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MEMORIAL ADDRESS

ON BEHALF OF THE
LADIES OF WASHINGTON TERRITORY
Delivered June 18, 1878, before the
CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION,
By Mrs. Abigail Scott Duniway.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN OF THE CONVENTION: I come before you at this auspicious hour, on behalf of a large body of the unrepresented citizens of your embryo commonwealth, and at their instigation and invitation, to ask you in their name, for reasons which they and I are prepared to give and substantiate, to so honor your present important public works, by recognizing their inalienable rights and interests, that Washington, "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," may also be the first in the grand galaxy of states to wheel majestically into her proper orbit in harmony with the declaration of independence and the constitution of the United States, to which your silenced and unrepresented citizens have ever remained loyal, despite the legal and political disabilities of which they complain.

I am not commissioned at this time by the silenced citizens, whom I have the high honor thus to represent, to enter into detail concerning the many petty prejudices that may be, or have been brought to bear in extenuation of the unwarrantable jurisdiction over them which causes them to be

TAXED WITHOUT REPRESENTATION
And governed without consent. The PROS AND CONS of these questions will be considered in the canvass which will naturally follow such action as your petitioners are praying you to adopt. But I am commissioned to lay before you the declaration of independence from their stand point; and I feel assured that my "stoney ground hearers" are so few, if any at all, that no word that I shall utter need fall to take root in good and honest minds because of a scarcity of intellect in this body; and if I do fail, I also realize that it is not because my constituents have not supplied me with manifold facts upon which to base their plea. The declaration of independence was a document born of the exigencies of a time that tried human souls. It was the product of generations of experience, thought, action and purpose, that culminated at last in this immortal instrument, which is destined, so long as truth and valor appeal to the human heart, to fill every niche in the sacred temple of liberty, to gild the frames of freedom through all the ages, and to answer while time shall endure, to the innermost needs of every aspirant inalienable right of self-ownership and self representation. For centuries before the declaration of independence crystallized into words and sentences, it had been all unconsciously gathering materials unto itself, into whose every invisible fibre the warp and woof of human experience and human need were woven. Generations were born, grew old and died; kingdoms rose and fell; empires shook and thrones tottered, and all the while the

HALLOWED PRINCIPLES OF CIVIL, RELIGIOUS AND POLITICAL LIBERTY.

Were gathering their forces to feed this immortal child of free America. The persecutions of a Galileo, the Waldenses, of the Huguenots of Michael Servetus, and of the Puritans, were but fuel to feed the flames which at last lighted the way across the Atlantic to this yet unborn bill of rights. And when at last its full time was come and it startled the earth with its first shrill cry, the whole world paused and wondered: "All men are created free and equal; endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights. Among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." Monarchs listened and trembled. The mighty Moloch of war grinned ghastly smiles, and shook his embattled front in deadly defiance. Nothing daunted, the new born bill of rights cried on: "To secure these rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their JUST POWERS from the CONSENT OF THE GOVERNED." For a little while the potentates of earth were dazed with astonishment. They did not know, they did not understand, and they could not appreciate this young child's proclamation.

And monarchs grew mad with ambition. Cannon boomed, sabers gleamed, muskets rattled and swords were sheathed in human gore. But still the child cried on: "Whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it; and to institute a new government, laying its foundation in such principles, and organizing itself in such forms as shall most likely effect their safety and happiness."

Then the fathers of men hearkened to the cry of the child: liberty, for oppression

sought to banish him from the earth. And the mothers of men filled the fields and wove the homespun, and guarded their brothers and sisters of freedom, and protected their homes and substance from the wily and cruel savage; and strong men bit the dust and died, in defense of their lives, their hearthstones and their sacred honor.

But I need not follow that sanguinary struggle further. My constituents bid me say to you that from their childhood they have conned these lessons over—lessons which form an important part of every school's text books. They could not choose but learn them if they would. And having learned the lessons, they have caught the spirit of liberty; and now they would fain ally themselves, as individual sovereigns, with their fathers, husbands, sons and brothers in the

NEW STATE OF WASHINGTON.
And be, like them, as they of right ought to be "free and independent."

Mr. President, my constituents ask me to call your attention, and that of this honorable body to the mutual grievances of men and women, as set forth in their original bill of rights, that you may see as they do, how exactly parallel the complaints of women run to-day with those of men a hundred years ago. They complain, and I aver with good reason, that notwithstanding the significance of the first clarion cry of the child liberty, a cry which has been everywhere repeated, equal right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness is yet circumscribed by special legislation, which denies to them equal immunities and privileges with another class, and refuses thus far to grant to them the equal protection of the laws. "To prove this let facts be submitted to a candid world." One half of the people, in their assumed office as sovereign, constitute a practical aristocracy—an aristocracy of sex. And this, too, as I am bidden to say to you, in direct violation of the sacred instrument, from which I quote.

Permit me to speak of this consolidated aristocracy as an individual, for the purpose of more thoroughly elucidating my meaning. He has refused his assent to laws the most wholesome and necessary for the public good. He has forbidden his governors to pass laws of immediate and pressing importance, unless suspended in their operation till his assent should be obtained, and when so suspended, has utterly refused to attend to them. He has refused to pass other laws for the accommodation of large districts of people, unless they would relinquish to representation in the legislature—a right inestimable to them, and formidable to tyrants only. He has obstructed the administration of justice by refusing to grant us judiciary powers. He has made us dependent upon his will alone for the tenure of our offices, and the amount and payment of our salaries. He has erected a multitude of new offices and sent hither swarms of new officers to harass our people and eat out our substance.

"For imposing taxes upon us without our consent. For depriving us in all cases of the benefits of a trial by jury of our peers. For taking away our charters, abolishing our most valuable laws and altering fundamentally the forms of our government. For declaring himself invested with power to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever.

"He has excited domestic insurrection among us by imposing peculiar legal and financial disabilities upon us when married."

"He has held two codes of laws in probate courts, one for man, in which supreme financial power is his assumed and usurped prerogative, and another for woman, wherein she is received of every alternative, save only that of silent and unquestioning obedience to laws of his exclusive making."

Mr. President, and gentlemen of the convention: My constituents bid me to say to you that they especially deplore the growing domestic insurrection among the wives of this soon-to-be sovereign state. They also divine the primal cause of this insurrection. You, gentlemen, would be equally rebellious under equal political and financial restraint, else you would be unworthy of your boasted manhood. We regard

THE HOME AS PARAMOUNT TO ALL ELSE.
And the domestic hearthstone as the sacred guardian of human liberties. But we have learned that, first of all, there must be a home to keep, and a united head to keep it. And we have so often heard the bard earned home swept from us, by and through the unwarrantable jurisdiction exercised over us by the aristocracy of sex, that we find domestic rebellion and insurrection constantly on the increase, and it is not possible for us, or you, to cure the effect till the cause ceases. Oppression is, and ever has been the mother of discontent. For a hundred years you have tried to navigate the ship of state with one of its wheels manacled. Strange, very strange, if you do not see that a ship half disabled, cannot sail straight on. What wonder that she is drifting upon the rocks? What, indeed, there is to hinder? The opportunity has come for this honorable body to take the initial step towards unbinding that shattered and disabled wheel. In the vestibule of old Independence Hall, in Philadelphia, there is a tablet upon which is inscribed in letters of bronze these immortal words of William Penn. "Any government is true to the people under it when the laws rule, and the people are a party to the laws; and more than this is tyranny, oligarchy and confusion." What mean the mighty commotions that shake your political

heavens from nadir to zenith continually? What are they but the portentous mutterings of that awful dawn of tyranny, oligarchy and confusion, which is even now upon this government, where the people—one-half of them—do not rule and are not a party to the laws?

My constituents do not come to you asking privilege or power to

USURP POLITICAL JURISDICTION
Over you. They would not, if they could, abridge your immunities or trample upon your inalienable rights. But they do come, in the name of the immortal declaration of independence, bearing in their hands the olive branch of peace, and in their hearts the benisons of a prosperity that is to follow in the wake of your magnanimity. They come as your mothers, your wives, your daughters, your sisters, your friends. They will do you good and not evil; and for every justice you mete, you need not fear but that it will be measured to you again. They come, too, with an abiding faith that you will grant their plea. They come relying upon your native sense of honor, of justice, of right, of liberty; and they commission me to join in their earnest entreaty that the

GREAT STATE OF WASHINGTON,
the youngest born of the immortal galaxy, may be wheeled into its proper orbit with the complaints of its hitherto unrepresented citizens turned into peans of rejoicing. Then shall the melody of its song of triumph, awaken the echoes of gladness from Maine to furthest Oregon

Grant to woman her rightful place beside you in the new constitution of the new state, which you are to christen Washington, and forthwith your new commonwealth shall become a star of the first magnitude, around whose blazing central sun of liberty shall gather people by myriads, whose glad acclaim shall swell the mighty anthem of rejoicing to which all the world shall listen and in which ultimately all the world shall join.

Mr. President, we are making history. Do your duty, and other states, emulating your example, will catch the fire of your patriotism, and while following your precedent, will honor Washington as the first in the mighty confederation that has dared to march boldly and proudly onward to the free music of the new century.

EMFRANCHISE YOUR WOMEN.
And Washington shall be the Massachusetts of the Pacific empire, and Walla Walla shall be her bloodless Bunker Hill. My constituents pray that you will not miss this opportunity to render your names immortal. Other states are watching you with jealous eyes. Oregon, whose bill of equal rights passed one house at its last legislative session, and came within two votes of going through the other, is to renew her contest in October. She expects to lead the van. Your silenced citizens beseech you to wrest the palm of leadership from her, Colorado, whose women were only defrauded of their inalienable rights by Greaser votes, at her late election, is again to renew the conflict, feeling certain of success. Michigan, who has already given forty thousand votes for women's equality with men before the law in all things, announces her determination to renew the contest and quadruple the vote; Iowa is boasting that she will wave the first banner for women's victory; and Wyoming Territory whose women vote and hold office, and whose best and truest men, including her governor and supreme judge have testified to the success of their experiment. Wyoming is already planning a state constitution, wherein all her people are to be free indeed.

This, then, is Washington's supremest hour. And my constituents further pray that their bill of rights may be ingrafted into the body of your constitution—not as a separate clause, to be accepted or rejected, as the prejudices of man may decide, but as an integral portion of the body politic, even as women are an integral portion of the human family. The women of Washington are watching the result of your deliberations from their lonely farm-houses, where the track of the wild Indian is feared. They are watching you from the laughing head-waters of the Columbia to the ringing shores of Puget Sound. They are appealing to you through their humble servant, and yours most obediently, from Cape Hancock to Spokane; from Kllekatat to Cowitz, from the Touchet to the Kittitas and the Skagit to the Walla Walla. I have said to them that I believe you will do your duty by them, by yourselves, and by the new state that is destined to bear the name of Washington.

Then shall this commonwealth. The fairest, youngest of the galaxy Receive and wear the purest diadem That e'er adorned a sovereign's brow. Then shall she spring, As did Minerva from the head of Jove. Full grown into full power; Ever marching on, an aviant courier. Through the coming years, Her mission grand shall be To herald liberty's approach, Unto remotest ages.

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To the Weeping Willow.

O willow, why forever weep,
As one who mourns an endless wrong?
What hidden woe can be so deep?
What utter grief can last so long?
The spring makes haste with step elate
Your life and beauty to renew;
She even bids the roses wait,
And gives her first fond care to you.
The welcome redbreast folds his wing,
To pour for you his freshest strain;
To you the earliest bluebirds sing,
Till all your light stems thrill again.
The sparrow chirps his wedding song,
And trusts his tender brood to you;
Fair flowering vines the summer long
With clasp and kiss your beauty woo.
The sunshine drapes your limbs with light,
The rain braids diamonds in your hair;
The breeze makes love to you at night,
Yet still you droop and still despair.
Beneath your boughs, at fall of dew,
By lovers' lips is softly told
The tale that all the ages through
Has kept the world from growing old.
But still, though April's buds unfold,
Or summer sets the earth aleaf,
Or autumn pranks your robes with gold,
You sway and sigh in graceful grief.
Mourn on forever, unconsol'd,
And keep your secret, faithful tree;
No heart in all the world can hold
A sweeter grace than constancy.

A Small Martyr.

It was almost impossible to tell the material of which Tommy's pants had been originally made. Patch by patch is said to be neighborly, but patch upon patch, beggarly. Poor, little, beggarly Tom!

There was a hungry look in the boy's great honest eyes—for, despite his rags, it was known to the neighborhood that Tom was honest—that no amount of good food could banish. Heaven knows, the poor child needed food sorely enough, but his lonely little heart longed for something more than this. Could you have seen him all alone in the great churchyard, laying his poor, tired head down on his mother's grave, and wetting the green sod with the bitter tears, wrung from his tortured heart, in his lonely agony, then you would have understood that Tom's greatest need was to be gathered up into some one's great, warm, caressing love.

He was only a baby now—this seven years old boy—prematurely old through his woeful experiences of the great world about him. How he came into this world, and the reason of his coming, was as much a mystery to him as it is to—the most profound philosopher that ever undertook to elucidate the subject.

Neither could he understand the reason that one white, sweet face that had bent lovingly over him should have been laid away forever with the damp ground lying heavily and immovably about. He remembered the last words those pale mother's lips had said, and in his baby heart had treasured them as a sacred trust.

"Tommy, stay by the father; be true to him; try to make him better, so that we may be all together there."

Then, with the white face turned toward the open window, through which the distant blue sky was visible, the last spark of life went out, and Tommy's head rested upon the bosom of the dead.

An unsteady step had come up the walk through the broken gate, and a dark shadow had fallen upon the sunlit floor. Tommy lifted his head.

"Hush!" he said, with his small finger on his lips; "after so much pain, she's asleep at last."

Over the bloated face a look of horror came, and into the bleared eyes the hot tears gushed and rolled slowly down the coarsened cheeks.

"Mary, O Mary darling! speak to me once more! O God! too late, too late!"

He cowered down over his dead—he clasped his hard hands in agony, tore at his uncombed hair—but there was no awakening; as poor little motherless Tommy had said, "She was asleep at last."

He was too remorseful in this, the first hour of his grief, to think of Mary's child; but the thought came to him at last. He was not entirely alone. The boy, with his mother's dark gray eyes, was looking wistfully up to him. How often had he seen that look in the eyes once bright and loving, now dim and forever closed.

"Poor little Tommy," he said, and folded the lonely little fellow to his bosom.

"I will never go away from you," the boy cried, his heart full of gladness at the unwonted caress. "She said—'be true to father, and try to make him better, so that we may be all together there.'"

He pointed with his little finger toward the blue sky, and the man shuddered, for to him the gulf lying between his present life and the one which he felt assured she had entered, seemed impassable.

For a little time he kept sober; but there came a night when Tommy waited his coming in vain. The old life had not faded from the boy's mind. When he heard his step be cowered down in silence, his little heart beating painfully, for well

he remembered the cruelty of the heavy hand; and she was not here to turn aside the unmerited blow. Ah! it is an old story; no words are pathetic enough to do it justice.

The house in which Tommy lived, and where the father slept in drunken stupor, was near the levee in a great city. It was raining fearfully, but above the noise of the rain could be heard the mad roar of the river, as it dashed onward, past the alarmed city.

Of a sudden, a bell sounds, ringing out clearly above the storm—above the deafening roar. There is a wild shouting in the street—mad voices crying out:

"Back! back from the river, for your lives, back! the levee is giving way!"

White-faced Tommy hears this, and tugs with all his might at the drunken man sleeping so near death's door.

"Oh, father, come!" he cries; "waken, waken!"

A muttering curse is the only answer. "We'll be swept away! Father, the river is overflowing the town!"

No words reply to the boy's frantic appeal.

"Come, father, come! I hear the water rushing along!"

He clasps his father's hand, and tries, in his puny strength, to pull him from his miserable bed. He falls back himself helpless and discouraged.

"Oh, mother!" he cries, "he isn't fit to go! I've done my best! I've tried to save him—to make him better; to make him good enough to come with me to you, up there; but he will not listen! Give him a little longer time. Oh, father, waken; it is almost too late!"

Too late, too late! The river is growing more fearful, the clamor of voices dying away, the streets, by all living beings, are deserted. Under the door some cold and creeping thing is fast coming. It steals in slowly, a little stream at first, then rushes on faster, crosses the floor, and laps about the little bare feet.

"Oh, father, father, it is here!" and yet the faithful child stands firmly.

Upward, upward, the water rises. It covers the cold feet, eddies about the ankles. It strikes a chill through the unclad limbs—a deep chill through the child's heart. For himself he is not afraid; but, O, God of mercy! must he go, and her wish unfulfilled? He thinks then of that unknown future; of the great gulf between the good and bad; of the fearful wickedness of his unkind father; of the angelic goodness of his blessed mother; and though he is too much of a child to clothe the thought in words, yet his baby heart realizes the terrible tragedy, and he cries aloud again:

"Father, oh, father, do not die, and so forever be kept away from mother and me!"

The sleeping man turns heavily.

"He is awakening—awakening at last!" the child cries, eagerly.

The water comes up to his waist. It creeps over the edge of the bed and wets the mouldy straw. It reaches the sleeping man. He mutters wearily:

"Curse the cold! If I had a drink of whisky I might drive the chill away; but the last dime is gone."

"Oh, father, come, quick, come! The levee's broken away! It is water that you feel—it is that which sends the chill over you. Come, father, come!"

"What! water roaring all about us? The cursed river in the room, and not a stream of old bourbon flowing by as I dreamed! Why didn't you waken me, Tommy? You know I am not fit to die! Here, let me rest my hand on your shoulder."

He staggered heavily to his feet, crossed the room unsteadily, unlatched the door and went out into the fearful flood. In going out, he went down two steps. It brought the water to his shoulders. Tommy, following him closely, went down the two steps also. It brought the water over Tommy's head.

The drunken man rushed on, making toward the bluff that lay back from the river. There was a faint, drowning cry of "Oh, father," ending in a hoarse gurgle—a lifting up for a moment of a white face and two white, childish hands, and then the hands and face were gone—lost amid the rushing, boiling water.

A fearful bulging against the mad stream, a terrible struggle for a worthless life, and the sobered inebriate reached the bluff. Then the horrible truth rushes upon him. Then he understands the faithfulness of his dead child—realizes to its fullest extent that he has sent that child to his death.

The morning came. Rocked on the swaying branch of an uprooted tree, they found the little martyr, his white face gleaming in the spring sunshine. But the pure young soul had entered upon that everlasting spring of which he had so often dreamed, with his head lying on his mother's grave. Two graves then in the churchyard—two deaths in the household—and he responsible for both! Could he ever become, through his terrible penitence, good enough to meet them up there? He seemed to see Tommy's tiny hands reaching out to him through the terrible gloom that had settled swiftly over him; he seemed to hear Mary's voice calling to him.

Let us hope that the child's death has not been in vain, for he for whom he died has turned his feet away from the road along which destruction marks the way, and his old haunts, where death still lurks, know him no more. Heaven help him to become worthy of poor little Tommy, the martyr.

Reduced to Eating Dirt.

AN AMERICAN MISSIONARY'S DESCRIPTION OF THE FAMINE IN CHINA.

The Rev. S. Wells Williams in a letter says: "This day was the worst of all. I saw abundant proofs of men eating clay or stones, and bought three stone cakes. The stone is the same as our soft stone pencils. It is reduced to dust and mixed with millet husks, in different proportions, and then baked. It does not look bad, but tastes like what it is—dust. The dead seem to-day to number more than on any previous day, for there were twenty-nine in eighteen miles along the road, and the circumstances were more frightful. In one valley the road branched into two, and my servant took one while I took the other—on each side the stream. On his road, the servant saw a woman lying in a ditch after being robbed of all she had, and still moving, though unconscious of any one passing by. Further on we saw a man's head cut clean from his body—a cruel murderer's deed. We saw also among the dead some wounded heads, but not done by the wolves, dogs or birds. The dogs barked and howled at us when we drove them off from the dead. Many of the corpses seen when we were going had disappeared, but their places were more than supplied by others.

"To those details of what I saw I give you a briefer account of what I have heard. Some men coming from Sichuan, on their way to Peking, said that along the whole way they saw dead bodies here and there. Saow had fallen in Honan province a foot deep, and about eight inches in Shansi to the west and north-west, and none further north in that province. In all that region west of this the cold had been unusual. The soft stone is sold at from two to five mills a pound, and bark from five to seven mills per pound for food. The roots of sweet flags are dug, but they cause the face to swell. Grain is three or four times the usual price, and turnips and cabbage five or six times. Flour is seven, eight and nine mills per ounce. In every city I passed through the report was twenty, thirty or forty dying daily. At Ping-yang ten great pits had been filled, and two carts were daily employed in carting the dead. One inn-keeper told us that one of his customers reported having counted two hundred and seventy dead on the road in three days' journey. Whole families, old and young, die in their houses and lie there unburied. In one district a third of the population are dead, and the people maintain that in many towns fully one half have perished, and they know villages where formerly dwelt 300, 400 and even 500 people, of whom not more than 100 now remain."

What Washington Didn't Know.

We don't like to be irreverent, but would like to ask: "What did our forefathers know? What, for instance, did George Washington know? He never saw a fast mail train; he never held his ear to a telephone; he never sat for a picture in a photograph gallery; he never saw a steamboat; he never sighted a Krupp gun; he never received a telegraph dispatch; he never listened to the "fizz" of an electric pen; he never saw a pretty girl running a sewing machine; he never saw a self-propelling engine go down the street to fire; he never took laughing-gas; he never had a set of store teeth; he never attended an international exposition; he never owned a bonanza mine; he never knew "Old Probs;" he—but why go on? No; when he took an excursion, it was on a flat boat; when he went off on a train, it was a mule train; when he wanted to talk to a man in Milwaukee, he had to go there; when he had his picture taken, it was done in profile with a piece of black paper and a pair of shears; when he got the returns from back counties, they had to be brought in by a man with an ox cart; when he took aim at an enemy he had to trust to a crooked-barreled old flintlock; when he wrote, it was with a goose quill; when he had anything to mend, his grandmother did it with a darnin'-needle; when he went to a fire he stood in line and passed buckets; when he looked at a clam he never dreamed that it was any relation of his; when he went to a concert, he heard a cracked fiddle and an insane clarionet; when he had a tooth pulled, he sat down and never left off yelling; when he got out of teeth, he gummed victuals; when he wanted an international show, he sent for Lafayette and ordered his friends from old Virginia with the specimen carefully labeled in bottles; when he once got hold of a nugget of gold from an Indian chief, he felt rich; when he wanted to know anything about the weather, he consulted the ground hog or geese bone—but why go on? What did such a man know? Who was he any way?"

The new French life-saving mattress is highly commended. It is formed of two rows of blocks made of cork cuttings, lightly compressed by machinery within a waterproof case, and the whole covered with canvas. It forms, ordinarily, a mattress, which is intended to be placed in every cot or berth, and makes a bed which is said to be very elastic and easy to lie upon. Its weight is about six pounds, and it is constructed in such a manner that it can be quickly put about the person, forming then a double belt, and attached in such a way that it cannot possibly be displaced by the winds or waves.

BROWN BREAD.—One pint corn-meal, pour over it one pint boiling water, a teaspoonful of molasses, shorts or graham flour enough to make a stiff batter, two eggs, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little boiling water, steam three hours by putting in a pan in a steamer over a pot of hot water; keep the water boiling all the time.

Love in Matrimony.

Love, not duty, begets love, and thereby insures happiness, and is the one thing needful. It is to marriage what faith is to salvation—its one great, all determining condition. Duty with love, kindness, and all the other human attributes, are required.

The one paramount duty is affection, prompted by inclination, and not simply by a sense of duty. Let love be a voluntary free offering, not bartered. Doing however much without love makes the beneficiary the more unhappy; but when love beams in her eyes and flushes in her cheeks, and whether she do little or much, when there emanates from her that sacred charm and halo, as indigenous to the loving woman as light to luminaries, it sends a calm, quiet thrill throughout his being to animate all, and thus prompt to "cleaning boots and repairing fences." Seeing others eat makes us hungry, laughter awakens laughter; thought, thought; taste, taste; music, music; and of course this principle applies to love, and can be employed to elicit it to almost any desired extent. How intense the pleasure of love's first full declaration by words! Then why does not every new declaration re-enamour? Yet most people, after having declared their affection, stow it away among the sacred archives of the past rarely to be repeated. Once they took lovers' walks, but take no more; they were talkative, but now demure, and now there are no expressions of tenderness. They go out, come in, retire, and rise without one loving word. True, she does all her house work well and on time, and he buys all she desires, "cleans his boots, and repairs fences," but if either should impress a genuine, hearty love kiss upon the other's cheek, the kissed one would be perfectly amazed as if a clap of thunder had startled them on a cloudless day. Married people should love each other just as young lovers do, only as much more as they are older.

If woman wants her husband to love her, it is his place to make it, and if she wishes to caress, he should help, not hinder. Nearly all women like to be loved and caressed by those who have their hearts, and that before folks, provided custom frowns not thereon. Women, tell the world, and especially your husbands, just how you desire them to act towards you. Were they not created expressly to love and to be loved?

Would it not be well for those who have grown cool upon the subject, to get up a new love affair between themselves and each vie with the other in making themselves as lovely as possible? Take lovers' walks, talks and rides, and treat each other as you did in your young love, and as you now see young lovers comport themselves together!—*Mattie Crandall, in Cincinnati Gazette.*

HOME HARMONIES.—Climate, sex, mode of life, temperament, etc., determine to some extent the age when actual instruction should begin; but, generally speaking, as three years are required to develop consciousness of sensuous life, five more for the exercise of the understanding, six more for the play of fancy, and seven more for the development of the understanding and formation of character, music lessons ought to be delayed until the eighth year. Even then it is a mistake to present high ideals, but far preferable to begin with forms of art that are most nearly allied to nature. For this reason the scientific form of the minor scale (with the step of an augmented second) from the sixth to the seventh notes should be withheld, and also other progressions that indicate mental states not yet actually experienced by the pupil—such as, for instance, a longing for a state of longing, or violent passions and emotions not of a childlike character. To economize time it is well, so soon as a few chords and melodies are known, to impart a slight knowledge of harmony, that chords may be readily identified however strange may be their appearance in various inversions or in elaborate arpeggio. The silent study of harmony, form, rhythmic complexities, etc., is not only very advantageous to the pupil, but also to others, for music is the most intrusive of all the arts and we can not close our ears if we would.—*Lippincott.*

WHOSOEVER would become a good cook must give the mind to it, and in order to excel in this branch of domestic economy, one must have, or cultivate, a taste for it. Seasoning is the most difficult part of the cooking. One may know how to stew, roast or broil, but to know well what seasonings or spices to add which will improve the flavor, requires patience, practice and ideality. Again, badly cooked food is sheer waste of material, strength and nerve. What mother can justly expect to rear rosy, happy children upon sour bread, indigestible meats and rich pastry! No woman should take upon herself the duties of wife or mother, without a thorough knowledge of the art, and no woman's education is complete, however brilliant, if this branch be neglected. If mothers taught their daughters from the first that it was as much of an accomplishment to manufacture light, wholesome bread, snowy biscuits, or to be enabled to broil a steak to a nicety, as to master a difficult piece of music or one of the languages, there would be fewer divorce cases, fewer complaining husbands and miserable, unhappy wives.

CHOCOLATE JELLY CAKE.—One and a-half cups of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, two eggs, one cup milk, two cups flour, one teaspoonful of cream tartar and half teaspoonful soda, sifted into the flour.

Catherine Esther Beecher.

Catherine Esther Beecher, not the least remarkable of a remarkable family, was born at East Hampton, Long Island, September 6, 1800. She was the daughter of the Rev. Lyman Beecher, and the eldest of thirteen children. When the family removed to Litchfield, Conn., in 1810, Catherine was placed at the best school there to be found. She describes herself at that time as having great activity of body and mind, great cheerfulness of spirits, a strong love of the ludicrous, and an imagination teeming with poetry and romance; but she had no taste for study, or for anything demanding close attention. When she was about the age of twenty years a great grief overshadowed her life. She was betrothed to Professor Fisher of Yale College, who perished by shipwreck while on a voyage to England. Her whole religious faith was unsettled by the announcement of Professor Fisher's death, and she found no relief, in her distress, from the ordinary consolations of religion. She determined then to give her whole life to benefit other persons, and in 1822 opened a school for young ladies at Hartford, Conn., which soon numbered from 100 to 160 pupils, from every State in the Union. Comprehending the deficiencies of existing text-books, she prepared for use in her own school an Arithmetic, a work on Theology and a third upon Mental and Moral Philosophy. The last has never been published, though it has been printed and used as a text-book in one of the colleges for young men. Miss Beecher remained at Hartford until the arduous duties of her school impaired her health and compelled her to give up the work. In 1832, when her father removed to Cincinnati, she accompanied him, and for two years superintended an institution for female education, which she established in that city. Mrs. Stowe was one of her assistants. This school, too, she was obliged to abandon on account of ill health.

Miss Beecher had peculiar ideas about education, and to the propagation of these ideas she devoted herself for thirty years, organizing societies for training teachers, establishing plans for supplying the Territories with good educators, writing, pleading and traveling with persistent energy and earnestness. Her object, as stated by herself, was "to unite American women in an effort to provide a Christian education for 2,000,000 children in our country," who were destitute of schools. Her field of labor was especially in the West and South. She first sought to secure the immediate services of a great body of educated women. Her second purpose was to establish prominent institutions regularly organized upon the college plan, for the education of female teachers. An association was organized at Jacksonville, Ill., which was to hold in trust all the libraries and apparatus employed. In a portion of her work, Miss Beecher cooperated with the "Board of National Popular Education," of which Governor Slade was the general agent. To a certain extent these plans succeeded, and were found beneficial.

While engaged in this work Miss Beecher found time to prepare several works for the press, and to largely contribute to several periodicals. Her books mainly relate to the training of women, and among them may be enumerated "Domestic Service," "Duty of American Women to Their Country," "Housekeeper's Receipt Book" (1845), "The True Remedy for the Wrongs of Women" (1851), "Domestic Economy for the Use of Young Ladies at Home and at School," "Truth Stranger than Fiction" (1850), "Letters to the People on Health and Happiness" (1855), "Physiology and Calisthenics" (1856), "Common Sense Applied to Religion" (1857), and "Appeal to the People as the Authorized Interpreters of the Bible." Miss Beecher occasionally wrote verse of a respectable but not remarkable character; and she was sometimes an attendant at women's conventions and congresses. She was not averse to controversy, and, as she showed in her "Truth Stranger than Fiction," was sufficiently bold in denouncing what she believed to be wrong.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Trying to Rob Hannah de Rothschild.

On Wednesday night a skillfully planned attempt to carry off the jewels of Lady Rosebery was made at Petworth House, Sussex, the seat of Lord Leconfield, at which Lord and Lady Rosebery are spending their honeymoon. It appears that the dressing-room of her ladyship is situated in the back portion of the mansion, overlooking a retired courtyard. On the night in question, while the guests in the house were at dinner, one of the men servants, on passing through the courtyard, noticed a peculiar flickering light in the window of the dressing-room, the blinds of which were down. He stood for a moment looking at the window, when, observing the forms of two persons moving about, it occurred to him that something was wrong. He at once, without entering the house, rang a bell attached to the exterior of the mansion for alarm purposes. This had the effect of disturbing the robbers, who escaped by a ladder placed perpendicularly against the wall, and which the man servant who had raised the alarm had fallen, in consequence of the darkness, to observe. The dressing-room door was found to be locked from the outside, and on admission being gained it was discovered that the robbers had not succeeded in stealing any booty. This was due to the fact that the jewel cases of Lady Rosebery were placed in a strong iron case, instead of being, as is generally the custom, left on the table. The police have failed to obtain any clew to the culprits.—*London Times.*

Wit and Humor.

MAN proposes, but—he is not always accepted. Some men are born great, some have greatness thrust upon them, and some are natives of Ohio.—Courier-Journal.

Giants.

The worst giants of all are those which every person, more or less, carries about in his breast—they are the most destructive, after all, for they fill people with fear, and thereby crush many a noble enterprise, and impede reform.

Honesty Rewarded.

George and Harry worked in the same shop; but as the working season was almost over, and there would be little work to do during the summer months, their employer informed them, as they settled up on Saturday evening, that he could only give one of them work hereafter.

The Prevention of a Terrible Disaster.

No disorders, excepting the most deadly forms of lung disease, involve such a tremendous destruction of organic tissue as those which fasten upon the kidneys. Such maladies are liable to assume a chronic and unmanageable character.

FOR GOOD AND RELIABLE HELP OF ALL kinds send to Crosett & Co. 623 Clay Street, San Francisco. They are prompt and reliable gentlemen, and will supply hands for the farm, hotel or mill, at short notice.

DEBT is the worst kind of poverty.

SKILL not virtue to purchase wealth.

Do not meddle with business you know nothing of.

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CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.

We regret inability to give a full transcript of the proceedings of the Walla Walla Convention as far as received. It was to adjourn on Saturday last. While there are some things incorporated in the constitution which we do not like, we believe in the main it will be acceptable to the people.

For some reason or other the members of the convention have incurred the displeasure of his holiness the editor of the "Statesman," as is shown by the way in which he piles up adjectives referring to them, and tapers off with a column of items, all having a bearing upon the convention proceedings and belittling the members.

THE OTHER SIDE.—A certain reputable sheet, which has made a notoriously unsuccessful attempt to foist itself upon the Democracy of the lower Sound, has volunteered a description of a number of respectable newspapers in the Territory—said description being about on a par with the rest of its libellous statements. If it was worth noticing, or if the people cared to know its pedigree in full, we might tell about the cupidity of a fourth-rate attorney which, being equalled only by his brass and conceit, led him to crave the office of Collector of Customs, or some official position of high trust, and to start a newspaper to use as an agency in securing the same. We might even state how, unable to "go it alone," he joined issues with a disappointed medical aspirant and effected a compact having for its object the abusing, belittling and vilifying of every one having the least semblance of official position—the object of said course being to oust some victim, either by fair means or foul, and fill the vacancy with one of their precious selves. The idea of such plebians, neither one of them having any knowledge of journalism or demonstrating a conception of its legitimate privileges, prating about "the prostitution of the power of newspapers!" Their aptitude at "dirty work" has, so far, been amply illustrated and we understand they openly avow even greater recklessness now that their filthy sheet has been ruled out of respectable families. Their favorite method of attack is to denounce every paper which opposes them, as a "subsidized hireling" of somebody (no matter who) and proceed to define imaginary positions in each case before launching out their vituperations. Because the ARGUS has stood on the side of truth, morality and justice, it has long since been singled out as an object of their wrath, and the stale yawp about "hired services" has been belched out at it, notwithstanding the fact that it has never received a cent in the way of subsidy, political patronage, or in any way other than through the legitimate avenues of business. It has never uttered an opinion, pro or con, about a single official, that has not been honestly and sincerely given with a view of advancing the best interests of the people at large; and lastly it neither desires nor seeks the favor of men who make themselves as noxious to good citizens as do the editors of the "Press" the writings of whom (the rapid twaddle of the one and phsyicky effusions of the other) combine to render their reputation decidedly unenviable.

The bark Enoch Talbot, arriving in San Francisco on the 22d inst., reports an earthquake shock of ten seconds' duration when she was about 30 miles N. W. of Cape Mendocino, at 9:15, A. M.

Chief engineer Roberts, of the N. P. R. R. force, has started a full party for a preliminary survey of the Cascade range. They start from Orting. Tacoma people are reported in high glee.

We understand that our Presbyterian friends intend giving a Sunday school concert and other exercises at their Church, on Sunday evening next.

It is rumored that the steamer Wilson G. Hunt is to be placed on the route between Victoria and New Westminster.

The political season approacheth apace, and the busy printer gleefully hummeth "what shall the harvest be?"

By order of the Republican Territorial Central Committee, duly assembled pursuant to notice, this 18th day of July, A. D. 1878, at New Tacoma, Washington Territory, notice is hereby given, that a Republican Territorial Convention is called to assemble at Vancouver, Clarke county, W. T., on **WEDNESDAY, The 9th Day of OCTOBER, 1878**, at the hour of ten o'clock, A. M., of said day, for the purpose of nominating a candidate for Delegate to Congress, and for the transaction of such other business as will properly come before it.

The Committee has fixed the apportionment of Delegates to said Convention as follows: One Delegate at large, for every county in the Territory, and one additional delegate for every one hundred votes and for every majority fraction of one hundred votes in each county at the general election of 1876, for the Republican Delegate to Congress. Upon this basis the various counties of the Territory will be entitled to representation in said Convention as follows:

COUNTIES.	NO. OF DELEGATES.
Chehalis.....	2
Clallam.....	2
Clarke.....	6
Columbia.....	4
Cowlitz.....	3
Island.....	2
Jefferson.....	3
King.....	9
Kitsap.....	3
Klickitat.....	2
Lewis.....	3
Whatcom.....	3
Mason.....	1
Pacific.....	3
Pierce.....	3
San Juan.....	2
Skamania.....	1
Snohomish.....	3
Stevens.....	2
Thurston.....	5
Wahkiakum.....	1
Walla Walla.....	5
Whitman.....	4
Yakima.....	3

The Committee also recommends subject to any change to be made by the respective County Committees, that the various County Conventions be held at the County Seat on Saturday, the 28th day of September, 1878, at the hour of one o'clock, P. M., and that the primary meetings to elect delegates to the County Conventions be held at the hour of one o'clock P. M., of Saturday, the 21st day of September, 1878, at the voting places in each precinct. This recommendation is intended only for those counties which have no County Central Committee, or when they fail to act.

By order of the Territorial Republican Central Committee.
DANIEL BAGLEY,
 Chairman of the Committee.
BYRON BARLOW, Sec'y.
 New Tacoma, W. T., July 18, 1878.

GENERAL HOWARD.—The "Intelligencer" is raising its voice in loud protestations that Gen. Howard is incompetent and unequal to the present emergency, simply because the Indians, who steal what provisions they want and exchange their jaded horses for fresh ones whenever they wish to, can travel fast enough to keep pretty well out of the way. With one breath it deprecates the fact of his having an inadequate force, and with the next it berates him for not successfully wiping out the redskins in a single bout. The Indians are in a country where there is plenty of room to travel; they are not concentrated in a main body, and their depredations are committed upon the numerous unprotected settlements near which they pass. Were Gen. Howard to divide up his command so as to pursue each separate squad of Indians, or guard each settlement, he wouldn't have a respectable corporal's guard in any one place; and unfortunately the stubborn Indians will not—as the "Intelligencer" man seems to think they should—collect themselves at a suitable place, in response to a request from Howard, and march out in file to be shot down by the soldiers. Perhaps our neighbor's experience in Indian fighting may have been gained by setting up a few wooden imitation red men and then knocking them down at will; he would find, however, were he in Howard's place, that the Bannacks have a little more animation than dummies. If these grumblers, who are so ready to censure the brave soldiers at the front, would only exercise a little cooler judgment and a little more consistency, their logic would be tempered with more of sound reason.

LATE telegraphic advices indicate that the Bannacks are getting so scattered and divided in their forces that treating with them can be successfully accomplished in the near future. The Umatilla Indians have done good services for the whites, and under their assiduous attentions a large number of the Bannacks have bitten the dust.

The Utah Northern railroad is now completed to Portneuf Canyon, Idaho, 45 miles northward from the old terminus at Franklin, and 135 miles from the southern terminus at Ogden Utah. Iron is still going forward and the company expects to reach Snake river before winter.

The Pacific Mail Steamship Co's Steamer City of Panama, W. B. Seabury, commander, sailed from San Francisco, July 20, at noon, having on board 26 cabin and 43 steerage passengers, 25 pigs, mails 5 pkgs, treasure, value \$14,500, and 6331 pkgs, in tce—509 tons. July 22d, at 5 A. M., off Rogue River, met Steamship Dakota, bound south. July 23d, at 11 P. M., arrived at Esquimaux; landed passengers, mails, etc., etc., and sailed for the Sound on 24th at 10 A. M. The following are the list of passengers for the Sound: G. B. Reynolds, D. D. McIntosh, Capt. Wm. Mace, Edmond, Bow and son, Mary Bow, Anna Bow, C. E. P. Wood, G. Fisher, Mrs. Mary Volken, A. L. Smith, Mrs. E. P. Phillips, O. A. Carr, Francis Rossrocker, Mrs. S. Thurston and son, Miss C. Linduman, Thomas Johnson, Mdsr. for Port Townsend, 24 tons; for Seattle, 80 tons; for Tacoma, 9 tons; for Olympia, 11 tons. Treasure for Seattle, \$4,410.

THE settlers who flocked into Walla Walla on account of the Indian scare, are returning home. The Indian war is being drawn to a focus.

Overtasking the Energies.

It is not advisable for any of us to overtask our energies, corporeal or mental, but in the eager pursuit of wealth or fame or knowledge, how many transgress this salutary rule. It must be a matter of great importance to all who do so to know how they can regain the vigor so recklessly expended. The remedy is neither costly or difficult to obtain. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is procurable in every city, town and settlement in America, and it compensates for a drain of bodily or mental energy more effectually than any invigorant ever prescribed or advised. Laboring men, athletes, students, journalists, lawyers, clergymen, physicians, all bear testimony to its wonderfully renovating powers. It increases the capabilities of undergoing fatigue, and counteracts the injurious effects upon the system of exposure, sedentary habits, unhealthy or wearying avocations, or an insalubrious climate, and is a prime alterative, diuretic and blood aperient.

**SCHWABACHER,
 BROS. & CO.
 SEATTLE, W. T**

**Immense
 Spring Stock,
 FROM THE EAST
 Dry Goods,
 Clothing,
 Carpets,
 BOOTS AND SHOES**

Will make an allowance on all cash sales in the above named lines of goods.

**COME EARLY AND
 OFTEN,
 And Secure bargains**

INDIAN CURIOSITIES FOR SALE.

THE whole of my collection of articles procured from the Indians of the Northwest Coast, consisting of dresses, masks, heraldic carvings, model houses, canoes, gambling sticks, rattles, baskets, mats, head-ornaments, etc., etc., which may be seen in my office, is now for sale. Each article will be described and properly labeled, and the whole will be catalogued, so as to make this collection a very desirable one for the colleges, schools, museums, etc., or for persons who may wish for a private collection of their own. All information given, on application to
JAMES G. SWAN.
 Port Townsend, W. T.

**T. M. HAMMOND & SONS
 PORT TOWNSEND.**

ALL KINDS OF
**TEAMING AND EXPRESS WORK
 DONE WITH DISPATCH.**

Carriages at all times to convey passengers
**To Port Discovery, Chmcam, or Port
 LUDLOW.**
**Dispatches carried day or
 Night. Horses on Livery.**

Traveling agents will save by going with us, as we intend to use all men alike. Pleasure Parties driven out any time. Hay and feed on hand and cord wood for sale in any quantity, by

**T. M. HAMMOND & SONS,
 N. B.—Rhododendron Plants Shipped
 any place, Carefully to Order.**

Notice.

**Executrix' Sale of real estate
 At Public Auction.**

In the Probate Court of Jefferson County, Washington Territory.

IN THE MATTER OF THE ESTATE OF
Enoch S. Fowler, dec.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that in pursuance of an order of the Probate Court of Jefferson County, Washington Territory, made the 29th day of April, A. D., 1878, in the matter of the above entitled estate, the undersigned Executrix 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 6th day of August, A. D. 1878,

Between the hour of ten o'clock, A. M., and the setting of the sun of that day, and to adjourn from day to day until completed.

**In front of the Court house door
 (Fowler's Hall) in Port Townsend,
 in said Jefferson County.**

all the right, title, interest and estate of the said Enoch S. Fowler, deceased, 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 Enoch S. Fowler, 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, bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Half interest in lot three (3) section 1, township 29, north range 1 west, 11 70—100 acres.

Half interest of north-west qr. of north-east qr sec 12, township 29, north range 1 west, 20 acres.

Seven acres in Pettygrove and Plummer's claims near brewery.

S E qr of N E qr sec 20, town 30, N R 1 west, 40 acres.

LOTS AND BLOCKS IN TOWN OF PORT TOWNSEND.

Lot No 8, in block No 4; lot No 6 and 8 in block No 5.

Lot No 2 in block No 6; lots No 7 and 8 in block No 7.

Lots No 5 in block No 39; 27 1/2 feet of lot 3, in block No 42.

Lot No 4 in block No 42; 31 1/2 feet of lot No 5 in block No 42.

Lot No 6 and 8, in block No 42.

Lots No 7 and 8, in block No 44; lots No 6 and 8 and 1/2 of 2 and 4, block No 86.

Lots No 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 and 1/2 of 7 in block No 93.

Half of lots No 2 and 4 in block No 103.

Lot No 5, 6, 7 and 8, in block No 107.

Lots No 5, 6, 7 and 8, in block No 132.

Lots No 1 and 3 in block No 137.

Lots No 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8, in block No 141.

Lots No 5, 6 and 8, in block No 137.

And all of block No 10 in Al. Pettygrove's addition.

Terms and conditions of sale; twenty-five per cent. cash, gold coin, and remainder in three months, secured by mortgage on the property, with interest from day of sale at ten per cent. in gold coin. Deed at expense of purchaser.

**MARY FOWLER, Executrix,
 of the Estate of Enoch S. Fowler, dec.
 Port Townsend, W. T., July 2, 1878.
 BRADSHAW & INMAN, atty's for estate.**

**Administrator's Sale
 OF REAL ESTATE AT PUBLIC AUCTION**

In the Probate Court of Jefferson county, W. T.

IN THE MATTER OF THE ESTATE OF
CHARLES BELL, dec.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN That in pursuance of an order of the Probate Court of Jefferson county, W. T., made on the 28th day of June, 1878, in the matter of the above entitled estate, the undersigned administrator of said estate will sell at public auction upon the terms and conditions hereinafter stated, and subject to confirmation by said Probate Court on

Saturday, the 3d day of August A. D. 1878.

At the hour of one o'clock P. M., at the School house in Chmcam valley, in Jefferson county, W. T., to the highest bidder, all the right, title, interest and estate of the said Charles Bell, deceased, at the time of his death, in and to the following described real estate, situated, lying and being in the county of Jefferson, Territory of Washington, and described as follows: The east half of the south-west quarter, and the west half of the south-east quarter in section twenty-one (21), township 29, North Range one west; containing 160 acres; title, U. S. patent. There is a log house and a good barn on the place, and about 15 acres cleared and under cultivation; the fences are good, and there is a running stream of water on the place; there is a good road to the place, and it is about 2 1/4 miles distant from the North Pacific Cheese Factory.

At the same time and place will be sold all the household furniture and farming implements belonging to said estate.

Terms and conditions of sale of real estate—ten per cent. cash on the day of sale, balance on confirmation of sale; personal property—cash, payable in lawful money of the United States.

Deed at expense of purchaser.

**F. H. POOR,
 Administrator of the estate of Charles Bell, deceased.**

J. C. MCFADDEN, att'y for estate. 21

**For Sale.
 A No 4 CHAMPION MOWER
 AND REAPER**

Apply to **C. C. BARTLETT**

**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

of Men's Clothing.

JUST RECEIVED

A New stock of

Furniture

AND:

Wall Paper!

AT

Chas. C. Bartlett's.

PUGET SOUND ARGUS
LOCAL NEWS.

IN TROUBLE.—The post-office at Pyscht, in Clalam, is about to come to grief unless it is better attended to. It was created but a few short months ago, and the appointed postmaster, a curious and antiquated specimen of humanity, received his position of trust with dignity becoming a minister to Germany. For a time it seemed as though a more worthy and efficient incumbent could not be found. But alas for the necessities of fate which bring us up standing occasionally! The arduous duties of the office proving too wearing upon our hero, he appropriated to himself a brief vacation among the adjacent clam beds, leaving his spouse at the post of honor. Through the allurements of her relatives among the resident native tribes, or else because her installing oath of office was not rendered in Chinook jargon, she failed to come up to the requirements of the law, and consequently there was no one last week, who was properly qualified and sworn in, to receive the mail. The result was that Capt. Gilbert, acting under instructions from our worthy P. M., refused to deliver the mail bags. There is danger that the office will be discontinued unless the pro tem officer in charge can be reconstructed or reformed so as to render her service acceptable.

DAKOTA'S FREIGHT AND PASSENGERS.—The following is a correct list of the freight and passengers of the Dakota, Capt. Morse, bound for San Francisco, as furnished by her gentlemanly purser Mr. Patton: Cabin passengers: Harry McElroy, Jno. Kiddle, Bailey Gatzert, Mrs. Ward, Mrs. Walbus and daughter Mrs. Lundain, J. E. Abrahams, Mrs. Fitzmaurice and 4 children, Mrs. A. J. Johnston, J. W. Hall, Miss Langerbuher, Capt. Cutts, W. J. Adams and son, Miss C. E. E. Robinson, D. Kaufman, Mr. Whitworth, Mr. Miles, Steerage: Geo. Robinson, C. F. Johnson, Thos. Hardy, A. Jobie, E. Scholdy, I. W. Whitteu, Danl. O'Brien, L. Colahan, G. Allen, A. Sautey, N. Faber, R. Rutter, wife and 2 children. For Victoria: Cabin: Mrs. Gov. Richards, Mrs. Dupont, Miss Richards, Miss Dupont. Recapitulation of cargo: 27 pkgs. m-l-e., 48 boxes fish, 1 bag treasure, \$1-270, 77 beer kegs, 300 bbls. bbls.lds., 2 bags express, 11 bbls. pelts, 2,095 pkgs. bbl. and 1/2 bbl. staves, 19 bbls. skins, 11 cords hard wood, 176 dry hides, 22 sks. coal, 30 pes. wood pipe, 8 kegs fish, 554 lates wool, 3 kegs venison, 1 bl. whisky, 372 sks. oats, 194 bbls. hoop poles, 10 bbls. oil, 194 net hides.

The concert given on Thursday evening last, by the "Oregon Quartet" received moderate attention from our citizens. Miss Miller was loudly praised by those who attended. The others, being purely amateurs, and consequently outside the range of popular criticism as applied to professionals, rendered it out of place to pass judgment upon the entertainment except by tempering the verdict largely with consideration for them. The receipts, as per showing made in Prof. Roberts' communication, left the munificent donation of 25 cents to the four Sunday Schools in town. Prof. Robb, a teacher in the high school at Forest Grove, called on us and demonstrated his adaptability in the role of a pleasant and genial person.

On Saturday last the schooner Courser arrived from San Francisco, having on board 672 pkgs. of assorted merchandise for Messrs. Waterman & Katz, of this place. The steam tug Colfax also arrived from Seabeck with a load of lumber for the same firm. These showings are undisputed indications of the business being carried on by the firm.

The ARGUS job office is now provided with a fine lot of blank deeds, mortgages, subpoenas, marine prob's and other legal documents which will be sold at lowest rates. All orders for such goods will be promptly attended to, and complete satisfaction is guaranteed.

THE LATEST.—Among the latest improvements in town are the new signs of the "Enterprise" meat market and of Mr. Wm. Davis, Tailor; also the work in front of the People's Market. Port Townsend is coming to the front in a style that is refreshing.

FATHER CESARY has returned from La Conner, and reports his gratification over treatment received while there and his high opinion of the people living there who, he says, vie with each other in rendering everyone happy who visits them.

The tug Donald left this week for San Francisco, where she will engage in the towing business. Her present master Capt. N. Rogers, goes down in command.

We are indebted to Purser Patton, of the Dakota, and Agent Tibbals, of the P. M. S. S. Co., for liberal favors extended.

COMMUNICATED.
FROM DUNGENESS.

EDITOR ARGUS:—As there has been no flying account given of the proceedings on the Fourth in this sequestered place, I thought it would not be amiss in giving a short description of the various pleasures of the day.

The Fourth was not ushered in by the booming of cannons or of guns (although there is no city ordinance prohibiting the firing of guns,) but rather by the token of a fine day, as old Sol made his appearance above the eastern horizon, when every one—even the little children—were on the alert bestirring themselves making preparations for a day of amusement.

The programme for the day commenced with a picnic when, by half-past ten (that being the hour to meet) there had gathered together quite a large concourse. The exercises of the day commenced with vocal and instrumental music appropriate for the occasion, followed by reading the Declaration of Independence by Mr. A. U. Davis, and an oration by Mr. W. C. Garfield, which was well rendered and appropriate for the occasion. Then more music, after which the fun seekers organized a company of rag-a-muffins (real live ones) and marched them around, creating no little excitement and fun. Other sports having been indulged in, all commenced turning with wistful eyes and sharpened appetites towards the table which was well spread with tempting delicacies and luxuries, in the shape of eatables prepared with skill and taste for the occasion. The invitation having been given to "forward march" and around the enemy, all made a grand rush, and each singled out his victim which was soon demolished. The enemy being put hors de combat, we were entertained with more music when all those who could repaired to the swings to vie with each other in their skill at swinging, resulting in a few collisions in their aerial flight.

The picnic being over, those who wished to continue their sports repaired to Mr. Bartlett's store where other sports, such as jumping, foot-racing and wrestling were indulged in. When those who had been walking around and longing for the shades of night to put a stop to all other sports began to raise their heads and gaze wistfully at the hall as the lamps were being lit up, their hopes revived and their feet began to beat a tattoo on the sidewalk.

The dancers were in their glory when the call to "Swing your partners for refreshments," was waited by mine host (Mr. Cays) who had the honor of doing the grand. After this the musicians, Messrs. Cays and McDouell, kept the dancers well warmed up to their work until the call to "gildop your partners home" put an end to the festive scenes of the Fourth of July, 1878. EXIT.

PORT TOWNSEND, W. T., July 24, 1878.
ED. ARGUS:—For the information of those of your readers who attended the concert lately given by the Oregon Quartette in this city, the proceeds of which was to be donated to the various Sunday Schools after paying actual traveling expenses, I deem it but just to mention how the money was spent, and herewith furnish the items:

Total receipts of Concert	\$33 25
Rent of Hall	1 50
City License	250
Printing, hotel expenses and rent of organ	17 00
Steamboat fares	12 00
Total	\$33 00
Overplus to be divided between four Sunday Schools	25
	W. H. ROBERTS.

Mr. THOS. DRUMMOND returned from Victoria on Monday last, where he has been at work for some time past. He returns with his usual healthy and vigorous appearance.

THE ARGUS job office is receiving more new material—preparatory to getting out new styles in job work. Its labels, for the Hoko Salmon Co., gave better satisfaction than their boasted Portland production.

PERSONAL.—Messrs. E. D. Warless, of San Juan, and Wm. LaBailister, of Useless Bay, have been in town during the past week. The latter is in the logging business.

The trout in Chimacum creek have not yet lost their attractions for Port Townsend sportsmen by any means, judging from the way they are "gone after."

MISS JULIA WEIR, after completing a three months' term of school at Port Angeles, is to commence one on Orcas Island, on the 12th of next month.

THE Episcopal and Presbyterian pulpits, of this place, were occupied on Sunday last by Dr. Beers and Rev. D. W. Macfie respectively.

HENRY MURPHY, son of J. M. Murphy, editor of the Olympia "Standard," has been very ill with typhoid fever.

NOTICE of the meeting of the Territorial Republican convention will be seen in another column.

We are indebted to Mrs. S. A. Robinson, of Chimacum, for a number of appreciable favors.

REV. MR. DAVIS, will preach in Chimacum on Sunday morning next.

THE Wocott is at Seattle, undergoing extensive repairs.

MR. JAS. JONES is agent for the tug Tacoma.

Notice of Dividend.
PUGET SOUND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

A DIVIDEND has been declared, of three dollars a share, on each and every share of Puget Sound Telegraph Company stock that paid special assessment of June 30th, 1874. Said dividend is payable at Secretary's office in Port Townsend, W. T., on and after this date.
July 13, 1878.
T. T. MINOR, Pres't.
D. C. H. ROTHSCHILD, Sec'y. 3t

Notice to Creditors.

Estate of Algernon S. Jones
NOTICE is hereby given by the undersigned executor of the estate of Algernon S. Jones, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against said deceased, to present them with the necessary vouchers within one year after the date of this notice, to me as such executor, at my residence, at Dungeness, W. T.
SMITH TROY,
Executor of the estate of Algernon S. Jones, deceased.
Dungeness, June 10, 1878. 20:4w

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 Terr'y, and Way Ports, On or about the 3d of each Month.

WILL LEAVE
Port Townsend to Portland, Ogn. On about the 20th of each Month. For Freight or Passage, Apply on Board, 30 Or to ROTHSCHILD & CO, Agents.

CONSIGNED TO ROTHSCHILD & CO.

Brig Sea Wolf.
NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED consignees of above named vessel will be responsible for debts contracted by the officers or crew.
Capt. P. J. MUNSEN, Master.
ROTHSCHILD & CO., Consignees.
Port Townsend, June 23, 1878.

French Barque Sanvic.
NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED consignees of above named vessel will be responsible for any debts contracted by the officers or crew.
ROTHSCHILD & CO., Consignees.
I. CHATRELL, Master.
Port Townsend, June 31, 1878.

Barque Fortuna.
NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED agents of above named vessel will be responsible for debts contracted by the officers or crew.
D. CHIAMA, Master.
D. C. H. ROTHSCHILD & CO, Agents.
Port Townsend, June 25, 1878.

Gnat Ship Frederica Maria.
NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED Agents of the above named vessel will be responsible for debts contracted by the officers or crew.
ROTHSCHILD & CO., Agents.
CAPT. L. KNOOP, Master.
Port Townsend, June 20, 1878.

French barque Nonveau Nomade.
NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED Agents of the above named vessel will be responsible for debts contracted by the officers or crew.
ROTHSCHILD & CO., Agents.
P. QUEBRE, Master.
Port Townsend, June 20, 1878.

Italian ship Ravena Padre.
NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED Agents of the above named ship will be responsible for debts contracted by the crew.
ROTHSCHILD & CO., Agents.
F. DEAN DREIS, 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.
ROTHSCHILD & CO., Agents.
JULO BOLLO, Master.
Port Townsend, May 15, 1878.

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

Italian Barque DueSorelle.
NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED Agents for the above named vessel, will be responsible for debts contracted by the officers or crew.
ROTHSCHILD & CO., Agents.
G. CAVASSA, Master.
Port Townsend, March. 25, 1878.

ROTHSCHILD & CO.,
Shipping and Commission

MERCHANTS,
Port Townsend, Washington Territory,
Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

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

Exchange Bought and Sold.
Liberal Advances Made on Consignments.

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

Goods Bought and Sold on Commission.
ROTHSCHILD & CO.

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

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

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

ROTHSCHILD & CO
Port Townsend, W. T.

Finest of JAPAN TEAS!

Imported direct from Japan,
AND PACKED EXPRESSLY FOR ROTHSCHILD & CO

—Also a—
Lot of wheat and oats, bran and
chopped feed.

At GREATLY REDUCED RATES

For Sale by **D. C. H. R. & CO.**

2 500-gallon Magnificent Iron Water Tanks.
5000 gallons Dog-fish oil, in quantities to suit.

Old Draft.

Some said he was a miser with barrels of money hid away; others that he hadn't a cent wherewith to bless himself; and still others, of more romantic turn, voted him a hermit; but the sum total of absolute knowledge touching Old Draft was that he was odd, old and ugly—some seedy garments, and lived in a seedy-looking cottage on a high bluff overlooking the river.

To thoughtless boys, of the class ready to torment anything helpless, from a worn-out horse to an orphan kitten, Old Draft offered special attraction. They would hoot and jeer at him on the street; inquire the address of his tailor; and mock him in so many ways that it was plain they had no fear of she-bears before their eyes.

One day Harry Turner, and several other urchins alike sportively inclined, bit upon a new plan—one, at least, which they hadn't tried before—of having a little fun out of Old Draft. It was to tie a rope across the path along which he was accustomed to take his evening walk, and from a convenient hiding-place, watch him tumble over on his nose.

It wasn't the fault, of course, of Harry and his friends that the path ran along the edge of the bluff, or that Old Draft, as he came hobbling on in the dusk, instead of going over on his nose, stumbled sideways, and toppled over the bank into twenty feet of water—at which result the frightened youngsters took to their heels, leaving Old Draft to sink or swim on his own responsibility.

It was a lucky thing for Old Draft that Charley Thorpe chanced to be passing that way. Charley had more than once interfered to protect Old Draft; and he and Harry Turner, on one occasion, had nearly come to blows on the subject.

Charley's quick eye took in the situation at a glance. Though only thirteen, he was strong and active, and besides, a good swimmer. Without waiting to take off his jacket, he sprang into the water, and as he rose caught Old Draft by the collar, managing with great difficulty to keep his head above the surface till Dick Squid, the fisherman, who heard their struggles, reached them with his boat and dragged them in.

Old Draft thanked Charley warmly, but didn't offer to reward him for his recent services.

"I suppose you think the old miser'll remember you in his will," said Harry Turner, tauntingly, the first time he and Harry met.

The laugh that followed nettled Charley.

"I care very little for the sneers of cowards," he answered, with forced calmness.

"Cowards!—who do you call cowards?" blustered Harry Turner, who was a year older, and half a head taller than Charley.

"All who are mean enough to insult or injure a helpless old man," retorted Charley, bristling up.

"Do you mean that for me?"

"For you especially."

A smart slap in the face was Harry's answer to Charley; but the next moment a blow of the latter's fist sent the other sprawling to the ground. Twice the operation was repeated, and then Harry Turner slunk away vanquished.

It was not long till Charley found his victory productive of bitter fruits. Mr. Turner, Harry's father, was the chief man of the establishment in which Charley Thorpe was employed. He held lofty notions of the Turner dignity. A blow from a plebeian hand, inflicted on a scion of the house, he looked upon as aimed at the foundations of society—an offense not to be overlooked; and in the absence of power to impose severer punishment, he procured Charley's dismissal from employment.

Nor did Mr. Turner's displeasure end here. He was Charley's mother's landlord. Mrs. Thorpe was a widow, left with five children, of whom Charley alone was old enough to afford her any aid. When his wages stopped she fell behind in the rent, and Mr. Turner gave her notice to quit.

It was a sad night when, after the little ones were asleep, Charley and his mother sat up discussing what they should do on the morrow, for then they must find a new abode.

Every proprietor to whom they had applied demanded security, and they had none to offer. Had Old Draft been still alive, Charley, for his mother and the children's sake, induced by the stories of his barrels of money, might have been tempted to ask for a small loan; but Old Draft had died a few weeks before, and the money and effects found on his premises had barely sufficed to bury him. It seemed that after all he was no miser, but only poor.

"God will help us!" said the widow, when she and Charley had dismissed, as impracticable, one scheme after another.

The door bell rang, and Charley went to answer it.

"Does Mrs. Thorpe live here?" inquired the gentleman whom he found on the steps.

"Yes, sir."

"Has she a son named Charles?"

"Yes, sir; I'm Charley Thorpe."

"Well, my little man, I wish a few words with you and your mother."

Charley led the way and the stranger entered.

"I am the bearer of important news," he began, taking the chair the widow offered. "Among the papers of my late law partner, whose death occurred the day before that of Mr. Draft, I have just discovered the latter's will."

"But it is said he left nothing," replied the widow, listlessly.

"He left the largest fortune in the country," the other answered—"five hundred thousand dollars, all in money in the bank."

"And who is the heir?"

"Your son!"—*The Interior.*

The Humming Bird.

The appearance of the humming bird is utterly unlike that of any other living creature. We are admiring some brilliant and beautiful flower, when there suddenly appears before us a small, dark object, suspended, as it were, between four short black threads, meeting each other in a cross. For an instant it shows in front of the flower; again another instant, and, emitting a momentary flash of emerald and sapphire light, it is vanishing, lessening in the distance as it shoots away to a speck that the eye cannot take note of. Indeed, the little atom of life comes and goes with the rapidity of a gnat or a dragon fly. Audubon tells us that the small size of the ruby humming bird renders it impossible to follow its flight with the eye for more than fifty yards. A person standing in the garden will hear the humming of their wings and see the little birds themselves within a few feet of him at one moment; the next they will be out of sight and hearing. Gould tells us that the tiny creature lives in the air like a gnat or a butterfly. It often mounts up the towering trees and then shoots off like a little meteor at a right angle. At other times it will gently buzz among the flowers upon the ground. The next moment it is hovering over a diminutive weed, and then it is seen at a distance of forty yards, whither it has vanished with the quickness of thought. Professor Wallace has devoted a considerable period to minute study of the habits of the humming bird, and has come to the conclusion that it is a tropical swift or swallow, modified in a long course of many generations from its original ancestor, but retaining its old characteristics of an essentially insect feeder. It is true that, down to the time of Buffon, it was believed that the humming bird lived solely on the nectar of flowers, but since then it has been ascertained beyond all possibility of doubt that it feeds largely, and in some cases wholly, on insects. The birds have been seen in winter picking dead flies out of the webs of spiders. Bullock in Mexico and Waterton in New Guinea, saw them catch small butterflies, and found their stomachs filled with insects. Those who have watched their habits have observed them sitting like fly-catchers on a twig, darting off and returning. Mr. Goss, one of our most accomplished naturalists, tells us that all the humming birds have, more or less, a habit, when in flight, of pausing and quickly turning in the air. "That the object of these quick turns," he adds, "is the capture of insects I am sure, having watched one thus engaged pretty close to me. I observed carefully, and distinctly saw the minute flies which it pursued and caught, and heard repeatedly the snapping of its beak. My presence scarcely disturbed it, if at all. Moreover, it seems that, however long may be the bill of the adult humming bird, the young bird has a little, short, broad, triangular-bill like a swift. It is evident, in short, that the swift is, to use Mr. Wallace's words, a pure aerial insect-hunter, and that its short, broad bill and wide gape are essential to its mode of life. The humming birds, on the other hand, are floral insect-hunters. They seek their prey among the gorgeous masses of creepers that hang from bough to bough in the trackless forests of the tropics. They dart in and out between bud and leaf, between blossom and stalk, and the dragon fly flits among the sedge and bulrush. But the fiction that they subsist on honey and nectar alone must be banished, like other pretty fables, to the region of myth. The humming bird is as ravenous a creature in its way as the robin. No doubt a robin in winter, when the ground is hard with frost, will not despise bread crumbs; but his real delight is in a caterpillar, or a fat earth-worm, or a little plump slug. Similarly, the exquisite, dainty humming bird is a carnivorous being."—*London Telegraph.*

PROFESSIONAL TRAMPS.—The fools are not all dead yet. Sergeant Bates is alive, it is reported, and is in destitute circumstances. Does he deserve any particular sympathy? He carried the American flag in time of peace, through the southern States. Then he carried it throughout England. Suppose an Englishman should walk all through the United States carrying the British flag! What good would it do? Who would care? Then Weston got a good deal of free advertising by walking and—getting beaten. What good did his walking do? Then came O'Leary, and bilked the public hereabouts by walking and sleeping, the count of his miles continuing while he slept, just as if he were walking. Another fellow attempted, a few days ago, to beat his time for six days, but fell short more than a hundred miles. What good to anybody or any cause have those fellows' walking done? Were limb, muscle, sinew, bone, breath, endurance, given them for no better purpose than to waste all for naught? Has anybody been made wiser, better, or richer by this legmania nonsense? And now comes another maniac, proposing to walk forty miles daily, Sunday excepted, during two years, and thus accomplish a walk around the earth—in a horn." Bates, Weston, O'Leary, Henderson, and the rest of you, why can you not do some useful work and so earn an honest living?—*Alta California.*

OUT of eighty-nine samples of beer and materials used in the brewing of beer, examined last year by the internal revenue authorities of England, sixty-one were either adulterated, or consisted of illegal ingredients.

Ancient and Modern Constantinople.

Ancient Byzantium and modern Constantinople have the finest location for a great city the earth can show. It is on the water highway which links the Mediterranean with the Black Sea, and divides by a narrow line Europe from Asia. It may be said to control two seas and grasp two continents. It is the natural outlet of all the trade in Southern Russia, Asia Minor and the regions round the Caspian. Two strong gates lock it in; the Bosphorus on the northeast, and the Dardanelles on the southwest. It has a perfect harbor, completely surrounded by land, without a tide, and deep enough to float the largest vessels. Its climate and marine sewerage are so admirable that in spite of Turkish filth the Turkish capital is remarkably healthy.

The generous gifts of nature have brought with them a wonderful vitality, such as no other city of the olden time enjoys. Nineveh and Babylon are mere piles of rubbish, Thebes and Memphis mere mounds of mummies, Jerusalem abandoned to dirt and devotees, Athens a grave of departed glory and Rome a combination of convent and curiosity shop. But Constantinople is invested with as much interest and importance to-day as when Philip of Macedon was beaten back from its walls; as when the crusaders turned aside from their pious mission to do such deeds there as devils might blush to own; as when the victorious Turk struck the marble column in the church of St. Sophia with his bloody hand and cried: "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is his prophet!" Though more than 2,500 years have passed since its foundations were laid, though every government which then existed (the Chinese only excepted) has perished utterly, though the old civilization, with its society, its creeds, its science and its philosophy, has passed away, though a new religion rules the fairest portions of the globe, and a new world has been plucked from the bosom of the western seas—yet Constantinople retains so much of its pristine value that the proudest nations in Europe are ready to fight for its possession. Nor can we imagine that a time will ever come when the jeweled ring of Othman's dream will be considered less precious than it is now. For Constantinople is an imperial city by right of birth, a cosmopolitan city by right of position, and will maintain its power and prestige in European diplomacy when London and Paris, Berlin and St. Petersburg, have lost theirs.

Yet, old as it is, Constantinople contains few relics of antiquity, few tokens of its illustrious past. A portion of the old wall, built by Theodosius, has been spared. No thanks to the Turks, however, for Sultan Abdul Medjid gave it to his mother, who proposed to sell the venerable stones and pocket the proceeds. At the personal solicitation of the British ambassador the royal lady consented to take the cash and leave the stones, and so they remain in their original places, scarred all over with the marks of the various sieges they have endured, and with huge gaps here and there which climbing vines drape in a gentle garb of green, as if to brighten the features of decay. It was in one of these gaps that the last Greek emperor died, sword in hand, fighting vainly against the swarming hosts of Mohammed II. His body, dragged out from beneath a pile of slain, was recognized by the golden eagles embroidered on his buckskins and presented to the brutal conqueror, who cut off the head and sent it through the provinces of the empire as an evidence of his triumph. There is St. Sophia with its pavement of waved marble to imitate the rolling of the sea, and its one hundred and seven columns of marble, porphyry and granite which Justinian stole from the heathen shrines of the farther East to deck the temple of Jehovah and Jesus. Here for ten centuries the Byzantine emperors were sblemly crowned, and here their requiems were sung. Here on the awful twenty-ninth of May, 1453, a helpless crowd of Christians sought refuge, and were massacred to the last man by the savage victors. Here for nearly four hundred and twenty-five years no Christian prayer has been said, but under these arches which Christian faith reared the creed of the Arabian camel-driver has been repeated by his disciples with that fervent zeal which no misfortune can check or chill. Is not St. Sophia destined to go back to its first love; change from mosque to church, as it changed from church to mosque, and contain worshippers who bow toward Jerusalem and not toward Mecca?

Gun-cotton in Warfare.

Looking upon Constantinople in the light of its better and brighter days—days that reflected the splendors of the Roman Empire—and realizing its capabilities for a future grandeur than its grandest past, does not "the eternal fitness of things" demand that the Turk shall cease to own what his ownership has degraded and well nigh destroyed? The waters of the Golden Horn are as pure and blue and sparkling as when first cut by the banks of the adventurous Megarians; the sky that bends above them is as tender and radiant as when it first caught the enraptured gaze of the beauty-looking Greeks; the sea and land mingle together in the same happy and harmonious union as when their graces and their wealth were the theme of Hellenic song and story—but the curse of Ottoman misrule blights it all. Shall that curse remain forever? Not unless man is stronger than the unseen and irresistible forces which shape the destinies of the race.

A new use has been found for gun-cotton. Hereafter it is to be employed for disabling guns of the enemy, and is to take the place of the spike and the armor's hammer. A slab of gun-cotton, simply laid upon the muzzle of a gun and detonated, so injures and distorts the weapon as to render it practically useless for firing, while in the case of a muzzle-loader it at once precludes any attempt to load the gun. The old plan, it may be remembered, of rendering an enemy's gun useless after storming a battery, was to spike them by driving a nail into the vent or touch-hole, and then, in the event of the attacking party being driven out of the battery again, or retiring, the weapons could not be used against them, at any rate for a time. The rapid injuring of a gun by means of gun-cotton, in the way now suggested, will prevent the cannon ever being employed again. This is not the first application that has been made of gun-cotton for purposes of destruction before the enemy. A new body of men termed Cavalry Pioneers, first created by the Austrians and now adopted in the British army, are to employ charges of gun-cotton in a similar way for breaking railway lines and destroying bridges quickly. The trooper, mounted on a strong and rapid horse, is provided with a belt containing a few pounds of compressed gun-cotton, and on arriving at a railway he dismounts and places a charge upon one of the rails. The gun-cotton is detonated with a fuse, and the result is that half a yard of metal is sent flying over the next hedge. Probably not more than sixty seconds are necessary to work the mischief, but the man is up and away before the explosion can take place.

"WELL, it can't be for long," convulsively sighed the bereaved widow, as she returned from the last obsequies of her dear lamented. "No, it won't be long," and sure enough it wasn't. Six months later she was skipping around picking orange blossoms and inquiring after the latest and best styles in wedding cards.

THE pension of soldiers minus both arms, legs or eyes, will be increased from \$50 to \$75 per month. Only sixty-five are on the list.

By a Miracle.

As much interest as there may be attached to the war between the contending railroads in the Grand Canon of the Arkansas, no occurrence has transpired in that locality which has attracted so much attention and sympathy as an accident which happened to Mrs. E. J. Mallett, of Canon City. Mrs. Mallett is an excellent horsewoman, and having great confidence in her horsemanship, started out last Sunday afternoon with her husband and other friends on horseback to visit the scene of operations in the canon. Of all the wonderful canons in Colorado, the Grand Canon of the Arkansas is the most awe-inspiring. The walls are two thousand feet high at places, and almost perpendicular. Before operations were begun within them by the railroad men, no one ever attempted to pass through the gorge except during the winter, and then on ice. The laborers have, however, made paths in the very sides of the immense precipices, and it was along one of these that Mrs. Mallett and her friends were traveling. She rode a trusty horse, and was as composed as any of her party. They had proceeded to a point beyond the horse-trail, and were descending a steep hill.

The path was a narrow one, the walls of the canon shooting far up toward the blue, clear sky, and down for hundreds of feet, until they dipped into the disturbed waters of the rapid-rolling Arkansas. It was at this dangerous spot that Mrs. Mallett's horse stumbled and fell. There was no room for the least falter. This was, therefore, a fatal step. Mrs. Mallett, with almost incredible presence of mind, disentangled herself from her horse. Below her ten feet was a shelving rock, about fifteen inches wide. This she struck and caught with her hands. With nerve that would have made the sterner sex proud of manhood, the lady held on to the end of the rock, dangling in the air, gripping it with desperation. Had she let go her next lodgment would have been on another shelf fifty feet below. To hold on was therefore her only resort. With all the dispatch possible Mr. Mallett and others came to her rescue, and succeeded in taking her from the more than perilous situation almost uninjured, but of course very much exhausted from fright.

Now comes the strangest part of the story. The horse fell also and lodged on the same shelf to which his mistress was clinging. In falling he had turned completely around, but there he stood on the narrow ledge of stone, hugging the wall, and evidently realizing his position, if horse ever realized anything. He did not stir a muscle, hardly breathed for an hour or more, until ropes strong enough to take him out were sent for and obtained at a camp a mile distant. By the time these arrived, fifty men or more who were engaged in the canon had gathered along the trail and as many of them as could make themselves useful assisted in lifting the animal up. He seemed to realize fully that steps were being taken for his relief, and did not move to make any resistance until he was placed upon a sure footing in the path.

The whole scene would have made one for an artist. The escape of Mrs. Mallett, under the circumstances, is very little less than miraculous, and that the horse should have been saved is almost incredible. The accident and the rescue have proven prolific themes of conversation in Canon, and the first report caused corresponding excitement. Mrs. Mallett is the wife of Professor Mallett, who is the proprietor of the reduction works at Canon.—*Denver Tribune.*

General Grant's Gifts.

In the handsomest business office in the world—that of George W. Childs, Esq., proprietor of the *Public Ledger*—on the ground floor of the brown stone building at Sixth and Chestnut streets, are deposited a number of the gifts which ex-President Grant has received while in Europe. It being inconvenient to carry these along with him in the tour of the world, General Grant consigned the very valuable mementoes to his near and dear friend, Mr. Childs, for safe-keeping until his permanent return to the United States.

In a curious cabinet of antique design are the most beautiful of General Grant's gifts, except the gold box presented by the Mayor of London, which is still in England. The gold box presented by the city of Glasgow is about eight inches long and five wide and three deep. Its merchantable value is about eight hundred dollars. The engraving consists of emblematic devices. Encircled in the center of the lid is the coat of arms of the city, with the motto: "Let Glasgow flourish."

The gold box presented by the city of Ayr is smaller, but the designs and ornamentation are beautiful. At the bottom in front is the monogram, "U. S. G.," the latter letter being underneath the first two. The lid is wrought in elegant style, on the right side being a raised figure of the British lion, and on the left the American shield, with the coat of arms of the city of Ayr between the two. Both of these gold boxes contain parchment scrolls which indicate that the freedom of the city has been tendered to General Grant. This is also the case with the box from the city of Edinburgh, which differs from the others in having been wrought from silver, but very showy. The box rests upon four feet, and is plain except upon the lid, where are worked the coat of arms of Edinburgh, with that well-known inscription, "Nisi Dominus Frustra." On the other side is the coat of arms of the United States, with the familiar "E Pluribus Unum." Between the two is a raised female figure holding aloft a wreath of laurel. She stands upon a pedestal, on which is inscribed "Concordia." This design is decidedly expressive, and conveys the meaning that there is a mutual good feeling between Edinburgh and the United States. On the front of the box is read: "The City of Edinburgh to General Ulysses Grant, U. S. A., 1877."

While the presidential party was at the home of Shakespeare, the General was presented with a box about eight inches in length and five in height, carved in the most exquisite manner. On a card inside a short inscription shows that—

This Casket is made with Mulberry wood from the tree planted by Shakespeare at New Place, Stratford-Upon-Avon.

Mrs. General Grant was equally fortunate, receiving a copy of "Shakespeare's Household Rural Life," handsomely bound, and illuminated on the title page, and containing photographs of all places in the town which became famous through the great author and dramatist. This was presented by the daughters of the Mayor. There are two sets of medals, one being the coat of arms of the family of Grant, of Great Britain, of which the General is a lineal descendant. It is of silver, and shows that the great characteristic of the family a century or more ago is still well developed, and adheres to those of the present day. It comprises a plain silver belt, some nine inches in circumference, and in the center a heap of rocks with grass protruding from the crevices. Two words inscribed on the belt express a great deal, and are indicative of the Grant of to-day; these are "Stand Fast." The other medals are of bronze, and show profiles of the heads of ex-President Lincoln and General Grant. The latter gentleman has in his possession fac similes of these.

There are also a number of addresses of congratulation to General Grant, some in book form and others in parchment scroll. All are beautifully designed. Among them are addresses of welcome from the chamber of commerce of Newcastle-Upon-Tyne; the mayor, alderman and burgess of Birmingham; the city of Manchester, borough of Sheffield and city of Inverness.

Besides the gifts which are at the office of Mr. Childs, there are a number of smaller ones in the vaults of the Fidelity safe deposit company. The presents will remain in Mr. Childs' office but for a few days longer. What will be done with them is not known at present, but it is expected they will be stored away at the Fidelity until General Grant can be heard from.—*Philadelphia Record.*

As little as it may think of it, this country has more to fear from communism than from all other evils combined. The great city which suffers the monster to rear its head in the midst of it, smitten, invites destruction. The cloud not larger than a man's hand upon the horizon is sometimes the precursor of a tempest by which cities are wrecked and navies are stranded. Communism—there is the faint, low, far-off, dreamy wash of the waves of hell in the very sound of the name. It is the worst form of tyranny the world has ever seen: "Does tyranny always begin With glittering pomp and deafening din— With musketry and drum? At stillest times it oft creeps in. When sword and spear no conquests win. And martial strains are dumb."—*Courier Journal.*

COMPETE not with persons who have means beyond thy reach.

Grafting Grape Vines.

A correspondent of the *Fruit Recorder* says: "It is a well-known fact that grapes that are a success in one locality are entirely worthless in another. Hence it is often desirable to change a few vines or even a whole vineyard with a little loss as possible. This can be done by grafting, and have the new vines come in bearing the following year. Keep the scions in a cool place where the buds will start as little as possible, until the first flow of sap is over. This will be when the first leaves have pushed out of the size of your thumb nail on the vines to be grafted. Then dig down beside the vine; selecting a root of suitable size, say as large as your finger, cut it off four inches under ground and cleft-graft the same as for apples; tie the graft snugly into the cleft with cotton twine, using no wax, as that would form a cup to hold the sap which would sour and kill the graft. Brace it up straight with a stick or anything which will hold it in place, and fill up the hole with earth. The two or three eyes in the graft, leaving the upper one as near the top of the ground as possible. The cotton string will rot off during the summer and leave the graft free to expand as it grows. The main vine may be left the first year by pruning it back or training it away so that it will not interfere with the graft. I have grown a Delaware on an Isabella root twelve feet the first year, which cannot often be done on its own root. Right here comes in the question as to the influence the stock has on the graft, or whether it has any on the quality of the fruit, or its time of ripening. If it does this can be easily remedied by layering the vine the second year after grafting (which I usually do) and as soon as the cane is well rotted it can be cut from the old vine, thus establishing it upon its own new healthy root. This process of grafting grapes is fully as sure as grafting apple trees.

Hide-Bound Trees.

The practice of slitting the outer bark of fruit trees perpendicularly has its friends and enemies. We are of the latter. It deals with the effect instead of the cause. The cambium layer is that from which a zone of growth (in exogenous plants) is annually added both to the sap-wood and to the inner bark. The outer bark is finally exfoliated or rent in fissures and scaled off by the action of the weather. Trees that are starved increase in growth slowly and the outer bark becomes so indurated as to resist, to a certain extent, their growth by retarding the upward passage of the crude sap from the root to the leaves and of the elaborated sap from the leaves downward. But we think it may be questioned whether it is not well that its growth should be retarded. Surely if it is true that a tree becomes "hide-bound" because it is starved, increasing its size is not going to remedy the evil, since we do but furnish more mouths, so to speak, to be fed by the same amount of food. We have seen many trees thus treated. The stems would noticeably increase in size the next year or so, but there was no corresponding evidence of vigor apparent. In most instances it has seemed to us their vigor was impaired. These perpendicular slits, moreover, afford convenient lodgments for water or moisture, and insects seek such crevices for shelter or for depositing their eggs. It seems to us that the natural remedy for hide-bound trees is to enrich the earth as far as the roots extend, and that then the cambium layer, increased in quantity and in nutriment, will so form new fiber and albumen that the outer bark must expand and the stem soon become evenly and sufficiently developed.—*Rural New Yorker.*

A GERMAN statistician has compiled, from official sources, an abstract of the average production of grain in the more important countries of the world. According to this statement Russia is ahead of all other nations in its yield of cereals, leading the United States by 379,950,000 bushels, or nearly one-fourth of the entire production of this country. Germany comes next, with less than one-half the amount produced by us, and is closely followed by France, while Great Britain yields less than half the production of her industrious neighbor across the Channel, and Austro-Hungary holds a position nearly midway between the two.

SOFT EGGS.—The cause of the laying of soft eggs is want of sufficient calcareous matter and the stimulating effects of pepper and warm feed. Some wheat screenings should be given in place of so much corn and potatoes, which are too rich in starch and defective in lime and other materials needed for eggs. Give every day to sixty fowls one pint of the following mixture: A peck of ash of burned bones or oyster shells, finely powdered, one pound of flowers of sulphur, and one peck of wheat bran. This should be mixed with some scalded meal, used moist, so that the mixture will adhere to it.

CABBAGE AND CAULIFLOWER.—In the lower South, cabbage, cauliflower and brocoli seed may still be sown; but in the middle region and upper country it is too late for the two last named. Further south, and especially in Florida, the best cabbages and cauliflowers come from seeds sown in August. Cauliflower plants are much improved by transplanting when two or three weeks old, into another bed, setting them three or four inches apart. Stronger and more stocky plants are thus secured. It pays to treat cabbages in the same way.—*Semi-Tropical.*

If you act with a view only, you derive none.

Edison's Phonograph.

In these days, one invention very often leads to another, and the telephone has an offspring not less wonderful than itself. It is called the speaking-phonograph. It was invented by Mr. Edison. Evidently, Mr. Edison said to himself: "The telephone hears and speaks; why not make it write in its own way; then its record could be kept, and any time after, the instrument might read aloud its own writing." Like a great genius as he is, Mr. Edison went to work in the simplest way to make the sound-recorder he wanted. You know how the diaphragm of the telephone vibrates when spoken to. Mr. Edison took away from the telephone all except the mouth-piece and the diaphragm, fastened a point of metal, which we will call a "style," to the center of the diaphragm, and then contrived a simple arrangement for making a sheet of tin-foil pass in front of the style. When the diaphragm is still, the style simply scratches a straight line along the foil. When a sound is made, however, and the diaphragm set to vibrating, the mark of the style is not a simple scratch, but an impression varying in depth according to the diaphragm's vibration. And that is how the phonograph writes. To the naked eye, the record of the sound appears to be simply a line of pin points or dots, more or less close to each other; but, under a magnifier, the line is seen to be a delicate but exceedingly complicated series of marks.

Now for the reading. The impression on the foil exactly records the vibrations of the diaphragm, and those vibrations exactly measure the sound-waves which caused the vibrations. The reading simply reverses all this. The strip of foil is passed again beneath the diaphragm, the point of the style follows the groove it made at first, and the diaphragm follows the style in all its motions. The original vibrations are thus exactly reproduced, setting up sound-waves in the air precisely like those which first set the machine in motion. Consequently, the listener hears a minutely exact echo of what the instrument heard; it might have heard it a minute, or an hour, or a year, or a thousand years before, had the phonograph been in use so long.

What a wonderful result is that! As yet, the phonograph has not been put to any practical use; indeed, it is scarcely in operation yet, and a great deal must be done to increase the delicacy of its hearing and the strength of its voice. It mimics any and every sort of sound with marvelous fidelity, but weakly. Its speech is like that of a person a long way off, or in another room. But its possibilities are almost infinite.—*St. Nicholas.*

POISON LITERATURE.—From the Arabian Nights Entertainments, Robinson Crusoe and Gulliver, to the sickly trash now current under the name of dime novels, and which also filters through flashy weeklies into the family circle, is a descent which none would willingly take at a leap. It is a descent that none would be able to take at a leap even if willing. The old story books first named are, of course, an appeal to the imagination, but they are in themselves so grotesque, and so notoriously devoid of the probable, that even the youthful reader is always aware that he is being chafed for his amusement. A gentleman having put the Arabian Nights into the hands of a boy of ten who had an insatiable thirst for books, asked the youthful student what he thought of the stories. "Oh," said the boy, "they are wonderful—wonderful; but, then, I don't believe a word of them." The charm of the old extravaganzas lies in their amusing without unduly exciting and perverting the imaginative faculty. The danger that lurks in the modern dime novel is that it uses bad boys and bad men for its heroes, and by keeping always within the curriculum of crime as it may be derived from police annals, gives a strong realistic coloring to the events recorded.—*Philadelphia North American.*

SHAMOY skins are, as every one knows, largely used for many purposes—for inside linings of gloves, etc., and for cleaning purposes in many departments. It is not derived from the skin of the chamois, as is sometimes ignorantly supposed from the sound of the name, which results from the process, but from the flesh side of the sheep skins which have been split. The skins, after having been passed in the ordinary way through the earlier processes of washing, etc., are soaked, first in lime-water and next in a mixture of bran and water, or in a weak solution of sulphuric acid, after which they are beaten in a mill till no moisture remains in them. Fish-oil is then poured over the skins, which are again beaten till they are thoroughly impregnated with it. This is done over and over again until the skins can receive no more oil, and then they are hung for a short time in a room heated up to a certain temperature. They are then carefully washed in a solution of potash, which removes any oil that may still remain about the leather; and thus we have the shamoys of daily use.—*Good Words.*

THE Moffett bell-punch bill was very ably discussed in the New York Assembly the other day. One member objected to the punch on the ground that "there would be danger of an earthquake from the ringing of the bells when everybody took his 11 o'clock drink." This is, indeed, a very serious objection, though it is believed that by compelling the people to distribute their drinks evenly along throughout the day the danger might be greatly lessened, if not wholly averted.—*Louisville Courier Journal.*

Some Mexican Deities.

Master M. had much to learn about deities. At the head of these stood one infinite, supreme ruler, "the unknown God," and next beneath him came Texcotlipoca, the "son of the world," supposed to be the creator of the earth. Huitzilopotchli was the god of war, a sort of Mars, but with much more name. Then there was the god of air, Quetzacoatl, who controlled vegetation, metals, and the politics of the country. Here is something Master M. was taught to believe of him:

When this god, whom we call Q, was on earth, vegetation was so wonderfully prolific that a single ear of corn was all a man could carry. Everything the people needed grew spontaneously. Cotton grew more beautifully tinted than the dyes of the present time could color it. Richest perfumes loaded temperate breezes, and every where the gaudiest colored birds filled the air with most entrancing harmonies. Q had some little difficulty, however, with the rest of the gods, and was obliged to leave his little paradise. When he embarked in his wizard snake-skin canoe on the shore of the gulf, he told his friends that his descendants would one day return and bless the land as he had done, and that they would be like him,—tall, fine looking, with dark hair, white skins, and flowing beards. Alas! this belief was in no small degree the cause of their ruin; for the invading Spaniards quite nearly answered this description of Q's descendants.

There were thirteen of the principal deities, as Master M. learned, each of whom required sacrifices more or less horrible.

Master M. learned that there were many other inferior gods, each of which had festivals, sacrifices, etc., proportioned to his rank and power; that nearly every hour of the day was dedicated to some god or other.

He studied the history of the temples, and learned why they were four or five stories high, with the stairs on the outside; and all about the everlasting fire which burned on the tops of these temples, and that there were so many of these that the whole country for miles around was always brilliantly illuminated.—*St. Nicholas.*

WHO UNDRESSED HER.—Last winter a Boston lady sent an order to Worth for an evening dress, with instructions that it should be made *tres decollete*. The great man cabled back that he wasn't making dresses that way at present, to which milady returned: "Make it as low as possible." The gown arrived all in good time; it was *tres decollete*, and it was worn at a large entertainment, where it at once attracted the attention of a noted wit, to whom the lady was well known. After a quiet survey of the premises, the gentleman turned to her with the alarmed whisper, "My dear, who undressed you?" Calmly raising her eyes, she responded, "Mr. Worth undressed me, Mr.—"—*Boston Letter.*

By flowers, understand faith; by fruit, good works. As the flower or blossom is before the fruit, so is faith before good works; so neither is the fruit without the flower, nor good works without food.—*Quarles.*

JULY 4, 1878.

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This coffee is an equal mixture of the very best Java and Costa Rica, and is put up in handsome style, under the brand of "MOCHA QUALITY," and those who once use it will call for no other. It is pure, rich, delicious and wholesome. It never fails to give satisfaction when properly prepared. It is healthful if saved money. It is put up in convenient packages for use.



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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 can safely say that I consider your coffee superior to any that I have ever used; there is a delicacy of flavor and richness to your 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 the house) I will use your Compressed, as it is economical, and of a most delicious flavor.
GEORGE F. BUNKER,
15 De Loon Street
Mr. A. P. Adams:
Sir—I have tried your Compressed Coffee, and with-out qualification whatever, pronounce it delicious. I consider it the best coffee I have ever used, and it is always ready, easily and quickly made, and will not deteriorate by exposure. Yours, truly,
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OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 5, 1878.

Incongruous as the fact may seem and really is, country towns and small villages celebrated the 102d anniversary of our national birth more elaborately than did the Federal Capitol. No formal celebration has been attempted by the authorities here during the past decade. All that has been done in that line came of individual enthusiasm which mostly restricted itself to exploding gun-powder in small quantities. Nobody here remains in town on the occasion of a warm weather holiday, save the extremely old or young, the very feeble or extremely impecunious, and the chronic stay-at-homes. The steamboats to the different resorts down the Potomac from Giesboro, 3 miles below, to the capes outside Hampton Roads are patronized as on no other occasion. The morning trains on every railroad leading out of the city to Petersburg, Richmond, Harper's Ferry, Point of Rocks and Baltimore carry large parties of excursionists to these places and drop others at the intervening stations. Steam packets on the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, start early toward Cumberland, leaving their passengers at Chain Bridge, Cabin John's Bridge, Great Falls and at points still further up. There are those among our ex-soldier officials whose interest in the stirring events of 1861 to 1865 always makes them eager to revisit the historic fields lying within a radius of 100 miles from this centre. Of the balance many spent the day pleasantly in the woods around Washington. Save the classes mentioned and enough of the "smaller fry" to keep sick and nervous people on the rack all day with the din of fire-crackers and toy-cannon, our residents disposed of themselves yesterday in one of the ways mentioned, but returned in season to give us a fair display of pyrotechnics, only the least consequential of the supply provided for the occasion having been doled out to reward the boys for remaining at home during the day. Fortunately for all, sick and well, a tolerable breeze from the north-west was vouchsafed to us to temper what would have been otherwise an almost insufferably hot day. The usual shower or series of them rained for once to put in an appearance. According to the programme which the "Oldest Inhabitants' Association" has not varied from for the last quarter of a century more or less, its members solemnly convened at the place designated. After the opening preliminaries and an ode "Kock of Liberty" was sung, the Declaration of Independence was read, then the "Star Spangled Banner" was sung, and lastly "Daddy" Goblright the "Nestor of the Press" delivered an address. This is a brief bird's-eye view of the manner of observance "of the day we celebrate" in this section.

KNOX.

He was a graduate of Harvard, and he got a position on one of the dailies last week. "Cut that stuff of your's down," said the city editor, as the new man came in with a column where a stickful only was required. "Do you mean a judicious elimination of the superfluous phraseology?" mildly returned the Harvard man. "No, boil it down!" thundered the city editor. The new man is gone now—gone back to Boston. He says there aint "cultuah" enough in Philadelphia.

The editor and co-proprietor of the Manchester "Examiner," the author of the article on the "Crown and Constitution" in the last "Quarterly Review," some months ago was offered \$20,000 a year by the London "Times" to join its editorial staff, and at about the same time \$21,000 by the "News" on the same terms. The owners of the "Examiner," however, offered him an equal partnership in the "Examiner" which yields him \$80,000 a year and independence.

PERSONAL.—Judge Jacobs never looked better physically than at present. He is received with the utmost warmth by all his former townfolk, irrespective of party, the feeling being a general one that he has done all for the people and Territory that it was possible for any delegate to do. He will remain in his old home until the middle of November, when he will again take his departure for the scene of Congressional labor.—"Tribune."

The money order service has been discontinued at the following post-offices: Fort Bridger and Camp Stambaugh, in Wyoming Territory; at Fairview, in Idaho Territory; at Fort Abercrombia, in Dakota Territory; at Danbury, Nebraska; at Detroit, Kansas; at Lockland, Ohio; at Waynesville, Missouri; at Wilton, Minnesota; and at Tacoma, Washington Territory.

In Cos Cob may be seen a house that has been surrounded by sea-folding for years, although tenanted, because by Connecticut law unfinished houses are exempt from taxation.

The National Temperance Society has issued, in the past thirteen years, over 550 publications of all sorts and sizes, from the one-page tract up to the bound volume of 500 pages.

If Mr. Sherman would stand still long enough to be hit, and not strike back so energetically, the Democrats would be happier.

A number of Liverpool butchers have purchased an ocean steamer for the purpose of transporting American pigs to the English market. Should the first venture prove a success, a regular line of steamers will be established to carry on the trade.

A LITTLE girl was giving testimony before the court, when the opposing lawyer put on a fierce look and demanded if she knew where liars went. "To the Potter Committee I guess—that's what papa says," replied the sweet little lump of innocence.

A banquet in a Western city was lately given to twenty-five soldiers of the war of 1812; their united ages up to 2,120 years, the youngest survivor being 91 and the oldest 94. They all still draw pensions regularly.

MARRIED.—Judge McArthur, of the Supreme Bench of Oregon, was married to Miss Nesmith, daughter of ex-Senator Nesmith, on the 10th inst.

Look not upon the ice water when it beareth itself upon the outside of the goblet, for at the last it doubleth a man up like watered stock in a railroad company.

Howard University, for colored Students, Washington, D.C., shows a strength of two hundred and twenty five in all departments.

PATENTS and how to obtain them. Pamphlet of 60 pages free, upon receipt of stamps for postage. Address GILMORE, SMITH, & CO., Solicitors of Patents, Box 44, 47 Washington, D.C.

Dissolution Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that the co-partnership heretofore existing under the name and style of Hoxsie and Fowler, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. Mr. E. S. Fowler retiring from the firm. B. S. Hoxsie is authorized to sign the firm name in liquidation.

B. S. HOXSIE,
E. S. FOWLER.

N. B.—All accounts owing by the late firm must be presented at once for payment; and persons indebted to said firm will please settle without delay.

B. S. HOXSIE,
E. S. FOWLER.

Port Townsend, July 1, 1878. 20

NOTICE.

IN THE MATTER OF THE ESTATE OF Enoch S. Fowler deceased. ON READING AND EXAMINING the petition of Egor Barravekoff, filed and recorded in this Court on the first day of June, A. D. 1878, praying for an order directing the Executrix of said estate to convey to him lot 8, in block 4, in Port Townsend.

It is hereby ordered that Monday, the 22d day of July, 1878, at 2 o'clock P. M., that being a day of the regular term of this Court, at the Court-room of this Court be the time and place for the hearing of said petition, at which time and place all persons interested in said estate, are required to appear and show cause why the prayer of said petition should not be granted, by filing their objections thereto in writing.

J. A. KUHN, Probate Judge.
Port Townsend, W. T., July 2, 1878.

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Vegetables.

Also, Corned Beef and Pork, Smoked Meats, Pork and Bologna Sausages, Head Cheese, Tripe, &c., &c.

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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.,
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PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.



The splendid sidewheel Steamship **Dakota**, 2100 Tons. H. G. MORSE, COMMANDER. WILL LEAVE ON THE DATES HERE after mentioned: Fare from Port Townsend to San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO.	PT. TOWNSEND.	VICTORIA.
July 10	July 18	July 20
" 30	Aug 8	Aug 10
Aug. 20	" 28	" 30
Sept. 10	Sept 18	Sept 20
" 30	" "	" "

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

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

Passengers from up-Sound ports will take Puget Sound mail steamer and make connection with the City of Panama at Victoria. Steamer **Dakota** goes through to Olympia. These steamers leave Victoria at noon on the day advertised. Tickets are good only on the steamer for which they are purchased, and are not transferable. For freight or passage apply on board, or to H. L. TIBBALS, General Agent for Puget Sound, Port Townsend.

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

To the merchants of Port Townsend, we will say that we receive all your goods and advance the coin for your freight bills, for which we certainly expect your patronage, as we have arranged to receive, shipping, and deliver in tenor goods for many years past. We are still prepared to do all your work at fair and reasonable prices.

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Notice to Shipmasters.

I beg to give notice to all ship 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 tevedore on Puget Sound.

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