

THE PUGET SOUND WEEKLY ARGUS
 IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY AT
 Port Townsend, Washington Territory,
 BY C. W. PHILBRICK.

Terms of Subscription.—\$3.00 per annum
 in advance; six months, \$1.50.
 ADVERTISING RATES.—One inch, first inser-
 tion, \$1.00; each subsequent insertion, 50 cts.
 Copy advertisements taken at liberal rates.
 All Accounts Settled Monthly.

Ode for the Occasion.

The Republican ticket at last has been made
 (its ability) annual; no eminence there.
 At the top of the cart; Bro. Jonathan swears
 "God damn'd it be saint, took a back," such a
 well.
 If it turned upside down it will read quite as
 well.
 For the man they have put in the delegate's
 place
 would do for a justice, provided his time
 had a limited number of cases, and tried
 To let whiskey alone, and let politics slide,
 And would weigh truth and justice and not
 count the votes.
 His decision would win; 'mongst the rabble
 this has been of convenience. I say with regret
 It would be hard for this man, he has not done
 it yet!
 And the attorney they're talking about
 though at present an In-man, will find him-
 self out.
 On the 15th of November, and have to go back
 To his uncle a Cross-breed, and then if they lack
 Any cash, why reopen their bank, or reload
 Those pistols and give the Municipal road.
 And see Elton Baskin, and get him to send
 A gag, of his coolies to lend them a hand,
 Or, if that doesn't pay, they can get a small
 loan.
 From the bishop, sufficient to start a saloon;
 but Lacey I see with a noble vision.
 The moment the 7th has given its decision
 With career, he'll stand and their eyes stream-
 ing brains.
 Now, Jacob and Iman step over the line
 To the Oregon shore, and you wouldn't be far
 If they'll each eat some coffee, they won't
 get one here.
 Now I'm not up before you for office, you see,
 For an I Collector of Unions—not me.
 And I've not been enabled to get up such a
 As the medical man of the merchant marine,
 And I've never been surrounded by African
 braves.
 Nor talked with the devil; and, must be con-
 fessed.
 I was not shot completely to pieces, nor hurt
 In the war, and I wove not the ensanguined
 shirt.
 I have not even the small pox, so will have no
 call.
 For the patient fog-horn of Point Wilson at all.
 No, I'm only a Democrat, a simple-minded man,
 And my voice against Jacob's will do it all.
 I belong to the country, was bred in its woods,
 Have courted its maidens, and bedded in its
 floods.
 And there are many a thousand just such as
 I am.
 From the grasshopper plains to the land of the
 dead,
 Who will stand to the polls, and do that which
 is right.
 Three cheers for Paul Judson—Hurnsh for
 Will White!

Another Lie Nailed.

Of all the campaign falsehoods, which
 form the entire stock in trade of the Re-
 publican party, none is more utterly base-
 less than the one that ex-Confederate sol-
 diers have been given a monopoly of po-
 sitions in the House of Representatives.
 He has been repeated on every Re-
 publican stump from Maine to Texas, and
 by every Republican speaker from Blaine
 the arch corruptor down to that most
 insignificant cross-road spouter, Sim-
 wood. The whole story is the exact re-
 verse of the truth, and known to be an
 utter fabrication by those who have made
 the charge. The employes of the House
 in the late session were numbered 232,
 and of these only 23 were ex-Confederate
 soldiers. The Union States had 175
 positions, while only 57 were held by per-
 sons from States engaged in the rebellion,
 and of these 57 many were loyal to the
 Union during the war. Thirty-seven of
 the old employes were retained, and the
 list included 15 colored men and 53 Union
 soldiers, of whom 10 were wounded in the
 Union service. The number of Union
 soldiers employed was exactly double
 the number of Confederates, and the em-
 ployes from Union States were over three
 times as great as those from Rebel States.
 The Union soldiers employed in the Re-
 publican House in the 44th Congress, num-
 bered, as far as can be ascertained, only
 23, so that the Democratic House has given
 employment to more Union soldiers than
 the Republican House which preceded it.
 So this slander is disposed of as effectually
 as other lies which have been told before it.

The Boston Globe, one of the
 ablest and most influential of the Re-
 publican newspapers of New Eng-
 land, is disgusted with the cry of this
 "bloody shirt," and enters its pro-
 test as follows:
 "We do not believe in making
 this cry of a rebellion the one
 issue of this campaign. We insist
 that the Republican leaders are mak-
 ing a serious mistake; that they are
 doing the whole country a real harm.
 They are endeavoring to open up
 old wounds, renew the strife between
 the North and the South and not from
 patriotic motives, but as a political
 move, simply and only to get votes
 Is this honest? Indeed, is it politic?
 We think not."

The Detroit Free Press says
 that an Illinois editor, while on his
 way to the Centennial, was robbed of
 four dollars, and had to turn back.
 When a Western editor starts to
 walk to the Centennial he should not
 be so foolish as to take all his fortune
 with him.

CLEANINGS.
 Odes on the "sere and yellow leaf"
 are in season.

Since the "awards" all the piano
 makers are in tune.

The artist Story is building im-
 mense studios in Rome.

Chicken-pie socials are the latest
 among Wisconsin dyspeptics.

The report of the hell-gate explo-
 sion has heard thirty-five miles away.

Three miners have recently left
 the Black Hills with \$300,000 in gold
 dust.

Potatoes are now rolling the way
 their fathers all rolled—down the
 cellar-way.

A score of church buildings are for
 sale in New York, and not one in
 process of erection.

English ladies take large quanti-
 ties of chloral. They also die from
 it in large quantities.

In about a week the great Centen-
 nial Exposition will have blossomed
 itself out for a century.

It has been noticed that those
 who talk most against mothers-in-law
 are a very bad class of sons-in-law.

The fall style of hats for gentle-
 men looks like a last year's boy's hat
 with the brim trimmed off and pressed
 over.

The troops want to go into winter
 quarters, but Sherman says "No, we
 must whip those Indians before dis-
 covering anything else."

Queen Victoria is patiently wait-
 ing for the first of January, when she
 will be formally proclaimed Empress
 of India at Delhi.

Mr. George Bancroft, the historian,
 is staying at Philadelphia, studying
 the Centennial Exhibition. He was
 76 years old on the 31st.

Hunters are still in pursuit of that
 Hardin county (Iowa) big snake.
 There is evidently a great field for
 temperance operations out there.

Bishop Ames says that without
 express authority from the General
 Conference, women cannot be licensed
 to preach in the Methodist Church.

Some people say that Mr. Sankey
 sings like a shining angel, while oth-
 ers are equally enthusiastic in pro-
 nouncing his tones like those of a
 shining minstrel.

It is proposed by the Post Office
 Department to burn all missives that
 "tumble" to the dead letter office
 hereafter, except those containing
 articles of intrinsic value.

A Californian who has been seek-
 ing "justice" in the courts says: "I
 always had believed in divine fore-
 knowledge until after I heard the
 verdict of that jury—then I weaken-
 ed."

After treading this earth for 105
 weary years, Mr. Jeremiah Harrington,
 of Springfield, Mass., recently
 passed away. He is believed to have
 been the oldest man in New England.

When a man shoots his sweetheart
 because she wont marry him in Jap-
 an, he gets tied into a bag full of
 thistles and rolled down a rocky pre-
 cipice into the sea. And it serves
 him right.

The released eastern whiskey thieves
 wander around in a hushed and quiet
 manner like foot-pads. They like-
 wise have little to say, and say that
 in a low tone. All of which is emi-
 nently becoming to them.

Among the industries of the last few
 years at the east is the collection and
 sale of the creeping ferns so common
 in the New England woods, but en-
 tirely unknown west of the Alleghen-
 ies, and until last year, unknown
 beyond the Hudson.

The oyster trade of New York city
 amounts to \$18,000,000 annually, a
 sum greater than the entire Euro-
 pean trade. Several hundred ves-
 sels are engaged bringing oysters to
 that market from Maryland, Dela-
 ware and Virginia, as well as the
 waters in the immediate vicinity.

The United States steamer Gettys-
 burg has sailed from Washington
 navy yard for the Mediterranean
 sea, where surveys and soundings
 will be made. Subsequently exten-
 sive deep sea soundings will be made
 in various latitudes. The Gettys-
 burg used to be a blockade runner
 during the war, until she was cap-
 tured.

GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

O. F. GERRISH & CO
 Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

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 will knit 20,000 articles in a
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A Practical Family Knitting Machine!
 Knits all sizes of work, narrow and widens
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 different garments, socks, stockings, mittens,
 legging, wristlets, gloves, etc. It knits every
 possible variety of plain or fancy stitch. 75 per
 cent profit in manufacturing knit goods. Farm-
 ers can treble the value of their wool, by
 converting it into knit goods. **WARRANTY** make
 \$2.00 per day with it.

AGENTS WANTED, send for samples, Price
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 ufacturer.

Bickford Knitting Machine Mfg. Company,
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Or office No. 229 Broadway, N. Y.; No. 29 West
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Having removed our place of business to our New Store, under the
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Largest and Best Selected Stock
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JEWELRY, CLOCKS & SILVERWARE

ON PUGET SOUND,
 And as we buy for cash we can SELL CHEAPER than any other
 house in the Territory.

We have also JUST RECEIVED a fine assortment of
Musical Instruments

Of all Kinds.
 Agents for the sale of the

Standard Organ,
Weber, Sherman & Hyde

and Cottage Gem Pianos.
 Instruments sold on the Installment plan and on easy terms.

We have also added to our Stock a fine assortment of
UNDERTAKER'S GOODS.

Clocks, Watches and Jewelry repaired in a satisfactory manner.
B. S. MILLER,
 Port Townsend, July 14, 1876. 21

If You Want Stationery of any kind;

The Best of Cigars;

Smoking or Chewing Tobacco;
Foreign or Domestic Fruits;

Candies or Nuts of all Kinds;
Go to the store of JAMES JONES,
 Corner Custom House Building, at Telegraph Office.

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Houses to rent, money loaned, and taxes
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 pared, and titles to claims secured.
 Anything and everything bought and
 sold.
 It will be to the advantage of parties
 buying, selling, or renting to first consult
 by letter, or at my office, at
 Port Townsend, W. T.

U. S. Marine Hospital,
 PORT TOWNSEND, W. T.
 ANY SICK SAILOR WHO HAS PAID
 A Hospital dues for two months pre-
 ceding his application for admission, is entitled
 to Hospital relief.

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Constantly on Hand the
CHOICEST MEATS
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Also, Corned Beef and Pork, Smoked
 Meats, Pork and Bologna Sausages,
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U. S. Marine Hospital,
 PORT TOWNSEND, W. T.
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 A Hospital dues for two months pre-
 ceding his application for admission, is entitled
 to Hospital relief.

Port Townsend Hospital.
 The above institution having been placed
 on a permanent footing, as the United
 States Hospital for Marine Patients on
 Puget Sound, the proprietor takes pleasure
 in announcing that no pains or expense
 will be spared in maintaining to the com-
 fort and convenience of private patients.

This is the largest general Hospital north
 of San Francisco, and by far the most com-
 plete in equipment. It has been thoroughly
 refitted and refurbished. Its general wards
 have accommodations for about one hun-
 dred patients and are peculiarly adapted
 for cases requiring the most careful treat-
 ment and constant supervision at limited
 expense. Those who desire them will be
 furnished with private rooms, entirely
 separate and distinct, at a slight additional
 cost.

The attention of Mill owners, and
 those interested in shipping, is called to
 the fact that seamen suffering from conta-
 gious diseases will be treated outside the
 Hospital without expense to the vessel.
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For Sale.
 A NICE STRONG BUGGY, HARNESS
 complete. Horses, eight years old,
 both good.

Buggy and Riding Horse for sale at a bar-
 gain. Price \$250. Enquire at
ROTHWELL & CO.
 12-11

Effect of Darkness on Fruit.

The influence of darkness on the colors of fruits and flowers is a well-known fact...

The glory of the farmer is, that in the division of labor it is his part to create...

A young turkey has a smooth black leg; in an old one the legs are rough and reddish...

Butter is a butter a food—that is, does it nourish and strengthen the body?

All coarse weeds may be removed by dropping into the heart of each oil of vitriol...

CURE FOR A VICIOUS HORSE.—A horse, no matter how vicious and obstinate he may be...

WASH FOR FRUIT TREES.—The Practical Farmer, speaking of a wash for the bodies of fruit trees...

After being stung by a wasp or bee, the first thing to be done is to remove the sting...

EASTERN PICK-POCKERS are sending to California something new in their line...

Etiquette in Washington Society.

The wife of the Chief Justice, and the wife of the President, is the first lady in the land...

It is made the duty of the President to give several state dinners and official receptions during each session of Congress...

The ladies of a cabinet officer must receive reception every Wednesday evening...

The President is not expected to offer refreshments to the crowds who attend his receptions...

It is optional with Senators and Representatives, as with all officers except the President...

DETECTING A THIEF BY MEANS OF A TOY SNAKE.—A Richmond, Va., paper says: A gentleman of this city...

"Has that jury agreed?" asked the judge of a sheriff whom he met on the street...

Important from the Centennial. (Copy of Telegram.) Philadelphia, September 27, 1876.

The "WILSON" has received highest award, medal and diploma. W. G. WILSON, President Wilson Sewing Machine Co.

Head's Business College. This is an excellent school for boys and young men...

DR. HUNTER'S LETTERS.

The President and Importance of Dr. Hunter's Letters. Their treatment by Medical Inhalation.

I have presented my views to the people of the United States in the regular weekly or daily paper that they look for information upon the most interesting and important subjects...

Nearly thirty years ago my relatives and former associates, Dr. Hunter and Dr. J. J. Hunter of New York City, brought me into the world...

So long as the people neglect catarrh and the lungs, they are in danger of pneumonia prepared for them by the catarrh...

San Francisco, Cal., Oct. 1st, 1876. My dear friend, Dr. Hunter can be consulted either personally or by letter at 222 Post street...

THE MYSTERIES OF TRUTH. How they are Unravels by an Emminent and Distinguished Physician in his "San Francisco Medical Journal."

That truth is mighty and will prevail in spite of ignorance, sophistry and superstition, is a fact which the whole moral and intellectual world acknowledges...

JOHN WOLFE, 610 Sacramento Street, San Francisco. (Care A. J. PLATE & CO.)

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REMOVAL. W. J. PAIGE, M. D., HAS RECEIVED the cases of the EVERETT SAN FRANCISCO. 609 Sacramento Street, near Montgomery Street.

THE BARSTOW CASKET. MOST beautiful and reliable article ever used in the family...

Important from the Centennial.

To the HOWE MACHINE CO. 873 Market Street, San Francisco. Highest award at Centennial Exhibition, 1876.

Muller's Public Specifier. A Journal of Popular Medical Information. The first No. of the new series just issued...

"The Medical Specialist." A Journal of Popular Medical Information. The first No. of the new series just issued...

Dr. Hunter's Letter. The attention of our readers is respectfully called to Dr. Hunter's Letter in another column...

ESSENCE OF LIFE.—This powerful nervous tonic and blood-purifier has lately been brought into notice in this section...

From R. Feltow, M. D., of Hill, N. H. Although I have generally a great objection to the use of medicine...

Iron in the Blood. The PERVIAN STAFF vitalizes and enriches the blood...

A 32-page pamphlet, containing a history of the PERVIAN STAFF, a valuable paper on progress in medicine...

\$60 TO \$90 PER WEEK Made by Agents. DIVORCES legally and quietly obtained in any State...

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BURNHAM'S ABIIETENE. SOMETHING ENTIRELY NEW. NO COMPOUND, NO POISONOUS OILS...

DR. MANNING'S TRUSS. A new and improved Truss for the cure of Rupture, Hernia, Strain, etc.

NEVER-FAILING PILE CURE! Price \$2.00 a case, with full directions which will cure in any case...

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DR. STEINHART'S ESSENCE OF LIFE. CURES NEURALGIC AND PHYSICAL DEBILITY.

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A Special Constable.

BY CHARLES READE.

Two women, sisters, kept the toll-bar at a village in Yorkshire. It stood apart from the village, and they often felt lonesome at night, being lone women.

One day they received a considerable sum of money, bestowed them with a relation, and that set the simple souls all in a flutter.

They had a friend in the village, the blacksmith's wife; so they went and told her their fortune. She admitted that there was a lonesome place, and she would not live there, for one—without a man. Her discourse sent them home downright miserable.

The blacksmith's wife told her husband all about it when he came in for his dinner.

"The fools!" said he: "how is anybody to know they have brass in the house?"

"Well," said the wife, "they make no secret of it to me; but you need not go for to tell it to all the town—poor souls!"

"Not I," said the man; "but they will publish it, never fear; leave women-folk alone for making their own trouble with their tongues."

There the subject was dropped, as man and wife have things to talk about beside their neighbors.

The old woman at the toll-bar, with their own fears and their own Job's comforter, began to shiver and grovel and fret at sunset the carrier passed through the gate, and at the sight of his friendly face they brightened up. They told him their care, and begged him to sleep in the house that night.

"Why, how can I?" said he. "I am due at—"; but I will leave my dog." The dog was at each other expressively. "He won't hurt us, will he?" sighed one of them faintly.

"Not he," said the carrier, cheerfully. Then he called the dog into the house, and told them to lock the door; and went away whistling.

The women were left contemplating the dog, with that tender interest apprehension is sure to excite. As dusk seemed staggered at this off-hand proceeding of his master; it confused him; then he snuffed at the door; then, as the wheels retreated, he began to sniff plainly that he was abandoned dog; he delivered a fearful howl, and flew at the door, scratching and barking furiously.

The old women fled the apartment, and were next seen at an upper window, screaming to the carrier: "Come back come back, John! He is tearing the house down."

"But the varmint," said John, and came back. On the road he thought what was best to be done. The good-natured fellow took his great-coat out of the cart and laid it down on the floor. The mastiff instantly laid himself on it.

"Now," said John, sternly, "let us have no more nonsense; you take charge of that till I come, and don't let the dog nibble nobody that there, nor yet t'wines' brass. There now," said he, kindly, to the women, "I shall be back this way breakfast time, and he won't budge till then."

"And won't he hurt us, John?"

"Lord, no. Bless your heart, he's as sensible as any Christian; only, Lord sake, woman, don't ye go to take the coat from him, or he'll be wanting a new gown yourself, and maybe a petticoat and all."

He retired, and the old women kept a respectable distance from their protector. He never molested them, and, indeed, when they spoke cajoling to him, he even wagged his tail in a dubious way; but still, as he moved about, he squinted at them out of his blood-shot eye in a way that checked all desire on their part to try on the carrier's coat.

Thus protected, they went to bed earlier than usual; they did not undress; they were too much afraid of everything, especially their protector. The night wore on, and presently their sharpened senses began to know that the dog was getting restless; he snuffed and then growled, and then he got up and pattered about, muttering to himself. Straightway with furniture they barricaded the door through which their protector must pass to devour them.

But by-and-by, listening acutely, they heard a scraping and grating outside the window, the room where the dog was, and he continued growling low. This was enough; they slipped out of the back door and left their money to save their lives; they got into the village. It was pitch dark, and all the houses dark but two; one was the public house, casting a triangular gleam across the road a long way off, and the other was the blacksmith's house. Here was a piece of fortune for the terrified women. They burst into their friend's house. "Oh! Jane, the thieves have come!" and they told her in a few words all that had happened.

"Let!" said she, "how t'winores you are! ten to one he was only growling at some one that passed by."

"Nay, Jane, we heard the scraping outside the window. Oh, woman, call your man, and let him go with us."

"Where is he, then?"

"I suppose he is where other working-men's husbands are, at the public house," she said rather bitterly, for she had her experience.

The old women wanted to go to the public house for him; but the blacksmith's wife was a courageous woman, and beside, she thought it most likely a false alarm. "Nay, nay," said she,

"last time I went for him there I got a fine offering. I'll come with you," said she. "I'll take the poker, and we have got our tongues to raise the town with, I suppose."

So they marched to the toll-bar. When they got near it they saw something that staggered this heroine. There was actually a man half in and half out of the window. This brought the blacksmith's wife to standstill, and she said, "I'll suppose her to go back to the village." "Nay," said she, "what for? I see but one—and—hark! it is my belief the dog is holding of him."

Then the blacksmith's wife stepped to the same side with the dog, lest the man might turn on her. So she made her way into the kitchen, followed by the other two; and there a sight met her eyes that changed all her feelings, both toward the robber and toward each other. The great mastiff had pinned a man by the throat, and was pulling at him, to draw him through the window. The man's weight alone prevented it. The window was like a picture-frame, and in that frame there glared, with lolling tongue and staring eyes, the white face of the blacksmith, his congealed friend's villainous husband. She uttered an appalling scream, and flew upon the dog, and choked him with her two hands. He held and growled and tore till he fell all but strangled himself, then he fell, and the man fell. But what struck the ground outside like a lump of lead was, in truth, a lump of clay. The man was quite dead, and a fearful end in an appalling and most piteous tragedy; not that the scoundrel himself deserved any pity, not so his poor, brave, and trusting wife, to whom he owed not only the villainy he mediated.

The outlines of this true story were in several journals. I have put the disjointed particulars together as well as I can. I have tried my best to learn the name of the village, and what became of the poor widow, but have failed hitherto. Should these lines meet the eyes of any one who can tell me, I hope he will do so, and without delay.

Our First "China-Boy."

Never shall we forget our first Chinaman whom we employed as a house-servant. The excellent and trusted Bridget who had lived with us so long was to be married, and, after her, we felt indeed plainly that we were abandoned dog; he delivered a fearful howl, and flew at the door, scratching and barking furiously.

The old women fled the apartment, and were next seen at an upper window, screaming to the carrier: "Come back come back, John! He is tearing the house down."

"But the varmint," said John, and came back. On the road he thought what was best to be done. The good-natured fellow took his great-coat out of the cart and laid it down on the floor. The mastiff instantly laid himself on it.

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"Lord, no. Bless your heart, he's as sensible as any Christian; only, Lord sake, woman, don't ye go to take the coat from him, or he'll be wanting a new gown yourself, and maybe a petticoat and all."

He retired, and the old women kept a respectable distance from their protector. He never molested them, and, indeed, when they spoke cajoling to him, he even wagged his tail in a dubious way; but still, as he moved about, he squinted at them out of his blood-shot eye in a way that checked all desire on their part to try on the carrier's coat.

Thus protected, they went to bed earlier than usual; they did not undress; they were too much afraid of everything, especially their protector. The night wore on, and presently their sharpened senses began to know that the dog was getting restless; he snuffed and then growled, and then he got up and pattered about, muttering to himself. Straightway with furniture they barricaded the door through which their protector must pass to devour them.

But by-and-by, listening acutely, they heard a scraping and grating outside the window, the room where the dog was, and he continued growling low. This was enough; they slipped out of the back door and left their money to save their lives; they got into the village. It was pitch dark, and all the houses dark but two; one was the public house, casting a triangular gleam across the road a long way off, and the other was the blacksmith's house. Here was a piece of fortune for the terrified women. They burst into their friend's house. "Oh! Jane, the thieves have come!" and they told her in a few words all that had happened.

"Let!" said she, "how t'winores you are! ten to one he was only growling at some one that passed by."

"Nay, Jane, we heard the scraping outside the window. Oh, woman, call your man, and let him go with us."

"Where is he, then?"

"I suppose he is where other working-men's husbands are, at the public house," she said rather bitterly, for she had her experience.

The old women wanted to go to the public house for him; but the blacksmith's wife was a courageous woman, and beside, she thought it most likely a false alarm. "Nay, nay," said she,

New York Fashion Notes.

From the *Fashioner's News*.

GENTLEMEN use very small visiting cards.

FALL "openings" are now taking place.

CREAM-WHITE lampas is used for overdresses.

VELVET flowers are used in the garniture of hats.

Jew and steel ornaments are seen on new Fall hats.

Beads interlined in fancy silks are a novelty in trimmings.

A BEAUTIFUL female foot is said to be one-seventh of the lady's height.

The costliness of *cheville* net for overdresses will prevent its ever becoming common.

It is interesting a gentleman to a lady it makes no difference which name is used first.

FEATHER tips—many on one hat—are to be used in preference to long plumes this Winter.

STILKS used for evening dresses are in shades of pale blue and pink. White is also in high favor.

SCISSORS are made to fold up so that they may be kept in a little leather case—a pocket convenience.

LADIES' visiting cards are very large, and have the name and residence engraved to look as if written.

Low shoes are well enough for outdoor wear in the country, but are scarcely proper on city streets.

EVERYTHING is to be *laced* this Winter instead of buttoned, the backs of sleeves, overdresses, *polonaises* and waists.

GENTLEMEN'S visiting cards, to be especially "nobby" should have the address engraved in the lower right hand corner.

Two materials—not two colors—are to be combined in outside wraps, in the same manner in which they are employed in dresses.

The rage for cream color has been carried even into the region of collars and cuffs, and into the wear of yellow linen instead of pure white.

FURNOX being a popular trimming for costumes, a new and striking effect is made by combining in the fringe the colors or shades used in a dress.

The distinctive quality of new *polonaises* is their light-fitting long waists with skirts closely drawn across the knees, and made long and flowing in the back.

RED, cardinal and carobler—shades of the same color—still remain popular.

The admittance of red in garments and those supposed to know predict their use another season.

THE *bobe* (baby) bonnet, a modification of that worn by young children, is to be quite generally adopted by ladies with young faces, and by them is designated "perfectly lovely."

A VERY dainty robe de chambre is made of white cashmere, cut a la *Valetteau*, and lined throughout with blue silk, slightly quilted. Blue silk collar and cuffs ornament the neck and sleeves.

FOR stately dames and matrons evening toilettes are made of heavy brocade or velvet. Young ladies who care much about dancing still show a preference for light gauze and less heavy silks.

OLIVE-GREEN is combined with gossamer in hat trimmings—plum color with light-blue, maroon with blue, brown with cream-color, while black velvet is mingled with fringes and facings of any of the pale tints.

BLACK dresses—of elegant materials to be sure—have been considered entirely proper for evening wear of late years; but we now hear of a change. Light colors are in favor again for all but very elderly ladies.

VELVET will be more popular as bonnet trimming next Winter than was last. A material called mole-skin plush will also be employed. It is a long, heavy and more heavy pile than cut velvet, and yet it is not like the ordinary plush.

A FANOT, originating of course in Paris, is the wearing of a ball-dress made entirely of flowers. The garment is really an over-dress, although it is so long as nearly to cover the other. From beneath the edge falls some drooping flowers—like *fruchias*, and entirely covering the upper part—generally made of satin—are flowers of one specie, or a mixture of all kinds.

HIRING HORSES.—It has been decided that when a horse or carriage is let out for hire, for the purpose of performing a particular journey, the party letting warrants the horse and carriage fit and competent for such journey. If the driver treats the horse or carriage in any prudent man would do, he is not answerable for any damage either may be done; but he must use the horse for the purpose for which he hires him. For instance, a horse hired for saddle must not be used in harness. If the hirer violates this express condition of the contract, he is liable for any damage by which the horse or carriage is stolen through the hirer's negligence, such as leaving the stable door open all night, he must answer for it. But if he is robbed of it by highwaymen, when traveling the usual road for several hours, he cannot be held for damages. As these questions are frequently in dispute, it is not out of place to shed a little light upon them.—*Turf, Field and Farm.*

THERE is a Frenchman now in Versailles, France, who enjoys the singular distinction of having outlived seven wives. A widow lady of our acquaintance boasts that if he did marry her he'd never outlive another wife.

A Frog Many Hundreds of Years Old and Yet Alive.

Naturalists have made many curious discoveries during the geological investigations, but a discovery was made on Madison street this forenoon which calls for the attention and investigation of scientists. The city street force was removing paving rock from the levee at the foot of Madison street. One of the boilers had to be broken in half, and on applying the hammer it burst open. One half appeared an oval cavity some six inches in diameter, and this cavity was half full of water. Assistant City Engineer Murray put his finger down in the water on a sudden, and suddenly, as if he felt something move at the bottom. Making the crack larger, a live frog leaped out of the little lake that had for so many years lain entombed in the rock-ribbed cave. The rock is of blue limestone, brought from the Ohio river, and it has been in use as a paving stone on the landing for nearly fifteen years. The upper part of the rock has been worn smooth from the constant wear of dray wheels.

The questions are, how long was that frog in that rock tomb? and was it possible that it lived and grew there without light, and only such air as could pass through the rock, all rock supposed to be more or less porous? It must have been hundreds of years ago when the rock lay in the quarry which formed in the mud on the bank of the Ohio river, and lay there until the mud covered it in, rendering escape impossible. Then the chemistry of nature set to work, and the rock became harder and harder, until after centuries of ages it became rock, known as blue limestone. Fifteen years ago the rock was dug out and boated down to Memphis, where it has been used as a paving-stone on the levee. All these long, weary years the frog has listened to the rolling of wagons and drays over its tomb, and it heard the rumbling of the artillery during the gunboat fight of 1862. When the day of its delivery came, it hopped out and away as lively as any other frog.

How old is that frog? It must be a "century" as Mrs. Bartington said, and it may be two, three, five hundred, or a thousand years old. Long live old Sitting Bull-frog, because it comes down to us with the glories of antiquity around it, and old age should be respected, even though not in itself respectable.—*Memphis Ledger.*

WOULD NOT CHANGE.—A New Hampshire boy, now a resident of Wisconsin, was a fine scholar, a graduate of Dartmouth College, and a law student. Just before he sailed for his new home he contracted a severe cold, which rendered him very deaf, and no medical skill was able to restore his hearing. This affliction compelled him to give up his professional career, and he went West, where much broken down in spirits. For ten years he has been farming, cultivating about two hundred acres of prairie, and, as he expressed it, "doing a good living, and salting down something every year. And he declared that if, knowing what he now knows, he was to begin his active life over again, he would do just as he does now, and he would not change a hair of his head for the life of a hog. He said he was compelled to do ten years ago; that is, he would throw aside his profession, and settle down on a farm. Said he: "There isn't much glory on a farm, but you get a good living. You do your master; you can't starve; nor be turned out of business; and as far as the work is concerned, in these days of horse-power a man needn't kill himself farming any more than at any other business. It's brains that win on a farm, as well as everywhere else; and the smart man is going to ride, while the stupid one goes afoot, in the corn field as well as in the bar or saloon. I should like to have my hearing again; but I wouldn't leave my farm if I had it."

IMPROVING ON THE TEXT.—In the sensational play, "Le Venguer," an actor, Ricard, had to enter with three or four other French sailors upon a scene representing a ruined Breton village; there they were to ambush themselves and prevent the English from landing. Ricard had no lines to repeat, but considered it his duty to distinguish himself from his companions, and so broke out: "Great Caesar! behold our hearthstones devastated as if the thunders of the Almighty God had been out for a walk!"

"What's that? what's that?" said the author, who was conducting the rehearsal; "hold your tongue, go off and come on again."

Ricard considering the censure visited on the particular form of words only, retired and returned with the exclamation: "Ha! the English brigands have again come here to shed the blood of France! Let us pulverize England to death!"

"Enough!" cried the author, holding his sides; "I s'ry to do it, but we must remove Ricard."

Ricard did not unobscure himself for some days, till he met the manager. "Look here," he said, "that author is a good fellow—I don't deny it, but upon my word he does not allow sufficient independence to the anep."

A WOMAN PEDESTRIAN.—Mrs. Richards, an English woman, thirty-four years old, amuses herself in England by walking 1,600 miles in 1,000 hours. She walks two miles from a quarter past two, and so on each successive two hours, taking rest in the intervals. She does her mile in ten minutes; and although she has for nearly two years boasted that if he'd marry her he'd never outlive another wife.

The Bank Check.

It is rather difficult for an ignorant man to understand the ways of doing business at a bank. If, like the colored citizen of this story, told by the *Detroit Free Press*, he cannot write, and is asked to endorse a check, he is apt to be puzzled.

A colored resident of Detroit, who is the owner of a cast-iron horse and an old wagon, was hired to draw some dirt for a yard on Beaubien street, and when his work was completed the owner of the premises handed him a check for \$7.50.

"Is that a seven dollar and a half bill?" asked the colored man, turning the check over and over, and regarding it with great curiosity.

"That is a check on a bank," was the reply. "Take it down there and get your money on the ground of the bank."

"De feller at de bank owes you, does he?" was the next query.

"I have money there, and he will hand you \$7.50."

"Is that 'bout dat," slowly remarked the colored citizen. "Spoken I godown dar an' he says dis yere document is an order on a hardware store."

"Oh, it will be all right," replied the citizen, and he started down town, and left the negro looking at the back of the check. When he reached home at night his creditor was there and waiting. Holding up the check, the negro said: "Dis yere paper doesn't seem to be wort a cent. I took it down dar, and de feller in de bank looked at it and looked at it, and den looked at me, and den he snuck up his nose and yelled out, 'What's yer name an' whar you live, an' I tole him mighty straight, an' den he wanted me to write my name on de bank, an' fool around, an' fool around, an' fool around, an' den he walked out. De family is out of 'aters an' meat, an' I'd like to settle-dat account for postage stamps or ship-liners."

What Saved a Vetran.

Years ago Chas. M. Loo was a great lawyer in Rochester, New York. On one occasion he was defending an old veteran for passing a forged thirty-dollar note for \$100. There was scarcely a doubt of the man's guilt, but Lee getting over the knotty points of the evidence as well as he could, undertook to carry the jury by escalade on the ground of the man's revolutionary services. He described in graphic terms the bloody attack on Stony Point, by Mad Anthony, at which the prisoner, then a dare devil of nineteen, distinguished himself, and closed his speech as follows:

"Gentlemen of the jury, will you send to the State Prison for passing a contemptible thirty-dollar forged note, in his youth cheered the heart of his country in the darkest hour of the revolution by storming Stony Point?"

This was a poser for the jury, who, returning, returned after an absence of about two hours, when the clerk went through the usual formula:

"Gentlemen of the jury have you agreed upon a verdict?"

"We have."

"Do you find the prisoner at the bar guilty, or not guilty?"

"Not guilty," because he stormed Stony Point! thundered the foreman.

The audience applauded and the crier rapped for order, the district attorney objected to the recording of the verdict, and the judge sent the jury out again, telling the foreman, in a sharp tone, that they must render an unconditional verdict.

After an absence of a few minutes, they returned, when the foreman added the simple verdict of not guilty, adding, however, as he dropped his eyes: "This was a good thing, though, for the old revolutionary cuss that he stormed Stony Point?"

CHAMBERLAIN MATTERS.—"The mails have changed, madam," responded the clerk at the general delivery window of the post-office to an applicant for a letter. "Yes, indeed," said the old lady placing both hands on the clerk's eyes. "You are right in saying the mails have changed. Why, when I was a girl we didn't hear of half all owing to the mails. Then, and it's a woman married, we expected to see her settle down and raise a family around her husband and go into some kind of business and make a nice support for all them. But now-a-days half the married women have to support their worthless husbands, when they really ought to be proud, happy wives. How often do we see patient, dutiful women, with every wifely instinct and motherly virtue, beautifully developed, being lapped by the cruel monster, who, once upon a time, had sworn to love and cherish them above all others. Yes, young man, you are right, the mails have changed, and as a friend, I would advise you to look very sharp that you don't change too."

A FAMILY PORTRAIT.—A gentleman in Paris paid a visit the other day, to a lady, in whose parlor he saw the portrait of a lovely woman, of say five-and-twenty. Upon the entrance of the lady her visitor asked her if the picture was a family portrait, and was told that it represented her deceased daughter. "Has it been long since you lost her?" "Alas, sir," replied the lady. "She died just after her birth and I had her portrait painted to represent her as she would have appeared if she had lived until now."

A man of little wisdom is a sage among fools.



FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1876.

For Delegate to Congress: JOHN P. JUDSON. Prosecuting Attorney: WILLIAM H. WHITE.

WHY WE SHOULD VOTE FOR HON. J. P. JUDSON.

This is our last issue of this paper before the day of election—the 7th inst.—and by the next issue we, in all probability, will know and be able to give to our readers reliable returns, sufficient to enable us at least to know who is to be our next President, and also our delegate to Congress for the coming term.

The remaining death-blows of the political parties of the nation, and of this Territory, will be given and received during the next four days. The most telling blow has been given by the Democracy in carrying the important State of Indiana, and received by the Republicans in losing the same. But you ask for the secret of this victory for the Democratic party. It is this, and only this: THE PEOPLE OF INDIANA were aroused to ACTION; in other words, the independent voters of that great State, those who did not owe their support to some Federal office holder saw they were doomed to poverty and destruction did they not ACT AT ONCE. When once such were thus convinced work began among them; and though millions of dollars were thrown broadcast by the Federal office holders, who had used every available effort to carry the State, these came united by financially and politically, and marching to the polls in one grand solid phalanx, regardless of the importance demands of their officials quietly but firmly, each with a manly pride deposited his ballot, and the result of the election demonstrates to the voters of sister States, in the most emphatic terms—by carrying the State for the Democracy by a large majority—that Samuel J. Tilden, that workman of reform, is to be their choice for President on the 7th inst. The present political contests of the several States, has been, is now, and is to be, a struggle between the Federal officials and the people. The people see now that nearly all the present prosperity in the country is within the ranks of the officials; that the profits in trade that should naturally go to make them—the people—comfortable in circumstances, through a system of wire workings, practiced by these officials, and understood by them only, is very plausibly deposited within their coffers. Toleration of such official misconduct longer is out of the question, and our own Territory is not going to be an exception. Our citizens, when once they stop to think, see that our present political issues are represented by the Federal officials within our midst, and those of Oregon on the one part, and the people of the Territory on the other—the former passing under the name of Republicans (disgracing the name), and the latter under the name of Democrats. A change in the Administration, and in the politics of the Territory is inevitable. The Democratic party now ask you—every honest, upright, true thinking man—why are you convinced that Federal office holders are not the men to choose the representatives of a nation or a Territory like ours, but that the people should choose their standard bearers, we ask you to join the coming great and representative party of the Union Now is the time. You will never regret that you helped save the country from corruption and misrule, by co-operating with the Democratic party in electing men to office who will help to bring about reform. We do not solicit the influence nor the votes of the Federal officials, nor those of their hangers-on. We hope that none of them will ever disgrace the rank and file of the Democratic party by their membership, at any rate until they have become most thoroughly cleansed. We only want those who, by casting their ballots, will speak the real expression and feelings of the people; and with the support of that class of citizens only success is, and will ever be, ours.

Vote for John P. Judson and William H. White, the People's Candidates. Do you favor the further running of the "political machine" within this Territory by the Federal officials. If you do not, you should not vote for the candidates for office nominated by them and disguised under the name of "Republican Ticket." Vote for the nominees of the PEOPLE, whose names are on the straight Democratic ticket.

THEN AND NOW.

The time was when all lowest-thinking men considered it a gross impropriety for those holding high official positions to enter the political field as party managers. The best generally to continue or promotion in official station was integrity of character, ability and strict attention to the duties of their office, whatever it might have been, measured by any show of partisan feeling. It was thought that purity in public affairs required it; the welfare of the people demanded it, and certainly would take an common sense instinctively suggested that those who are entrusted with the public business should not be found running primaries and stocking conventions.

But times are changed, and to-day we have presented to us as a nation a lamentable spectacle, which should cause the every true American! One of the highest public officials of our Government, a cabinet minister, serving at the same time as Chairman of the Republican Executive Committee, and combining the partisan management of his political party with the grave responsibility of Secretary of the Treasury. Under the present administration the surest passport to place and power is the reputation of being an adept political wire-puller, covered with which honesty, business qualification and statesmanship count as naught. The Federal office-holder or entrustee who succeeds in winning the most money out of his jobs, and is libelous in spending the same in advancing party interests is always sure of an office or Government contract. Under the cloak of "loyalty and patriotism" peculation and bribery in public life have been winked at and tolerated to such a shameful extent that stealing from the public treasury is scarcely looked upon as a crime. Men who would scorn to associate with one guilty of robbing hen-roosts are ever ready to follow prominent political leaders who owe their excesses to the vice of leekery, and see nothing wrong in those who occupy the highest official position in our land associating with and attempting to outdo the most malignant crimes of one who while holding a cabinet office robbed the poor soldiers on our frontier out of tens of thousands of dollars, and even availed the dead soldiers out of their grave-goods!

The people have permitted their sense of propriety to be so blinded little by little, and allowed to grow up in our midst an official aristocracy based upon intrigue and corruption, which, if not arrested at once in its mad career of speculation, bid fair to undermine the fundamental principles of our Government. In the result of the coming election we have hopes of a return to honest government. The tidal wave that swept over the States in 1874 is a fair indication that the better men of the Republican party can no longer be hoodwinked by that siren song of "loyalty, patriotism and progress," forever harped upon by those vipers who seek political power by creating sectional strife and wading the bloody shirt with one hand whilst the other is plunged into the public treasury.

When we see such men as Charles Francis Adams, William Cullen Bryant, Peter Cooper, Professor Seelye, Gen. Joe Hooker, and a host of other good men leaving the Republican ranks and raising their voices for reform and a pure Government we feel that there is yet hope.

FEDERAL vs. THE PEOPLE.

In this Territory the campaign may fairly be considered as narrowed down to a contest between the Federal office-holders on the one hand, under the name of Republicans, with Judge Jacobs as their standard bearer on the other hand we have the people with John Paul Judson as their champion. The fact that we have no voice whatever in the political issues that agitate the minds of the people in the States; that our Delegate can have no influence in national affairs at all, should be sufficient to induce us to lay aside those national politics which the two great national political parties are divided, and attend to things that concern everyone of us nearly as much. We have a band of Federal office holders who are league together in secret, concubine with a determined purpose to run the politics of this whole Territory solely in their own personal interests. First, by depriving the people of the benefits of a Delegate in Congress by re-electing, if possible, one of their clique, whose entire duty it should be to look after the interests of the brotherhood while in Washington. Secondly, by fixing up each county ticket, putting in their beneficiaries for elective offices throughout the Territory. It becomes the duty of every honest citizen who has the best interests of the whole people at heart to defeat the designs of this clique. We can do this by electing John Paul Judson, who in every sense one of the people, and when elected will use every effort to promote our best interests. His opponent, Judge Jacobs, came here with a Federal appointment in his pocket, and has always affiliated with Federal officials; was first put up and elected Delegate through their schemes, and while in Congress acted merely as their ally, agent or attorney by defending their official short-comings before Congressional Committees and the Departments, and doubtless helped some of them out of many little uncomfortable scrapes. For instance, last summer it was heralded by the press and by the newspapers that our Chief Executive, the Governor, was called upon to disgorge the trifling sum of thirteen thousand dollars, a charge against him on the Treasurer's books at Washington; a little deficit which occurred in his accounts when he was carpet-bagging some years ago down in Tennessee, a thing as whispy gauze, tax collector, or something of that sort—but Jacobs pulled it through by some means. When Judge Jacobs returned from Washington he was received with open arms by the official fraternity; during his vacation his associates are chosen from the Federal officials, and he is never seen without some of the clique are hovering around him. Judge Jacobs was not the choice of the Republican party for candidate by any means, and was only nominated at Kalamia by the shrewdest wire-working. He owes his nomination to our worthy Collector who, with six proxies in his pocket, attended the convention in official state,

having his pleasure boat, the revenue cutter make two trips from Port Townsend to Tacoma in order to carry his Highness to and from the convention.

Now we ask every intelligent voter, what do you think of such a contemptible farce? Are you willing that every elective office rightly belonging in the gift of the people shall be prostituted to serve the interest of those carpet-bag schemers? We think not. Then be sure that at the polls, next Tuesday, you cast your vote in favor of the Candidate placed in nomination by the people, and against those put in nomination by the Federal officials.

Judson's Reception at Olympia.

From our Special Correspondent.

OLYMPIA, Oct. 29, 1876.

EDITOR ARGUS:

Last evening the people of Thurston county, assisted by their fellow-citizens of Pacific, Lewis and other counties, upon the arrival of Hon. John P. Judson, from east of the mountains to Olympia, accorded to him the grandest reception ever given to any person in Washington Territory. He was met by a large number of carriages on his way from Tenino, and escorted from thence to Olympia with the Olympia brass band, where he was received with the booming of cannon and the wild-est enthusiasm. Afterwards he was escorted to Columbia Hall by a large torchlight procession and an immense concourse of people, the streets being ablaze with bonfires and illuminations.

The hall was filled to overflowing, and for two hours the speaker held his hearers in an eloquent speech by which he made many votes. Jacobs men have about given up the race here. He will have but few votes in this county outside of the Federal officials. They are making a very sickly fight for him and Judson's election is regarded here as certain.

The people are beginning to think it is time to be represented by one of their own people and have come to the conclusion that worn-out political "backs" shall no longer be foisted off upon us.

The news from east of the Mountains is glorious, as also from the river and central counties of the Territory. Coming from the south as it east Judson will have 500 majority when he reaches Puget Sound.

B.

LOOK out, when you vote, and see that some agent of the officials does not paw off on you some notes ticket. They will do anything to elect even one man of their choice.

Jefferson County DEMOCRATIC TICKET.



For Delegate to Congress: JOHN P. JUDSON.

For Prosecuting Attorney 3d Judicial Dist. WM. H. WHITE.

FOR CONSTITUTION.

For Joint Councilman: JOE. A. KUHN.

For Representative: J. J. HUNT.

For Joint Representative: WILLIAM KORTER.

For County Commissioners: O. F. GERRISH, EDWARD STRAND, GEORGE W. HARRIS.

For Treasurer: N. D. HILL.

For Sheriff: B. S. MILLER.

For Probate Judge: J. A. KUHN.

For Superintendent of Public Schools: H. L. BLANCHARD.

For Coroner: J. G. CLINGER.

For Wreckmaster:

For Inspector of Liquors: C. F. CLAPP.

For Harbor Master: H. L. TIBBALS.

For Justice of the Peace: L. B. HASTINGS.

Constable for Port Townsend Precinct: R. R. CARR.

Port Discovery Precinct. For Justice of the Peace: J. F. WELLINGTON.

For Constable: GEORGE GILLAND.

GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

WATERMAN & KATZ, SHIPPING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS AND DEALERS IN

General Merchandise,

Keep Constantly on Hand

THE LARGEST STOCK

ALL KINDS OF GOODS,

And will Sell

CHEAPER FOR CASH,

Than any House on Puget Sound.

E. J. CURLEY & CO.'S

Blue Grass Whiskey,

Pure and Unadulterated, below San Francisco Prices

Our Facilities for Purchasing in the Leading Markets are Superior to any.

We will give and take Exchange on

SAN FRANCISCO AND NEW YORK,

At the most Liberal Discount.

WATERMAN & KATZ.

E. S. FOWLER, FORWARDING AND COMMISSION MERCHANT,

PORT TOWNSEND, W. T.

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

SHIP CHANDLERY

GROCERIES,

TOBACCO AND CIGARS,

HARDWARE, CROCKERY,

And all kinds of

Agricultural Implements.

Agent for the Celebrated Schottler Wagon, Buckeye Mower and Reaper, John Deere's Moine Plow, and Pacific Gang Plow.

CALIFORNIA REDWOOD AND SITKA CEDAR. SAN JUAN AND ORCAS ISLAND. Constantly on hand.

Also a full assortment of

Doors, Windows and Blinds.

At the Lowest Rates for Cash.

All persons indebted to the late firm of E. S. Fowler & Co. will please come forward and settle.

Bark Legal Tender.

NEITHER CAPTAIN JOHN G. BLAIR, of the American bark Legal Tender nor the undersigned Agents of the above-named bark, will be responsible for debts contracted by the officers or crew.

JOHN G. BLAIR, Master. Port Townsend, Oct. 29, 1876.

Bark Transito de Alvarez.

NEITHER CAPT. A. DOMEST, OF THE Nicaraguan bark Transito de Alvarez, nor the undersigned Agents of the above-named bark will be responsible for debts contracted by the officers or crew.

RUTHSCHILD & CO., Agents. Port Townsend, Oct. 29, 1876.

Barkentine Free Trade.

NEITHER CAPT. J. G. MERRYMAN, of the barkentine Free Trade, nor the undersigned Agents of the above-named ship will be responsible for debts contracted by the officers or crew.

J. G. MERRYMAN, Captain. RUTHSCHILD & CO., Agents. Port Townsend, September 15, 1876.

Nicaraguan Ship Black Eagle.

NEITHER CAPT. R. S. HUGHES, OF the Nicaraguan ship Black Eagle, nor the undersigned Agents of the above-named ship will be responsible for debts contracted by the officers or crew.

Wm. H. H. LEARNED, AUCTIONEER

AND COMMISSION MERCHANT,

Port Townsend, W. T.

Keeps on hand a general assortment of New and Second Hand Goods of all descriptions; also dealer in Foreign and Domestic Fruits, Vegetables, Candles, etc., etc.

Goods taken on Consignment.

APPLES FOR SALE IN QUANTITIES To suit, and put up in order from the farm of Samuel Hancock, District of Puget Sound. C. C. BARRETT.

FOR SALE

No. 1

Stock or Dairy Farm,

On Whittidy Island, Island County.

Also, Stock on the place to suit the purchaser. There are about ten acres of cranberries in the place which I hold well yark.

Any one wishing to purchase, will do well to call on the undersigned.

PROCLAMATION BY THE GOVERNOR

ELISHA P. FERRY, GOVERNOR OF THE Territory of Washington, do hereby declare that a general election will be held in said Territory on Wednesday, the 7th day of November, A. D. one thousand eight hundred and seventy-six, at which the following officers will be elected, viz:

A Delegate to represent said Territory in the Forty-fifth Congress of the United States.

A Prosecuting Attorney for the First Judicial District.

A Prosecuting Attorney for the Second Judicial District.

A Prosecuting Attorney for the Third Judicial District.

Members of both branches of the Legislative Assembly.

And the County and Precinct officers provided for by the Laws of said Territory.

The Election for the said election vote - "For" or "Against" calling a Convention to form a State Constitution.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the Great Seal of the Territory to be hereunto affixed.

Lone at Olympia, this ninth day of September, A. D. 1876.

(SEAL) and seventy-six, and of the independence of the United States the one hundred and seventh anniversary.

By the Governor, ELISHA P. FERRY. HENRY G. STEVENS, Secretary of the Territory.

Chemakum Tribe No. 1 Imp. O. R. N. meets every Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock, at Red Men's Hall. All members in good standing are invited to attend. By order of the Sachem.

WEEKLY ARGUS

PORT TOWNSEND.
JEFFERSON COUNTY, WASHINGTON TERR.

Living.
We can only live once, and death's terror
With life's honors and now enwile.
And our lives will be declared by stones
And we, like cats, possess none.
They would be perhaps all of them wasted,
And be recklessly squandered away.
And not half of the joys we are destined
That our life can embrace in a day.
Let the lives that we live be worth living:
Let the days that we spend be well spent:
Let us save for the pleasure of giving,
And not borrow at fifty per cent:
Let us never cease loving and learning,
And use life for the richest of ends.
Then when dust to its dust is returning,
We shall live in the hearts of our friends.

Strength for To-Day.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.
Strength for to-day is all that we need,
As time never waits for us to be ready.
For to-morrow will prove but another today,
With its measure of joy and another day.
Then why forego the trials of to-day,
With such great and noble persistence,
And watch and wait for a crowd of to-morrow,
That is just as no satisfaction.
Strength for to-day—that a precious boon
For the earnest souls who labor,
For the willing hands that minister
To the needy friend or neighbor.
Strength for to-day—that the weary hearts
In the battle for right may equal out,
And the eyes behold with a new light,
To their search for light, may fall not.
Strength for to-day, on the downhill track,
For the travelers poor the valley
That up, far up on the side of the hill,
We long they may safely rally.
Strength for to-day—that our precious youth
Joy happily share some of the best
And build from the rise to the set of sun
On a strong and sure foundation.
Strength for to-day—in house and home
To practice for better results,
To better kind words and loving deeds,
Still trusting in God's goodness.
Strength for to-day to all that we need,
As time never waits for us to be ready.
For to-morrow will prove but another today,
With its measure of joy and another day.

Bessie.

It was a warm, bright day, and pretty Bessie Willis looked longingly out from her window in the great hotel, with a homesick feeling at her heart.
"I wish I could go out," she said softly to herself. "I wish I could go out alone, for Herbert never thinks of me any more than he would of a statue set in a niche."
Herbert was her brother, lodging in some remote room of the same big, handsome, and sometimes she would scarcely see him for days together.
"They were all alone in the world—this bright young sister and her merry-hearted, careless brother. There had been a little property left them when their parents died, and as soon as Herbert was twenty-one years of age he sold it, and, taking with his sister in charge, only too eager to make his fortune in the world.
He thought he could easily obtain some pleasant and lucrative situation, but situations were not so easily found, and prudent, practical little Bessie knew that their small fortune was wasting slowly, week by week.
She knew it was useless to talk of this to Herbert; it only fretted and annoyed him, and he told her often what a paltry speak it would all be, compared with the wealth he was going to accumulate.
She knew it was useless to talk of this to Herbert; it only fretted and annoyed him, and he told her often what a paltry speak it would all be, compared with the wealth he was going to accumulate.
They did not even sit at the same table in the long dining-room, for Herbert had grown intimate with a party of young gentlemen who boarded there; and there were no ladies at their table; but, thinking of the dear old home, and of how long it was since they had talked together, Bessie wrote her brother a little note, and, stealing down to the dining-room just before it was time for the bell, she laid it close beside his plate. As she took her own place beside old Mrs. Vander, she failed to notice that some of the people at the other table had changed places, and a strange gentleman, with a stern, pale face, had taken her note from under the edge of his plate. He read the name on the outside—"Herbert"—and, looking very much puzzled, put it into his vest pocket. While waiting for the dessert, he took the little missive over again, and, screening it by an apparently careless arrangement of his napkin, read:
"DEAR HERBERT—I would like to see some of the churches, if you do not mind taking me in my winter dress. I will wait for you in the parlor. Please come up immediately after dinner, and I will have my hat on, and be all ready to start.
Yours, lovingly,
Bessie."
"It is evidently a mistake," the man said to himself, "but how to rectify it I do not know." So he went up to the parlor with a sort of guilty feeling. There was the sweet-faced girl he had seen at the table, just fastening on her hat. She did not notice him, but presently a group of young gentlemen came, and the sweet face brightened visibly as the girl stepped forward, saying: "Are you going, Herbert? Did you find my note?"
"Not!" one of the young men said. "I have seen no note."
"Allow me, please," suggested the

stranger, taking the note from his pocket.
"Mr. Herbert!" said one of the young men, in a respectful tone.
"I found this letter beside my plate, and, as it really is Herbert's, and, as my name is really Herbert, the name could bear the same name at the same table. Allow me, now, to deliver the perplexing missive to its rightful owner."
"And that is me, I take it," said Herbert, laughing merrily. "Here, Bessie, you know my two friends, Willson and Waters; and this is Mr. Herbert, my sister, Miss Willis."
Mr. Herbert bowed, and Bessie said, as Herbert twisted the note in his fingers:
"Can't you go with me, Bert?"
"I'm afraid not, tonight, pigeon," was the slightly hesitating answer.
"Well, never mind," she said, dropping her wistful eyes, and loosening her shawl.
After a few more careless, polite words, the young gentlemen went out together; but Mr. Herbert lingered. He spoke some pleasant words to Bessie, and she tried to answer him with a steady voice; but she was so thinking how long and lonely the evening would seem in her little room up stairs.
"You are disappointed?" he said, gently.
"I am foolish, I know; but my brother is always so busy and happy with his friends, he does not think of me."
"There is a church near here," he said, referring to her note, "only the next corner; let's take a peep at it."
She drew up her shawl again, and smiled gladly, not thinking if there was any lack of conventionality in his proposal. They went out like two children, and he offered her his arm.
The church was decorated, the sweet breath of flowers filled the air, and the deep tones of the organ seemed to invade their ears. It was early yet, and few people were there. They went in quietly, and took a seat in a vacant pew. Something in the hushed and holy charm conched Bessie's homesick heart, and dropping her face upon her hands, she wept quietly.
It was a curious position for a grave and dignified bachelor to find himself in, sitting beside a strange young lady, hearing her sob, and yet not knowing what comfort to offer her.
Presently she raised her head and said:
"Please let's go out," she said; "I do not want to stay here any longer."
So they went out again into the cool, Spring air; and Bessie talked of her old home—of her mother, who was one of the sweetest and kindest of women; of her present loneliness, and by and by of Herbert, her handsome, cheery brother, of whom she was so proud.
"He ought to be a very happy fellow to have a sister so devoted to him," said Mr. Herbert.
"Everybody loves him," was the enthusiastic reply. "But, oh—and her voice fell again—she does not know anything about the money he is paying out here, and making no provision for the future; he pays now more than three pounds every week for our board, and he ought not to."
"But what can he do?" asked Mr. Herbert.
"I want him to take two or three rooms unfurnished, and let me keep house; it would give me something to do, and he ever so much cheaper for us."
The man smiled at her womanly plans, and cordially said:
"You are a right child, very right. Meanwhile, what your brother doing?"
"I do not know," she said, in a very low voice; "I am afraid not much of anything."
"We will see about that," was the reply; "but there is a house in Fort street, where the people are going away on the first of May, and some one will be there during their absence. There is a good housekeeper there, and you and your brother can have whatever rooms you please."
"Oh, sir," interrupted Bessie, "are you in earnest? Can we really have a house?"
"Certainly, child; and I do not wonder you long for home after your isolated life in that great hotel; but, to tell you the truth, I went from the Fort-street house down there to board, because I was so unconqueredly tired of parties and receptions, and dummery that I did not care a straw for. I will go back, and take my old room for the Summer."
"Can you? Will your friends be willing?"
The man laughed.
"My friends never dictate to me," he said; "but we are talking too much business for Sunday."
The girl grew thoughtful again, but when they went up the steps together, and parted at the door, her face was radiant with a new light. She was going to have a new home—she and Herbert.
The great house was beautiful to look upon, but the upper story had never been furnished. Here Bessie set up her household shrine, and gathered her home-like treasures about her. And here her brother and Mr. Herbert came every evening, to chat awhile—to propose a ride, or plan some pleasant excursion.
Herbert had gone to work in earnest, his ambition had taken a tangible form, and Bessie fretted no more about the future; but, one day (the Summer had passed away, and the Autumn was waning late), she said, suddenly:
"Mr. Herbert, when your friends come back, who formerly lived here, they will want their house, of course,

We ought to be making some preparation to leave, ought we not?"
"Oh, no," he answered; "they came home a month ago, and are living somewhere."
"But what do they propose to do with their house?"
"Well, they don't own it. To tell the truth, Bessie, I own it, and I propose to give it to my wife for a bridal present."
"To your wife?"
Bessie's face grew white as she spoke.
"Yes, if she would like it. Tell me, little woman—is it to be yours, or my wife's—would you like the house?"
"I don't think—I care much—about the house," said Bessie, her color coming back again.
"But you would like the owner? Oh! Bessie, darling, don't flatter me so much. Say you would like me."
"I do like you now," whispered the happy girl, blushing more and more; "I always have."

School-Room Perils.

THE SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS.
Dr. Richard McSherry, of Baltimore, has an article in the *Sanitarian* for this month on the above subject. He charges that the local authorities of cities and very largely of the country, out-herod Herod in the slaughter of the innocents. "There is no bloodshed, indeed, in the beginning, but there is," he says, "towards the end, in various forms of heresy." In speaking of schools for girls, he expresses the opinion that the evils of the school-room "often tend to the extinguishment of the human race." In reasoning applies in the main to children of both sexes.
"What else can be expected, when young children are imprisoned for long and weary hours in close and stifling school-rooms, where the air is habitually so foul as to be exceedingly offensive to any one entering from without, that is, without the aid of artificial means of breathing it over and over again? A lady who is fond of plants and flowers, and has but a small space for cultivating them, say in window-sashings, finds it necessary to give a goodly quantity of sun and air to thrive, which she seeks for them accordingly, while she sends those more tender plants, the children, to a horrid school-room, where the artificial heat, often loaded itself with coal gas or carbonic acid, is made mephitic with carbonic acid from many breasts, and all the exhalations arising from a miscellaneous crowd of helpless and innocent little prisoners. This is not a matter of comfort or discomfort, but more clearly a matter of life and death to the children. What is the good of all the learning, such as it is, acquired in the school room, and by gas light at home, to a young girl who has a spinal curvature and a perpetually aching head, and a weak chest and indigestion, and flabby muscles, and, in short, universal delicacy in every part of her organism? How is she prepared for the wear and tear of life's duties, and what kind of help-meet is she going to make? The evil is a crying one; it is fraught with ruin, yet scarcely any but a few medical men seem to appreciate its importance."
"What is the remedy? Fewer hours at school," he says, "and fewer studies at any one time. Frequent changes of position and air; a brief rest every stretch of the cramped limbs, and enable the scholars to take in good inspirations of fresh air."
"Let the school-room be cleared every hour, and thoroughly ventilated while the children play for a few minutes in the open air in good weather, or under shelter while it rains. The shelter should be provided, no matter what the cost. Life and limb are worth more than wealth without health, but learning and health would both be promoted by these measures."
POISONOUS RED CARPETS.—German industry has supplied commerce with carpets of a fiery red color, which owe their beautiful shades to a coloring matter which is known under the name of Emma lake, rose lake, etc. These carpets are very poisonous, since chemical analysis has demonstrated the presence of arsenious acid; once in the proportion of 1/98 per cent., another time of 2.4 per cent.
EDUCATION, either from nature, from man, or from things; the developing of our faculties and organs is the application we learn to make of this very developing; and that of things is the experience we acquire in regard to the different objects by which we are affected. All that is necessary to our life is that we stand in need of at the age of maturity, is the gift of education.
A NEW ILLUMINANT.—Another household lamp is upon us in the shape of a substitute for beeswax, which is dug up near the large coal-gasbeds of Austria. It is very combustible and with difficulty soluble even in oil of turpentine. It catches a beautiful blue fire, and in its pure form, after bleaching, is used for candles, wax flowers, polishing pomades and laundries.
ART ENVOY.—At the Hartford races a young negro was considerable applause by imitating the different movements of a horse trotting, running, pacing, etc., the negro getting down on his hands and feet to do it. A white man who tried to do it failed, and was ignominiously retired mid shouts of "Take him to the barn," "Rule him off," etc.

Profit in Home-Bred Stock.
We have frequently directed attention to the danger of the prevailing practice among enterprising farmers and graziers, of buying the stock they handle, instead of breeding it on the farm. It is especially true of good form and breeding, will properly managed, invariably yield a moderate profit to the farmer who rears it. But it is a low business; and if we have the means we prefer to buy stock that we can turn in a few months or a year. Instead of rearing five, ten or twenty well-bred steers calves, and keeping them on the farm for thirty months, we fancy it will pay better to purchase two or three times the number, though scrubs, or even Texans, of dealers who have "bunched" them to our hand. In a few months we may double our money—the next lot, and perhaps the next, may cost us as much or more. But we go on to "get even." Again we make, and again we suffer another loss, only to suffer another loss, until the dealer is involved in hopeless bankruptcy.
And so, in England, it has been found in regard to epizootic disease among cattle; the great danger comes from very largely the importation of stock, and mixing stock, and therefore, as well as because, under present circumstances, it is the most profitable practice, the British are advising the farmers to rear their own home-bred stock. Here, however, we are not to expect large profits from such a practice, we are assured that we shall not make a losing business of it, and may reasonably calculate on fair compensation for our crops and labor. This is always the safest and most satisfactory practice, while now, with declining markets in all products, it is obviously that all speculative ventures are dangerous. We are now down to the "hard-pan" condition of affairs where only legitimate occupations can prosper. Profits will be small, and what we realize we can earn. It is one of the pressing features of this condition, that the influence and respectability of industry and frugality are vastly increased by it.—*National Live Stock Journal.*

An English butter-maker of large experience, who is now on a visit to this country for the purpose of looking over our cheese and butter dairies, gives us the information concerning a method in practice among the best butter-makers in England, for rendering butter firm and solid during hot weather. Carbonate of soda and alum are used for the purpose, made into powder. For twenty pounds of butter one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda and one of alum are used. The powdered alum is mingled together at the time of churning, and put into the cream. The effect of this powder is to make the butter come firm and solid, and to give it a clean, bright flavor. Does not enter into the butter, but its action is upon the cream, and it passes off with the buttermilk. The ingredients of the powder should not be mingled together until just before use, or at the time the cream is in the churn ready for churning.
DEVICE FOR TRANSPLANTING TREES.—Timothy Carroll, Asaheim. This invention relates to a novel device for transplanting fruit trees, and consists in connecting a vertically moving tube and guide rod or rod with a frame, whereby said tube may be operated for the purpose of taking up the tree; also, in a lever pivoted to the frame and a loose ring arranged within the tube whereby the ball of earth around the roots of a tree may be forced into the hole prepared for its final reception. A hinged piece is at the lower end of the frame, which, during the operation of taking up the tree, is held in that position, but which, after the tube and lever have been reset, may be unbolted and swung out of the way, in order that the frame may be lowered and the lever brought down to act on the roots of the tube so as to raise the same.
GERMINATION FROM SEED TWO THOUSAND YEARS OLD.—A most interesting observation, referring to the power of germination in seed which is hundreds and even thousands of years old, is said to have been made by Professor Heindrich, in Greece. In the silver mines of Laurium, only the slags left by the ancient Greeks are at present worked off, in order to gain, after an improved modern method, silver still left in that dross. This refuse ore is probably about two thousand years old. Among it, the seed of a species of glaucium, or poppy was found. After a little while, when the slags were brought up and worked off at the melting ovens, there suddenly arose a crop of glaucium plants, with a beautiful yellow flower, of a kind unknown in modern botany.
In using a griststone don't waste the stone by running it in water, nor allowing it to stop in water, but keep it running, as this will cause a soft place. Use the stone by dropping water on it from a stop suspended above the stone, and stop off the water when not in use. Don't allow the stone to get out of order, but keep it perfectly round by the use of a piece of gas pipe or haecker, or use a pair of double-lung stones, which keep each other in order. Clean off all greasy tools before sharpening, as grease or oil destroys the grit. Observe: When you pull a stone that suits your purpose, send a sample of the grit to the dealer to select by; half an ounce sample is enough, and can be sent in a letter by mail.
It consoles the New Orleans *Republican* that Charley Ross will soon be big enough to find himself.

The Troy Hysteria Case.
The Troy (N. Y.) *Times* says: Many conflicting statements have been made, relative to the condition of the girls residing in Cohoes, who were mentioned as suffering from a singular physical disability. The fact is, that the girls are afflicted with a form of hysteria. Their names are Lizzie Liscomb and Mary Michel, both about eighteen years of age. The latter has been married about six months. Both were seized at the same time with convulsions, accompanied by rigidity of all the muscles, which lasted nearly forty-eight hours. During that time they were perfectly insensible, as if they were under the influence of some powerful pinched. The paroxysm was followed by an ecstatic condition. Their eyes were open, the lips slightly parted and the face into a hearty mien. Two hours afterward they were both seized in the same manner as the first. The paroxysms this time were not so violent, and were followed in twelve hours by the same condition as before. For three weeks, about two hours out of twenty-four each day they had been similarly affected. Both were in full health, sleep, eat and converse naturally when not under the influence of the singular ailment. Miss Liscomb's parents, with whom the girls reside, seem very reticent, and profess now to believe that they are bewitched. When first taken, it was given out that a dose of laudanum was the cause. Mrs. Michel's husband says a "bad man" spoke insulting and blasphemous words to them, which frightened them. A reporter, in company with a physician, visited the girls, and after a thorough examination by the doctor, both girls being in paroxysms at the time, he pronounced it a form of hysteria, produced by mental excitement, with which the story of Michel, that the girls were frightened by a "bad man" seems to assimilate. The rigidity of the muscles in Miss Liscomb was so fixed that her body could be raised horizontally by lifting at her head and feet, and all the while her features expressed a serene mental condition, and her pulse was at the ordinary standard. Her parents are anxious awaiting the arrival from Canada of an uncle who has acquired celebrity, they say, in exercising bad spirits. When the girls are free from the malady, a physician of sympathetic neighbors pleases them and hastens the return of the comatose state.

THE BURIAL CURSE.—In 1848 there lived at South Shields (England) a laboring man named Dickinson, a native of the village of Coniscliffe, near Darlington. He was a man of a peculiar nature, which for some years had crippled his limbs and deprived him of the use of the left side of his body. One day, as he was slowly crawling along the street, he met a man, a very well-dressed man, who stated that he was a physician from Edinburgh, and as he heard of Dickinson's case, advised him to return to his native village and have himself covered with a plaster, which operation would cure him. The poor fellow, nothing doubting, dragged himself on foot to Coniscliffe, where he persuaded an old acquaintance to assist him in temporarily leaving his native place. They proceeded to the Cross-side, where Dickinson's friend, with his spade, dug a hole in the ground, in which the patient was stretched out as the excavation, with his head only at the outside, and soil was heaped upon him to the depth of two feet. At the expiration of a quarter of an hour the patient broke into a profuse perspiration, and an intense pain at the same time attacked his left side, loins and legs. Notwithstanding the agony he endured, he remained thus till the expiration of the allotted time. The man who buried him, seeing him turn "black in the face," and fearing he should die, would have released him sooner, but Dickinson would not consent. When the earth was thrown over him, arose and walked away with an active step, cured of his disease. This remedy for the voyage, attacked by illness in the East Indies, was at his own request buried to the neck in the earth until his pain abated.—*Darlington and Stockton Times.*

HIS PRESCRIPTION.—In one of the small mining camps in the Black Hills lay a big Cornishman stricken with fever. His wife, being unskilled in remedies, hunted for a doctor, but in vain. However, after a long and patient search, to discover anything better than a veterinarian, he discovered a man who had been a surgeon. "What would you do, doctor," she cried, "for my own husband was delirious with fever?" "Madam," said he, "I know no more than you. I can only cure horses and other such brutes." "Well, doctor, my husband is as strong as a horse, and you would do for a horse and for Heaven's sake tell me quick." "Madam, I should open his mouth, pull his tongue out on one side to prevent his biting me, and give him this fever powder, pepper, strig and all." Blinded with tears of gratitude, the poor woman paid for the fever powder and departed. History says the man got well, but he has a horse's tongue, and his wife has only three fingers on one hand.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 29, 1876. If any one were to take a walk along the city front at the present time, he would in some respects be reminded of the flush days of '49, when the bay was crowded with ships from every quarter of the earth, bringing to these shores the adventurous Argonauts, who came here in search of the golden fleece. Pretty well fleeced many of them were, too, before they got through with it; but still they poured in, and tonnage was in demand for live freight, and the supplies to feed that freight in its long trip round the Horn; but there was very little to fill up with on the return voyage, except the ballast torn out from the rough declivities of Telegraph Hill. Now the conditions are turned about almost completely. The ships are here. The bay is fairly crowded with them, as in the olden time; but, instead of bringing thousands of ardent spirits in hardy bodies, to delve in the channels of rivers, and tear up the face of the country right and left, north and south, in their eager search for the "color of gold," they bring ballast, coal, Yankee notions, or anything else, which they can obtain at a nominal figure, with the intention of making up for a poor outward trip by a heavy cargo of wheat on the return. Once we produced nothing but precious metal, and the world brought its products to lay at our feet in exchange. Now we are piling the banks of our rivers, filling every storehouse with the products of our soil, and the nations come to us for wheat, and for anything else we choose to furnish. Under present circumstances, it requires an immense fleet to carry away our grain. Much greater, in fact, than would find its way to our shores for the purpose of supplying our import demand. As a consequence, our wheat has to nearly pay the expenses and profits of all these ships for the round voyage, instead of one way only. Hence it is that, with a fair European demand, the local market remains depressed, while freight follows the upward turn of Liverpool quotations. The ship-owner who sends his vessels here, making scarcely enough on outward trips to pay for the wear and tear of sails and rigging, and the howling tempests of Cape Horn, must get even in some manner, and therefore he catches the Grangers, and perhaps a charter which will bring his profits down to the bed rock. Now if we were, as I have suggested, to

on any subject. Be that as it may, it must be confessed, if true, that he has kept his mouth shut to a better purpose for his own interests than most of us can claim, for all our blowing. Slow as it is, they have managed this week to catch.

ONR BIG FISH. In their net, and leave him floundering in the mud of the "slough of despond." General Frisbie, ex-lord of the manor of Vallejo, and a kind of father of that ambitious, disappointed city, has come to grief, and in consequence, the Vallejo Savings Bank, of which he was President, has followed in his footsteps, and shut up shop for the time being. The depositors, however, seem to have had an idea of the way in which the General was going, and many of them had fled from the wrath to come, and withdrawn their deposits, so the chances are that no one will be much hurt.

WOMAN'S MINING BUREAU. Talking about stocks reminds me that the lady speculators, whose name is legion, have grown tired of ambling about in the crowd on California street, a la curb-stone broker, and propose to have head-quarters of their own, where they can hear the news of the street, fix their back hair, discuss the state of the market, adjust their pull backs, and make themselves generally at home. To this end they have incorporated the "Woman's Mining Bureau," and propose to run in connection with it a woman's stock-broking office, after the manner of Woodhull, Claflin & Co., of fragment fame. This job the dear creature will put up on a condensing pipe and each other, when they get that thing running smoothly. The venerable Mother Swift, whose silvered locks are a feature of California street, is the reputed maternal ancestor of this promising venture, and the men of the street do say that the blessed old lady is about as shrewd a manipulator as any of them. "Verily," says the defendant, as might have been expected—at least that's what the revenue agents who worked up the case say, and they growl bitterly over the alleged fact that the ring has again broken down, and that their efforts to bring offenders to justice, and talk not loudly, but strongly of "sell out" on the part of prosecuting officers, suppression and destruction of documents, and evidence, etc. One thing seems certain, that in the face of pretty strong exonerating testimony, Just again goes scot free, and it is an open question what influences have been at work to compass that result.

CROOKED WHISKY. After a second trial of several weeks, the crooked whisky case of the United States vs. Charles Jost, of the Antioch Distillery, has again come to an end. Verily, the defendant, as might have been expected—at least that's what the revenue agents who worked up the case say, and they growl bitterly over the alleged fact that the ring has again broken down, and that their efforts to bring offenders to justice, and talk not loudly, but strongly of "sell out" on the part of prosecuting officers, suppression and destruction of documents, and evidence, etc. One thing seems certain, that in the face of pretty strong exonerating testimony, Just again goes scot free, and it is an open question what influences have been at work to compass that result.

POLITICAL. Politics are boiling as usual, without anything of special interest. The veterans tried hard the other evening to get an expression of opinion from General Sherman when they sponsored him at the Hotel, but the old soldier dodged all that, and managed to send the boys away in pretty good humor, without saying anything to commit himself.

THE WEATHER IS GETTING A LITTLE. We had a lively shower this morning, enough to lay the dust pretty thoroughly; quite a blessing in this dirt-ridden city, where a sprinkling cart is the eighth wonder of the world. The prophets say we are to have early rains, so please take notice, and make your preparations accordingly.

EFFECT OF TEA ON SKIN.—If you drop a few drops of strong tea upon a piece of iron, a knife blade for instance, the tannate of iron is formed, which is black. If you mix a few drops of pulverized iron with a little water, and mix it with fresh human blood, it forms with the iron of the blood the tannate of iron. Take human blood, and let it soak for a time in strong tea and it will become leather. Now when we remember that the liquids which enter the stomach are rapidly absorbed by the veins and absorbents of the stomach, and enter into the circulation and are thrown out of the system by the skin, respiration and kidneys, it is probable that a drink so composed as tea, and so abundantly used, will have some effect. Can it be possible that tannin, introduced with so much liquid-producing perspiration, will have no effect on the skin? Look at the tea drinkers of Russia, the Chinese, and the old women of America, who have so long continued the habit of drinking strong tea. Are they not dark-colored and leather-skinned? When young they were fair-complexioned.

CENTENNIAL POULTRY EXPOSITION.—The exhibition of the poultry will open on October 27th, and close on November 6th. The display will be made in coops provided by the Commission and lodged under the shelter of the cattle stable, which will be prepared for their reception. Transportation charges must all be paid in advance. Express companies will deliver specimens on the exhibition grounds, when addressed with official labels. Each coop used in transportation of birds must be of sufficient strength to serve for their return, and must be marked with the proper shipping directions.

A Fool's Wisdom.

At Paris, in the house of Petit-Clavel, before the conclusion of one of the roast-meat sellers, a certain hungry porter was eating his bread in the steam of the roast meat, and found it, so to speak, extremely savory. The cook noticed no notice. At last, when all the bread was devoured, the cook seized him by the collar, and wanted him to pay for the smell of the meat. The porter said that he sustained no loss at all, that he had taken nothing of his, and that he owed him nothing. As for the smell in question, it had been steaming out into the street, and in this way was wasted; such a thing as selling the smell of roast meat in the street had never been heard of in Paris. The cook replied that the smell of his meat was not intended to feed porters, and swore if he did not pay he would take away his truck. The porter seized his cudgel and prepared to defend himself.

The altercation became serious. The idle people of Paris ran together from all parts to witness the dispute. The proper, came Seignior Jean, the fool, a citizen of Paris. Seeing him, the cook said to the porter: "I shall we refer our differences to the noble Seignior Jean." "Agreed," replied the porter. Then Seignior Jean, having heard the cause of their quarrel, commanded the porter to take a piece of money from his belt. The porter put it in his hand, and the cook took it and put it on his left shoulder as if to try its weight; then made it ring on the palm of his left hand, as if to hear if it was good; then placed it close to his eye, as if to see if it was properly stamped.

While all this was done, the idle people waited in profound silence, the cook in steady expectation and the porter in despair. At last he made it ring on his counter several times. Then holding his bauble in his hand as if it was a scepter, and muffling his head in a hood of marian skins, such of which resembled an ape's face, first coughing two or three times, he said in a loud voice: "The court decides that the porter has eaten his bread in the fumes of the roast meat, has paid the cook, according to law, with the sound of his money. The said court ordains that each retire to his own house without costs."

And this sentence of the Parisian fool appeared so equitable, in fact, so admirable to the people, that they doubted whether, if the matter had been brought before the Parliament of said porters, he would have been settled more justly.

MARKING IN HATE.—Is marrying, make your own match; do not marry any man to get rid of him, or to oblige him, or to save him. The men who would go to destruction without you would quite as likely go to ruin, and perhaps drag you along, if you do not marry in haste lest you repent at leisure. Do not marry for a home and a living, when by taking care of your health you can be strong enough to earn your own living. Do not place yourself habitually in the society of any suitor until you have decided the question of marriage; human wills are weak, and people often become bewildered and do not know their error until it is too late. Get away from their influence, settle your head, and make up your mind alone. A promise may be made in a moment of sympathy, or even half-delirious ecstasy, which must be redeemed through years of sorrow and pain. Do not rush thoughtlessly, hastily, into wedded life, contrary to the counsel of your best friends. Love can vary that which cannot vary is something of a very different character.

DISCOVERIES AT POMPEII.—A correspondent of the London Times, writing from Rome, says: "An important discovery has just been made at Pompeii. It consists of a number of objects of gold and silver, and close to them the skeleton of two men, who would seem to have been borne down in the storm of ashes while endeavoring to escape with their valuables or plunder. Among the things found are eight rings, six pieces of money, two pairs of earrings, one single earring, two large armlets, each ornamented with thirteen pairs of half globes, with little shells upon them, held together by chainwork, and a necklace also of chainwork, all of gold; a silver ring, 332 pieces of silver money; a casseroles of the same material, broken in pieces, and three large bronze coins."

PLUM BUTTER.—Mrs. M. B. H. Goleta, California, writes to the Inter-Ocean the following recipe for plum butter: "Look over the plums, discarding the bad ones; then wash them. Put them in either a tin or porcelain vessel, and pour in hot water to cover them, but leave out the soda. Boil until the skins crack; drain off, and measure the water; put it in a tin pan or porcelain kettle, with a pound of white sugar to every pint of plum water; boil and try it until it jells. I sometimes put in a little lemon extract while hot. You will find you have the clearest, richest jelly you ever saw, and the easiest made. While the jelly is boiling, if you have time—but don't neglect your jelly, and let it burn or boil over, you can rub the plums through a colander for your butter."

An apparition of Maryland has secured a beautifully marked breed of horses which he names the Albino. The markings are these: Beautiful yellow bands; from the bands to the end of the bee is quite white or a bright silver color; the rest is of a velvet color, differing from the Italian.

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