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## PUGET SOUND ARGUS

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### OREGON POLITICS.

The Causes that Led to the Result at the  
Late Election.

NECESSITY FOR REPUBLICAN HARMONY.

Corr the to National Republican.]

PORTLAND, OREGON, June 22, 1878.

Dispatches and late Eastern journals received here do much injustice to the Republicans of Oregon and to our worthy and honored Senator, John H. Mitchell. The impression is conveyed in these telegrams and papers that the defeat of the Republican Legislative ticket in this State is attributable to the course of the friends of Senator Mitchell, and likewise to his own conduct in stubbornly persisting in his candidacy for re-election. To sustain this erroneous presentation of the case, it is alleged that the Senator is unpopular among the mass of the Republicans; that to be a friend of his and a candidate is to be defeated before the people in every precinct where the party has not a greatly overwhelming majority as here in Multnomah County. The reverse of this is true, except in a few disaffected districts; and it is also true that in some of the strongest Democratic counties—notoriously so in Eastern Oregon—Senator Mitchell has more warm friends among the Democrats, solely on account of his successful efforts to benefit the State in the most important matters dependent upon the action of the National Government, than any Republican who has ever represented this State in either branch of Congress, and these Democrats would now prefer Senator Mitchell, notwithstanding his uncompromising devotion and loyalty to the Republican party, to several of the Democratic leaders that might be named, such as Colonel Nesmith and ex-Congressman Slater.

To clearly understand the cause of the defeat of the Republicans in the legislative elections in Oregon, it is necessary to have information of certain facts which have had existence for many years past. The condition of affairs in the great State of New York might be sighted to intelligibly typify the situation with us here, assuming the position of Senator Mitchell to that occupied in the Empire State by her peerless Senator, Roscoe Conkling, and the antagonistic element to that which has its parallel in the combination of Fenion and Curtis—with much of the same pretension to all the decency and all the integrity; whereas the one is a matter of buckram and the other a very thin plating. As far back as 1866 Senator Mitchell and ex-Governor Gibbs, came in conflict as Republican candidates for the Senatorship. Gibbs obtained the caucus nomination of the Republican members of the Legislature; whereupon Mr. Mitchell, although strenuously urged so to do by a number of Republicans, who, from the first refused absolutely to vote for Gibbs under any circumstances, declined to allow the further use of his name for the place. The Republican sentiment of the State was so vehement against Gibbs that it was impossible to elect him. To prevent the re-election of Senator Nesmith, who was preferred to Gibbs by several Republican members, Henry W. Corbett, a rich merchant was finally chosen. Mr. Mitchell endeavored to persuade the Republicans to adhere to caucus rule, and support Gibbs. His efforts were fruitless. Yet Gibbs in his disappointment and rage, laid his defeat at Mitchell's door, and ever since that time he and his followers have pursued and factiously opposed that gentleman. And this is one branch of the present antagonism to our trusted Senator.

The other branch is still more formidable. Its history can be thus sketched: In the campaign of 1872 there was a movement started in Oregon to induce the Republicans to desert the standard which General Grant had so victoriously borne to the front, and to enlist under the trailed banner of the Democracy, with Greeley at the head. Senator Corbett's term would expire in March of the next year. Mr. Mitchell was the acknowledged and unchallenged standard-bearer of the Republican organization of Oregon. He stood unrivalled in the affection and confidence of nineteen-twentieths of the party, and the Legislature elected in June of that year were known to be in favor of choosing him to succeed Senator Corbett. The Gibbs and Corbett factions, in order to defeat his election, organized anti-Grant clubs and sent as a delegate to the Greeley Convention at Cincinnati, General Jasper W. Johnson, a Democrat, who had canvassed the State for Grover for Governor. At that time the Republican organ, the "Oregonian," was edited by Harvey W. Scott, who had been appointed collector of the Portland custom-house through the influence of Senator Corbett. He hesitated in his course and now sided with the anti-Grant Club, now with the genuine Re-

publicans. He was half-hearted and easily corrupted, caring for place and money more than for party. Before the Legislature convened Mr. Corbett suddenly arranged for the purchase of the "Oregonian," and it passed into his hands in time to enable him to use it as a powerful engine against Mr. Mitchell. Scott was displaced and a more trusty tool of Corbett's employed as editor. To retain his place as collector, Scott then became zeal for Mitchell's election. It was accomplished without his aid. The "Oregonian" then ceased to be a Republican paper, and in 1873, when the Corbett faction, smarting under the defeat of their leader for the Senate and the triumph of Mitchell, organized an Independent party. In the special election for Congressman that year they put a ticket in the field in opposition to the regular Republican candidate. The division cost the Republicans a defeat. Nesmith was elected by the Democrats.

The campaign of 1874, for State officers, was again won by the Democrats, because of the unfortunate division in the Republican ranks led by the "Oregonian" and the Corbett-Gibbs faction, and since then the feud has been bitterly prosecuted. Its object was the defeat of Senator Mitchell. It gave the State to the Democrats in 1876, and elected Grover to the Senate in place of a sound Republican. It has now again beaten the party for the Legislature, the Senator, the Congressman, and the Governor. It is determined to rule or ruin, and to rule it never can with its present leaders. For his treachery to the party, Scott was removed from the custom-house by President Grant, and Corbett then put him back on the "Oregonian" as editor. He is the basest and most vindictive of Senator Mitchell's pursuers.

The Republicans of Oregon have no respect for him, no confidence in him. They regard him as an Ishmaelite, with the cross of the Dalgetty. His columns were filled daily with vituperation against Senator Mitchell and other honored Republican leaders during the late campaign. But, unfortunately, the "Oregonian" is the oldest and richest paper in the State, and it has a monopoly of the telegraph dispatches, and therefore it has the largest circulation of all. Hence its capacity for harm. Moreover to beat Mitchell, the faction opposed to him made open alliance with the Democrats on the legislative ticket. "Anything to defeat Mitchell!" was their cry, the same as "Anything to beat Grant!" was their watchword in 1872.

They have succeeded; but their triumph has cost the Republican party only temporary reverse, while it has forever ruined themselves in the political field in Oregon. We will yet elect Mr. Mitchell to the Senate, where he has served his State and his party to better purpose and with greater ability than any who has set in that body to represent us since the days of the hero, orator, statesman, General E. D. Baker. Senator Mitchell is now the most popular Republican leader of this State. Under no other could the party here rally so zealously and strongly to the polls. By his influence and weight of his name we have carried four of the five candidates on our State ticket. Only for the troubles at Washington, in respect to Mr. Hayes' administration, Oregon would have gone solid for the whole Republican ticket—from top to bottom. But for this dark cloud now hovering over the party the re-election of Senator Mitchell would be a foregone conclusion. It is this, and to the miserable faction in this State, herein alluded to, the Republicans here know, and the Republicans in the East ought to be told, that the defeat of our candidates for Congressman, for Governor, and of the Legislative ticket, must be assigned. With another leader than Senator Mitchell, the entire ticket would have been lost, and the Democrats would have swept the State. The Republican hosts of Oregon will yet rally to his support, and under his lead hew their way to victory. He is still the chosen champion of the party throughout the State, and the result in 1880 and in 1882 will demonstrate this beyond all question. VINDEK.

The tramp nuisance has grown to alarming proportions in the East, some of the large cities being overrun with the idlers. At Devenport, Iowa, around which about 600 are encamped, a crowd of them were recently provided with lodgings in the station-house. In the morning, when the Police Sergeant offered them breakfast in return for an hour's work, they merely grinned at his adamant cheek. It was extremely refreshing to ask high-bred American citizens to soil their hands at breaking stone, when they could just as conveniently skirmish for "hand-outs."

Unless something is done very soon to preserve it, Washington's will and the accompanying notes will soon be lost. That valuable document is now on file in the office of the clerk in the court in Fairfax county, Virginia. It is kept in a glass case, and, from appearance, the writing has almost faded away. Owing to old age it will not bear handling.

Never be a rich man's son. See the trouble the Vanderbilts boys are having; and here are the Lord-boys just as bad off as sons can be, with their father married to a dashing society widow.

Chinese soldiers are patient fellows. They don't talk of mutiny until their pay is five years in arrears.

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Edna's Answer.

Yes I did say when you whispered  
 Words of love so sweet and low,  
 "Come to me upon the morrow  
 And I answer yes or no?"

Now you've come, you're bending o'er me,  
 Swearing too by heaven above,  
 That the one to whom you're pleading  
 Is your first and only love.

Hollin Howard, you've deceived me,  
 You have played the coward's part,  
 You must go, I trust no longer  
 He who trifles with my heart.

Just an hour ago I listened  
 While a maiden, bowed with shame,  
 Told a story fraught with sorrow,  
 Told me of a tarnished name.

Told how lured by one's sweet pleadings,  
 Left her sunny southern home;  
 Now forsaken, hopes all scattered,  
 She is left alone to roam.

Standing there, her dark eyes flashing,  
 Anger stamped upon her face,  
 With her arm upraised to heaven,  
 You she cursed and all your race.

Think you now I'll trust my future  
 Unto you? no, never! Then  
 This my answer to your question,  
 "We must never meet again."

Vile deceiver! base impostor!  
 Leave me, ere like one who hurled  
 Curses on thy head, I too show  
 Thy true colors to the world.

Love Better Than Riches.

The October haze hung like a gauze of gold about the purple tops of the low-lying country hills. Perched among them shone the pale stone walls and ornate roof of a superb country seat. Behind it rolled and rumbled the glistening river, and before it, almost under the pretty bay-windows, ran the elm flanked commour highway.

A man, very young and very handsome, with brown, dreamy eyes, rode by that day.

He looked up, and saw a lady standing on a balcony above him. About her regal figure fell folds of lusterless amber silk and foam pale laces. Her Spanish eyes, and delicate, haughty features, smiled down upon him from behind an exquisite fan; she wore white roses on her bosom, and an arrow of gold and diamonds held back from her dusky brows the glossy plaits of her ebony hair.

"It is Madeline," he thought, drawing rein. "She is very beautiful! They told me she is past thirty, but she looks younger than I, and I am twenty-one. It won't be very hard for me to obey my uncle, I fancy."

The wealthy and eccentric old uncle who had reared and educated him had sent Algernon Heath to this elegant place with a friendly letter of introduction, ostensibly given that his beloved nephew might have a week of change and quiet, but really, privately, and commandingly, that the said nephew should meet, woo, win, and marry a beautiful creature, whose lands and lucre should be worthy of his great expectations.

A glance from those brilliant eyes told the young man that he had reached his destination.

He had never seen the lady before, but it was flatteringly evident that she knew him, and was a bit merry because, through his ignorance of the locality, he had missed the entrance.

He returned her smile, lifted his hat gallantly, wheeled his horse, and rode back to the gloomy gate of iron, guarded by two bronze lions rampant.

"I have crossed the rubicon!" he thought again, as the big, grim gates clanged behind the heels of his uncle's favorite black. "Methinks when I recross I shall carry my good relative the message, 'I came, I saw, I conquered!'"

Algernon Heath was only twenty-one. He had his fancies and his follies, but he knew nothing of the love that can make a lifetime of misery or a single day of rapturous, blissful peace. He was doing the bidding of one who had enervated his fine strong nature by too much ease and delicious living—that was all.

He was welcomed warmly, and his stay was prolonged unreasonably, and he left only to return in a few weeks to claim the Spanish-eyed Madeline as his bride.

Algernon Heath was proud of his handsome, stylish wife. She was passionately fond of him, and, alas! quite as passionately jealous.

Why should she not be—this world-worn coquette of thirty, who had snared the fevered fancy of his youth, well knowing that his untouched heart might some day thrill to the claim of a fresh and true affection?

But they were reasonably content in their marital bonds for ten quiet years.

Out of Madeline's fortune her husband had had a prodigal share, and she never reproached him for his lavish extravagance. He was always kind, and true, and devoted, and surely she could ask no more.

Her father died the first year after her marriage; but Algernon's uncle still lived, hoarding his millions for a munificent final bequest to a favorite charitable institution, it was said and believed.

Madeline believed it, and, with the instinct of jealousy, guessed that the eccentric old gentleman had planned her marriage with his young nephew for a purpose of his own.

"He imagined that a rich wife would rid him of Algernon's extravagant demands for money," she thought bitterly, when she felt death creeping through her veins. "He knew his plans, of course. If my husband married me for love, he will never take another wife when I am gone. If he married me for my worldly possessions, I have a way to thwart his sordid, heartless desires."

And so Madeline Heath made just such a will as rich and aged men often make who have taken unto themselves very young, very poor, and very unthinking wives.

And with this jealous bitterness in her soul, she died, leaving to her husband, if he remained unwedded, the whole of her fortune; but should he marry again, he would be penniless as he was the day he led her to the altar.

"Poor Maddie!" was the only comment made by the husband who had faithfully been fond of her in his way; "I have never yet seen a woman her peer in beauty and goodness."

And for five long years he was the most inimitable widower who ever wore crape on a fashionable hat.

He was not gloomy and lugubriously uncongenial—certainly not. The world thinks no better of us for bearing out our solemn sorrows, and displaying them with the purple amarantus pinned on our velvet lappets.

But Algernon Heath accepted his wealth and his freedom in an easy way that seemed selfish, if not enjoyable.

It was another October day, when the luscious rosy apples were dropping ripe from the branches, and the scarlet leaves were drifting, breeze-borne, through the yellow haze, that he met Susy Wright.

He was out on a lonely hunt for the sly foxes and wild rabbits which had spoiled his hennery and gardens.

A timid thing, with a coat of snowy fur and scared pink eyes, scampered across his path.

He levelled his gun, with a random aim, and fired.

He fancied he heard a small, human cry of pain, as he sprang over the green arbor-vitæ hedge for his quarry.

What he saw was like a picture from the fresh canvas of our best living artists. It was a background of a low hill, veiled in mist; at its base a fringe of sweetbrier and wild rose shrubs, from which the bloom of snow and pink had fallen and faded months ago, leaving only the scarlet seed-shells that hung thick in the shadow of dim dark firs.

Against this background, radiant and distinct, stood a tall and supple form, robed in a gown as brown as the brown autumn leaves that clung wreath-like in her curls of dead-gold hair. Her features could never have served for the model of the modern sculptor—there was something too humanly, vividly expressive in their irregular unclassic contour. And in her bosom she held a panting, snow-white, pink-eyed rabbit. The little creature was unhurt; but a few drops of ruddy blood dripping from her torn and smoking sleeve told the sportsman where his careless shot had struck.

"How could you fire at such a harmless thing?" she asked, angrily.

"Pardon me," returned Algernon Heath, with anxiety. "I certainly would not have done so had I thought I might have made you a target."

"Oh!" said the girl, conscious for the first time of a sting of pain, and glancing at her arm through which the random shot had ploughed a ragged furrow; and then she turned and sped away, quite as shy as the scared rabbit she still held.

Algernon Heath was by no means contented until he had ascertained the name and circumstances of the lovely creature who had spoiled his cruel sport. These things were ascertained speedily; Susy Wright was only the poor dependent of a small farmer in the neighborhood.

But these facts did not prevent him from making an apologetic call the next morning, followed by many others. And these calls were repeated until Susy Wright knew that she loved the rich man, and that the rich man loved her.

And yet Algernon Heath said nothing to bind in a betrothal the secret of their hearts; Susy only knew his affection from the deep, unwavering tenderness of his brown, large eyes, the clinging touch of his warm, caressing fingers, and the passionate, insidious tones that uttered those vague, poetic sayings, such as never can be repeated in sentiment, for a trusting woman's defense.

He loved her and his heart knew it; but to marry her, and give up the ease and luxury that had become part of his life, was quite another question.

Of course Susy knew nothing of that fatal will, nor the equally fatal conditions that held him to his pleasant life of indolence and liberty.

"His manner towards me is always full of unspoken passion. He will ask me to be his wife soon. And what will I say? He is so rich and manly, and I am so poor," she thought one evening, as she came down from her room through the sombre hall attired in a cheap dress of the flax-straw yellow color of her flowing hair, and faintly strewn with buds like the wax-flower blue of her eyes.

She drew her fleecy white wool shawl about her graceful shoulders, as a strong perfumed wind swept up from the open door at the farther end of the hall.

Noiselessly, on her velvet shod feet she advanced to close it, when she heard the voice of Algernon Heath answering something said by her cousin.

"You are quite right. Susy should have known this long ago. I love her as I thought I could never love a human being. I have no trade nor profession. I have lived a life of ease, and could not support her. It is the fault of false training, I suppose. Since I knew her I have turned my thoughts towards the business by which my uncle made his money, and

of which I know something, but as yet I have failed in my most promising efforts. I fear that I am too old, to succeed in anything except idleness," and he laughed a hard, weary, cynical laugh. "For myself I might face poverty, but I could not see the woman I love want for the commonest necessities of life. I must not ask Susy to share misery with me."

"You have greatly wronged her, Mr. Heath," replied her cousin, "for you have certainly won her affection."

Susy Wright, hearing this, drew her white shawl about her shoulders, and stole away shivering.

He did not see her that night, nor for weeks after. She avoided him with a sick heart.

One day as she was coming up the high-way, she saw him pacing up and down before the high hedge that outlined the boundary of the Heath estate. He was very pale, and the hands that crossed behind him were clasped with skeleton fingers. This fight between love and riches had made him a hapless, hopeless, desolate man.

On the other side of the hedge workmen were busy felling a giant willow, the shadow of which had been ruinously detrimental to the orchard trees behind it. The last stroke of the axe had been given, when a rope snapped asunder, and the huge, heavy trunk shook and shivered, and then swayed towards the hedge. Algernon Heath stood directly in its way, but he was quite unconscious of his danger. Susy Wright, with a wild, warning shriek, sprang forward and clutching his arm, thrust him aside with superhuman strength.

He was saved; but she was struck down by a cruel blow from one of the large branches.

And during the weeks that followed, the girl babbled in her delirium of her love and lover, until he who heard her was smitten with contrition and pain. When she came back to clear, conscious life again, Algernon Heath sat by her side. She had a glimpse of somebody vanishing through the door, as if by prearrangement.

"My little girl," said the voice of her lover, "you have taught me and told me many things in your fever talk. You are to get well soon and be my wife. Poverty and love will bring us more happiness than riches and loneliness."

The kiss on her lips steeped her senses into a sweet slumber, and then, after many hours, she was awakened by a kiss, like the sleeping princess.

But those who stood by her bedside banished him who kissed her, and would not allow him to see her again until she was strong enough to go down to the parlor in her pretty flax-straw tinted, flax-flower figured cambric.

A dull red scar was still visible above the snowy temple, where the golden ringlets had been shorn away.

"No, Mr. Heath," said she, when he brought her to be his wife: "I heard all you said to my cousin that night, and I should always feel a guilty and most unhappy woman if I should allow you to sacrifice your riches by a marriage with me."

"Susy, dear girl," he responded, impressively, "I have already given the fortune up, and I am succeeding much better in the business I undertook some months ago. It is all for your sake, my love, and you cannot be so unkind as to refuse to cheer and inspire me in my new endeavor. You did not save my life to make me wretched, did you, Susy?"

Overborne by her affection and his earnest pleadings, Susy promised all he asked, and a few months after she was the bride of a very quiet wedding.

For a year they shared contentedly together the bitter and the sweet. Economy brought them comfort; persevering thought and labor brought them hope for the future; and their true, strong love—always forbearing and never regretful—brought them happy peace.

It was on the anniversary of their bridal day.

"Are you happy, dear? Have you anything to regret?" asked Susy, as she bent over her husband's chair, and threaded caressingly his auburn red curls with her tender fingers.

"I am more than happy, my wife; I am grateful to Heaven for you, and for this new life that, I believe, has made me a better man."

As he spoke, a small sealed package was brought up to them.

"From my uncle," he observed, noting the scrawling address.

They had not been friends since Algernon's second marriage. The old gentleman had been pleased to stigmatize his nephew as a "Quixotic fool," and the world was mostly of the same opinion.

"I apologise," wrote the rich man, "for all the harsh things I have thought and said of you. I want to know your wife. She has made a man of a spendthrift, and thus must be worth knowing. Beg her to accept, with my regards, this set of diamonds. I have discovered that you can make money now as fast as you used to waste it; therefore consider yourself as my heir. I have made my will to that effect, and send hereby the first installment of what will soon be your own."

There was but little more of this concise and direct epistle; but there were tears in Susy's shell-like ears and about her lovely neck and arms the precious jewels.

"Let me change the proverb, dear," he said. "Money is potent, but love is omnipotent; for has not all my good fortune come to me for love of Susy?"

White and Yellow Corn.

Mr. J. Averill, of Paw-Paw, Mich., asks: "What is the relative value of white and yellow corn for feeding purposes, and especially for the fattening of pork?" I am sure I do not know, and I do not know any one who does know so fully that we can accept his knowledge with entire confidence that he is correct; and for the reason, in the first place, that we have no accurate analyses of Indian corn to the extent necessary to enable us to decide whether white or yellow corn contains the greatest amount of fattening or carbonaceous substances. In the second place, no doubt that soil, situation, climate and latitude affect Indian corn, as they are known to do wheat, and Indian corn, like wheat, would be pretty sure to take up more mineral matters from the soil, and more nitrogenous ones from the soil and atmosphere together, on strong, rich land, and under a long, warm, summer climate, than on a poor soil, in a short, cool summer. We know most Southern corn absorbs more water in cooking than Northern corn, makes better bread, and, if we accept the accounts of travellers as facts, we know the national tortillas of the Mexicans to be made of Indian corn solely, and, after being baked, to be tough and leathery, as buckwheat cakes are. So far as Illinois is concerned nine-tenths of all the corn grown is of the yellow varieties, the preference for white corn being confined to the southern part of the State; but those eaters of corn bread having Southern antecedents are sure to choose white corn meal, as those of Eastern are quite as sure to select yellow meal for culinary purposes. If our information is correct the larger share of the corn grown in the South is of the white varieties, the white ones only being used for bread, as the yellow ones are cultivated and preferred in the North. Generally speaking, then, on these grounds, I think it may be safely assumed that Northern corn contains most oil or starch and Southern corn most mineral or albuminous matter; that the former will produce the largest increase of adipose matter in the shortest time, and the latter will increase the size of the bones and muscles most in the same way. —Correspondence Country Gentleman.

ONLY TRIFLES.—When tempted to scorn the little duties of our calling, let us think of such sayings as the following: One day a visitor at Michael Angelo's studio remarked to that great artist, who had been describing certain little finishing "touches" lately given to a statue, "But these are only trifles." "It may be so," replied the sculptor, "but recollect that trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle." In the same spirit the great painter Poussin accounted for his reputation in these words, "Because I have neglected nothing." It is related of a Manchester manufacturer that, on retiring from business, he purchased an estate from a certain nobleman. The arrangement was that he should have the house with all its furniture just as it stood. On taking possession, however, he found that a cabinet which was in the inventory had been removed, and on applying to the former owner about it, the latter said, "Well, I certainly did order it to be removed, but I hardly thought you would have cared for so trifling a matter in so large a purchase." "My lord," was the reply, "if I had not all my life attended to trifles, I should not have been able to purchase this estate; and, excuse me for saying so, perhaps if your lordship had cared more about trifles you might not have had occasion to sell it."

EXERCISE FOR FOWLS.—The Poultry Herald thinks that confined chickens should have exercise and amusement, and says: "As often as once a week through the hot months of June and July it will be found a good plan to dig over and turn up the soil, spade deep, in the earth floors of your fowl houses, as well as through the runs about the outside of the poultry quarters.

"This easy process affords means for exercise again for the birds that are limited to contracted space. A great number of worms, grubs, &c., are thus brought to the surface, which the hens and chicks will devour greedily, and they will scratch for these vigorously.

"This method, if followed up three or four times a month, will clean the premises under foot and render the ground healthier for the stock to wander over. Before the earth is thus loosened and mellowed scatter whole grain over it—oats, barley or whole wheat; and in this way you may keep the stived-up fowls busy, afford them needed exercise, purify the earth under their feet and prevent many a viciously inclined hen from acquiring the troublesome habit of plucking the feathers from her more docile companions' necks."

TEMPLES OF THE ANCIENTS.—In the temples of the ancients, they often suspend a curtain before the statue of the divinity, during the time when they were not sacrificing. In the temple of Jupiter, at Olympia, there was a curtain of extreme value, beautifully woven with wood, after the manner of the Assyrians, and dyed with the Tyrian purple, which was presented to the temple by Antiochus. When they would discover the sacred statue to the eyes of the adoring crowds that assembled within the walls of the temple, the curtain was lowered, as in the temple of Jupiter, at Olympia, or raised as in that of Diana, at Ephesus. Stuart, in his Antiquities of Athens, thinks that the ancient veil of the temple was for the purpose of covering the centre part of the hypæthros, which was unroofed. This sort of curtain differs from the celarium of the Romans, that was used in their theatres and amphitheatres.

Life's Disappointment.

Mr. Grimes had an occasion to ride in a street car the other day. All the seats were occupied, except those owned by parties standing up, and Grimes was classed among the latter. As he hung tenaciously to a strap pendant from the car top, his attention was attracted by the keenness with which a lady close by eyed him. Mr. Grimes immediately put on his best countenance, brushed a speck of dust off the lapel of his coat, and adjusted his eye-glasses. His hardest stare and most winsome smile were apparently received with marks of appreciation by the party on whom they were bestowed. The space of but a few moments served to give him an opportunity he longed for. The seat next the lady was vacated, almost, it seemed, for Mr. Grimes' particular benefit; at all events, he proved himself equal to the occasion, and immediately filled the vacancy.

"How do you do, Mr. Grimes?" from the lady, caused the heart of that gentleman to thump against his ribs with a force that betokened the presence of some strong emotion kindled in his breast.

"You don't seem to recognize me," continued she, with a sly look; "I'm Mrs. Beeme; I used to be Sallie Quigby." And Mr. Grimes' heart-throbs immediately became reduced to a dull, heavy measure of time.

Mr. Grimes looked out of the corners of his eyes two or three times, and Mrs. Beeme carefully removed a few wisps of straw about the car floor with her parasol.

"I haven't seen you for fifteen years," said she slowly, and with something of a tremor in her voice.

"No," returned Mr. Grimes, with some show of feeling, "we haven't met for fifteen years. Are—you—married?" he added, with a sigh, and then ventured a closer scrutiny of his companion.

"Yes," she slowly sighed, and with a quick look of inquiry, she asked, "Are you?"

As Mr. Grimes gave a long drawn out utterance to an affirmative expression, his chin sank upon his bosom. Presently he found courage to inquire: "How-long long have you been married?"

"Eleven years," she replied, lengthily and with down cast eyes, "how long have you?"

"Seven years," and then assuming something more of a business tone of voice, he continued: "Got any children?"

"Four," said Mrs. Beeme, with a downward inflection of the voice. "How many have you?"

"Three," replied Mr. Grimes, as he convulsively reached for the bell-strap and gave it a vicious pull immediately making a break for the platform of the car.

As Mr. Grimes descended from the car-step he pulled his hat down savagely over his eyes, and, as Mrs. Beeme watched after his rapidly diminishing figure she heaved another sigh, and wistfully murmured, "It might have been otherwise." —Cincinnati Times.

A Romantic Wedding Ceremony.

The steamship *La Plass* yesterday landed at Castle Garden Master Antoine Lepporase, an Italian, aged 19, who could not speak a word of English, and Catharine Alligon, aged 16, a French girl, who could speak only French and English. During the voyage Lepporase fell violently in love with Catharine, but he could not make his passion known to her except by his looks. He had plenty of money and she was poor, and with much art the Italian managed to let Catharine know what a good speculation she would make by receiving his advances. She responded afterward. When the pair reached Castle Garden they made known to Interpreter McPherson their woes and wishes. Lepporase told McPherson that if he was delayed another day in his determination of marrying Catharine he should go mad, insisted that the ceremony should be immediately performed, and demonstrated his financial ability to care for a bride. Catharine being willing, the pair were taken before Rev. Mr. Berkmeier, but he refused to marry them. They were then taken before Justice Murray. He consented to join them. Mr. McPherson acted as interpreter, and Mr. Charles Washburn gave the bride away. She looked pretty, and cried sufficiently to make herself very interesting. The ceremony was performed in the Justice's private room, in the presence of a large crowd. —New York Times.

WITTY MANŒVRE.—The Duke of Grammont was the most witty courtier of his day. He entered one day the closet of the Cardinal Mazarin without being announced. His Eminence was amusing himself by jumping against the wall. To surprise a Prime Minister in so boyish an occupation was dangerous. A less skillful courtier might have stammered excuses and retired. But the duke entered briskly, and cried, "I'll bet you one hundred crowns that I jump higher than your Eminence." And the duke and cardinal began to jump for their lives. Grammont took care to jump a few inches lower than the cardinal, and six months afterward was Marshal of France.

THERE was a little fellow who knew Mother Goose better than he knew his Bible. One Sunday he was asked in his class, "Who was thrown into the fiery furnace?" That was too much for him. The question was passed; the answer came promptly, "Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego." This was a mortification to the little fellow, and when the next question came, "Who put them in?" he answered with a jump "Little Johnny Green!"

COLORADO HAS 1,000,000 sheep and 600,000 head of cattle. While cattle raising has always been profitable, it is claimed that sheep pay a greater percentage of profit on smaller investments.

## A Fearful Swing.

The "shaftmen" at our collieries are selected for their physical strength and pluck, in addition to the skill and practical knowledge required for their particular work. The incident we are about to relate will show how severely the former of these qualifications may at times be tested.

The work of these men is confined to the shaft of the pit, and consists mainly in repairing the "tubbing" or lining of the shaft, stopping leaks, or removing any obstructions interfering with the free passage of the cages up and down the pit. The coal-pit at N— has a double shaft, divided by a "bratticing" or wooden partition. These divisions we will call A and B. Two cages (the vehicles of transport up and down the pit) ascend and descend alternately in shaft A. At a certain point the shaft is widened, to allow the cages to pass each other, and their simultaneous arrival at this point is insured by the arrangement of the wire ropes on the winding-wheels over the pit-mouth. The oscillation of the cages is guarded against by wooden guides running down each side of the shaft, which fit into grooves in the sides of the cage.

On one occasion, during a very severe frost, these guides had become coated with ice, and thus their free passage in the grooves of the cages was interfered with. Before this obstruction was discovered, the engine having been set in motion, the downward cage, which fortunately was empty at the time, stuck fast in the shaft before arriving at the passing-point. The ascending cage, whose only occupant was a small boy returning to "bank," proceeding on its upward course, crashed into the downward cage in the narrow part of the shaft, where of course there was only a single passage. Though the shock was something terrific, the steel rope was not broken; as the engine, whose responsible position entails the greatest presence of mind and watchfulness, had stopped the engine on the first indication of an unusual tremor in the rope. Yet such was the violence of the meeting that both cages, though strongly constructed of iron, were bent and broken—in fact rendered useless—by being thus jammed together in a narrow space. The greater anxiety was felt as to the fate of the boy, as it was seen that even if he had escaped with life after such a severe crash, his rescue would be a work of great danger and difficulty.

We may imagine the horror of the poor little fellow when suspended in the shattered cage over a gulf some four hundred feet deep, both cages firmly wedged in the shaft, and the ropes rendered useless for any means of descent to the scene of the catastrophe. The readiest way of approach seemed to be by shaft B, the position of which we have indicated above. Down this, then, a shaftman whom we will call Johnson, descended in a cage until he arrived at an opening in the brattice-work by which he could enter shaft A. He found himself (as he supposed) at a point a little above where the accident occurred; and this conclusion he came to from seeing two ropes leading downwards, which he naturally took to be those by which the cages were suspended. Under this impression he formed the design of sliding down one of the ropes, with a view to liberating, if possible, the entangled cages, and securing the safety of the unfortunate boy. The hardy fellow was soon gliding through the darkness on his brave and dangerous errand. He had descended about forty feet, when, to his horror and amazement, his course was suddenly checked by a bend in the rope; and the terrible discovery flashed upon him that he was suspended in the loop of the slack rope, which here took a return course to the top of the downward cage.

It will be understood that when the descending cage stuck upon the runners, as the rope continued to unwind from the pulley it hung down in a loop, descending lower and lower, until the engine was stopped by the meeting of the cages. This loop or "bight" was naturally mistaken by Johnson for the two ropes, and he did not discover until he found himself in the fearful situation described, that he had entered through the brattice into shaft A below instead of above where the cages were fixed. There he hung, then, over a yawning abyss many fathoms deep—closed from above by the locked cages—all below looming dark and horrible.

None of course knew his danger; his hands were chilled by the freezing rope; his arms, already fully exercised, began to ache and stiffen with the strain and intense cold, added to the bewildering sense of hopeless peril. Good need there was then that pluck and endurance be found in the shaftman! His square, sturdy frame and unflinching spirit were now on their trial. Had his presence of mind gone or his nerve failed he must have been paralyzed with fear, lost his hold, and been dashed into an unrecognizable mass.

But self-preservation is a potent law, and working in such a spirit, he framed a desperate plan for a struggle for life. The guides running down the inside of the shaft are fastened to cross-beams about six feet apart. Johnson hoped that if he could reach one of these he might obtain a footing whereon to rest, and by their means clamber up to the opening in the brattice-work. How to reach them was the next question that flashed lightning-like through his brain. This he essayed to do by causing the rope to oscillate from side to side, hoping thus to bring himself within reach of one of the cross-beams. And now commenced a fearful swing. Gaining a lodgment with one knee in the loop, he set the rope swinging by the motion of his body, grasping out wildly with one hand each time he

approached the side of the shaft. Once, twice, thrice, he felt the cold icy face of the "tubbing," but as yet nothing except slimy boards met his grasp, affording no more hold than the glassy side of an iceberg. At last he touched a cross-beam, to which his iron muscles, now fully roused to their work, held on like a vice. He soon found footing on the beam below, and then letting go the treacherous rope, rested in comparative security before beginning the perilous ascent. With incredible endurance of nerve and muscle he clambered up alongside the guider, by the aid of the cross-beams, and by thrusting his hands through the crevices of the timber. In this manner he reached the opening in shaft B, where the cage in which he had descended was waiting. Chilled, cramped, and frozen, and barely able to give the signal, he was drawn to the pit-mouth prostrate and exhausted. The boy was rescued unhurt by a man being lowered to the top of the cages in shaft A. Johnson suffered no ill consequences, and though a hero above many known to fame, he still pursues his hardy task as a shaftman; while beneath the homely exterior still lives the pluck and sinew of iron that did not fail him even in his fearful swing.—*Chamber's Journal.*

## An Odd Affair.

A correspondent of the *Golden Rule* tells a humorous story of what happened to a lady at a dinner-party in a Western city. Seeing that the gentleman who handed her in to dinner was not of a literary turn, the lady, a good conversationalist, entertained him by talking of hunting, dogs, horses and fishing. The man was entertained and the lady exhausted.

It was not many days after that she encountered the same gentleman at another dinner-party, and lo and behold! it again fell to her lot to go to dinner with him. Turning frankly to him when they were about to be seated, she said: "Mr. So-and-so, you know quite well that we have talked up every subject which would mutually interest us. Come, I propose that instead of talking (since for the sake of our hosts we must appear happy and pleased with each other), we begin and count like this: One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen, and then laugh; and the other take it up and go on in the same way."

She had counted nearly up to fifty before he saw the joke, when suddenly he let forth a perfect roar of laughter, and catching up the idea, went on—one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, etc., until she had to laugh in spite of herself, and they began to be the envy of the whole table, and were pressed with queries as to what so amused them.

The lady told this in the presence of another bright woman, who lives in quite another part of the country. They both happened to be in New York on a visit. The story pleased her very much. She went home, and being at a dinner-party herself, she narrated it, producing peals of laughter from everybody but a single gentleman. He did not even smile. Their hostess at last cried out:

"Why, John, by your looks I should think it had been you!"

With an indescribable expression he answered, softly:

"It was."

This is a true tale.

## A Good Story of a Kind-Hearted Old Man.

A young pianist was giving concerts through the provinces of Germany for her support, and to enhance her reputation she advertised herself as a pupil of Liszt. In a little town in the interior of Germany, where she had announced a concert, she was confounded the day before the concert was to take place by seeing in the list of arrivals and at the same hotel where the concert was to be given, "M. L'Abbé Liszt." Here was a dilemma, and what to do she knew not. Her fraud would be discovered; she would be exposed; she could never give another concert; she was ruined.

Tremblingly she sought the presence of the great maestro, determined to make a clean breast of it, and cast herself on his mercy. Coming into his room with downcast eyes, she knelt at the old man's feet, and with many tears told her story—how she had been left an orphan and poor, with only her one gift of music with which to support herself; the difficulties she had encountered, until the fraudulent use of his great name had filled her rooms and her purse. "Well, well," said the great man, gently raising her up, "let us see, my child, what we can do. Perhaps it is not so bad as you thought. There is a piano; let me hear one of the pieces you expect to play to-morrow evening."

Tremblingly she obeyed, the maestro making comments and suggestions as she played, and when she had finished he added: "Now, my child, I have given you a lesson; you are a pupil of Liszt." Before she could find words to express her gratitude Liszt asked: "Are your programmes printed?" "No, sir," was the answer, "not yet." "Then say that you will be assisted by your master, and that the last piece on the programme will be played by the Abbé Liszt."—*Springfield Republican.*

If Mrs. Fry, of Albion, a native of Montgomery County, lives until the 10th of September next, she will be 108 years old. A short time since, in walking about the house, Mrs. Fry stumbled over a loose board, and, falling, injured her hip so that she has since been confined to her bed. It is doubtful whether she will ever again be able to walk. She is now in a very helpless condition physically, but her mental faculties are not seriously impaired.—*Oneego Times.*

## New York Notes.

Great aches from little toe-corns grow. Who would have thought that Judge Hilton's simple remark about the cause of the failure of the Woman's Hotel would raise such a storm about his ears? It was as good as seeing the great Count Joannes as Romeo or Richard to attend the indignation meeting in Cooper Institute. I have no doubt that the women on the platform were highly indignant, but if the audience was so I could not see it. It was rather late when I got in, and the hall was so packed with people that there was no chance to get beyond the doorway, especially as a policeman with a club played Cerebus and emphasized his objections with the locust (this is a locustom quite common in Gotham), but the waves of hilarity came rippling out over the heads of the crowd told that the folks inside were having a good time. On my way to the Institute a friend asked me if I intended to see the hair pulling. That was the way the indignation meeting was looked at by the general public, and evidently by most of those present. People seemed to think it a good joke and certainly the crowd got a good deal of fun out of it. Wall street was represented by a delegation of lively young brokers, who pounded the floor with their canes, stamped with their feet, got up a yell chorus now and then, and raised the mischief generally. They seemed to regard the affair as on a par with one of George Francis Train's mass meetings, or a Shakesperian delineation by the Count. Most of the audience apparently took the same view of it and acted accordingly. Finding a long-haired man, evidently a sympathizer, in one of the door-ways, trying to hear, but not catching much more than a medley of cheers, laughter and miscellaneous uproar, I decided to interview him.

"Quite a meeting, my friend, but what is it all about, anyway?"

"It is a meeting called by eminent ladies, sir, many of them distinguished in literature, to protest against the outrageous language applied to their sex by Judge Hilton."

"Indeed! What has he said?"

"Said, sir, said! The language he has used, sir, is simply atrocious."

"Ah! Pray what is it?"

"Why, sir, he has said that one reason why women would not go to his hotel was because men were not admitted. He has said that nearly all women, even those in middle life, hope to get husbands, and because the rules of his hotel prevented men from going there, except in a formal way, the women stayed away."

"And so they got mad about that?"

"Well, sir, I should not express it that way, but the ladies naturally became indignant and this meeting was called to give expression to their protest against the gratuitous insult uttered by Judge Hilton."

"But is it certain that Judge Hilton used the offensive language?"

"He was so reported in the *Times*, and if the reporter made a mistake it should have been corrected."

"Have the ladies asked Judge Hilton whether he used the language or not?"

"That I do not know. But as no correction has appeared it is to be supposed the language was used."

"Well, supposing that Judge Hilton did say what the reporter ascribed to him, wherein was it so offensive as the ladies say?"

"Why, sir, it was coarse and ungentlemanly, and it is right that the sex should be wined."

But at that moment the crowd backed up against the man with the long hair and pressed him tightly to the wall, and when he had succeeded in releasing himself after much hard squeezing, he seemed to have lost the thread of his remark.

A great deal was said at the meeting about withdrawing custom from Judge Hilton's store, but it did not seem to have much effect on ladies who had shopping to do next day. There were just as many carriages outside as usual and the army of clerks had all the business inside they could attend to. Judge Hilton informed a reporter in the course of the day that he paid no attention to the indignation meeting or those who engendered it, and that such things have no effect whatever upon business. This may be so, but the general belief here is that a very considerable decline has taken place in the business since Mr. Stewart's death. It is certain that the greater part of the Hebrew trade that the firm formerly had has been withdrawn, and it is not at all unlikely that the ladies who have taken offense at Judge Hilton's language will succeed in taking away some of the general trade. Persons claiming to be well informed say that the Stewart's estate is shrinking under Judge Hilton's management, and some go further. General assertions of this kind are not of much account, though it is probably quite true that the estate is not as valuable now as it was two or three years ago; Stewart's whole fortune was invested in real estate, factories and dry goods, and everybody knows that each of these has undergone a good deal of shrinkage since his death. If the total estate was then \$40,000,000, which is a pretty large figure, it probably is not worth over \$35,000,000 now. But to talk about bankruptcy seems utterly absurd. Stewart had no mortgages on his real estate and his business was conducted on the cash principle as to buying. Just now there may be more money going out than there is coming in, but the reserve fund is immense, and this is a pretty good guarantee that matters are not coming to a crisis in the Stewart establishment.—*Correspondence of Detroit Free Press.*

## Don't Fret.

Don't fret, don't! You cannot afford to, any more than a farmer can afford to sow his garden with noxious weeds. Look in your mirror the next time you are fretting, worrying, brooding over something gone entirely wrong, that should have gone entirely right. Do you recognize yourself? Lines between eyes that look gloomily into yours, eyes out of which the glad sparkle is departed, lips compressed into a hard, unlovely look, and a dark shadow resting upon the whole countenance. Can you afford to see that face often? Can you afford to let your friends see it?

No true woman ever lived, however plain-looking, but way down in her foolish little heart, unconfessed perhaps to any one, lurked a desire for beauty. People may sneer at it all they choose, we know beauty is a subtle charm before which the world bows. Queens have sighed for it, the great heart of Charlotte Cushman craved it, one and all wish for it. And a natural desire it is, not implanted by vanity, merely, but by that recognition of the beautiful that our Father endowed us with, when in his loving kindness he gave us so many beauties of his creation to enjoy.

There are but few to whom the thought of growing old is not painful. The young girl thinks of being fifty years old with repugnance; she does not think, if she is not better looking in every sense of the word at fifty, than at twenty, it is her own fault, and perhaps might open her pretty eyes very wide at the idea. Ah! my dear girls, the cosmetics you need are not to be purchased; they are not labelled "lily white," or "bloom of youth." Your deeds, and words, and your very thoughts, are day by day touching your fair faces into riper, purer, sweeter lines or gradually making them coarse, gross and dull. The change may be imperceptible to you, but Time, the busy sculptor, is unceasingly at his work. You can be beautiful if your face is not; true soul beauty casts a flash of its own brightness upon the plainest face, illuminating it with something akin to the look all shall wear that awakes into the likeness and actual presence of their Saviour.

One of the greatest enemies to true loveliness is fretting. Our American women, or many of them, before marriage lead lives that totally unfit them for physical exertion. They are reared under the hot-bed system, and their mental powers cultivated in exclusion of all else. They see nothing but the sunny side of life, and are taught little of self-reliance, without which, one's life often proves a miserable failure, and then, ere they are scarcely out of the school-room they give their fresh young hearts and lives, into hands but human like their own, and sometimes there are sad mistakes, hard lessons, and bitter experiences in store for them. How they meet life's troubles and vexations their faces in after years tell you.—*Household.*

## Anecdote of David Barton.

Only a few of the oldest citizens of Missouri remember Senator David Barton, one of our first and greatest statesmen. Barton came of very humble parents, his father and grandfather having been shoemakers; but, humble and lowly as they were, they gave to their illustrious descendant an untarnished name and a vigorous manhood, that stimulated and encouraged him in the battle of life which ended not only in placing him in the United States Senate, but in giving him a prominent and leading position in that body. Like the true and noble man that he was, it can be said to his credit, and truthfully, that this world's honors never turned his head, nor made him the least ashamed of his parents.

He was the contemporary of John Randolph, of Roanoke, the eccentric Virginian who boasted of being a descendant of Pocahontas, the Indian Princess. Barton and Randolph had many sharp debates in the Senate, in one of which the wit and sarcasm of the Virginian were hurled back with crushing effect.

Barton had risen to a point of order during a fierce debate between Randolph and some one else, at which the gentleman from Virginia took offense. Darting a fierce look at Barton, he suddenly turned his back upon him and addressed the Speaker. He said:

"Mr. President: The gentleman from Missouri is out of order. His remarks are not pertinent; no more so than my question would be were I to ask him what became of his grandmother's leather apron." [Laughter.]

Barton smothered his anger, and retorted in a dignified, gentlemanly manner, in pleasing contrast to the sharp, rasping tones of Randolph. He said:

"The gentleman goes out of the way to allude to a matter wholly irrelevant to the question before this body, in the hope, no doubt, of crushing me with shame. The poisoned shaft, so fiercely aimed, has missed its mark. I still live to say to this scoffer at humble worth that I glory in being the grandson of a man who not only wore a leather apron, but, in the hour of his country's peril, shouldered his musket and fought for the liberties we now enjoy. [Cheers.] As to the fate of his leather apron, I cannot speak positively, but we have a family tradition that it was lost during the Indian war—I say lost out of respect for the gentleman's feelings. Were I to speak in plainer language, I would say it was stolen, for such according to the tradition, was the fate of the leather apron. The gentleman's grandmother stole that apron and converted it into a breach-clout [laughter and applause], showing by this act that she possessed one virtue which her noble descendant does not—the virtue of shame."—*John W. Hatton in Chicago Ledger.*

Lowz drifts into hate more easily than indifference into animosity.

## Stonewall Jackson and the Sharpshooter.

Just before the battle of Chancellorsville, where Hooker was defeated by the terrible surprise in his rear, three foragers belonging to a Western regiment, one of them a sharpshooter, caught sight of "Stonewall" Jackson standing in the edge of a forest, reconnoitering the position of the Union army. The sharpshooter, who was a rough, profane man, known as "Old Pete," took deadly aim with his Minnie rifle at the General, from the window of an empty house. What followed is thus related by one of the three in the *Detroit Free Press.*

It seemed like cold-blooded assassination. I could almost count the buttons on Jackson's coat, and there seemed no escape for him. I was watching him when the rifle cracked. He had a field glass to his eye, and the only movement we could see was a quick motion of the head, as if the bullet had cut close to his ear. The glass was not even lowered. "Old Pete" swore as he realized his failure, but in a minute was ready again. "I hope never to draw another breath if I don't kill him!" he muttered, as he knelt down. Jackson did not face us as before, yet was a good mark even for a musket. We watched him as before, and this time the bullet must have swept past his face, as he dodged his face backward. The field glass went down then, but he raised it in an instant and went on with his survey.

"Have I got to be a fool, or have I grown blind," howled Pete, as he looked down upon his unharmed victim. "I'll kill him this time or shoot myself in this chamber."

It was dangerous to remain there longer, as the cavalry had crept nearer, and Jackson's aids seemed to have got the idea that a sharpshooter was posted near by. Yet "Old Pete" would have had a third shot if the Confederates had been in the house.

He took a more careful aim, and yet, when he fired, he saw splinters fly from a railroad over beyond the General. The cavalry were then close upon us, and our two muskets were lost in the hurried flight from the house. Half an hour after that, Jackson was driving our brigades and divisions as he willed.

"I'll measure off the same distance, shoot off-hand, and bet my life I can hit a soldier's cap nine times out of ten!" growled "Old Pete" as he hurried forward, and suddenly overcome by indignation and chagrin he battered his cherished gun against a tree and destroyed it.

As if seeking personal revenge, Jackson's legions passed right by us. The nearest brigade of Sigel's corps was picked up and dashed to pieces. Running along with the amazed and frightened men, but bearing off toward our own division, we picked up other muskets to replace our lost ones.

Reaching a knoll from which we had another view of the turnpike, we halted for a last look; over the heads of the frightened, fleeing soldiers—over the ground strewn with arms and accoutrements—over the blue smoke just beginning to rise, we saw Jackson again. He was far away, but it was Jackson.

"O the rebel! but he has got a guardian angel," howled "Old Pete," as he shook his fist toward the turnpike.

No other man ever had a rifle drawn on him at such fair range and escaped three cool, carefully aimed bullets. His escape sent a thrill of superstition through each mind, and from that hour to the moment when the news of Jackson's death reached us, "Old Pete" never spoke a word. Soon a soldier, hurrying along, shouted:

"We're all right. Stonewall Jackson has been killed up the road there!"

"Old Pete" leaped up, whirled around to face the bearer of the news, and savagely shouted back:

"You lie! you lie! you lie! Stonewall Jackson can't be hurt by shell or killed by bullet!" But it was so.

THE MAINE GIRL.—A New York newspaper correspondent who reached a down East summer resort early in the season, writes:

Let us speak a good word for the Maine girl. She is a splendid housewife; she has beautiful arms, and the time to see them is when she is making bread. Why hasn't Longfellow written of "The Baking of the Bread" along with the building of a ship? Or, has he? The Maine girl is fleshy, as a general thing, but the Maine man is lank.

She has a rosy, round face; she has hazel eyes, swept by long, silky lashes; she has high cheek bones, and high forehead; she has brains assure and true, if not surer and truer than Boston brains. Her lips are ripe and full. She sings from sunrise till she seeks her downy pillow at night. She is as merry and chirp as a sparrow; when she laughs she throws back her head. She looks beautiful. It is a grand sight to see a Maine girl laugh; it is thrilling, natural, unaffected. It is splendid; it is nature—poor, fallen nature risen. Where is the artist to paint the Maine girl laughing? to save that face on canvas; to duplicate that mouth in oil colors? If your phonograph has naught but an Eastern girl's laugh to throw back upon you, you are rich in melody.

There is a sweet simplicity about the girl. We are happy at introducing her to any strangers and hope we may be remembered, either by cake or invitation, when the marriage bells are ringing.

"I wish to ask the Court," said a facetious lawyer, who had been called to the witness stand to testify as an expert, "if I am compelled to come into this case, in which I have no personal interest, and give a legal opinion for nothing?" "Yes, yes, certainly," replied the mild-mannered judge; "give it for what it is worth."

**PUGET SOUND ARGUS.**



Our Authorized Agents.

CROSBY & LOWE, Olympia, W. T.  
 G. F. RAYMOND, Seattle, W. T.  
 W. M. ROBERTS, Port Ludlow, W. T.  
 COL. ENOCH MAY, Oregas Island, W. T.  
 E. L. ANDREWS, La Comber, W. T.  
 DAN'L GAGE, Skagit City, W. T.  
 PETER McLAUGHLIN, Stanwood, W. T.  
 ALYAH BLOWERS, Comstock, W. T.  
 G. D. CAMPBELL, Eddy's Landing, W. T.  
 JOHN L. SHERIDAN, Lopez Island, W. T.  
 W. H. PUMPHREY, Seattle, W. T.  
 H. H. HAYLOCK, Salem, Oregon  
 D. H. STEARNS, Portland, Oregon  
 T. N. HIBBEN & CO., Victoria, B. C.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF JEFFERSON CO.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 8, 1878.

**POST OFFICE AT SEQUIM.**

In the rush and bustle after fortune, our people must pause again to consider the claims of people, living along the Neah Bay mail route, relative to postal accommodations. This time it is the residents on and near Sequim Bay who are raising their protest, and they want a post-office.

A few days ago we had the pleasure of drafting a petition to the Hon. Postmaster General, setting forth the facts that on account of the proposed steam service on the route, to take effect on and after Oct. 1st, a post office could be established at Sequim and served without additional cost in carrying the mail or danger of delay and inconvenience to the offices already established on the route, etc., together with all other information necessary to demonstrate the necessity as well as practicability of making the change asked for. The resident farmers, laborers and mechanics, perhaps forty in number, who would get their letters and papers at the proposed new office, would be relieved of inconvenience in many ways by the change, including loss of time, labor, money, market facilities, &c. We sincerely hope the request will be granted, as it will prove another step in the onward and upward tendency of Clallam affairs. The people living near Sequim have long since needed just such a change as this, but it was quite out of the question while the mail was being carried to Neah Bay by a sailing craft as even the schooner Winefred, though a fast sailer, had all she could do to call at the offices already on the route.

Mr. Manning, the person recommended for postmaster, seems an appropriate incumbent for the position.

The second number of "The Resources of Oregon and Washington," a monthly journal, published at Portland, Oregon, by Dana C. Pearson, has reached us. For an eight-page journal, it conveys about as much information as possible about the portion of country which it represents. Its name indicates its use, while its price, \$1.50 per year, we are sure will not be grudgingly paid by any one after its merits are fairly understood. Its senior editor gives ample evidence of ability and experience in conducting such a publication, and he is satisfactorily seconded by Mrs. Francis Fuller Victor, as corresponding editor. Don't fail to send it to your Eastern friends.

**MILLIONAIRE DEAD.**—A dispatch was received at the bank of California, at San Francisco, on the 3d inst, from Carlstadt, Germany, announcing the death, on the 2d, at the latter place, of Michael Reese. The property of deceased, it is said, will approximate ten millions of dollars in valuation. With the exception of Senator Sharon, he is supposed to be the heaviest real estate owner in San Francisco.

**DR. F. WELSH,** dentist, late of Portland, is now in town and can be seen at the Central Hotel by those desiring work done in his line. Dr. Welsh comes very highly recommended and will no doubt give the most complete satisfaction. In Olympia, where he recently did considerable work, the "Transcript" speaks of him in terms of highest praise. He will remain here but a few days only.

**HON. JOHN KELLY,** Collector of Customs for the Willamette District, has been spending a few days at this place. He left here for up-Sound on Tuesday.

The original patent for the claim owned by Alex. Henderson, in Dungeness, has at last been secured by Messrs. Bradshaw & Inman, of this place.

**City Council Meeting.**

Since writing an item about the meeting of the new City Board of Councilmen, we have interviewed the clerk and find that in addition to the elections noticed, Dr. N. D. Hill was made Assessor and H. L. Tibbals Harbor Master. The members of the Council settled the question as to who should first step down and out, by drawing lots. Messrs. Rothschild, Hill and Newton, drew for the short term, and their terms of office will consequently expire next year, while Messrs. Tibbals, Bartlett, James and Dalgarno will hold over for two years. F. W. James submitted a report as street commissioner stating that B. S. Miller had completed half of his contracted work of street filling. On motion the Mayor was authorized to draw a warrant in favor of Miller for the sum of \$251.66, the same being one-third of the contract price. The treasurer was authorized to issue receipts for dog-tax for the remainder of the present current year at \$1.25 each. The Mayor was instructed to wait on the Board of County Commissioners and request authority to elect an additional justice of the Peace for Port Townsend precinct. The following bills were ordered paid:

W. H. Learned, J. P., fees... \$ 4.60  
 E. D. Smith, hauling water... 1.25  
 B. S. Miller, filling bulkhead... 20.00  
 "Press" Co., printing... 8.00  
 J. C. McFadden, clerk's fees... 33.92

We congratulate the members of the Council on their selection of officers.

**TUESDAY'S AUCTION.**—On Tuesday last a large portion of the Fowler property was sold at public auction. The proceeds of the sale (and considerable property went very low) amounted to \$11,125.50. The stone building, together with half of lots 6 and 8 in blk 42, was bought in by Port Townsend Lodge of Masons, for \$3,100. Lots 7 and 8, blk. 7, 34 feet front, comprising the old warehouse and wharf property, opposite the Cosmopolitan Hotel, sold for \$1,715, to Chas. Eisenbeis. Lots 1 and 2, blk. 6, and lots 7 and 8 in blk. 5, comprising the old Charley Jones corner and wharf together with the property opposite (all fronting on the water) sold for \$910 to Chas. Bartlett. 2 lots blk 44, sold to Frank Bowers for \$100. Lots 5 and 6, blk 5, sold to C. F. Clapp for \$295. Lot 3, blk. 5, comprising the old U. S. hotel property, sold to G. M. Haller, for \$1,100. Lot 5, blk. 42, (Schur's saloon property) sold to Jas. Furlong (turned over to W. H. H. Learned) for \$690. Back part of lot 3, blk 42, 10x23 ft., sold to J. F. Sheehan for \$25. Lot 4, blk 42 sold to F. Winslow for \$200. Lot 5, blk 39, sold to Geo. Gooch for \$147.50. Lots 5, 6, 7 and 8, blk 132, sold to J. W. Keene for \$310. Lots 1 and 3, blk. 137, sold to Thomas Butler for \$325. Lot 8, blk. 86, sold to Caleb Bill for \$310. Lot 6, blk. 86, sold to S. Wyckoff for \$310. Capt. H. Morgan bought half of lots 2 and 4, blk. 86, for \$105, and A. H. Tucker bought half of lots 2 & 3, blk 103, for \$60. Lots 5, 6, 7 and 8, blk 107, sold to R. D. Attridge, of Port Ludlow, for \$570. Lot 5, blk 107, sold to B. S. Miller for \$50; lots 6 and 8 blk 137, to Chas. Gerish for \$85, and the 6 acre lot in sec. cor. of Pettygrove's donation claim, near the brewery, sold to Rev. Jas. Agnew for \$243.50. The only explanation that can be offered for the low prices lies in the stringency of the money market. Only two or three parcels of the property sold brought anything near their conceded value, yet Mr. W. H. H. Learned, the auctioneer, did extremely well with it. There is no doubt that he secured as high prices for the property as could have been obtained, and his acceptability in the capacity in which he served was conceded by all. The sale will not be confirmed until the next regular term of the Probate Court, on the fourth Monday in September.

The bark Fred P. Litchfield, Capt. S. C. Spaulding, and the ship Bell Moss, Capt. A. P. Hutchins, arrived at this port on Sunday; the former from China and the latter from Yokohama, Japan. They are consigned to Messrs. Rothschild & Co., of this place.

MR. JAS. SEAVEY, of this place, has gone to Steilacoom to perform his duties as clerk of the District Court now in session at that place.

We learn that the residents of the Quilleine valley have at last waked up on the question of a road across from their locality to the head of Port Discovery Bay.

Our exchanges inform us that Gen. Howard is near Malheur Agency. Col. Forsythe, who is supposed to be on the main trail of the hostiles, had not been heard from except by chance report up to the time of writing. He is however supposed to be some thirty miles south of Independence. Saturday morning of last week soon after his column had started, and while it was near the crossing of Clear Creek, it became necessary to cross a canyon some 1200 feet deep. Fourteen of Col. Robbins' scouts were sent ahead to reconnoiter. They had only got a short distance down into the canyon, when they were fired upon by Indians in ambush. Two were badly but not fatally wounded. The Indians were well fortified, and could have taken in the entire company of scouts, but the accidental discharge of a gun in the hands of one of the scouts caused them to believe that they had been discovered, and they opened fire on the scouts prematurely and thus gave them an opportunity to retreat to the command. The Indians fled before the troops came up. The hostiles are making toward Malheur agency and are near Crane's. They still continued to slaughter stock, wherever found, for as usual, they are out of meat, also short of ammunition and we hope before long they will also be out of breath. It is useless to say: What shall we do with them? First they must be caught, then of course the Great Father at Washington will forgive his prodigal sons and kill a calf, as a cotemporary suggests. It may be that our government will learn how to deal with the reds by the time they are extinct.

**WHY NOT?**—A prominent gentleman from Whidby Island has suggested to us that a daily mail between this place and the Island might be obtained at a very reasonable cost above the present expense of carrying the mail over there. The sloop Francis, now employed between this place and Ebey's Landing, runs across and back every day in the year when the weather permits, and Mr. G. D. Campbell's stage connects between that point and Coupeville nearly every day, so that it is most likely the parties most interested would carry a daily mail as far as Coupeville, if not farther, at a rate of compensation which would justify the Department in the desired change. If the people over there are enterprising enough to get up a good, rousing petition on the subject, we do not doubt their ability to carry the desired point. As we said before, why not?

Chiefs Winuemucca and Natchez are at Malheur agency and making strenuous efforts to secure pardon for the hostile Piutes.

THE Walla Walla 'Union' predicts notwithstanding the dry weather has had a bad effect on the grain crops, the total production will be greater than that of last year, as there is a much larger acreage sown.

Messrs. Clinger, Jordan and Murphy are the operating causes that are bringing a new sidewalk into shape in front of the store of J. F. Sheehan and the corner property next to it.

THOSE who have been sending away for harness, will remember that Messrs. Waterman & Katz have just received a fine lot of goods in that line.

We understand that the Democratic Territorial convention has been called to meet at Vancouver, on the 5th of next month.

The ARGUS force is a little short-handed this week, hence a rush of work for those employed.

MR. J. T. NORRIS is having the old Blumberg sign repainted, for use in his business.

A man in Minnesota recently made a fire in his barn to drive out the mosquitoes. The insects probably got out, but the man's horses were not so fortunate. They went with the barn.

**San Francisco Market.**  
 Corn, Dull; nothing doing.  
 Hay, Quiet; \$7 and \$15.  
 Potatoes, Dull at 75 cents and 1 1/4.  
 Flour—Firm with an upward tendency.  
 Wheat—Quiet; good shipping, \$1.70 and 1 1/2 1/2; fair, \$1.67 1/2; milling \$1.72 1/2 and \$1.75.  
 Barley—Easier; nominally \$7 and \$9 1/2.  
 Oats—Steady at \$1.40 and \$1.62 1/2.  
 Wool.—Sales Humboldt choice, 25c; Eastern Oregon, 24c.

**RELIGIOUS NOTICES.**  
 Services will be held in St. Paul's church on Sunday next at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Sunday school at 2 P. M. Evening prayer on Wednesday, at 7 o'clock. Litany on Friday morning, at 10. The ladies will meet as usual on Thursday evening at 7 o'clock, at the residence of the Rector.  
 There will be preaching in the M. E. church on Sunday next, morning and evening, by Rev. John Parsons, the pastor. Sunday school at 2:15 P. M. Prayer meeting on Tuesday evenings.

**Telegraphic Summary.**

**BOISE CITY, Aug. 5.**—Five men and two women are reported murdered by the hostiles on Bruneau river last Thursday, viz: Geo. Miller, heavy stock-raiser; Joshua Miller, wife, daughter and son; Robert McMurray and one other man. Letters from Weiser valley say the Indians attempted to cross Snake river below the mouth of the Weiser yesterday, but were driven back by volunteers and a few regulars. The mountains are evidently full of Indians. Gen. Howard, with staff and the main body of troops, is between Silver City and Jordan valley. It is reported that 35 of White bird's Nez Perces have surrendered.

**SILVER CITY, Aug. 5.**—Indians have devastated the country in all directions. Carter, Smith and Hanson, supposed to be killed, have come in safely.

Gen. Howard passed through here this afternoon towards Bruneau. He had three of his staff officers with him and about twenty cavalry on their way from Malheur to Camp Lyon. We are under the impression that the Indian war is about over.

Forsythe, with six companies of cavalry, is going through the Juniper lake country and Stein's mountain. They have with them a considerable number of Indian prisoners. The hostiles have been destroying much property near Stein's mountain recently.

**OMAHA, August 5.**—The Republican congressional convention of Dakota Territory will meet at Yankton on 22d. Twenty-nine delegates from the Black Hills will be present and vote solid for Judge Bennett as territorial delegate to congress. Bennett is judge of the Black Hills district. The Democratic convention will also be held at Yankton on 29.

**WASHINGTON, Aug. 5.**—A meeting will be held here this week of representatives from different sections of the Labor-Greenback party with the object of systematizing their operations and to establish here a national committee.

**Ship Bell Moss.**  
 NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UN-  
 derdesigned agents of the above named vessel will be responsible for debts contracted by the officers or crew.  
 ROTHSCHILD & CO., Agents.  
 S. C. SPAULDING, Master.  
 Port Townsend, Aug. 7, 1878.

**American bk. Fred P. Litchfield.**  
 NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UN-  
 derdesigned Agents of the above named vessel will be responsible for debts contracted by the officers or crew.  
 ROTHSCHILD & CO., Agents.  
 A. P. HUTCHINS, Master.  
 Port Townsend, Aug. 7, 1878.

**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, Chimacum, 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.

**CALEB BILL,**  
**Blacksmith, Wheelwright**  
**LOCK and GUNSMITH.**  
 ALL KINDS OF SHIP SMITHING  
**OXSHOES & ANCHORS made to ORDER.**  
 All orders attended to promptly.  
 Port Townsend, - - W. T.

**HOW'S YOUR LIVER?**  
 If the skin be yellow and muddy, the bowels constipated; if you have ringing in your ears, dull pains in the side, sick headache, sour stomach, hot or dry skin, spots before the eyes, bad taste in the mouth, cold feet and hands, sleepiness, giddiness, loss of appetite, bad circulation of the blood, swelled limbs, &c., you may safely conclude your liver is out of order. The liver is more apt to become disordered than any other organ of the body, as its duty is to filter the purities from the blood. When it becomes weak, obstructed and diseased it must fail to do its duty, and the whole body suffers. Try White's Prairie Flower, the greatest known liver panacea in the world. Sample bottle 25 cents, large size 75 cents. For sale everywhere.

**BARTLETT'S COLUMN**

**CHAS. C. BARTLETT**

PORT TOWNSEND, W. T.  
 Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

**GROCERIES,**

**Dry Goods,**

**CLOTHING,**

**BOOTS, SHOES,**

**HATS, CAPS,**

**FANCY GOODS,**

**HARDWARE,**

**Ship Chandlery,**

**CROCKERY**

**WINES, LIQUORS,**

**Cigars, Tobacco,**

**Doors and Windows,**

**Farming Implements**

**Furniture,**

**WALL PAPER**

**Plows,**

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

The LOWEST PRICES

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

**JUST RECEIVED**

**A New stock of**

**Furniture**

**Wall Paper!**

**Chas. C. Bartlett's.**

**PUGET SOUND ARGUS.**

**LOCAL NEWS.**

**TOWN BOARD.**—The new board of Councilmen, for this city, held their first meeting on Monday last. About all the business transacted was to elect a set of officers. The changes in the Board of Councilmen, from last term, are as follows: Wm. H. Newton and D. C. H. Rothschild in place of C. F. Clapp and A. H. Tucker. The changes in the officers elected are as follows: T. T. Minor, health officer, instead of H. C. Willison; W. A. Inman, city attorney, instead of H. L. Blanchard; also W. A. Inman, city clerk, instead of J. Cal. McFadden. F. W. James was re-elected surveyor and street commissioner, and Dr. N. D. Hill was re-elected city treasurer.

**STANWOOD.**—We learn by the "Dispatch" that this lively little burg is putting on metropolitan airs. A new steamboat wharf has just been completed by Messrs. McLaughlin and McNamara, and they have greatly improved their hotel, store and warehouse. A good Templar's Lodge has just been organized, a new whisky shop is about to open and the erection of a meeting house is strongly talked of. The crops, we learn, up the valley and on the tide marsh lands are excellent and the farmers are just starting in harvesting.

The steamer Isabel is connecting with the up-Sound steamers, in a way that is felt by our citizens to be quite accommodating. Port Townsend now has daily communication, by steamers, with other points in all directions, except toward Neah bay; and, after Oct. 1st, we will have a steamer running down there once per week which will be an improvement over the old sail-boat method that all will feel satisfaction.

We believe that Prof. Huffman is expected to take charge of our public school again upon his return. Miss Eva Chapman will have charge of the Intermediate Department. Mr. A. A. Piummer, of the Board of Directors, recently resigned, and Mr. R. E. Ryan, County Superintendent, filled the vacancy, thereby created, by the appointment of D. C. H. Rothschild to the position.

Mr. C. J. HUNTINGTON, our popular photographer, went up to Port Gamble on Tuesday of this week. He will remain there about a week, after which he expects to return to this place. He will be in Dungeness, nothing preventing, on or about Tuesday, the 20th inst., to remain two or three days, after which he will return here and go to New Westminister.

WHILE we are writing and reading items about improvements in town, it must not be forgotten that Judge Kuhn has had one of his lots, adjoining G. M. Haller's law office, filled to the depth of about eighteen inches and that he is preparing to erect a picket fence around it, thereby greatly improving the appearance and increasing the value of the property.

COL. L. H. BRIGGS and wife returned to this place on the Dakota, last Saturday, and were warmly greeted by friends, after a brief visit to San Francisco. Their daughter, however, Miss Annie Briggs, remained in the Bay city—at school. Both the Colonel and Mrs. Briggs evidently enjoyed the trip very much.

FRANK LAMPSON, a painter, of this place, was found to be insane, on the night of Friday last. On Saturday he was taken to the Asylum at Stellacoom. His loss of reason was occasioned by the excessive use of opium and whisky. He was generally known on the Sound and had a good many friends.

**NEARLY FATAL.**—Mr. Wm. Krone, of this place, came near being fatally poisoned on Sunday last, by eating mussels that were found attached to an old buoy chain which was painted with copper paint. Under prompt medical treatment he was relieved, although his life was at first seriously despaired of.

OWING to a question having been raised regarding the boundaries of Water street, Mr. Chas. Eisenbeis has suspended operations on the site of his proposed warehouse building. We are sorry that such things should interfere to discourage enterprise on the part of our solid men.

THE N. P. Cheese Factory at Chimacum, during the few months it has been in operation, has turned out over 20 tons of cheese. This shows that the proprietors of the concern have meant "biz" all the time. Their production is of superior quality.

NOW THAT a portion of the Fowler property has changed hands, it is most likely that a number of our carpenters will find largely increased opportunities for employment.

**JOLLY TIME.**—On the evening of Friday last, a ball and supper were given at Port Angeles, which were collectively described to us as being a hilarious, glorious, great big thing on wheels. The occasion was that of the joint celebration of the birth-anniversaries of Capt. Wm. Gilbert, of the mail schooner Winefred, and Mr. Wm. Wooding, of Port Angeles, one of them occurring on the 21 and the other on the 31. A large number—between forty and fifty we learned—went down from Dungeness. The supper was prepared by Mrs. J. A. Rex, of Port Angeles, and all who were present testified to her skill in such matters by pronouncing it a literal "feast for the epicures". Capt. Gilbert says it passed off very pleasantly and that all were more than satisfied.

THE P. M. S. S. Dakota arrived at this port, from San Francisco, on Saturday afternoon. She left Frisco at noon, July 30th; had strong NW winds and thick weather first 24 hours out. Aug. 2d, at 6 A. M., passed H. B. M. ship Shah bound south. She brought 20 tons of freight for this port, consigned as follows: A. Bain, A. F. Learned, ARGUS, Ben Leavy, C. C. Bartlett, C. Eisenbeis, C. G. Connick, B. S. Hoxsie, H. L. Tibbals, H. L. Blanchard, Jas. Jones, Thos. Jackman, J. J. Hunt, Jno. Fitzpatrick, Jno. Gough, J. A. Martin, F. W. James, Jno. Collins, Miss K. Cope, N. D. Hill, O. F. Gerrish, Rothchild & Co. Smith & Terry, Sam Sing, W. J. Stevens, Waterman & Katz, Wells Fargo & Co. Her passenger list we published in last issue.

If the European troubles would only call firearms into use again, the inside pages of the "Klickitat Sun" might admirably serve the purpose of some avaricious Yankee in representing the seat of war. They look about as much like a war map as anything else.

We learn that Mr. C. E. P. Wood, late resident and owner of the Port Discovery mill property, will rent a house in Port Townsend and remove his family thither; so that Port Discovery's loss will be Port Townsend's gain—for a time, at least.

MR. JAS. HUGHES, of Stellacoom, administrator of the estate of Julius Dickens, dec., announces that he will sell at auction the property belonging to said estate, on the 7th of next month. The property consists principally of the "Puget Sound Express" material.

ON Monday morning of this week, after a lively breeze had been blowing for some time, a heavy thunder-shower passed over this place, lasting but a few minutes though improving its time in a most emphatic manner.

POTATOES are selling in San Francisco at 1 cent to 1 1/2 per pound. They have undergone a decline in the market there recently, although it is predicted to be but temporary. Farmers in all directions are hopeful.

DR. THATCHER, the "lithographer," is at New Tacoma where he, in connection with Mr. E. S. Glover, the artist, is preparing to publish a picture of that place, similar to the one published of Port Townsend.

A LOT of sidewalk material has been hauled to the old post-office corner where it is expected to supercede the rickety and well-nigh worn out plank of that vicinity.

MR. Richard Delanty, of Dungeness, has gone to Pyscht river to start a logging camp. He expects to put in a million feet of lumber yet before winter.

MR. B. S. HOXSIE intends soon to close out his grain, feed and vegetable establishment. He will doubtless enter some other field of employment soon.

HARRY TILMAN, the painter, has the most attractive sign of the season. It graces the front of his place of business just opposite our sanctum.

**MARRIED.**—In Dungeness, on Wednesday, July 31st, 1878, by J. J. Rogers, J. P., Mr. Wm. Ward to Miss Ann Amelia Rollins, all of Clallam County.

We call especial attention this week to the "National Republican" correspondence, published on our first page, relative to Oregon politics.

ON Saturday last Mr. C. M. Bradshaw, of this place, arrived from Walla Walla, having attended the Constitutional Convention.

THE Tacoma "Herald" heads a lot of local news items with, "New advertisements today."

**BORN.**—July 27th, 1878, to the wife of Mr. R. S. Clark, of Semlahmoo, a daughter.

The steam-tug Mastick has been kept pretty busy during the past week towing.

EVERY business of either local or general interest should be advertised in the ARGUS

The National Gold Medal was awarded to Bradley & Robinson for the best Photographs in the United States, and the Vienna Medal for the best in the world. 429 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

**For Sale.**  
**A No 4 CHAMPION MOWER AND REAPER**  
Apply to **C. C. BARTLETT**

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

**DISSOLUTION OF COPARTNERSHIP**  
SAN FRANCISCO.  
NOTICE is hereby given that the Copartnership of S. L. Mastick & Co. and the Port Discovery Mill Co., W. T., are this day dissolved—C. E. P. Wood withdrawing from the firm; and that the remaining partners will settle all claims against and collect all debts due the late firm.  
Dated July 18, 1878.  
S. L. MASTICK,  
L. B. MASTICK,  
C. E. P. WOOD.

**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 labelled, 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.

R. W. DELION. CHARLES CASE.  
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D CHAMA, Master  
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### Beautiful Things.

Beautiful faces are those that wear—  
It matters little if dark or fair—  
Wholesome honesty printed there.

Beautiful eyes are those that show,  
Like crystal panes where hearth-fires glow,  
Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful lips are those whose words  
Leap from the heart like songs of birds,  
Yet whose utterance prudently guards.

Beautiful hands are those that do  
Work that is earnest and brave and true,  
Moment by moment the long day through.

Beautiful feet are those that go  
On kindly ministries to and fro—  
Down lowliest ways, if God wills it so.

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear  
Ceaseless burdens of homely care  
With patient grace and daily prayer.

Beautiful lives are those that bless—  
Silent rivers of happiness,  
Whose hidden fountains but few may guess.

—Little's Living Age

### "Over the Wires."

#### HOW THE BURGLARS WERE CAUGHT.

First, I must tell you who I am, and how I came to be in the Baysville Bank in the "wee sma' hours" one dreary December night, some three years ago.

My name was then Olive Hudson, and I was seventeen years old that same December night, and so small that Mrs. Knight's Dolly, who was not twelve years old, was half a head taller than myself.

We were rich folks once, but father died and left us very poor. Mother struggled along in a weary hand-to-hand with poverty till I was sixteen, and then died. She had rented two rooms of Mrs. Knight, widow, also, with two stalwart sons, an aged father, and two daughters. After mother died I was adopted by the Knights, and although I was earning a support as music teacher in the Baysville Academy, I was like one of the family when I was in my good landlady's home.

They were all in good positions, but by no means an aristocratic family. John, the eldest son, was in New York in a wholesale sugar house; Tom was the night watchman of the Baysville Bank building, and grandpa—we all call him grandpa—was telegraph operator of the town, while Mary was a milliner, and Dolly stayed at the office, sending and receiving messages.

Baysville Bank building was a large granite structure, containing the post-office and bank on the first floor, the telegraph office and a number of private law offices on the second floor, and other private offices on the third floor. In the basement were postoffice rooms for sorting the mail, and also the large bank vault.

I knew the building well, for I was fond of telegraphing, and spent half my leisure time perched up beside grandpa, while he slept peacefully or read the newspapers.

And that was the beginning of my amusement at Dryden, the next station. The operator at Dryden was a wit, and flashed nonsense to our office when business was dull. It fell flat when grandpa was in the office, but if I were there I sent back jest for jest, and sometimes an hour slipped by like a minute as we talked over the wires of every topic under the sun. He called himself "Lion," and I, for nonsense, signed myself "Elephant," laughing as I did so at the reflection of my tiny fingers in the office mirror.

Beyond Dryden, and only five miles from Baysville, was C—, a large commercial town, the nearest railway station, and where an office was always open for the accommodation of travellers.

As I have said, Tom Knight was the night watchman of Baysville Bank building, and a lonely time he had of it. The last mail came by stage at four o'clock in the afternoon, and the postoffice was vacated at six. The bank closed at three, and by six o'clock every office was deserted for the night.

At seven Tom was on duty, and grandpa, who was restless at night, was in the habit of taking down some coffee and luncheon, as the building was only a stone's throw from the house.

On the December night I have already mentioned, it had stormed heavily all day, and I had taken a new class at the Academy, coming home later in the day than usual, and excited over my increase in salary.

Everybody else had gone to bed, and I was lingering over the kitchen fire with Mrs. Knight, dreading the plunge into my cold room, where I had allowed the fire to go out.

The clock struck twelve, and Mrs. Knight, lifting her face from over the fire, said:

"Do call grandpa, Olive; he's asleep on the sofa in the sitting-room. I'll have Tom's basket ready by the time grandpa has his hat and coat on. I hate to call him, but he was complaining of rheumatism all day, and the ground is very wet, although the storm is over."

"Let him sleep," I said; "I'll run over with the basket. It is but a step."

"But it is so dark; are you not afraid?"

"Not a bit; I'll slip on my waterproof and rubbers and draw the hood of my cloak over my head."

"Well, if you will, though I am afraid Tom will scold at my letting you go."

"I'll put the basket and run, and he will never know who left it."

"Go into the rear basement door; he leaves that open for grandpa."

In my rubber shoes my steps were noiseless, and I had scarcely passed the threshold when I stood rooted to the floor in terrible amazement.

Somebody was talking. I crept forward and listened. There was a man in the vault, and a light shone under the door.

While I listened, some one said: "There is a confounded draft here; did you shut the door Smith?"

"Yes, but the wind might have blown it open."

I had just to dart under the staircase and crouch down, when the door of the vault opened and a man came out.

He crossed the entry, drew two heavy, noisy bolts, fastened the door by which I had entered, and returned without closing the vault door.

I could look in by the dim light and see two men working at the safe locks by the stream of light thrown from a dark lantern.

There was the outline of a man bound and gagged upon the floor, but I could only conjecture that it was Tom, for I could not see distinctly.

There I was nicely caged, for it would be impossible for me to draw those heavy bolts without attracting notice. And the bank being robbed, that was evident. How could I prevent it? I could not get out; I could not reach Tom. Suddenly I remembered the telegraph office on the second floor. If I could summon help from C—, it was only five miles, and there was a long job for the burglars before they could open the safe.

I could creep around the staircase! If one of those busy men turned his head I was lost. I softly crept out on all fours, slowly, watchfully, and gained the stairs. Up I darted, blessing my Indian rubber shoes, till I gained the door of the telegraph office. All was dark there and I dare not strike a match.

I listened, and then leaving the door open, groped my way to the well-known desk and gave the signal for C—. I could hear his heart throb as I waited for the answer. It came! Still working in the dark, and sent this message: "Burglars in the Baysville Bank vault! Watchman gagged and bound! Can you send help?"

Again the agony of suspense in listening, but at last the sound reached me: "Will send help immediately."

I crept to the head of the staircase, afraid the clear ring of the instrument had been heard in the vault, but no one came up stairs. The windows of the telegraph office faced the street, so I returned, bolted myself in safely and sat down to wait.

The town clock gave one resonant stroke, breaking the deep silence, and no signs of life were visible in the long stretch of road leading to C—. I was numb with cold, wishing heartily that I had not left Tom's basket under the staircase, thinking regretfully of my own cozy bed, when I heard afar off the sound of horses feet.

No sister Anne, in Bluebeard's tower, was ever more watchful than I was then. Would the burglars take the alarm?

The building made a corner of two streets, and I saw eight mounted men dash up the road, separate, and while four dismounted in front, four went to the rear.

The burglars were unprepared for this flank movement, for while the police in front were thundering at the main entrance, the robbers rushed to the rear basement door right into the arms of the police stationed there.

I could hear the hubbub, pistol shots fired, the scuffle of feet, cries, oaths, and general confusion; and I slipped down stairs and out of the now deserted main entrance and ran home.

Everybody was in bed, and I went to my room and had a good crying spell, and comforted my half frozen body in double blankets, where I soon fell asleep. All this was on Friday night, and I had no teaching to do until Monday, so I slept late, but coming down, I found all the family prepared to make a heroine of me.

"I never knew until mother told me this morning," said Tom, "that it wasn't grandpa who sent the telegraph to C—. By Jove, Olive, you're spunky, if you are little."

"I gave up when four of them pounced on me from one of the upper rooms. They must have got in during the day and hid there."

I tried to make the Knights promise not to tell my adventure, but could not. Before night all Baysville knew how Olive Hudson caught the burglars. I was in the office with grandpa, when over the wires came this message:

"What does Olive Hudson look like? Everybody in Dryden is talking of her great exploit."

I flashed back. "What do you suppose such a woman would look like! She is nearly six feet tall, broad shouldered, and loud-voiced, a perfect Elephant!"

"Was it really yourself, Elephant?"

"Dear Lion, it was."

"Do you know, I want to see you. I am going to New York to day, but I'll be back next spring."

If he came to Baysville he did not see me. I ran away in a fit of shyness.

In March a wonderful thing happened. My mother's brother, who had been seventeen years—nearly all my lifetime—in Cuba, came out to New York, found me out, and took me into a life of ease and luxury, making me pet in his splendid house. He was a bachelor, over fifty years of age, handsome and well informed, and with large wealth.

He introduced me to old friends of his, and my circle of acquaintance widened every day. I was entirely happy for we loved each other well.

to dinner a stranger, who he introduced as:

"The son of my old friend, Olive, Mr. Roberts."

I made myself agreeable, as in duty bound, to Mr. Roberts, a man of thirty or thereabouts, with a face that was downright ugly, but pleasant from the expression of frank good humor and intelligence upon it. We talked of everything, and I was surprised at the congeniality of taste we soon discovered. In an animated discussion of heroines, Mr. Roberts, turning to Uncle George said:

"You were kindly inquiring this morning about my fortune since father died, but I did not tell you one little episode. Before I was fortunate enough to obtain my present lucrative situation, I was for a time telegraph operator in a small place called Dryden, and then I heard of a real heroine, of whom the world will probably never hear."

I knew what was coming, but kept my face perfectly composed to listen. When the story was finished, giving Uncle George a sly pinch to keep him quiet, I said:

"What kind of a looking person was the wonderful heroine?"

"I never saw her, for although Baysville was the next village to Dryden, I never went there. But she was described to me as tall, strong and masculine."

"In short, my dear Lion," I said gravely, "she was a perfect Elephant."

Such a stare as greeted me I am certain never came upon Leo Roberts' face before or since that hour. His eyes dilated till I thought they would pop out of his dear, ugly face, and his mouth opened in utter amazement. Finally he remembered his manners and gasped:

"Pardon me, I—was it really you?"

"Uncle George," I said, "will you be kind enough to introduce me properly to Mr. Roberts? I believe he thinks your niece must bear your name."

With a flourish Uncle George arose and gravely introduced:

"Mr. Leo Roberts, Miss Olive Hudson; Miss Hudson, Mr. Roberts."

"After that we could not certainly be strangers, and Mr. Roberts came often to dine with Uncle George."

And one day there was a wedding, where the bride was very small, buried in lace and orange blossoms, and the bridegroom was ugly and good natured; but it was a true love match, a fit ending for the flirtation commenced at Dryden and Baysville, "Over the Wires."

### A Tree Agent Tread.

The July Scribner contains the concluding installment of Mr. F. R. Stockton's droll "Rudder Grange" sketches, which are to be published in book form in the fall. One of the incidents of this last sketch is quoted below. The proprietor of Rudder Grange, returning from a ride with Euphemia, his wife, finds a tramp in one of his trees and a tree-agent in another near by, with his savage dog, Lord Edward, lying between. The following scene ensues:

"This one," said Pomona, "is a tree-man."

"I should think so," said I, as I caught sight of a person in gray trousers standing among the branches of a cherry-tree not very far from the kitchen door. The tree was not a large one, and the branches were not strong enough to allow him to sit down on them, although they supported him well enough, as he stood close to the trunk just out of reach of Lord Edward.

"This is a very unpleasant position, sir," said he, when I reached the tree. "I simply came into your yard on a matter of business, and finding that raging beast attacking a person in a tree, I had barely time to get up into this tree myself, before he dashed at me. Luckily I was out of his reach; but I very much fear I have lost some of my property."

"No, he hasn't," said Pomona. "It was a big book he dropped. I picked it up and took it into the house. It's full of pictures of pears and peaches and flowers. I've been lookin' at it. That's how I knew what he was. And there was no call for his gittin' up a tree. Lord Edward never would have gone after him if he hadn't run as if he had gult on his soul."

"I suppose, then," said I, addressing the individual in the cherry-tree, "that you came here to sell me some trees?"

"Yes, sir," said he quickly, "trees, shrubs, vines, evergreens—everything suitable for a gentleman's country villa. I can sell you something quite remarkable, sir, in the way of cherry-trees—French ones, just imported; bear fruit three times the size of anything that could be produced on a tree like this. And pears—fruit of the finest flavor and enormous size—"

"Yes," said Pomona. "I seen them in the book. But they must grow on a ground-vine. No tree couldn't hold such pears as them."

Here Euphemia reproved Pomona's forwardness, and I invited the tree-agent to get down out of the tree.

"Thank you," said he; "but not while that dog is loose. If you will kindly chain him up, I will get my book, and show you specimens of some of the finest small fruit in the world, all imported from the first nurseries of Europe—the Red-gold Amber Muscat grape—the—"

"Oh, please let him down!" said Euphemia, her eyes beginning to sparkle.

I slowly walked toward the tramp-tree, revolving various matters in my mind. We had not spent much money on the place during the winter, and we now had a small sum which we intended to use for the advantage of the farm, but had not yet decided what to do with it. It behooved me to be careful.

I told Pomona to run and get me the dog-chain, and I stood under the tree

listening, as well as I could, to the tree-agent talking to Euphemia, and paying no attention to the impassioned entreaties of the tramp in the crotch above me. When the chain was brought, I hooked one end of it in Lord Edward's collar, and then I took a firm grasp of the other. Telling Pomona to bring the tree-agent's book from the house, I called to that individual to get down from his tree. He promptly obeyed, and taking the book from Pomona, began to show the pictures to Euphemia.

"You had better hurry, sir," I called out. "I can't hold this dog very long." And, indeed, Lord Edward had made a run toward the agent, which jerked me very forcibly in his direction. But a movement by the tramp had quickly brought the dog back to his more desired victim.

"If you will just tie up that dog, sir," said the agent, "and come this way, I would like to show you the Meltingue pear—dissolves in the mouth like snow, sir; trees will bear next year."

"Oh, come look at the Royal Sparkling Ruby grape!" cried Euphemia. "It glows in the sun like a gem."

"Yes, said the agent, "and fills the air with fragrance during the whole month of September—"

"I tell you," I shouted, "I can't hold this dog another minute! The chain is cutting the skin off my hands. Run, sir, run! I'm going to let go!"

"Run! run!" cried Pomona. "Fly for your life!"

The agent now began to be frightened, and shut up his book.

"If you only could see these plates, sir, I'm sure—"

"Are you ready?" I cried, as the dog, excited by Pomona's wild shouts, made a bolt in his direction.

"Good-day, if I must—" said the agent, as he hurried to the gate. But there he stopped.

"There is nothing, sir," he said, "that would so improve your place as a row of the Spitzenberg Sweet-scented Balsam fir along this fence. I'll sell you three-year-old trees—"

"He's loose!" I shouted, as I dropped the chain.

In a second the agent was on the other side of the gate. Lord Edward made a dash toward him; but, stopping suddenly, flew back to the tree of the tramp.

"If you should conclude, sir," said the tree-agent, looking over the fence, "to have a row of those firs along here—"

"My good sir," said I, "there is no row of firs there now, and the fence is not very high. My dog, as you see, is very much excited, and I cannot answer for the consequences if he takes it into his head to jump over."

The tree-agent turned and walked slowly away.

The Cincinnati Breakfast Table has discovered, and breaks the news gently to a sensitive world, that no poet can write the words to a song until after the music is written, when the words must be tacked on to the jingle. Never before could we understand why it is that not one vocalist out of eighteen thousand knows the words of the song he sung. Now we see why it is that the young man who sings at little gatherings always starts out boldly with "Oh! come to the lattice, sweet Abigail Jane!" in a terrific roar, and then tails off in a maudlin kind of way into "For the lumpy tum deedle o' do, I never to ledle de diddly eain! And the tumti di deedle with thee—"

*Hawkeys.*

Accustom a child as soon as he can speak, to narrate his little experiences, his chapter of accidents, his griefs, his fears, his hopes; to communicate what he has noticed in the world without, and what he feels struggling in the world within. Anxious to narrate, he will be induced to give attention to the objects around him, and what is passing in the sphere of his observation, and to observe and note events will become one of his first pleasures; and this is the groundwork of the thoughtful character.

HEAVY CARES.—A little girl in the church at Ashland, Va., has been one of a band of workers to raise money to complete the building. She had earned by her own work a considerable sum for a child, when a friend heard her express a great desire to own a canary bird. It was suggested to her that she should easily purchase one from her own purse.

"Oh," she replied, "I can't get a thing for myself while I have that church on my shoulders."—*Charleston News.*

### Blindly Groping

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THE FOOTLIGHT

An Illustrated Eight-page

Weekly Dramatic Journal,

ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY.

Josh Billings on Birds.

THE QUAIL.

The quail is a game bird, about one size bigger than the robin, and so sudden that they hum when they fly.

Briled quail, properly supported with jellies and a Champagne Charlie, is just the most difficult thing, in my humble opinion, to beat in the whole history of vittals and something to drink.

I am no gourmand, for I can eat bread and milk five days out of seven, and smack my lips after I get thru, but if I am asked to eat briled quail by a friend, with jaded accompaniment, I blush at first, then bow my head, and then smilesweet acquiescence—in other words, I always quail before such a request.

THE PARTRIDGE.

The partridge is also a game bird. Their game is few drum on a log in the spring of the year and keep both eyes wide open, watching the sportsman.

The partridge, grouse and pheasant are cousins, and either of them straddle a gridiron natural enuff to have been born there. Take a couple of young partridges and pot them down, and serve up with a kind of chorus, and they beat the ham sandwiches you buy on the Camden and Amboy Road 87 1/2 per cent.

THE GOSLIN.

The goslin is the old goose's young child. They are yellier all over, and as soft as a ball uv worsted. Their foot iz wove hole, and they can swim as easy as a drop of kastor-oil on the water.

The geese are different in one respect from the human family, who are sed ter grow weaker and wiser, whereas a goslin grows tuffer and more phoolish.

I have seen a goose that they sed was 93 years old last June, and didn't look an hour older than one that was only 17.

The goslin waddles when he walks and paddles when he swims, but never dives like a duck out of sight in the water, but only changes ends.

The food uv the goslin iz rye, corn, oats and barley, sweet apples, hasty pudding, succotash and biled cabbage, cooked potatoe, raw meat, wine, jelly and turnips, stale bread, kold hash and buck-wheat cakes that are left over.

They ain't so particular as some pholks what they eat, won't git mad and quit if they kant have wet toast and lam chops every morning for breakfast.

It costs something to be polite, that is if clumsiness is united with politeness. From private sources it is learned that the United States steamer Essex was seriously injured recently by the sidewheel man-of-war Amazon, of Dom Pedro.

The officers and men lined the upper decks, the band played the Star Spangled Banner, and the Brazilian crew cheered the ship. In attempting to come as close as possible to the American vessel they did not allow for the strong wind and tide, and came down on the Essex with a shock that jarred her from stem to stern, carrying away the jibboom and the fore-topgallant-mast.

CURE FOR SCRATCHES.—A correspondent sends to the Western Rural the following simple remedy for scratches, which, he says, has been thoroughly tested and proved highly successful.

A JOHN BULL, conversing with a Canadian Indian, asked him if he knew the sun never sets on the Queen's dominions. "No," said the Indian. "Do you know the reason why?" asked John. "Because Heaven is afraid to trust an Englishman in the dark," was the savage's reply.

Wit and Humor.

To sleep in one's clothes is apt to spoil the nap.

If twenty grains make a scruple, how many will make a doubt?

Can a musician execute a piece of music before he gets the hang of it?

Why are jokes like nuts? Because the dryer they are the better they crack?

To draw a man's merit out, there is no poultice like the sod which covers his grave.

A WORD to the wise is always sufficient, no doubt but the trouble is, so few are wise.

"BONNETS," says a fashion paper, "are smaller." They must be made to fit the income.

Why is the sun, after disappearing in the forest, like soft feathers? Because it is down.

THE man that was seriously injured by a sudden burst of eloquence is likely to recover.

"TALK about silver!" sneered a green-back man. "Silver is all well enough till it gets into a man's hair; then he dyes."

PRECOCIUS BOY (munching the fruit of the date tree)—"Mamma, if I eat dates enough, will I grow up to be an almanac?"

DON'T spank your children with the bootjack. It is too hard to hold, and is apt to make bunions on your thumb.—Hawkeye.

WHEN you see a fellow talking to a lamp-post, you can make up your mind he is prompted by bad spirits.—Port Chester Journal.

"Is Satan married?" asks the Chicago Times. No, he is a stingy, immoral old bachelor, and writes lying paragraphs about mothers-in-law, in order to scare young men away from matrimony.—Ap-pleton's Journal.

An optical delusion—Traveller: "Hi! guard! have you seen a man walking about with one eye, of the name of Walker?" Guard (musingly): "No, no, sir, I dun-no as I av. What was the name of the other eye, sir?"

WE suggest a remedy for "hazing" in colleges. When the students are caught at it, let the president give them a difficult task to study—lines from some of the poets. For instance, he might say to them, "Go-Homer."

It was said of a lady who had just completed her two-score years, and who played very loudly upon her piano, but never spoke of her age except in a whisper, that she was forty upon her piano, but piano upon her forty.

A FOP took a seat in a railroad car beside a young lady, but on perceiving she had a dog he moved off with an air of trepidation. "Don't be afraid," she said with a reassuring tone; "Jip won't bite you, he doesn't like veal."

"Who was the doubting disciple?" asked the Sunday-school teacher. "Peter," promptly replied the small bad boy. "No, Thomas," said the teacher. "Then what do people always say 'Petered out' for?" asked the smart bad boy.

"CAPTAIN," said an old lady, as a ship was nearing port in stormy weather, "have you an almanac on board?" "No, madam," replied the captain. "Well, then," said the old lady, with a resigned air, "I suppose we shall have to take the weather as it comes."

"You see," said a dissipated young man to a clergyman, "I don't like to stop drinking because, you know, the world looks so differently to a man who has a few inches of rum in him." "Yes, and he looks so differently to the world," was the cutting reply.

The Stiles Rotary Engine.

We illustrate herewith a new form of rotary engine recently patented through the MINNEAPOLIS Scientific Patent Agency by W. C. Stiles, of San Francisco. The arrangement is such that both the force and expansive power of the steam can be exerted to drive an endless chain or belt, provided with suitable pistons which pass through the cylinders, and thus produce a rotary motion of the pulleys over which the belt passes, and from which the power may be taken.

As shown by the engraving, the engine consists of two horizontal cylinders mounted upon a suitable frame. At each end of the cylinders is a peculiarly constructed pulley, or wheel, around which travels an endless steel belt or chain, which passes through the cylinders, and which is provided with pistons. These wheels are provided with recesses in their rims, which serve the double purpose of providing a seat for the pistons on the endless belt while they are passing around the pulleys, and also for preventing the belt from slipping on the wheels. The endless belt passing around these wheels has pistons attached to it at regular intervals so constructed and packed that they will fit snugly in the cylinders. One cylinder being placed above the other, the action of the steam on one cylinder is in the reverse direction to its action in the other. The cylinders consist of simple tubes, inside of which the pistons fit closely, being provided with proper packing to make them steam tight while passing through. At one end of each cylinder there is a steam chest provided with a cut-off valve and gates. These gates are operated by an automatic sliding bar, a cam motion being given to a lever from the wheel upon which the belt travels, to open the gates of the cylinder at the proper instant to allow the pistons to enter. Just as they enter, the gates close behind them, making a steam-tight compartment, and the steam being admitted by the same action, the piston is forced through the cylinder, the other end of which is open, a continuous rotary motion of the pulleys thus being maintained. One piston is going through one cylinder as the other is going through the other in an opposite direction. The pistons are so arranged that one is taking a full head of steam, while the other is running on expansive steam. The exit of each piston allows the steam to escape freely, leaving no back action whatever. As the

endless belt expands when heated, the slack is taken up automatically by having one of the pulleys set on a sliding carriage. Mr. Stiles has one of these engines, an experimental one, now at work in the basement of the Cosmopolitan hotel, corner of Bush and Sansome streets, San Francisco. This has two brass cylinders five feet long by three and one-fourth inches bore, the pulleys being three feet three inches in diameter. Mr. Stiles states that this indicates 15 horsepower, running 300 feet per minute under 100 pounds of steam. The endless chain is 25 feet long, and is really a linked piston rod, passing through suitable stuffing boxes in the gates. An engine of this class can be moved at any time, there being no heavy bed frame, but simply good strong framework. The inventor proposes to build one with two cylinders 30 feet long, 10-inch bore, to run 400 feet per minute, the whole engine to weigh about four tons. Steam may be cut off at any desired point and allowed to work expansively the rest of the way. By this means the full force of the steam can be utilized, there being no opportunity for any back pressure whatever. By the peculiar construction described a rotary steam engine is provided in which the full expansive force of the steam can be utilized, and the difficulties heretofore encountered in the practical working of rotary engines are avoided. As to the advantages claimed by this style of engine, the inventor makes the following points: "That for instance in a small reciprocating engine of three to six inches bore of cylinder the length is six, six, or eight inches, and there is a certain amount of backaction every time the pistons go from one end of the cylinder to the other; hence in running the distance of ten feet there would be 20 back actions. Now by taking the lowest back action laid down by the ablest writers, 3 per cent. has been lost every 6 inches run, which in 10 feet run would amount to just 3 per cent. of the whole power. Every time the piston moves from one end of the cylinder to the other the valve is opened to let the steam in and then closed; the valve to let the steam out is also opened and closed. This requires the moving of these valves twice each time the piston moves six inches, making or taking power 40 times in 10 feet. There is also loss when cutting off steam in this class of engines, and in the crank motion and power required to run a large fly-wheel." In this new rotary engine there is no back

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action of steam. The cylinders may be made of any desired length to 40 feet and upwards. The power is always given off at full leverage and pound for pound secured, less the friction. The steam ports and gates are moved but four times in going the length of a ten foot cylinder, or any length of cylinder while they are moved 40 times in going that far in a small reciprocating engine, as above referred to. If there are any leaks they may be remedied at once. The steam may be cut off at any point and works expansively to the end of the cylinder. The exhaust may pass off up the pipe, shown in the engraving, on top of one end of cylinder, or may exhaust into a case containing the pulley. In marine engines, for which the inventor considers this one especially adapted, heavy bed plates and working beams are done away with, and there is no extra iron and bracing required to strengthen the vessel. The first cost alone would be a great saving, to say nothing of the economy of working. The engine is well adapted to any kind of work. A company, called the "Stiles Hercules Engine Co.," has been formed to manufacture these engines, and further information may be had from the inventor at the Cosmopolitan hotel—Scientific Press.

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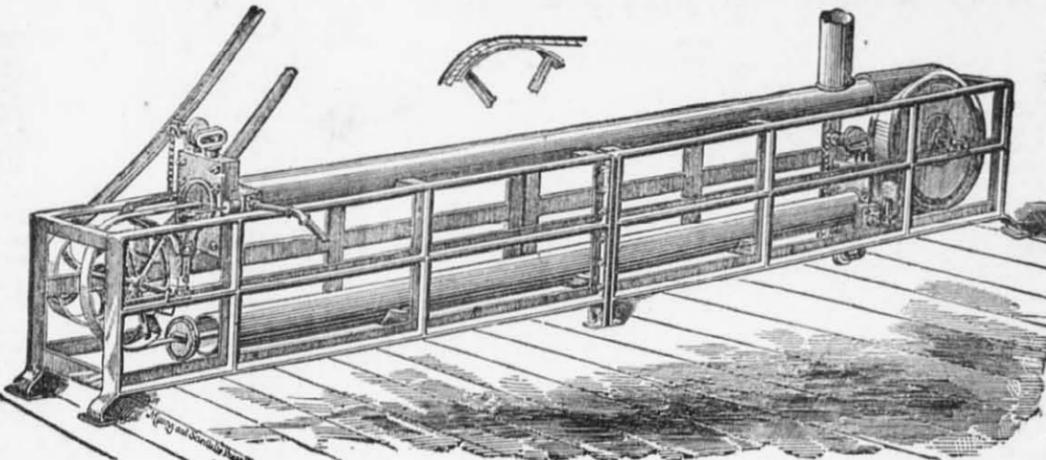
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**OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.**

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 19, 1878.

The mercury ranged from 3 to 5 degrees higher than it had done during the several hot days immediately preceding, thereby indicating the wisdom of the Weather Bureau's prediction that the hot wave from the west would reach us early in the day. This morning at sunrise the thermometer indicated a temperature of about 87° or 88°. There has been very few cases of sunstroke or even of prostration from the heat as compared with other towns of not half Washington's population; not a few in the west or other sections less than one-fifth its size report more deaths from the extreme heat in one day than have occurred here since the advent of heated term. Altogether I doubt if there has been half a dozen deaths from sunstroke reported; and the minor casualties have been proportionately few. There have only been isolated instances of work suspended, people going about their ordinary avocations as usual. The facts observed here as showing that all but a very small fraction of those who have seriously suffered are from the ranks of habitual drinkers, are confirmed by the pains taken at the other points to establish or explode this theory. The result or observations made with this object especially in view are dead against the whiskey and beer drinkers, as they are in cases of epidemics generally.

The marked progress made within the past few years in educating the owners of animals to the duty of caring for them and looking after comfort and preserving their health is seen in the care taken of the horses and mules driven in our streets. Special contrivances have been adopted by nearly or quite all the corporations, such as street railroads and ice companies, to shield their animals so far practicable from the damages and sufferings incident to the intense heat. The same may be said of the smaller owners, though the sensibilities are still occasionally shocked by instances of cruelty and brutal indifference to the discomforts of the animals driven on our streets.

It is pretty hot weather for the revival of the "code of honor" as recognized by the typical F. F. V. Yet that is precisely what Mr. Eppa Huntin, the member of Congress from the Virginia side of the Potomac is accused of trying to do, in order, it is estimated, to silence the batteries of Co'nubus Alexander, of this city, who is pouring into Huntin terrible broadsides of shot and shell through the Alexandria papers, somewhat to the detriment, probably, of Huntin's chances for a re-nomination. Alexander is, like Huntin, a pronounced Democrat, and has become locally famous for the stubborn fight he made against the Board of Public Works. He refused to pay the assessments made under its regime against his property and has kept up the fight to the present time in the District Courts. He was almost alone at first but was gradually reinforced as citizens began to realize something of the load of taxes the Board was piling up on their property. To have requested Huntin to vote legalize the assessments, as Huntin charges he did, would have been inconsistent with his whole record in the matter and those knowing him will believe Huntin must have misapprehended the drift of his (Alexander's) request. He promptly denied the statement and has got so far along as to have invited Alexander to meet him somewhere in Virginia to settle the hash, according to the "National Republican."

We are still in the dark as to the significance of Secretary Sherman's recent visit to New York and his several conferences with the sub-Treasury officials and representative bankers. Though Mr. Sherman is reported to have denied any intention of anticipating the date fixed for resumption, many still insist he had that in view in his visit which has been invested with much mystery. What little current work (largely increased by the appropriations voted for deficiencies) diminution of the force by discharges and the remarkable increase in the number of subscribers to the 4 per cent. loan, Mr. Sherman's is the hardest worked crowd in any of the Departments, being allowed no time even to grumble about the hot weather. Subscriptions are said to have amounted to over \$1,000,000 in a day, and the clerical force is inadequate to the prompt issue of the bonds; but as interest begins with payment no loss can result to subscribers. Porter's defense by ex-confederates as closed and summed up amounts to this: The night of August 27th was so dark he could not march, though Reno, Kearney and McEwell were able to do so; the flight of August was only an artillery duel and that he received Pope's order of 4:30 P. M. August 30, too late to attack Longstreet as ordered. If this gaudy web, woven for his justification is not torn to shreds in the hearing of the government case to open to-day, about everybody here will be disappointed.

Turkey has lost 4,000,000 tributary people, with 80,000 square miles; 4,000,000 more, with 70,000 square miles, previously subject, have become semi-independent and tributary; and 1,000,000 with 30,000 square miles, have fallen under the control and government of foreign powers. The entire area under the immediate control of the sultan, in Europe, may now be 25,000 square miles, with 1,500,000 inhabitants, and of these a majority desire annexation to Greece, and are ready to fight for it as soon as a favorable opportunity may present itself. The Turkish empire is now more Asiatic, or even African, than European, in number of its subjects and the source and seat of its power.

The Washington monument which was originally intended to be six hundred feet high, will be carried to four hundred and eighty-five feet in order, it is said, to exceed in altitude the loftiest structure in existence in any part of the mundane sphere. This would make the monument five feet higher than the pyramid of Cheops, but would leave it 20 feet short of the great cathedral at Cologne which, when finished, will be five hundred and eleven feet. It is suggested that the plan to make it the loftiest structure in the world had better be altered to bring the apex up to five hundred and fifty feet at least.

**REPUBLICAN TERRITORIAL CONVENTION.**

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.

JUDGE CHOATE, of one of the New York Courts, decided a few days ago that a Chinaman cannot be naturalized under the laws of the United States. The Judge stated, in giving his decision, which was upon the application of a Mongolian who had lived in New York twenty-eight years, that he was guided by the action of Judge Sawyer of this city in the Ah Yup case, in which it was held that a Chinaman was ineligible to citizenship because he was not a white person or a negro, the Constitutional amendment that admitted the African race had not admitted any other than such, and whites who were already eligible.

Hon. David Noggle, formerly Chief Justice of Idaho, died at Monroe, Wisconsin, on the 18th of July, from softening of the brain, with which he had been long afflicted.

**BEST** business you can engage in, \$5 to \$20 per day made by any worker of either sex, right in their own localities. Particulars and samples worth \$5 free. Improve your spare time at this business. Address Simson & Co., Portland, Maine.

**IF ANY DEALER INFORMS** You that he has a dentifrice identical with or containing ingredients equally or superior in efficacy to those of SOZODONT, discredit the statement and insist upon having that alone. By doing so, you will secure a dentifrice par excellence the best in the market, containing botanic elements of rare preservative influence upon the teeth, and one which will endow them with most becoming whiteness. Another desirable feature of this stable toilet article is that it imparts fragrance to the breath. Sold by the druggists.

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THOMAS T. MINOR, M. D.,  
Managing Surgeon.

26-1f

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" 30	Aug 8	Aug 10
Aug. 20	" 28	" 30
Sept. 10	Sept 18	Sept 20
" 30	" "	" "

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July 20	On arrival.	July 10
Aug 10	" "	" 30
" 30	" "	Sept 10
Sept 20	" "	" 30

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