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WANT TO BE FLATTERED.

SWINOMISH FARMERS OF THE WAR PATH.

A wise saying has been left on record, to the effect that we are to be ware of the enemies who slander us, and of the friends who will not tell us of our faults; and, upon reflection, it is difficult to determine which do as most harm.

A kind friend, writing from La Conner, informs us that there is dissatisfaction in that vicinity on account of the fact that we mentioned in an editorial correspondence from that part of the country, the marked difference between the results of farm labor performed by experienced, skillful farmers, and that of men who, at an advanced stage in life, leave some other calling for that of husbandry. The writer states that such persons as the latter class, around that place, compare favorably with the others, and that he thinks the comment unjust.

A prominent and noticeable characteristic of Puget Sound farmers is that as a class they are made up so largely of men who know nothing about farming prior to settling here; men who left the mines, the lumberwoods, the sailor's life, or any one of the different occupations which engross men's time, for their present pursuit. As a consequence they are many years in learning to conduct a farm profitably; or, where they do succeed, the cause lies more in the natural richness of their soil, a favorable climate, or other desirable surroundings, than in any skill in plying their vocation. Besides, where such examples are adduced, no more universal a truism could be stated than that if their places were filled by thorough-going, practical farmers who had been "raised to the business," a much greater degree of prosperity would be attained. The converse can easily be proven to be untenable ground, by comparing the case with others which might be mentioned. Who would expect a bricklayer to become a skillful physician, without a proper course of training, or a merchant to become an efficient engineer on the same basis? And yet there is as much reason in the one case as in the other. As well expect the carpenter of to-day to become the theologian of to-morrow, as to expect men, reared and trained in other kinds of business, to become experts in agricultural pursuits. It is quite true that in many instances a natural adaptability is noticed, yet in no case does this compensate for a lack of practical knowledge. Many persons get the idea that almost any kind of a numskull can become a successful farmer; that no training worth mentioning is necessary, and that if a man fails to succeed in any or all of the other industrial professions he can at least do as well as others in tilling the soil. This idea, however, has no lodging place in any discerning mind if placed where observations from real life can be taken.

We were not aware of affirming, neither do we intimate that the resident farmers around La Conner comprise less experienced persons in proportion to the mass than those of any other community on the Sound; but this we do say, that our comments, as made, were from personal observation, based on some degree of agricultural experience, and that the differences noted are none the less conspicuous still. We have none but the kindest feelings for the Swinomish farmers, and would by no means have them misrepresented through our columns, yet we do not propose to follow in the wake of the average newspaper editor who, in writing up the country, considers it his duty to publish the most unquali-

fed flattery of all wherever he goes, merely to gain good will. That there are exceptions to all rules is the reason why none of our exasperated friends need take umbrage at any of our criticisms, as applying personally to them. They live in the heart of one of the most highly favored agricultural districts in Washington Territory, and a man ought to succeed at farming there if he can anywhere, yet for all this there are many of them in the management of whose farms the "little foxes that spoil the vines" are distinctly noticeable. These things there, though comparatively insignificant, are doubtless the result of carelessness, and can be remedied only in that spirit which recognizes the force of the statement that trifles form the sum total of perfection.

Well knowing that continued praise begets carelessness on the part of its object, and that the flattery so lavishly bestowed upon the Swinomish farmers has been in some cases unmerited, we were careful to speak only from honest convictions. We may have erred in some cases; if so, the fault was by no means intentional.

LADIES' FURS.—The fur trade seems to be greatly depressed. The war in Europe between the Russians and Turks and the stringency of the money market has caused a great reduction in the demand for the more costly furs. The Colonist of the 14th says: "The report of the Hudson Bay Company states that the Committee regret that they are unable to announce any improvement in the state of the fur trade since the date of their last report. Indeed the Company's autumn fur sale was marked by still greater depression than upon previous occasions, and it resulted in a further fall of about 20 per cent. in the prices of martens, minks, and other fine furs. The proceeds of the sale amounted to £13,000 less than the sum realized at the sale of the corresponding period of last year, when nearly the same quantity of furs was sold. In the absence of complete accounts from the various departments, and in the present state of the fur market, the Committee do not consider themselves justified in recommending the payment of an interim dividend." The ladies may now indulge their desires for furs and obtain supplies lower than they have been for years.

Thousands of men, and women breathe, move and live—pass off the stage of life, and are heard of no more. Why? None were blessed by them; none could point to them as their means of redemption; not a line they wrote, not a word they spoke, could be recalled, and so they perished; their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insect of yesterday.

THERE is as much in the average newspaper to indicate the character and inclinations of its writers as in any other line of action where certain mental proclivities produce certain results. For instance, a dove would fail to discover the presence of carrion, though near it a month, while a buzzard would immediately drag it forth. Examples may be noted frequently.

Hon. S. S. Fenn, Delegate for Idaho, has presented in Congress a petition from the citizens of Northern Idaho, asking to be annexed to Washington Territory. Good for them. This acquisition, it is claimed will raise Washington's population to about 80,000, preparatory to admission into the Union.

SOME newspapers pride themselves on their "filthiness," and in speaking in reference thereto, make apt comparisons.

NOTICE.

I TAKE PLEASURE to state that I have transacted my business through Messrs. Rothschild & Co., and that they have given me entire satisfaction. I take pleasure in recommending them to Captains of vessels coming this way, to avail themselves of their valuable services.

JAMES S. THEOBALDS,
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PORT TOWNSEND, W. T.
Bricklayer, Plasterer, and
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Work done at the lowest reasonable rates.
Jobbing promptly attended to. 16

New Barber Shop.
AT CENTRAL HOTEL,
Joseph de Barrows.
Shaving, Hair Cutting, and Coloring,
done in style.

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Good accommodations at CASH RATES.

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who desire A RESERVED AND NICE
PLACE to Board, and especially Families
and sojourners wishing good rooms.

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THIS WELL-KNOWN AND POPULAR
House has been re-furnished and re-fitted
in all its departments, and is now prepared
to furnish first class accommodations to its
patrons. Being eligibly situated it is easy of
access by the traveling public. Its table will
always be supplied with the best the market
affords. Rooms for families, with board by
the day or week. 15

George Sterming,
WISHES TO INFORM HIS PATRONS
that he is still doing business in the
OLD STAND known as
STERMING'S SALOON
Superior Qualities of
Foreign & Domestic Cigars
Constantly on hand.
Friends and Patrons are welcome.
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CENTRAL HOTEL,
Situated at head of Union Wharf,
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This House is new and newly furnished, and
possesses all the appointments of a
First-Class Hotel.
Its Bar is supplied with the best of Wines,
Liquors and Cigars. There is a first-class Bill
iard Table and Reading Room in the Hotel.
Nothing will be left undone to make this
Hotel second to none in the Territory.
DODD & PUGH.

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Santa Claus is Coming.

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Toys for everybody; for Little Folks
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JEWELRY AND MUSIC EMPORIUM

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THE SINGER SEWING MACHINES

Great Reduction

The New Family Sewing Machines will hereafter
be Sold at Fifty Dollars. And all other

Machines at Equally Reduced Prices. Though these Machines have
been greatly reduced in prices, the Quality will be Maintained at its
Highest Standard. The Public is Cautioned Against Buying
Imitation Machines, which are always made in a very inferior manner,
and are sold by irresponsible parties, whose guarantees are worthless.
All Genuine SINGER Machines are sold through authorized Agents
at a less price than any other good machines can be sold for, and al-
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Machines sold on note and lease plan, and a liberal discount made
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IF YOU WANT

Reading Matter
Stationery of all kinds
School books
Picture Frames, ALL SIZES
Book-shelves & Brackets

Nice Fresh Candies
Nice Fresh Fruit & Best Cigars
Go to James Jones.

Strike While the Iron is Hot.

BY W. E. BARNER.

Strike while the iron is hot;
Duller each moment its glow;
If you wait till the metal grows cold,
Small impression is made by the blow.

Opportunities seldom return
If neglected, so do not delay;
Be wise and improve them at once,
And grapple success while you may.

Fortune favors the prompt and alert,
Who are quick to discern and to seize
The straws that Chance wags in their way
Before they're swept off by the breeze.

To hesitance, sloth, and neglect
Were the prizes of life e'er decreed?
No; the vigilant, active and keen,
You will find, are the ones that succeed.

When the moment for action arrives,
To be prompt be it ever your rule.
Strike while the iron is hot,
And don't wait for the metal to cool.

The Act of a Fiend.

During the campaign of 1800 the French army, destined to meet the power of Austria on the plains of Italy, before it could render itself master of Turin and Milan, penetrate even to the walls of Genoa, and declare the terms of peace on the battlefield of Marengo, had yet to surmount the vast Alpine barrier which extends from the St. Bernard to Nice and Montenotte, and to overcome a series of tremendous obstacles, presenting themselves one after another in seemingly endless succession, and task to the utmost, if not defying, the courage of the troops and the military genius and perseverance of the leaders. These obstacles were not merely the results of natural position; there were instances in which the resistance of the invaded was more obstinate and more terrible than that of mountains, precipices, or rivers. Protected by fortifications of little strength or difficulty, and but very inefficiently aided by a locality which yielded but few means or opportunities of vigorous defence, but sustained by an indomitable courage, great resource of invention, and an enthusiastic love of country, infinitely more formidable even than their courage and their skill, the inhabitants of the small town and citadel of Ivree, with a garrison of four thousand Austrian soldiers and twenty-five pieces of cannon, maintained their post for three days against an army of forty thousand Frenchmen, commanded by the three youngest but already most illustrious generals in Europe—Massena, Lannes and Bernadotte.

Furious at seeing his march thus arrested before this insignificant little place, he who had taken Alexandria in a day, and Cairo in an hour, and impatient, moreover, to assume his positions for the investment of Milan, the commander-in-chief, on the 25th of May, 1800, ordered the division of General Lannes to march upon the village in all its force, and take it by assault. After three hours of sanguinary combat, of fierce attack, and the most heroic defense, a handful of the defenders, driven from the citadel, retreating step by step, and hotly pursued by the victorious Frenchmen, threw themselves as a last resort into the quarters of Adjutant General H., with the resolution there to maintain themselves to the last and sell their lives as dearly as they might. In a moment the house occupied by this brave veteran was converted into a fortress—barricades were thrown up, loopholes for musketry cut in the walls, and every disposition made that time and means afforded for a last desperate resistance.

Lannes, who was the first to enter the assaulted village, detached an officer in command of two battalions to drive the insurgents from their position. The officer, equally distinguished among his fellow-soldiers for his impetuous courage and his ferocity, soon forced his way, at the head of one of his battalions, into the disputed mansion, trampling as he went upon the dead bodies of the forty brave fellows by whom it had been defended. Gen. H., the only survivor, after beholding the slaughter of the garrison, had armed himself with a hatchet, and with most superhuman strength and desperation opposed the entrance of the republicans; and when their leader presented himself, sword in hand, at the door of the room to which he had retreated, as his last stand of defence, the old general aimed at his head a furious blow, which would have closed his career at once and forever, had it not been skillfully parried by the sabre of the Frenchman. It was the last effort of the wounded and weary veteran; he fell, and in another moment the apartment was filled with republicans.

The Frenchman, who was never known to yield quarter to a vanquished enemy in the fifteen years of his wedded life, stepped forward to dispatch the fallen general, when a young and lovely woman rushed from an adjoining room, threw herself at his feet, and kneeling there, pale, distracted, the tears streaming from her eyes, shrieked forth in a voice of terror and despair:

"Spare him—O, spare him—do not take his life—he is my husband—the father of my child!"

The Frenchman glanced for a moment at the suppliant with an eye in which there was no trace of either anger or pity, and then, deliberately pushing her aside, he made a step in advance, took a cool and steady aim with his pistol at the wounded officer and shot him through the heart.

The wife of the murdered man uttered a fearful scream, and starting to her feet and flying to the room whence she had come, returned in a moment with her boy, who, at the sight of his father's massacre, had hidden himself, pale and trembling, under the bed; she held him up to the ferocious republican, and exclaimed:

"Monster! you have slain the father—complete your work and destroy the son."

At this moment loud shouts were heard, and a French general, surrounded by a crowd of officers, appeared at the door of the apartment. The scene was dramatic—a perfect *coup de theatre*. The heart of the ferocious soldier failed him; pallor overspread his features and his limbs shook, while Madame H., as if by a sudden impulse, flung herself at the feet of the general, with a single cry of "vengeance!"

The general raised her kindly and respectfully, demanding at the same time an explanation of the scene before him. There was but little need for words; the object upon which he gazed bore to his mind the accusation of his subordinate; that disfigured corpse—that female—upon whose lineaments were stamped horror and despair—that feeble child, with his pallid cheeks and his eyes streaming with tears, calling upon his father who answered not.

The general perceived at once that there was no fact to be ascertained, no excuse to be admitted. His eyes flashed fire, and, striking his glove forcibly upon the palm of his left hand, he turned abruptly, and with a lowering brow, to the assassin who stood before him speechless and trembling, and exclaimed:

"Sir, you are a coward and a savage! What! murder in cold blood an unarmed man—defenseless—a veteran—before the eyes of his wife, imploring mercy! It is the act of a fiend!"

"But, general," muttered the criminal, with a hesitating voice, the voice of one who feels he is lost.

"Be silent, sir," interrupted the general; "I listen to no excuse, I admit no defense. Give me up your sword, your epaulettes. From this moment you are dismissed from the brigade you have disgraced, from the army upon which you are a stain."

The major raised his head with a fierce, proud look.

"General," he said, with a voice that betrayed his emotion, "I surrender my sword, but I demand a trial by my comrades."

"You shall have it, sir, and within the hour."

Then turning to the officers, who had accompanied him to the spot, and reverently baring his head before the body of the victim, he said to them:

"Unite with me, gentlemen, in rendering tribute of respect to unfortunate courage—a brave and fallen enemy."

The remainder of that dreadful day was passed by Madame H. in the bitterness of grief. After witnessing the interment of her husband with military honors, this unhappy woman, who had lost in a single moment, and under circumstances of such peculiar horror, all that made life dear to her, except her boy, sank into a lethargy of sorrow—an abandonment of wretchedness. While she had a murdered husband to avenge, a helpless child to protect and save, she had preserved her energies of mind and body; but now, when the assassin had undergone the shame of a public degradation, and the prompt and terrible justice of a military commission impended over his head, the helpless widow could think of nothing but her loss. For her there seemed to be no longer cause of hope or fear. She was therefore more astonished than alarmed when, early next morning, a French aid-de camp waited upon her with a request from the commander-in-chief that she would repair immediately to his quarters at the Hotel de Ville. Without a word of inquiry or remonstrance, she arose, took her child into her arms, and followed the messenger of the general.

Led to the council chamber at the moment of her arrival, Madame H. found herself surrounded by all the glories of the republican army; by those celebrated men for whom such wondrous destinies were reserved; by whom crowns were to be won and lost, and of whom, in after years, so many were to lose on battlefields, amid the intrigues of cabinets, or the corruptions of a court, the honor for which they now were panting, or the lives they were now so ready to peril in its winning. There were Murat, Duroc, Lannes, Desaix, Massena, Hoche, and Bernadotte; and in the midst of them the general, who, with arms folded on his breast and eyes fixed on the floor, walked slowly to and fro, as if in deep and painful meditation.

On the entrance of Madame H. he stopped abruptly—motioned her to be seated and then, after gazing upon the face of her child, with a gentle smile of interest and affection, resumed his walk. Madame H. began to feel alarm.

This unexpected summons, this strange reception, the silence that prevailed around her, all combined, first to surprise and then to terrify her. A vague sensation of anxiety and fear oppressed her heart, and she could not command her nerves for the utterance of a single word that might call forth a solution of her doubts.

All at once the roll of a drum, at a little distance, startled her from her painful reverie. It was quickly followed by a volley of musketry, and the general, pausing in his walk, placed his hand upon her arm, and led her to a window, from which she beheld in the square below the fearful spectacle of a military execution just accomplished.

"Look, madame," he said, in a calm, yet impressive tone; "the man whom you see

lying dead upon the ground was a French officer, whom his comrades in arms have condemned to death for the assassination of an Austrian, in a city taken by assault."

He paused for a moment; then glancing around upon the officers who stood near them, he continued:

"You are at liberty to quit Ivree this morning. General Desaix, whom I have requested to be your escort, will answer to the republic for your safety. Farewell, madame; report to the Prince Charles what you have seen of the justice maintained in the armies of the French."

This general, at that time first consul, was afterward the Emperor Napoleon.

A Song in a Strange Land.

A beautiful and familiar passage in the Hebrew reads, "They that sow in tears shall reap in singing."

To some brave souls in trouble, as to Paul and Silas in prison, the singing even takes the place of tears, and anticipates the harvest of joy. That the language of Christian hope is native in sacred tunes, and that it never breathes unheard, the story of David Corrie touchingly illustrates.

David Corrie was a Scotch boy, trained in the Covenanters' faith, and early taught both to say the Catechism and to sing the Psalms.

Many of the grand melodies of Luther and the German Reformers had found their way among the harbar tunes of his native land, and through all his childhood and youth, he had heard them and joined in them by the fireside and at the kirk, till they were as familiar as his own name.

But David Corrie had a restless spirit, and, as he grew to manhood, he could not abide at home.

He shipped as a sailor, and for years had his will of wandering, while the wilder license of sea-life gradually wore out the pious impressions of his earlier days.

Then a sudden sorrow checked him in his erring ways, and shut him up to reflection.

His ship fell into the clutches of the Algerines, and he was carried in chains to Oran and sold as a slave.

For a time this affliction, so terrible to his restless, roving nature, almost crushed him, but the old memories, and the holy lessons of his youth returned at length, and became his only comfort.

Time passed, and the galling hardships of his servitude never lightened, and no deliverance seemed near. But he suffered on in patience, and every day, when his task was done, and he lay in his guarded quarters, he thought over the sacred texts he had learned in boyhood, and "sung the Lord's songs in a strange land."

One lovely moonlight night, as an English man-of-war lay to in the harbor, off the shore where David was confined, some sailors heard in the distance some strains of "Old Hundred" stealing over the sea.

Recent events, the time, the character of the place, all quickly suggested the explanation. There was a British subject in captivity. Ever ready for an adventure, the generous tars manned a boat, and followed the sound of the song, reached the spot where the prisoner lay, and, with one bold stroke in the King's name, wrested him from his Moslem guardsmen's hands, and carried him under the protection of the English flag.

Restored to liberty, David Corrie returned to his dear old Scotland home, where he found his mother still living. Humble gratitude inspired him from that day, and, mindful of his strange deliverance, through all his life of piety and peace he sung from an overflowing heart the old refrain that had moved his deliverance at sea:

"Be thou, O God, exalted high."

—Youth's Companion.

"The Doctor and Miss Peggy."

Congress held its session in Philadelphia until the year 1800. The city had the tone and style of a capital, and was the residence of many men of wealth. Among these was William Bingham, a millionaire, who lived, it was said, in the most showy style of any man in America. His fondness for display prompted him to introduce the aristocratic customs of the Old World. At his parties, each guest was announced three times. As he entered the hall, his name was called aloud. A servant on the stairs took it up, and, in a loud voice, proclaimed it to the man waiting at the drawing-room door; and as the guest passed in to salute the host, his name, for the third time, was pronounced in stentorian tones.

This foolish fashion, so unsuited to the manners of a Republic, was put a stop to by a ridiculous occurrence. At one of Mr. Bingham's parties, an eminent physician, Dr. Kuhn, and his step-daughter, drove up to the door.

"What name, sir?" inquired the servant who opened the carriage door.

"The doctor and Miss Peggy," replied Dr. Kuhn.

"The doctor and Miss Peggy!" cried out the man at the hall door, as the guests entered.

"The doctor and Miss Peggy!" bawled he of the stairs as the guests ascended them.

"The doctor and Miss Peggy!" shouted the liveried footman, as, amid the laughter of the company, Miss Peggy and her father entered the drawing-room.

The blunder was too much weight for newly-introduced fashion to carry. "Miss Peggy" suppressed it.

WHEN a dog barks at night in Japan the owner is arrested and sentenced to work a year for the neighbors that were disturbed. The dog gets off easier, being simply killed.

The Lord Mayor of London's Show.

At last the ninth, the Lord Mayor's day, came. It is also the Prince of Wales' birthday, so the city would be very gay-looking with all the flags flying.

We crowd into the cars and are soon in Cannon street. In the streets we have passing visions of pink silk stockings, canary-colored breeches, and dark green coats and gold lace, also tri-colored rosettes as large as saucers; and pass by shop-windows full of sweet, eager little faces, in the place of hose, shirts, sewing-machines, etc.

At last we arrive at our destination in Cheapside, where, through the kindness of a friend, a window on the first floor of a large building is waiting for us. How impatient we are until we hear the band of the Grenadier Guards, which heads the procession. After this band and that of the Royal London Militia, come the Worshipful Company of Loriners, preceded by jolly watermen in blue and white striped jerseys and white trousers, bearing banners; more watermen follow to relieve them; the beadle of the company with his staff of office; the clerk in his chariot; the wardens, wearing silk cloaks trimmed with sables, in their carriages, and amongst them Sir John Bennett, the great watch-maker of Cheapside.

Then comes a grand yellow coach, in which rides the Master of the Company, attended by his chaplain. After the Loriners come the Farriers, the band of the First Life Guards, banners, beadle and mace clerk, wardens and master. After them the Broderers. As these pass slowly along, an excitement is caused by the behavior of the horse of a hussar, who is mounting guard. It does not like the proceedings at all, and still less the greasy asphalt on which it stands, dances round, backs into the Worshipful Master of Broderers' carriage, and finally rears and falls, unseating its rider. The hussar is quite cool and quiet, soon reseats himself, and rejects the offer of a fussy little man in red to hold his horse.

And now comes the Worshipful Company of Bakers, preceded by their banner, with its good old motto, "Praise God for all." These are really very jolly and well-favored looking companions, most of the members bearing large bouquets of flowers. After them the Vintners' Company, with the band of the Royal Artillery; ten Commissioners, each bearing a shield; eight master porters in victner's dress; the Bergemaster in full uniform, and the Swan Uppers. These are men who look after the swans belonging to the corporation of London, which build their nests along the banks of the Thames, and they mark the young swans each spring.

The "Uppers" look very well in their dress, consisting of dark cloth jackets slashed with white, blue and white striped jerseys and white trousers.

After this company had passed, a grand shout announced the coming of the elephants. These, as some small boy has observed, are "curious animals, with two tails—one before and one behind." First came a number of large ones, with Mr. Sanger, their owner, who was mounted on a curiously spotted horse. They were gorgeous with oriental trappings and howdahs. On the foremost one rode a man representing a grand Indian prince. He had a reddish mustache, wore spectacles, a magnificent purple and white turban, and showy oriental costume. He produced a great impression on the crowd. In other howdahs sat one, two or three splendid Hindoos, whose dress was past description. Then came several young elephants ridden by boys; one of these was seized with a desire to lie down, and had to be vigorously roused; but, on the whole, they behaved in a wonderfully correct and dignified manner—now and then gracefully swinging round their trunks amongst the sympathizing crowd, in search of refreshment.

The elephants were escorted by equestrians in state costumes, and followed by six knights in steel armor, with lances and pennons, mounted on chargers. One of these "wouldn't go," and had to be dragged on ignominiously by a policeman. Then the Epping Forest rangers came. They were picturesquely dressed in green velvet coats, broad-brimmed hats and long feathers. After these, trumpeters, under-sheriffs in their state carriages, aldermen, the Recorder, more trumpeters, and then a most gorgeous coach—with hammer-cloth of red and gold, men in liveries too splendid to describe, and four fine horses—brings the late lord mayor. The mounted band of household cavalry follows. These really look splendid in crimson coats covered with gold embroidery and velvet caps, riding handsome white horses.

There is a stoppage just as they come up. They are rapturously greeted by the crowd, and requested to "play up." The mayor's servants, in state liveries, follow on foot. After them rides a very important person, the city marshal, on horseback. The city trumpeters come now, preceding the right honorable the lord mayor's most gorgeous gift coach, drawn by six horses. In it sits Sir Thomas White, supported by his chaplain, and attended by his sword-bearer and the common crier. An escort of the 21st Hussars brings up the rear. Policemen follow, and after them a stray mail-cart, a butcher's boy with his tray; after that, not just the deluge, but the crowd.

At Westminster Hall the lord mayor swore to do his duty; and then the ambassadors, her majesty's ministers of state, the nobility, judges, and other persons of distinction, joined the procession, and proceeded to feast with his lordship and the lady mayoress at Guildhall.—*Jennie A. Owen, in St. Nicholas.*

It is a matter of regret that not a single book agent fell during the labor riots. They all started for California.

Seasonable Hints.

If from your poultry you desire eggs, more of heat external and internal (the latter by heat, producing stimulating food) must be given now, than during the spring and summer season. Remembering always that the production of eggs in winter is unnatural, and unnatural means must be afforded to gain this end. Remember, also, if your birds are rare, choice specimens, and the eggs are for table use, you may pay dear for them. How? Consider for a moment. Egg producing naturally is confined to two seasons, the spring and summer; if, by forcing, the two seasons are lengthened to three, almost four, must it not be at the expense of vitality? May not shortness of life be the result? Nature is a unit; you cannot add to one quarter but at the expense of another. To the farmer whose poultry profits are when eggs are high, we would say, feed well, give good stimulating food, give warmth and protection, and you will be rewarded. But to the fancier—whose profit is in eggs for hatching, whose pride is gratified by the show-room award—don't force your birds. Do not crowd them either for work or for room. Give just sufficient warmth for perfect health. Remember that nature cares for her own. If your birds are in heated quarters the feathering will be light and thin. If in cooler it will be heavy and perfect. The eggs, if the laying be delayed until nature herself favors, will produce stronger and healthier chicks, and the percentage be greater than if the result of a forcing, cramming artificial feeding and care. Let your care and effort be for perfect condition, and the result will be, if your stock is good, perfect plumage and but few clear eggs when the hatching season arrives.

If you have flooring in your chicken house and use sawdust under the roosts for cleanliness, don't use it upon the feeding place. If during winter your feeding place is in the same pen with the roosts, nail a strip across the floor say two inches high, separating the parts, thus keeping the sawdust to its duty. Upon the feeding place throw sand or soil of any kind. Sawdust is injurious to fowls, it is an indigestible substance the gizzard cannot act upon, and not only does it make the birds uncomfortable, but, by causing unnatural thirst, very soon affects the birds' general condition. The gravel the birds will find and take from the sand or loam will prove beneficial to their health. In weather when the birds are confined indoors, cover the feed lightly with hay, straw or autumn leaves, as a promotive of health in affording exercise.—*Fanciers' Journal.*

CATTLE FOOD.—Experience teaches us that cattle thrive best on a mixed diet. All hay or all grain will produce less beef than hay and grain. The animal structure of the ox also demands bulk in food, as well as richness; the feeding of concentrated food being only profitable so far as the animal assimilates it—beyond that simply increasing the manure-heap, at a cost far beyond its value. The ox has approximately eleven and one-half pounds of stomach, with only two and one-half pounds of intestines, to each one hundred pounds of live weight; the sheep has less stomach and more intestines, giving a smaller percentage of digestive apparatus; while the pig for every one hundred pounds of his live weight has only one and one-third pounds of stomach to six pounds of intestines. A steer would thrive on a bulk of straw, with a little oil meal, that would shrink a sheep and starve a pig. Pork can be produced from clear cornmeal, while mutton requires a greater variety of food, and beef cattle would become cloyed and diseased with its exclusive use. A thoughtful attention to these broad facts will change much injudicious feeding into cheaper meat production.—*Cultivator.*

THERE is no tropical plant with which we are acquainted so delicate and so graceful in its form as our native ferns. This is now so largely recognized that ferns are becoming the favorite plant with many, and we read that a large fernery has been established in New Jersey to meet the growing demand for them. The peculiarity of the fern is that it needs protection. It is as fragile as it is graceful. We find it growing to perfection in the woods, and are delighted with its vase-like form, so complete in its outlines, but we do not always reflect that it owes its perfection to the over-shadowing forest trees which protect it from the rude winds. We discover this when we attempt to transplant it to the garden, where the first breeze breaks its delicate stems and destroys its beauty of outline. Nature gives it the protection of the over-shadowing trees, beneath which it attains a beauty of form very difficult to preserve in the open garden. This is one of those instances of adaptation so often seen in nature's works.

THE two United States Senators, who ever served the longest terms, were both North Carolinians by birth—Benton, of Missouri, and King, of Alabama. The former served thirty, the latter twenty-nine years. It is related, in reference to Mr. King's extreme courtesy, that when he presided over the Senate, the two Senators from Arkansas pronounced the name of their State differently, and that he punctiliously observed this difference. He invariably recognized one as "the gentleman from Ark-an-saw," and the other as "the gentleman from Ar-kan-saw."

A SYMPATHIZING heart is a spring of pure water bursting forth from the mountain side. Ever pure and sweet in itself, it carries gladness and joy on every ripple of its sparkling current.

Wit and Humor.

How far may a widow go in providing for her children? If left to the widow, she would probably think it right to go one step farther.

Stratagems says he once prevented a severe case of hydrophobia by simply getting on a high fence and waiting there till the dog had gone away.

SOMEBODY tried to excuse a liar to Dr. Johnson, saying, "You must not believe more than half he says." "Ay," replied the doctor, "but which half?"

"PORTER," said an old lady to an Irish railway porter, "when does the nine o'clock train leave?" "Sixty minutes past eight, ma'am," was Mike's reply.

THE Boston Gazette tells of a young man who inquired at a Winter street store for a pair of "undressed gentleman's kids." Of course the female attendants giggled.

A GOOD little boy who was kicked by a mule did not say naughty words or go home crying to his mother. He just tied the mule within five feet of a beehive, backed him round to it and let him kick.

A MAN recently wrote to an official of the Boston, Concord and Montreal railroad "for a chance to run on the road." He was told he could "run on the road" as much as he wished, if he would only keep out of the way of the trains.

"It is curious, doctor, that every time I smoke after dinner I have something dazzling in my eyes. What can you do for that?" "Eh!" said the doctor, with a smile, "don't smoke." The patient was nonplussed. He hadn't thought of that.

CATCHING A TARTAR.—Governor: "Do you know, Ernest, that I heard of a little boy not older than you, who can read and write well, and who has begun Latin?" Ernest: "Oh, I say, what a jolly good teacher he must have!"—Punch.

"MARTHA's Vineyard's a darned Yankee fraud," said a Western tourist, after a brief sojourn there. "There isn't a grape grown on the whole island, and not a soul I met had ever seen Martha or could tell me where she lived."—Boston Traveler.

JOAQUIN MILLER says of one of his tangle-haired heroines that she "swept the lonesome sea." It would have been more to her credit to have been at home sweeping the lonesome kitchen or helping her poor old mother wash up the supper dishes.

"WHY," asked a teacher in the Baptist Sunday school, "did Solomon tell the sluggard to go to the ant?" "Because," said a thirteen-year-old boy, "he knew his aunt would have him at the wood pile or in the onion bed every afternoon as soon as school was out."

WHEN a pretty young lady and her aunt were knocked down by a Broadway stage the other day, some flashily-dressed men at once rushed forward and helped them up. It is supposed that they were gamblers, from the fact that they first assisted the young lady, and then "raised the ante."—New York Weekly.

Two Irishmen were recently looking at people stretching a rope from one house to another for the purpose of suspending a banner. "Sure, an' what will they be after a-doin' at the top of them houses there?" Pat asked. "Faith, an' it's a submarine telegraph they're after putting up, I suppose," said Mike.

A POOR tailor, dunning for an old debt, wrote as follows: "Dear Jim: This little account has been standing for seven years, and I think it is high time it was paid." To which Jim replied, on the same sheet of paper, while the boy was waiting: "Dear Sam: I don't. And may a difference of opinion never alter friendship."

"OUR own daughter never dances out of her own set," said a proud dame at one of those nondescript entertainments got up at the hotels of a certain fashionable watering place. "Is it a blue set or a pink set?" some one asked; and the good lady colored up and could make no reply. It turned out that this exclusive person was a worthy mate of a dealer in modern china.

BEFORE she could utter the "Where Aesop been till this hour of the morning, anyhow?" which was trembling on her lips, he said: "Bin't her mind-readin'; bet yer seven dollars I can read yer mind this very minnit." "Well, you old fool, what am I thinking now?" she said, in a tone of sadness. "Thinkin' of! Why, I can read yer mind like ther open pages of'er book; yer thinkin' I'm drunker'n a biled owl, but yer never was worse fooled in yer life." She only said that there must be something in mind-reading after all, for he had hit the nail right square on the head.

HOW HE STARTED HER.—A whoop-bang sort of a boy, with feet as broad and flat as a pie-tin, trotted through the Central Market yesterday till he reached a stall kept by a single woman about thirty years old. Halting there he yelled out:

"Say! say! Your little boy has been run over and killed, up by the City Hall!"

"Oh! oh! Heavens—oh! oh—!" she screamed as she made a dive under the counter, came up on the outside, and started to follow the boy. After going ten feet she halted, looked very foolish all of a sudden, and remarked:

"What a goose I am! Why, I ain't even married!"—Detroit Free Press.

ALL the honorable pursuits of life are salutary, provided they are not sought with too great avidity and happiness.

Mussulman Sympathy.

The great Ottoman empire once embraced large portions of Europe, Asia and Africa. The followers of Mahomet swarmed over three continents, and were all powerful wherever they ruled. In time, however, the Empire began to decay, and one by one different provinces established a semi-independence of the Porte. Egypt is only nominally a part of the empire. Morocco and other states in both Africa and Asia pay tribute, but do not fully acknowledge the sovereignty of the sultan. The present war grew out of the restlessness and insubordination, under great provocations, of the European provinces of Turkey, including Herzegovina, Montenegro, Bosnia, and the principalities of Servia and Roumania. The latter two were less closely identified with the Ottoman empire than any of the other states and provinces. The distant states of Africa and Asia, not directly incorporated in the Ottoman empire, but whose inhabitants are principally followers of Mahomet, are in sympathy with the Turks, but as yet have rendered no direct aid in the present war. Among this class are the people of the Barbary states, and the vast hordes who populate northern Africa, and the Persians, Arabs, and the Mussulman population of India. The telegraph informs us that the recent victories of the Russians have greatly excited the followers of the prophet in the latter country. It is not improbable that the porte will be able to recruit its armies with numerous zealous volunteers from the faithful of other countries, but that will hardly avail to turn the tide of the battle. What Turkey requires now more than recruits is money. Her treasury is empty; her credit is hopelessly wrecked; she has no means with which to prosecute the war after the present supplies are exhausted. She has put forth her best strength; she can hope to do no better than to stubbornly hold what she has until starvation and lack of war material forces her to sue for peace. She has the advantage now of some very strongly fortified positions at Plevna, Shumla, Silistria, Rustchuck, Widdin, and in the Balkans. The progress of the Russians may be impeded, delayed and made costly in life and material, but the Russians, despite their depreciated credit, have the longest purse, the most men, the largest magazine of supplies, and the best facilities for adding thereto. It therefore seems not improbable that Russia will eventually succeed in reducing the area of the Ottoman empire in both Europe and Asia and dictating terms which, however humiliating to the Turks, will in part compensate Russia for the sacrifices she has made to prosecute the war, and prove to be a balm for the wounded Muscovite pride.—Burlington Hawk Eye.

A HEAD equal to the greatest events, and a heart superior to the strongest temptations, are qualities which may be possessed so secretly that a man's next-door neighbor shall not discover them, until some unforeseen occasion calls them forth.

RUSSIA has, in the last six months, exported wheat to the value of over \$13,000,000, against wheat to the value of \$8,000,000 for the corresponding period last year. So, in spite of the war, she has had food enough for her own people and a handsome surplus for outside nations.

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A Coat Lined With Money.

A war correspondent writes: "Comedy goes aside by side with tragedy here as everywhere, and even at a time like this men can laugh. A Jew who has come down from Askli-Saghra is in a condition of much perplexity about the means to be adopted for the recovery of a stolen coat. Anticipating evil times in Askli-Saghra, the Jew had sown up his money in his heaviest fur overcoat, and with this he held himself ready to leave town at any moment. Somehow when the dreaded time arrived he missed the coat, and had to come down here without it. Walking about the streets of Adrianople he described this very coat upon the shoulders of a big Circassian, with whom he entered into humble parley for its recovery, professing to have taken a Jew fancy for it, and offering a most us-Jew like price for it. While he pretended to examine the fur, he ascertained that his money remained undisturbed. The Circassian declined to sell, and the Jew then put in a claim as owner of the coat, and succeeded in bringing the Circassian before the Governor of the town. The Governor declined to consider the Jew's claim proved, and that hapless Hebrew is now following the Circassian like a second shadow, beseeching him with special iteration to strike a bargain. It rests on Rochefoucauld's authority that a man can always enjoy the misfortunes of his friends, and the friends of this especial Hebrew seem to find some consolation for their own sorrows in watching and laughing at the countless ruses and manœuvres with which Jewish ingenuity inspires the hunter of the coat."

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PUGET SOUND ARGUS.

Our Authorized Agents.

CROSBY & LOEW... W. T. ...

Get Up Clubs

In order to extend the circulation of the ARGUS...

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1877.

RESOURCES OF QUILLYHUTE VALLEY.

A friend, writing to us last week for information respecting this part of Chatham County...

Quillyhute river is about 40 miles long; is navigable with small sized vessels...

EXTREMELY FERTILE PRAIRIES found scattered along at intervals for a distance of about 25 miles...

These prairies have a rich, black soil, varying in depth 6 to 18 inches, in most places resting upon a stiff clay subsoil.

about 80 miles, and from thence by a trail across the mountains about 25 miles to the upper prairies.

PORT TOWNSEND BUMMERS.

When Mr. Al. Pettygrove was making a tour of Puget Sound recently, he saw fit to represent one side of Port Townsend, in an editorial correspondence to the "Advertiser," of Santa Barbara, Cal.

Mr. Pettygrove lards himself for attacking this element; and, without stopping to take breath, gives us a vicious dig for being a live church member and working for the cause of right which he claims to be assisting by belittling our town.

The amount of the matter is just this: we did not and do not deny the existence in our town, of such things as those spoken of in exaggerated terms by our friend.

Our contributor did not deny or try to justify it. We objected, however, most strongly to seeing Port Townsend held up before the world as a town composed entirely of a class who live, as our contemporary says, by thieving and plunder.

THE ANGELS' SONG.

Christmas! The very mention of this word carries us back to the birth-place of our Saviour, and we hear again the melodious announcement, "Peace on earth; good will to men."

THERE is an old saying, still extant, about a certain class of people who always "hang themselves" when a sufficient amount of rope is allowed them.

THE LIFE BOAT.—The U. S. Revenue cutter, Corwin, Capt. White, took the life boat safely to Neah bay, where she arrived on Saturday morning last.

An entertainment and supper, given by the Good Templars, will claim the attention of the public on Monday, New Year's eve.

Mr. W. H. Davis, of Seattle, is in town and proposes to exhibit magic lantern views each night for a week.

LAWYER Smith's case will be attended to in the near future, when our late telegraphic news will also appear.

Two first-class sewing machines, a Wilson and a Singer, for sale at the ARGUS office.

RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

Divine service will be held in the Presbyterian church next Sabbath at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M.

Services will be held in St. Paul's church on Sunday next at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M.

There will be preaching in the M. E. church on Sunday next, morning and evening, by Rev. John Parsons, the pastor.

Divine services at the Catholic Church next Sunday, conducted by Father Don. M. C'sary at 11 A. M., and 7 P. M.

Probate Notice.

IN the Probate Court of Jefferson county, Washington Territory, in the matter of the estate of ARTHUR PHINNEY, deceased.

FRANCIS J. BURNS having this day filed his petition in this Court, asking that he may have possession of the property bequeathed to him by the last will and testament of Arthur Phinney, deceased, it is ordered that Monday, the 28th day of January, A. D. 1878, being a day of a regular term, to-wit, of the January term A. D. 1878, at 2 o'clock P. M., at the Court room of said court, be the time and place for hearing said petition; at which time and place all persons interested in said estate are notified to appear and contest said petition by filing their objections thereto in writing.

And it is further ordered that notice of the pendency of said petition, and of the time and place of hearing be published at least for four successive weeks in the Puget Sound ARGUS, a weekly newspaper published in said county.

J. A. KUHN, Probate Judge, and ex-officio clerk of said court, Port Townsend, W. T., Dec. 28, 1877.

Upland Nursery. FRUIT TREES.

At Reduced Rates—LARGE STOCK, FINE QUALITY, PRICE LIST FREE. Correspondence Solicited, Jas. Jones is my agent at Port Townsend JNO. M. SWAN, 39:6m Olympia, W. T.

HOLIDAY GOODS

Just Received from San Francisco THE LARGEST AND FINEST Stock of Watches, Jewelry Musical Instruments, And Novelties of the Latest Styles, Ever Brought to Puget Sound, Which will be sold at Living Prices. CALL EARLY AND EXAMINE STOCK AND PRICES.

B. S. MILLER,

Head of Union Wharf, Port Townsend, W. T.

A. F. LEARNED

DEALER IN

Family Groceries

It is the intention to keep on hand all kinds of

Choice Groceries.

Families wishing anything in my line will find it to their advantage to give me a call, as they will get a good article at a low figure.

Have a Fine Assortment of Hardware

Crockeryware

Glassware.

Holidays !!

A RICH DISPLAY OF

FANCY VASES,

TOILET SETS,

JAPANESE WARE,

Just the things for Presents and Ornaments for Your Mantel Piece.

ALSO

Fine Wines, Liquors, Cigars and Tobacco

Give Him a Call.

NOTICE.

A L. I. person indebted to the late firm of T. Jackman & Co., will please settle their account with Thos. Phillips, being authorized to act as our agent.

44:14 T. JACKMAN, & Co.

In Bankruptcy.

In the District Court of the Third Judicial District of Washington Territory, at Port Townsend, W. T., this 21st day of November A. D. 1877.

THE undersigned hereby gives notice of his appointment as assignee of the estate of Alfred Edmondson, of Port Townsend, in the county of Jefferson and Territory of Washington, within said district, who has been adjudged a bankrupt upon his own petition, by the District court of aforesaid district.

J. A. KUHN, Assignee of the estate of Alfred Edmondson, bankrupt. Port Townsend, W. T. 44:14

PUGET SOUND TELEGRAPH CO.

THERE will be an annual meeting of the Stockholders of Puget Sound Telegraph Company held at the office of the Secretary in Port Townsend, W. T., Monday Jan. 7, 1878, for the purpose of electing five trustees for the year 1878, and attending to other business coming properly before them.

By order of O. F. GERRISH, Pres't. J. J. VANBOKKELIN, Sec'y. Port Townsend, Dec. 12, 1877. 4t

BARTLETT'S COLUMN.

For Sale,

A Fine Stock of Holiday

Goods Just Received.

ALSO

At a bargain, the hard-finished

House built by Doctor G. V.

Calhoun, containing 9

good sized Rooms.

Apply to

CHAS. C. BARTLETT.

CHAS. C. BARTLETT

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

GROCERIES,

Dry Goods,

CLOTHING,

BOOTS, SHOES,

HATS, CAPS,

FANCY GOODS,

HARDWARE,

Ship Chandlery,

CROCKERY

WINES, LIQUORS,

Cigars, Tobacco,

Doors and Windows,

Farming Implements,

Furniture,

WALL PAPER,

Plows,

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

The LOWEST PRICES

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

PORT TOWNSEND, W. T.