewhere if you can do better."

A GERMAN peasant, in early railway days, was taken to see the performance of a locomotive. He had never known carriages to be moved except by animal power. Every other explanation failed to make the matter clear to him. After long reflection, therefore, and seeing no possible escape from the conclusion, confidently, to his companion, "there must be horses inside!"

MR. WHEELER of New Hampshire who died worth \$11,000 seems to have been a pleasant sort of a man. His will says "Expend it all on my tombstone."—*Ex*. Some of the heirs have already filed objections to this, and the money will probably be expended on the lawyers. Mr. Wheeler will be extremely fortunate if he gets a hemlock slab for a tombstone.—*Oil City Derrick*.

MR. BARNUM insists that animals won't drink whisky. And what does this prove, Phineas? Do they know how to walk, or to sing, or to conduct law-suits, or to preach sermons? Do they wear high hats and insist on new bonnets for Easter? Do they purchase milk at six cents a quart, and are they partial to baked beans? Great and unequalled circuser, what new humbug is this!—*Buffalo Express*.

P. T. BARNUM says: "I tell you, as a showman, you can't make animals drink whisky. They know better." The showman is mistaken. We once heard a woman call out of a second story window to an object that for nearly an hour had been trying in vain to unlock the front door: "Drunk again, you old hog, are you?" And if a hog isn't an animal, what is it?—*Norristown Herald*.

A CHILD two years old at Leeds, in England, was suffocated to death the other day by a cat lying on its face when asleep.

How the King Was Awakened.

Weymouth was long King George III's favorite resort for repose and fresh air. He was accustomed to stroll, unattended, about the streets and terraces of the little watering-place, and he liberally patronized its theater—indeed, the good-natured monarch patronized plays and players wherever he found them.

In the course of one of his afternoon walks he had been overtaken by a shower of rain, when, the door of the theater standing open, he entered, and finding no one in attendance, he quietly made his way to the royal box, and seated himself in his accustomed chair.

The performances of the evening, it may be stated, were announced to be for the benefit of Mr. Elliston, and his majesty had promised to attend, and support, by his presence, the efforts of the actor he greatly admired. He was a trifle fatigued, perhaps, and the dim light of the empty theater, and the easy chair, induced drowsiness. In a few moments the king was fast asleep.

Meantime, Lord Townshend sought his royal master in various directions, but in vain. He had dined at three o'clock, and quitted the palace shortly after dinner; he had not been seen since, and the queen and the princesses were somewhat uneasy about him, for it was now five o'clock. His lordship even made inquiry of Elliston, who was quietly proceeding to the theater to make arrangements for the performance of the night; but Elliston could give no information—he had seen nothing of the king.

Arrived at the theater, however, the actor was not long before he discovered the figure of a man asleep in the king's chair. He had, indeed, entered the box to assure himself that all was prepared for the occupation of his royal patron. For a moment he did not recognize the sleeper, and he was about to disturb his slumbers abruptly enough. Fortunately, he discovered in time that he stood in the presence of the king.

What was he to do? He dared not wake his majesty by touching him; he feared even to speak to him. It was clear, however, that something must be done; it was nearly time for lighting the lamps—and then the anxiety of the queen and princesses had to be considered. Elliston hit upon this expedient. He took a violin from the orchestra, and placing himself immediately under the royal box, he struck up "God Save the King."

The king stirred, and presently springing up, exclaimed, "What! what! O, yes. I see, Elliston. Ha! ha! rain came on—took a seat—took a nap. What's o'clock?"

"Nearly six, your majesty."
"Six! Six o'clock!" cried the king. "Send to her majesty—I say I'm here. Stay, stay, this wig won't do, eh—? Don't keep the people waiting. Light up—light up. Let 'em in—let 'em in. Ha! ha! fast asleep. Play well to-night, Elliston—great favorite with the queen. Let 'em in—let 'em in."

At the close of the performance Elliston attended the royal visitors to their carriage, when the king, still occupied with his adventure of the afternoon, nodded and smiled, as he whispered to the actor, "Fast asleep, eh, Elliston? Fast asleep!"

Mr. Edison, as a young telegraph operator at Memphis, was known for the quaint drawings with which, in odd leisure moments, he illustrated the Southern press reports. One habit was to convert the tails of his g's and y's into faces, with the most ludicrous expressions imaginable. Another habit was to draw a railroad curve around a hill, with a train of cars at full speed; on the first car was a T, on the second Y, and so on until Tyler, the signature to the report, was spelled out, and on the last car, barely perceptible around the curve, was "30," or fluis. This continued for some time, until a Memphis editor published a paragraph praising in the highest terms the beauty of the sketches, but objecting to them on the ground that the printers took up too much time in admiring them, and in trying to find appropriate cuts to represent them. This was the last of the "illustrated press reports," as Edison was exceedingly sensitive.

"Why, how d'y, do, Mrs Careful—are all your folks pretty well?" asked one neighbor of another, whom she met in Hempstead a few days ago. "Oh, yes, pretty well, thank you—that is, about as well as usual. Father hasn't been quite well since he banked up the cellar last fall, and overworked himself; thinks he hurt his side. And mother has got the rheumatism so bad she hasn't been able to get down stairs for a week; Matilda Ann has a slight touch of the diphtheria, so the doctor says; Jimmie can't speak above a whisper, for a sore throat; Susie is just getting another rising in her ear, and the baby has had two more spells of croup. My husband can hardly do any work on account of his sore eye, and I thought I'd die last night with neuralgia in my head—but we're all about as common. How's your folks?"

The time is coming when all food will have to be thoroughly cooked before it can safely be eaten. Each year brings to light some new parasite. Trichinæ in pork is a horrible pest, but it is now reported that a similar parasite has been found in shad. A mysterious disease broke out in New York which on examination was found to be due to trichinæ in that favorite fish. It is quite probable that in the changing phases of parasitic life, trichinæ will infest the muscular system of other animals as they now do the hog, and that all animal food, whether fish, flesh or fowl, will have to be thoroughly cooked before it can be safely eaten.—Hawkeye.

The Character of Lord Beaconsfield.

An article in the current number of the *Fortnightly Review* contains the rather severe, but on the whole not unjust estimate of the present Premier's character, and the causes of his success.

The circumstances of his birth, the legislation and social temper of the country to which his ancestry transferred themselves a century and a quarter since, the inherited qualities of a race whose habits of mind and character have been formed by nearly two thousand years of persecution and social slight, have hindered Lord Beaconsfield from cultivating that subordination of mere personal greed, whether of fame, or wealth, or power, to the well-being of a sect, a party, a class, a nation, without which a genuine community is impossible. . . . It is scarcely Lord Beaconsfield's fault, all things considered, that his career has not been in its main features that of an English statesman, but rather that of a foreign political adventurer. . . . The hatred of the Whig oligarchy which runs through the letters of Runnymede, and which has inspired many a gibes and scold from Lord Beaconsfield's lips and pen during half a century, is probably a genuine sentiment as either he or any one else has ever entertained. It springs from the same root as his administration of Bolingbroke. A personal rule, the monarchy of a patriot king holding himself above the strife of party, and therefore beyond its control, gives the adventurer and the favorite opportunities which it is not easy to find under any other system. It opens doors which an oligarchy, Venetian or Whig, tries to keep closed. Lord Beaconsfield has not only defended Bolingbroke's doctrines in his Letters to a noble and learned Lord in vindication of the English Constitution, and elsewhere, but he has striven in later years to give effect to them. He has done so, it is true, by the instrumentality of that very system of government by party, which in his more candid moments he decries, and of that aristocratic class for which he every now and then intimates a sort of good-natured contempt. Circumstances made Lord Beaconsfield a political soldier of fortune. In the reign of Queen Anne he would probably have been the pamphleteer of a faction. Under George III. he would have been the dependant and parliamentary spokesman of a great noble, as Barré was of Lord Shelburne, whom Lord Beaconsfield admires only less than he admires Bolingbroke, and in part for the same reasons. Under the reign of Queen Victoria he has passed through both these embryo stages, as is the law with fully developed animals. He has been the pamphleteer of a party, and the parliamentary spokesman of aristocratic chiefs. He was the Barré of Lord George Bentinck and of Lord Derby. But he has brought the art of political adventure to a higher point than it has reached in England since the full development of parliamentary institutions. Probably two things were needed for this perfect and final success. The formation under the personal and hereditary influences which we have endeavored to trace of a typical adventurer was one of these conditions. The reign of a female sovereign was the other. It was Queen Anne who made Bolingbroke possible. Queen Victoria has been as essential to Lord Beaconsfield. The faint parody of Bolingbroke's career and doctrine which Lord Beaconsfield has been able to exhibit has required a state of things resembling, though but distantly, that which prevailed under the latest preceding Queen Regnant.

THE VALUE OF PROBABILITY.—Probability, to have any value at all, must express a fact. It is, therefore, a thing to be inferred upon evidence. Let us, then, consider for a moment the formation of a belief of probability. Suppose we have a large bag of beans from which one has been secretly taken at random and hidden under a thimble. We are now to form a probable judgment of the color of that bean, by drawing others singly from the bag and looking at them, each one to be thrown back, and the whole well mixed up after each drawing. Suppose the first drawing is white and the next black. We conclude that there is not an immense preponderance of either color, and that there is something like an even chance that the bean under the thimble is black. But this judgment may be altered by the next few drawings. When we have drawn ten times, if 4, 5, or 6, are white, we have more confidence that the chance is even. When we have drawn a thousand times, if about half have been white, we have great confidence in this result. We now feel pretty sure that, if we were to make a large number of bets upon the color of single beans drawn from the bag, we could approximately insure ourselves in the long run, by betting each time upon the white, a confidence which would be entirely wanting if, instead of sampling the bag by 1,000 drawings, we had done so by only two.—Prof. Peirce, in *Popular Science Monthly*.

It is the general opinion that it is to the severities of our extreme and variable climate that is due the prevalence of consumption among us. But the German anatomist, Langenback, after long investigation, declares that instead of being due to cold weather pulmonary diseases are nearly exclusively produced by the breathing of foul air. In view of this statement, which is borne out by the experience of our physicians, and the fact that every person, during each minute of his life, destroys a quantity of air twice as large as himself, and unless there is perfect ventilation the same air is breathed over and over again, the necessity for a constant supply of fresh air in houses and workshops is very apparent.—Portland Transcript.

Hang Together.

Frank W. Miller, a New Hampshire editor, in his very able and sensible address at the recent assembly of the New Hampshire State Board of Agriculture, says:

"Farmers do not hang together as they should; they are too jealous of one another's success. If one is getting a good thing in selling milk or in raising any particular crop, they are too apt to strive to spoil the business by cutting under, or by getting away customers. Who ever heard of a lawyer sneaking around to get a case away from a brother of the craft? And who ever knew a rumrunner to cut down prices to secure trade? No, the lawyers and the rumrunners hang together the best of any class I know, and sometimes I am tempted to wish more of them could hang together."

Farmers are too much inclined to depreciate themselves. If they get a little money ahead and think to start a bank, they will pay a clerk for taking care of the books ten times as much as either one of them would dare ask for doing the same number of hours' work for the clerk. When I commenced business as a printer, I had been told that lawyers and physicians must charge big fees for their services, because it had cost them so much to acquire their education. I made up my mind that those men who charged me big fees would have big fees charged them in return. It has cost me as much to be a printer as it would have cost to become a lawyer. Farmers need as good an education as a lawyer, and better of the two, and they should value such an education, and realize the dignity which belongs with it."

MAKE THE HORSES WORK.—Horses were designed as beasts of burden, to relieve mankind from fatiguing drudgery. It does not hurt them to work hard, if they are treated kindly. It is not the hard drawing and ponderous loads that wear out horses and make them poor, balky and worthless; but it is the hard driving, the worry by rough and inhuman drivers, that uses up more horse flesh, fat and muscle, than all the labor a team performs.

Consider the ponderous loads that many teams are required to cart every day, and yet they appear to grow fatter and stronger every year. They are treated kindly. On the other hand, other horses, that do not perform half the labor, soon grow poor, and give out, and the next we hear of them they die with the harness on. Hard work does not kill them; but the worrying, fretting and abuse did the job.

Horses will do all the mowing and reaping on a large farm, thresh the grain, pitch the hay, turn the grindstone, saw the wood, and perform almost all the heavy labor that farmers have been accustomed to do, and grow fat, if they are not worried and jerked and kicked about as if they were a living football.—N. Y. Times.

It cannot be too deeply impressed upon the mind, that application is the price to be paid for mental acquisitions, and that it is as absurd to expect it without it as to look for a harvest without seeds.

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PURE
TRADE MARK

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Respectfully,
J. HANSEN,
410 Howard Street,
SAN FRANCISCO, December 5, 1878.

Mr. A. P. Adams:
Having been a lover and user of coffee for the past twenty years, and having tried nearly everything in the line of coffee during that time, I will use your Compressed coffee for the future, as I have never used any other coffee that I have never been able to obtain in other brands of coffee.
Yours, respectfully,
THOMAS J. JOHNSTON,
SAN FRANCISCO, December 8, 1878.

Mr. A. P. Adams:
I have used your Compressed Coffee and find it a delicious article; and as soon as I get my lot of old coffee used up (which is in a few days) I will use your Compressed, as it is economical, and of a most delicious flavor.
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I have tried your Compressed Coffee, and with me out qualification whatsoever, pronounce it delicious. Consider it the best coffee I know, for it is always ready, easily and quickly made, and will not deteriorate by exposure.
Yours, truly,
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