

PUGET SOUND WEEKLY ARGUS SUPPLEMENT.

PORT TOWNSEND, WASHINGTON TERRITORY, DECEMBER 28, 1877.

REV. JOSEPH COOK ON CONSCIENCE.

Following herewith we publish an extract from one of the Rev. Joseph Cook's famous metaphysical lectures now in process of delivery at Boston, Mass. In the discourse from which we clip, Matthew Arnold's views on conscience are taken as the subject, and discussed with ability second to none in the literary and scientific world to day. These lectures are considered the very best, logically supported arguments, against all forms of skepticism, now in existence:

If you will not examine self-evident truths as a science, I must ask you to take the point of view of the microscope. Here is another line of thought proceeding out of the very heart of Biology:

1. Some force forms the parts in an embryo. "We are woven," even Tyndall says, "by a power not ourselves."

On the first of October, at the Midland Institute Professor Tyndall gave to the world knowledge of a secret which most scholars have understood for ten years. [Laughter.] At the Midland Institute, in that city of Birmingham, which is so well known to you, sir, (turning to the Rev. Dr. Dale of England,) Professor Tyndall said to the rabble, the ravisher and murderer, "You offend because you cannot help offending." (Report in London "Times" of Tyndall's Lecture of October 1st.)

Haeckel, the master of both Tyndall and Huxley, affirmed you a ago, in his History of creation, vol. 1, p. 237, that "the will is never free." Some of you have thought it extravagant to assert that this same teaching lies between the lines of many a page published by the English materialistic school. Haeckel is a far bolder man than any of his followers, and he has proclaimed pointedly that the will is never free; and now Tyndall does the same. With much grace, with high literary ability, and with all the prestige of his great name, Professor Tyndall says to the murderer: "You offend because you cannot help offending; we punish you because we cannot help punishing." Approval and disapprobation he would no more have as to the overflow of the muddy torrent we call an Iago or a Mephistopheles, than he would for the overflow of the Rhine or the Mississippi. According to his scheme of thought we may put up dykes against Caligula and Nero, as we do against the Mississippi, but we are not to have disapprobation for Caligula, or for Nero, or for Catiline, any more than for the Tiber when it overflows its banks into the marble temples of Rome. We must say to the criminal, "You offend because you cannot help offending." These are Tyndall's own words which Hermann Lotze would think hardly worthy of a reply. They are not more penetratingly mischievous than violently unscientific.

But even Tyndall asserts that we are woven by something not ourselves. [Lecture at Birmingham, October 1.] Now, I affirm, that when the embryo comes into existence, some force forms its parts. The force that forms the part is the cause of the form of the parts. The cause must exist before the effect. We are sure of that; are we not? My delicious and surprising friends, who are sure of nothing, except that you are sure you are sure of nothing, thereby contradicting yourselves, [laughter] are you not certain that a cause must exist before a change can be produced? Very well; here I stand with the process of the weaving of a physical organism going on under my microscope. Here is woven a lion, there a man; here an oak, there a palm. From the first the plan of each is in the embryo from which each begins. That plan must have been in existence before any physical organization exists in the embryo. Even your Haeckel says ("Pop. Science Monthly, Oct. 1877, article on Bathybius, p. 652) that "life is not a result of organization, but vice versa."

It is demonstrable under the microscope that life is the cause of organization, and not organization the cause of life. The plan must be in existence. A plan in existence and not executed is a thought. The plan executed in an organism, therefore, was a thought before the organism was woven. That thought exists before the organism. But thought implies a thinker. There cannot be a thought without a thinker. The thought executed in the organism does not belong to the organism. The design is not in the thing designed, it is outside the thing designed. The cause is outside of the effect. Thought, the force that forms the embryo, is not in the embryo; it is outside the embryo, for it exists before the embryo. Talk as you please about force being inherent in all matter, or of the tree Igdrasil, as Tyndall has lately said, being the proper symbol of the universe, we know that the cause must exist before the change it produces. This plan by which the form of the embryo is determined must be in existence somewhere before any form is woven. The first stroke of the shuttle, as we have proven implies a plan; and so we know that there is in the universe a thought, not ourselves and not our own. Adhere to that proposition, and use Descartes' great argument—I think therefore, I am a person.

2. Since we are woven by a power not ourselves, there is thought in the universe not our own.

3. There cannot be thought without a thinker.

4. Therefore there is in the universe a Thinker not ourselves.

5. But a Thinker is a Person. [Applause.]

To put now the whole argument from design into the shape which best pleased John Stuart Mill, we may say,

1. Every change must have an adequate cause.

2. My coming into existence as a mind, free-will and conscience was a change.

3. That change requires a cause adequate to account for the existence of mind, free-will and conscience.

4. Involution must equal evolution

5. Only mind, free-will and conscience in the cause, therefore are sufficient to account for mind, free-will and conscience in the change.

6. The cause, therefore, possessed mind, free-will and conscience.

7. The union of mind, free-will and conscience in any being constitutes personality in that being.

8. The cause, therefore, which brought me into existence as a mind; free-will and conscience was a person.

If you will look at that list of propositions, you will find nothing taken for granted in them except that every change must have an adequate cause. These propositions were emphatically indorsed after being read twice by the acutest intellect I ever met in theological science. I suppose them to be substantially the ground on which established science stands to this hour, with the Richters and the Carlyles, and Platos, and Aristotles, and even with the all-doubting Fredericks.

We may say, also, in presenting further the argument from design:

1. If there is an omnipresent, self-existing and infinitely holy moral law, and if the nature of all dependent intelligence has been adapted to that law, there must be a moral adaptation.

2. There are such a law and such an adaptation.

3. There is therefore, a Moral Designer.

4. But a moral designer must possess mind, free will, and conscience.

5. The union of mind, free will and conscience in any being constitutes Personality in that Being.

6. The Moral Designer of the Moral Law is, therefore, a Person.

John Stuart Mill advised all who would prove the Divine Existence to adhere to the argument from design. Even Matthew Arnold says that all he can say against the argument from design is, that he has had no experience in world building. [Laughter.] "We know from experience"

[Concluded on next page.]

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Flour—XXX, 8 bbl. \$8 25
Superfine " " 7 25
Wheat per cwt. 1 70 to 2 00
Oats " " 60 to 80
Potatoes, 2 bush 1 50 to 2 00
Onions per cwt. 1 50 to 2 00
Barley per cwt. 1 50 to 2 00
Rye " " 1 50 to 2 00
Sorghum " " 1 50 to 2 00
Straw, per lb. 1 50 to 2 00
Hay per ton 15 00
Timothy seed per lb. 35 to 45
Tobacco, Java 15 00
Sugar, crushed 11 to 12
" Island No 1 9 10 to 10
" No 2 8 10 to 9
Butter, fresh roll 30 to 35
Eggs per doz 7 15
Lard 15 00
Beacon 18 00 to 15
Hams, best sugar cured 16
Beef, wholesale 5 10
Mutton, per carcass 5 10
Chickens per doz. 45 to 50

Portland Market.
Wheat, per cental. \$2 to 12 15
Flour, standard 50 lb. 5 50 to 6 50
Oats, 2 bushel 55 to 60 cts.
Barley, 2 cental. 1 40 to 1 50
Rye, 2 cental. 1 10 to 1 20
Hams, 2 cental. 15 to 18
Butter, 2 lb. 20 to 25
Cheese, 2 lb. 17
Hides, dry 20 lb, 18 to 17 cts; good 11
Tallow 2 lb. 6.

San Francisco Market.
Flour, best 7 50 to 9 00
Wheat, quiet, 2 25 to 2 45
Barley, feed, per cental. 1 65 to 1 70
Hay, 2 cental. 15 to 2 15
Potatoes, 2 bushel 75 to 85
Rye, whole 3 10 to 3 15
Mutton, 3 to 4
Pork, live, 5 cts; dressed 5 1/2

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that men make watches and bees make honey-combs. We do not know from experience that a Creator of all things makes ears and birds." [God and the Bible, pp. 102, 103.] What if Red Cloud and Chief Joseph had been brought to the Centennial or to Washington? What if they had seen the majestic dome of our National Capitol, and all the marvels of the Centennial? Red Cloud would have said, if he had followed Matthew Arnold's philosophy: "I have had experience in building wigwams. I know the path from my house to the hut of seven Thunders or Bear Paw. I know that every such path is made by some cause. I know that every wigwam must have been built by some man—but this railroad—I never had experience in building railroads—I do not know but that it was fished out of the sea. [Laughter.] This marble Capitol, these wonderful and strange things in the Centennial! I have never had any experience in making columbiads or spinning jennies. I know that the flint which I sharpen for my arrow must be shaped by some man; but this columbiad, I do not know but that it grew. [Laughter.] This spinning jenny! I have had no experience in factories and weaving machines and these marvels. I think this loom was EVOLVED!" [Loud laughter and applause.]

I do not in the slightest degree misrepresent the reasoning of Mr. Arnold, for the only objection he has to the argument from design is that he has had no experience in world building. David Hume also once made that assertion, but when he walked with Adam Ferguson on the heights of Edenburg one night, he said, "Adam, there is a God." Stuart Mill admits that the argument from design proves the existence of a designer; but whether we can prove that the designer thus proved to exist is the only designer in the universe is, as some people think, yet left in doubt. Paley's argument is supposed to be overthrown. A watch implies a watchmaker, but how do we know that there was not a designer of the watchmaker, or that there is not a second God, that designed the first God, and a third that designed the second and so on! A design must have had a designer, and the designer a designer, and this designer a designer; for every design is to have a designer! [Laughter.]

Do not suppose that I am here to do this difficulty, a though occasionally it may be that some of our theological teachers have done so. I have heard that Lyman Beecher was once approached by his students with the question how they should answer skeptics who told them that the argument from design proved too much. "They say to us," the students told their teacher, "that there may be twenty Gods, for every design must have a designer, and every designer a designer, and so on." Now Lyman Beecher did not know how to answer the difficulty, or, at least he did not give the scientific answer; but he was quick, and so he said to his students, "These men say there are twenty Gods?" "Yes," "Well, you tell them that if there is one God it will go hard with them, and if there are twenty it will go harder yet." [Applause and loud laughter.] But the answer to be made is this: That we cannot have a dependent existence without an independent or a self-existent being to depend upon. All existence, to put the argument in illogical form, is either dependent or independent. You are sure of that? Yes. Well, if there is a dependent existence, there must be an independent, for there cannot be dependence without something to depend upon; and an infinite series of links, receding forever, is an effect without a cause. Your axiom that every change must have an adequate cause is denied by the theory of an infinite series. You carry up your chain link after link, and there is nothing to hang the last link upon.

1. All possible existence is either dependent or independent.

2. If there is dependent existence there must be independent existence, for there cannot be dependence without dependence on something; an endless chain without a point of support is an effect without a cause; dependence without independence is a contradiction in terms.

3. I am a dependent existence.

4. Therefore there is independent existence. [Applause.]

But independent existence is self-existence.

5. All possible being is either self-existent or not self-existent.

2. If there is a being which is not self-existent, the principle that every change must have an adequate cause requires that there should exist being that is self-existent.

3. I am a person not self-existent.

4. Therefore there is a Person who is self-existent. It is He.

In these arguments nothing is assumed but self-evident truths, which all men act upon in business, and take as certain at the fireside. The deep human instinct of Conscience proclaims all that our metaphysics do. Science standing upon axioms, knows no more at last than the man, full-orbed, who allows every tide in him to rise according to untaught instinct, and finds that when he swells aloft under the natural attraction felt by the sense of obligation and dependence, he touches the stars. If you are a thin brook; if you are under the torrid sun of skepticism; if there are no great waves in you that can kiss the heavens at times, you may be in doubt. But let your nature feel all that can come to you from the winds, and from the springs, and from the search of the depths; and then when the Power, not ourselves, makes for righteousness, rides the waves, you will find that the highest instincts in you touch Him far aloft, as a Person. [Great applause.]

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1 heavy wedding ring " " 1 25
Total... \$5 00
For 50 cents we will send above six articles postpaid.

\$1.00 LOT.
One pair sleeve buttons, stone setting.
One set (3) spiral shirt studs.
One heavy band engagement ring.
One set (2) bracelets.
One ladies' long guard or neck chain.
One engraved miniature locket, for above.
One gent's heavy link watch chain.
One Lake George diamond stud.

\$2.00 LOT.
One ladies neck chain and charm.
One ladies heavy guard chain for watch.
One set pin and ear-rings amethyst.
One extra fine miniature locket.
One cameo seal ring.
One very heavy wedding or engagement ring.
One gent's heavy watch chain with charm.
One Pearl Pearl sleeve buttons.
One Lake George cluster pin.
One pair (two) heavy band bracelets.

3.00
One ladies opera guard chain.
One ladies neck chain and cross.
One beautiful locket, (engraved).
One pair band bracelets.
One gent's twist link vest chain and charm
One pair Onyx sleeve buttons.
One set (3) Onyx shirt studs.
One new improved collar button.
One extra cut cameo seal ring.
One Arizona solitaire ring.
One set amethyst or topaz pin and ear-drops.
One ladies chemise button.
One plain ring, stamped 18 K.

5 00 LOT.
One ladies opera chain, with slide and tassel, (retail price \$5.00).
One gent's heavy watch chain with curb charm, (retail price \$5.00).
One ladies heavy long neck chain.
One elegant chased miniature locket for above.
One set cameo medallion pin and ear-drops.
One pair (2) heavy chased band bracelets.
One gent's solitaire diamond stud.
One gent's cluster diamond pin.
One pair amethyst or onyx sleeve buttons.
One set (2) studs to match the above.
One elegant heavy set cameo seal ring.
One massive band or wedding ring.
One new "patent" collar button.
One ladies chemise button.
One amethyst or topaz ring, (extra finish).

The retail price of the articles in each sample lot amounts to exactly ten times the price we ask for the lot; for example, our \$1.00 lot retails for \$10.00; our \$5.00 for \$50.00.

A Solid Romaine Gold Hunting-Case Watch Free.

To any one sending us an order for the above lots by express to the amount of \$15.00, we will send FREE one Solid Romaine Gold Hunting-Case Watch, Gent's or Ladies size, warranted to keep perfect time and look equally as well as the \$15.00 gold watch. By mail (postpaid) \$15. This is our BEST OFFER TO AGENTS, and is worth a trial, as the watch alone will sell or trade readily for from \$25.00 or \$30.00. Gent's or Ladies' Watch alone, \$7.50 or \$10.00 with a Heavy Gent's Gold Pattern Vest Chain and Charm, or Ladies' Opera Chain with slide and tassel.

REMEMBER: This offer only holds good until Jan. 1st, 1878. After that time we shall sell only to Jewelers and Wholesale dealers, and any one wishing our goods will have to pay full retail price for them. Remember, the only imitation of genuine gold made, being the same in weight, color and finish, and all our goods are made in the latest gold and silver. Will guarantee satisfaction in every instance, or return money.

Send money by P. O. Money Order, or Registered letter, AT OUR RISK. No goods sent C. O. D. unless accompanied by full payment. Address plainly.

W. F. EVANS & CO., Sole Agents for U. S. and Canada.

93 & 97 South Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

ARGUS JOB OFFICE

—IS FURNISHED WITH A—

FINE ASSORTMENT OF NEW TYPE AND

JOBGING MATERIAL.

JOB WORK

Neatly Executed at the Argus Office

PUGET SOUND ARGUS.

LOCAL NEWS.

MERRY CHRISTMAS.—The people of Port Townsend were certainly not behind the rest of the world in celebrating Christmas this year. The demonstrations were principally under the auspices of the various Churches in town. The Episcopalians had a magnificent Christmas tree, Jacob's ladder and refreshment table, prepared in Fowler's Hall on Christmas eve, which were enjoyed by a large audience. We were not present, but were informed that it was a splendid affair. A large number of presents were distributed, and a corresponding number of receivers were made happy. The Methodists had a Church fair in the afternoon and evening of Christmas eve, under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid Society, from which, in connection with the refreshments prepared, about \$75 was realized for the purpose of completing the spire on their church building, and making other improvements. Their entertainment was held in the Good Templars' Hall, and one of its prominent features also was a Christmas tree well filled with presents of different kinds. Among the gifts was a very handsome gold watch and chain. Mr. J. C. McFadden our young friend of the legal fraternity, was the fortunate recipient. A cash present was delivered to R. V. John Parsons. It was made up in town, entirely independent of the M. E. Society, and indicates the growing popularity of that gentleman among our town people. Everything passed off in the most pleasant manner possible. The thanks of the Society are due many friends for assistance rendered. Our Presbyterian friends deferred their Christmas tree and entertainment until the evening of Christmas day. Judging from the number of presents distributed by them, the young folks attending ought to be contented for a long time to come. The affair was held in the Presbyterian church; the attendance was quite large, and the spirit with which the programme was carried out and received was ample evidence that the appetite for pleasure on the part of pleasure-seekers, had been by no means cloyed by the previous evening's performance. The Catholics observed midnight mass on the morning of the day, also appropriate services morning and evening, conducted by Father C'esary. Appropriate services were also observed in the Episcopal Church. Altogether this day so momentous in the Christian world, and fraught with so many tender memories, was observed in a manner befitting its peculiar importance.

IMPROVEMENT.—Mr. Danahy McInnes, of Sequim, tells us that the farmers down there are all in good spirits on account of their good crops and better prices, and that they are making a great many improvements indicative of prosperity. A new landing has been formed just below Sequim Bay, near what are termed "Traverse" bluffs. Mr. Saml. Brooks, familiar to many of our readers has erected a substantial little warehouse at the point mentioned, and in the course of the next year a commodious wharf will be attached. The place has been christened "Brooks' Landing." In honor of the enterprise of the builder. When a steamer is placed on the Neah Bay mail route, the above-named place will be a convenient way port. It is the natural outlet for the produce of fifteen or twenty farms and ought to have a post-office.

MR. A. W. Arnold, of this place, informs us, since his return from Whidby Island, that Mr. F. W. Wilson, of Cleveland, has completed his dam, and will proceed with the building of his grist mill immediately after the holidays. We are please to learn that the work is a success so far, and that the enterprise is likely to prove beneficial to the people of Cleveland, and indeed of the whole island.

ACCIDENT.—On Saturday morning last, during the lively south-easter which prevailed, our young friend Dan Hill was engaged in pushing floating logs away from his father's warehouse when his pole slipped and he went in head-first and came near being drowned in the surf. He was fortunately rescued by parties who happened to be near. His contusion is considerably lacerated by the adventure.

I. O. O. F.—It is probable that a public installation of the officers of Mount Baker Lodge, No. 2, I. O. O. F., will take place in this town on Jan. 8, 1878, provided the Deputy Grand Sire grants a dispensation, in which case due notice will be given in our columns. It is the intention, we believe to get up a ball in connection with the affair. Since writing the above, the dispensation has been granted.

MR. T. B. Jayne, of Oak Harbor, was in town this week, and called on us. This is the gentleman, it will be remembered, who has so many kinds of seed potatoes, and who raises such fine cabbages. Read his advertisement. He reports everything on the island very quiet.

OBITUARY.

Since publishing an obituary last week, of Mr. Moores, we have received the following tribute from his loving wife, which we deem too important to withhold:

DIED.—At Skagit, on the 9th inst., of an internal cancer, Mr. Thomas J. Moores, in the forty-fourth year of his age, leaving a beloved wife and five young children, besides a large circle of relatives and friends to mourn their loss.

Husband dear, we now are weeping Sadly o'er the new made grave Where lies one all lonely sleeping, Whom no power on earth could save, Cruel death had sternly torn him From our happy home away; Angel's pinions now have born him To the realms of endless day.

Husband dear, how keen the anguish, That has pierced and torn our hearts, Oh how earthly joys will anguish, When a cherished one departs!

Sorrow, grief and desolation Are around our bedside now; Prayer will give you consolation; Stricken household humbly bow.

Weep not, though the sweet communion With thy chosen one is o'er, Hope for a never-ending union On bright Gannan's happy shore.

COMMUNICATED.

The Methodist fair on the 24th inst. was well attended and very successful. All the articles and the refreshments were disposed of. What remained at the close of the evening was offered at auction and sold at reasonable prices. We realized eighty-two dollars; what is left of this amount after the outstanding bills are paid will be appropriated towards finishing the Church. The Trustees and the Society realize their obligations and tender their thanks to the donors for their gifts, and to the public for their patronage. * J. PARSONS.

FISH were so plentiful one day last week that numerous sportsmen were seen on Union wharf "landing" them in great quantities. Friend Wyckoff suggested to us the propriety of getting something to hold them, which we interpreted to mean "help fish." Afterwards he said he wanted to make us a present. We won't be guilty of refusing again.

A SAD AFFAIR.—We learn from the "Mail" that Dr. T. C. Mackey, of La Conner, has been unexpectedly called to his former home in Santa Rosa, Cal., on account of the death of four members of his family, within two or three days of each other, but that he will return shortly to resume the duties of his profession.

DR. Isaac N. Power, formerly of this place, has removed to La Conner, where he will practice at his profession in the future. We wish him success, and commend him to the people of that place as one worthy of their patronage.

MARRIED.—On the 16th inst., at the residence of the bride's parents on the Samish river, by Rev. E. O. Tade, of Fidalgo Island, Mr. Wm. Dale to Miss Mary A. Stevens, all of Whatcom county.

READERS of the ARGUS will please consider our extensive holiday advertisements and the beguiling festivities of the week as sufficient apology for the small amount of reading matter in this issue.

OUR thanks are due N. S. Porter, Esq., G. W. S. of the Grand Lodge of Good Templars, of B. C., and W. T., for a copy of the proceedings of the last session of the Grand Lodge, at Victoria.

OUR cold, frosty evenings are the cause of chapped hands and sore lips. Some of the young folks are using old-fashioned "tulip" salve at a remedy—with partial success, we believe.

PARTIES indebted to the old firm of Rothschild & Co., will find something to their advantage by reading the notice; in this issue requiring their immediate attention.

We are in receipt, this week, of a production from one of Lopez Island's poets, entitled "Puget Sound." It will perhaps find a place in our columns next week.

THE "York Republican," of York, Penn., has reached our table. It is an excellent paper, breathing pure sentiments, and striking telling blows for the right.

AND now, the new year approacheth, when the average young man swears off from his much accustomed habits of smoking, drinking and card-playing.

MR. W. H. White, Prosecuting Attorney, has been down in this part of the country a large portion of the time for two or three weeks.

We are told that during a recent heavy windstorm, a part of the bridge across a slough, near Judge Brigg's farm, was washed away.

THOSE who read the extract, published this week from one of Rev. Joseph Cook's lectures, will be fully repaid for their trouble.

MR. Barthrop invites attention to the fact that he cannot afford to be careless any longer in collecting debts. Read his notice.

ADVERTISE your business in the ARGUS; it pays big.

NOTICE!!!!

ALL those knowing themselves indebted to the old firm of Rothschild & Co. up to September 1, 1877, will settle the same at once, as all the outstanding accounts, notes and debts of the old firm must be settled by January 1, 1878, otherwise the same will be handed to an attorney for collection. D. C. H. ROTHSCHILD. Port Townsend, Dec. 25, 1877.

PAY UP!

A I. L. those knowing themselves indebted to the Port Townsend Boot & Shoe Store, for over three months, will please settle up before Jan. 1, 1878. After that date their bills will be published for sale, at a DISCOUNT. This request does not refer to my regular customers. JNO. FITZPATRICK.

NOTICE!

As I can no longer afford to be careless about collecting outstanding accounts, I shall, within the next thirty days, positively urge a settlement, and all those to whom I may be indebted, save by note, will please present their accounts for adjustment, within that time. GEO. BARTHROP.

Probate Notice.

IN the Probate Court of Jefferson County, Washington Territory. IN the matter of the estate of ARTHUR PHINNEY, deceased. Notice for settlement of account. F. GERBISH and GEO. W. HARRIS, O. executors of the estate of Arthur Phinney, deceased, having filed an account of their administration of said estate, up to this date, petition this Court that a day may be appointed for the hearing and settlement of said account. It is ordered that Monday, the 25th day of January, A. D. 1878, being a day of a regular term of said Court, to-wit: of the January term, A. D. 1878, at the Court room of said Court, at 2 o'clock P. M., be appointed as the time and place for hearing said petition; at which time and place any person interested in said estate may appear and file exceptions in writing to said account, and contest the same. It is further ordered that notice of the pendency of said petition and of the time and place be published for four weeks in the Puget Sound Weekly Argus, a newspaper published in said county. J. A. KUHN, Probate Judge, and ex-officio clerk. James McNaught, Att'y for the estate. December 25, 1877.

CONSIGNED TO ROTHSCHILD & CO.

Am Bk Colusa. NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED Agents of the above named vessel will be responsible for debts contracted by the officers or crew. ROTHSCHILD & Co., Agents. C. C. HOWES, Master. Port Townsend, Dec. 10, 1877.

Brit. Bk. Formosa. NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED Agents of the above named vessel will be responsible for debts contracted by the officers or crew. ROTHSCHILD & Co., Agents. J. HYLAND, Master. Port Townsend, Dec. 10, 1877.

Brit. bark Egremont Castle. NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED Agents of the above named vessel will be responsible for debts contracted by the officers or crew. ROTHSCHILD & Co., Agents. W. F. DITCHBURN, Master. Port Townsend, Nov. 3, 1877.

Hawaiian bark Kalakan. NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED Agents of the above named vessel will be responsible for debts contracted by the officers or crew. ROTHSCHILD & Co., Agents. I. P. TRASK, Master. Port Townsend, Nov. 14, 1877.

Bark Fred. P. Litchfield. Neither the Captain nor the undersigned Agents of the above named vessel will be responsible for debts contracted by the officers or crew. S. C. SPALDING, Master. ROTHSCHILD & Co., Agents. Port Townsend, Oct. 23, 1877.

Brit. Bark Brier Holme. Neither the Captain nor the undersigned Agents of the above named vessel will be responsible for debts contracted by the officers or crew. JOHN JOHNSTON, Master. ROTHSCHILD & Co., Agents. Port Townsend, Oct. 24, 1877.

Bkine Monitor. NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED Agents of the above named ship will be responsible for debts contracted by the officers or crew. ROTHSCHILD & Co., Agents. J. EMERSON, Master. Port Townsend, Nov. 12, 1877.

Italian bark Orzero. NEITHER THE CAPTAIN NOR THE UNDERSIGNED Agents of the above named bark will be responsible for debts contracted by the officers or crew. ROTHSCHILD & Co., Agents. GUZZILO, NIOLA, Master. Port Townsend, Nov. 20, 1877.

The First-class steamship CALIFORNIA CAPT. THORN, WILL LEAVE

Port Townsend for Sitka, Alaska Terr'y, and Way Ports, On or about the 2d of each Month. WILL LEAVE Port Townsend for Portland, Ogn. On about the 20th of each Month. For Freight or Passage, Apply on Board, 20 Or to ROTHSCHILD & CO, Agents.

NOTICE.

HEREBY GIVE NOTICE THAT HENRY LANDES AND ABB REISS have been this day (Sept. 1, 1877), admitted into the firm of Rothschild & Co., formerly consisting of D. C. H. ROTHSCHILD.

Thankful for past liberal patronage, I respectfully solicit a continuance of the same for the new firm.

D. C. H. Rothschild.

NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to the old firm of ROTHSCHILD & CO. up to September 1, 1877, will please settle the same within thirty days, or their accounts will be placed in the hands of an Attorney for collection.

D. C. H. ROTHSCHILD.

Port Townsend, Sept. 7, 1877.

ROTHSCHILD & CO., Shipping and Commission

MERCHANTS,

Port Townsend, Washington Territory,

Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

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

Exchange Bought and Sold.

Liberal Advances Made on Consignments.

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

Goods Bought and Sold on Commission. ROTHSCHILD & CO.

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

BEST ASSORTMENT OF CALIFORNIA MANUFACTURED GOLD Buttons, Studs, Lockets, &c., that have ever been offered for sale on Puget Sound, received by last steamer, and for sale by ROTHSCHILD & CO.

Bargains, Bargains.

FOR

HOLIDAY PRESENTS

— WE OFFER OUR ENTIRE STOCK OF:—

JEWELRY,

Comprising Gold Sets, Earrings, Finger Rings, Breast and Cuff Pins, Sleeve and Collar Buttons, Studs, Lockets, Etc.

— Also a —

NICE AND LARGE ASSORTMENT OF

Japanese Work Boxes, Writing Desks, Dressing Cases and Cabinets.

At GREATLY REDUCED RATES. ROTHSCHILD & CO.

Alice Cary's Sweetest Poem.

Among the beautiful pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
Is one of a dim old forest
That seemeth the best of all.
Not for its gnarled oaks olden,
Dark with the mistletoe,
Nor for the violets golden
That sprinkle the vale below;
Not for the milk-white lilies
That lean from the fragrant hedge,
Coquetting all day with the sunbeams,
And stealing their golden edge;
Not for the vines on the upland,
Where the bright red berries rest;
Nor the pink, nor the pale, sweet cowslips,
It seemeth to me the best.

I once had a little brother
With eyes that were dark and deep—
In the lap of that olden forest
He lieth in peace, asleep;
Light as the down of the thistle,
Free as the winds that blow,
We roved there the beautiful summers,
The summers of long ago;
But his feet on the hills grew weary,
And one of the autumn eves
I made for my little brother
A bed of the yellow leaves.

Sweetly his pale arms folded
My neck in a sweet embrace,
As the light of immortal beauty
Silently covered his face;
And when the arrows of sunset
Lodged in the tree-tops bright,
He fell in the saint-like beauty
Asleep by the gates of light;
Therefore, of all the pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
The one of the dim old forest
Seemeth the best of all.

Fanny's Flirtation.

Our truth—I speak of Fanny Blake
and me—had been plighted years before,
and was most solemnly renewed when I
left my native village to come and practice
law in the city.

But rumors at length reached me that
Fanny was receiving attentions, not quite
consistent with our relations, from a
dashing young stranger—one Mortimer
Fitz Flare, a social star of the first mag-
nitude, whose sudden appearance had
greatly dimmed, by comparison, the less-
er lights of the village firmament.

I wrote to Fanny, expostulating with
some warmth. She replied with spirit.
I rejoined with temper. She retorted
with more, adding an offer to cancel our
engagement, which, in some angry lines,
I accepted. And so matters stood at the
time at which I begin my story.

I was sitting in my office one morning,
reading a letter from home filled with vil-
lage gossip, and recounting, with need-
less particularity, I thought, the details
of a report that Fanny Blake's becoming
Mrs. Mortimer Fitz Flare was only a
question of time.

The chagrin I felt was quite dispropor-
tioned to any right I had to take an in-
terest in the subject. But I did take an
interest in it none the less.

The train of my reflections was far
from agreeable, and I was by no means
pleased at its interruption by the en-
trance of a messenger with a note.

"Come to meet me at once," it read;
"I am in trouble, and need your assist-
ance."

"It was signed 'THOMAS BLAKE,'" and
came from one of the station-houses.

Tom Blake, Fanny's brother, and I,
had been schoolmates and fast friends.
Though not over-bright at his books, none
excelled Tom in boyish prowess. More
than once he had stood my champion,
and I had loved him, like a brother, as
well for his own, as Fanny's sake; for
there was no better or more whole-souled
fellow than Tom Blake.

He had gone early to seek his fortune
in the West, and I had never seen him
since. Could it be my old friend in dis-
tress, who now hailed me for assistance?
The best way was to go and see.

It was Tom, sure enough. I found him
seated on the prisoners' bench, amid a
squad of sorry-looking companions, all
waiting their turn for a morning dose of
justice.

"You see," said Tom, our greeting over,
"I knew you were in the city, and looked
you up in the directory, and sent for you,
not knowing what else to do."

"I am glad you did so," I answered;
"but, first of all, tell me how you got
here?"

"Hang me if I know whether it's more
serious or funny," said Tom. "However,
I'll tell you the whole thing, and then
you can judge for yourself."

The officers suffered us to go aside to-
gether, and Tom thus recounted his
story:

"A man who has lived five years in the
silver-diggings is apt to get a little rusty
in city ways, I suppose, especially if he
was never very well up in 'em. At any
rate, when I landed here yesterday from
Nevada, I have reason to believe there are
several points on which I might have
been better posted.

"As I trudged up Broadway, looking
right and left at the sights, I was accus-
ed by a genteel-looking person, whose
courteousness betokened great distress.

"I am a stranger here," he said. "A
telegram summoned me from Boston to
the bedside of a dying mother. I reached
this place by the last train, but my pocket
was picked at the depot, and I am
without the means of proceeding further.

"I have a valuable gold watch, how-
ever, a gift from my deceased father. It
grieves me deeply to part with it, but I
have no other resource. I will sell it for
seventy-five dollars. If you will step into
that jeweler's store," he added, "you can
easily ascertain that the sum asked is not
half the real value."

"I pitied the stranger's situation, and
taking his watch, entered the place point-
ed out, and learned that the representa-
tion of value was strictly true.

"I am willing to aid you," I said, re-
turning to the spot at which I had left
the stranger, "but wish to take no advan-
tage of your need. I'll give you the re-
quired sum with my address, and you can
have the watch at any time by returning
them money."

"His eyes filled with tears as he pressed
my hand silently. Gratitude choked his
utterance.

"I had nothing less than a hundred
dollar bill about me.

"Perhaps this gentleman can change
it," suggested the stranger, mastering his
emotion sufficiently to speak, and touch-
ing the arm of another genteel-looking
person who chanced to be passing.

"The gentleman kindly obliged us,
and the affair being thus satisfactorily
concluded, we exchanged bows all round
and separated.

"I may have been a little ostentatious
of my handsome watch during the even-
ing. Anyhow I consulted it pretty fre-
quently, till, at last, taking it out as I
was leaving the theatre, I felt a tap on
the shoulder.

"Allow me to look at that watch," said
a tall man, who had been looking over
my shoulder.

"None of your tricks on travelers," I
answered, slipping it back into my
pocket.

"The greenhorn dodge won't do here,"
he replied; "you must go along with me."
At the same time turning up his lapel,
he displayed an officer's badge.

"Seeing I was in the clutches of the law,
I made no resistance, but walked quietly
along.

"At the police station the watch found
on me was identified as stolen property,
and the twenty-five dollars change I had
received was pronounced spurious. And
so I am detained, it seems, on the double
charge of being a thief and a counter-
feiter."

I knew the judge personally, and had
little difficulty in convincing him that
Tom had been made the victim of im-
posture by a thief and his accomplice. I
was accepted as bail for my friend's ap-
pearance whenever required, and he and
I were suffered to depart in peace.

Tom left for his and my old home the
next morning, where I promised to join
him at the Christmas ball, which would
take place in a few days.

It was my first visit to the old place
since my departure to live in the city.

I went to the ball early, where I met
all my old friends, most of whom were
right glad to see me.

I was a little nervous at the thought of
meeting Fanny, but determined to put
on a careless air, and show her how little
impression had been made by her faith-
less conduct.

She appeared at last, escorted by a
showy-looking youth, who, I doubted
not, was the renowned Fitz Flare him-
self.

They came directly towards me, and I
stood my ground.

"Good evening, Mr. —," said Fanny,
with her usual easy grace, extending her
hand, which I took, at the same time re-
turning her salutation.

"Allow me to introduce Mr. Fitz
Flare," she continued. "You and he may
have met before, as he frequently visits
the city. Indeed, he has just returned
from there this evening."

"Ah! here comes my brother Tom,"
she said, interrupting herself.

"Mr. Fitz Flare, my brother."

As the looks of the two encountered
both gave a start. The dandy turned
pale and trembled. Tom's face flushed
with anger.

"Why, that's the scoundrel," he ex-
claimed, "who put off the stolen watch on
me!"

"What are you doing in company with
my sister?" he thundered, advancing
threateningly.

Fitz Flare would have fled, but Tom's
grasp was on his collar. A constable was
called, and the captured pickpocket and
counterfeiter was delivered over to the
hands of justice.

Explanations followed between Fanny
and myself. There never had been any-
thing serious in her flirtation with the
dandy, which rumor had grossly magni-
fied. We made up, and the natural re-
sult followed.—*Judge Clark, in N. Y. Ledger.*

PAYING FOR A DINNER BY THE POUND.

"Vidette," writing from Montreal to the
Boston Journal, says: "The other day I
asked a singularly ministerial-looking
friend where I could find a good place
for a lunch. He looked at me with grave
solicitude, and answered: 'I will show
you a restaurant where they weigh their
customers when they go in and when they
come out, and then charge them so much
an ounce for what they have eaten.' Not
a muscle of his intelligent face changed,
as he checked an exclamation of incred-
ulity by adding: 'I went there one day
myself with a couple of bricks in my
pockets, which I quietly slipped under
the table, and when I tipped the scales on
coming out they had actually to pay me
seventy-five cents. And—with a depre-
catory gesture—I had fairly gorged my-
self with all the most toothsome deli-
cacies of the season.'"

PARTIES holding life insurance poli-
cies in Eastern companies, now in the
hands of Receivers for liquidation, should
bear in mind that it is absolutely neces-
sary to file their claims with the Receiver
within the time specified by law, or the
time named by the Court or Chancellor,
as the case may be. A failure to comply
with this requirement leads to a forfeiture
of the claims.

THERE are 6,500 teachers in Maine.

That Earthquake.

The sensation of men and women in
view of earthquakes are various and pec-
uliar. We hear of a Utica gentleman
who entered his house with the aid of a
latch-key about earthquake time on Sun-
day morning. He had previously drunk
a glass of beer, and he said to himself,
holding fast to the banisters, "Power-
fullest beer ever drank in my life."

"William," called out his wife, "did
you fall? Are you drunk again, Wil-
liam?"

"No, no," he replied. "What's the mat-
ter with you? What makes y' shake the
bed so? Got the ager agin'?"

"William," she returned, with a sob,
"you did fall and you know it. You
made the whole house shake, too. You
woke me out of a sound sleep. I even
heard the dishes rattle, and it seemed as
if the very bed was going out from under
me. This is the second time, William.
I shall write to my ma to-morrow."

"Wish I understood 'stronomy, or
geology, or something," said the persec-
uted innocent to himself. "I did take
a glass of beer, but I ain't so much 'tox-
icated that I don't know when I am right
side up." He thought seriously for a
moment and then looked startled.

"P'raps they mixed it," he said. "Mus-
be. Seemed to me the house was goin'
around, anyhow."

We draw a veil over the scene that fol-
lowed. There are some discussions to-
sacred for the public ear, and an angry
woman in a night-dress is a something
too appalling for the public eye.

To the clear conscience even earth-
quakes are not frightful, however. When
the editor of the *Amsterdam Recorder*
was awakened by the shock he rose up
in his bed and called out in a clear voice,
"Gabriel, is that you?" The shock
passed off, but not a wave of his raven
locks was disturbed. "I say," he called
out absently, "come in." The silence
was oppressive. "I pass," he remarked
sleepily after a moment; adding as he
rolled over, "Two dollars in advance;
two and a half at the end of the year."

When Allen C. Beach arose to the sit-
uation the scene was far different. "It is
an omen of defeat!" he shrieked, throw-
ing off the clothes and jumping violently
out of bed. "I hear the host of virtue
and reform marching down upon me! It
is the destruction of the Democratic
Pharaoh. It is the tramp of the Assy-
rians. It is the army of the Union in
search of a sour apple tree. What ho!
Bring me a horse. Better still, send for
a hack. I shall get out of this. I shall
go so far that my name shall be strange
to all the surrounding country; and,
h'm! I won't charge the State a cent for
mileage."

To the young and innocent there is
necessarily nothing excessively dreadful
in these things. They do not understand
them. "What makes you tremble so,
Matilda?" inquired a youth who was sit-
ting alone with the young lady men-
tioned, the old folks having gone to bed.

"You are not afraid, I hope?"
"I wasn't trembling, Charles," she
replied. "I thought you were. Why,
this is very singular. I think the build-
ing is shaking. And listen. There are
burglars in the house, Charles. I hear
them in the next room. Oh, what shall
we do? Why didn't we keep the light
burning?"

"Hush," he said, as one having au-
thority. "Not a word. Sit up closer,
Matilda. Let us not go searching after
danger. Let it come if it will. Closer
yet. Hang on to me, Matilda, and all
will be well. Or, if we must perish,
let us be brave and perish together."

Phoebe Couzins was perhaps the most
stoical of the many who were rudely
awakened on this momentous occasion.

"Gentlemen," she said, starting up in
bed and sleepily searching around in
vain for the help which, alas! is not hers,
"my client is innocent. The horse was
stolen by an entirely different person. I
allude, gentlemen of the jury, to—
what's that?" The house was violently
shaken, and she added, with a firm voice,
"Barkis is willin'; and at the same time,
gentlemen of the jury, I am not afraid."

The shock died away and she resumed
her pillow with calm confidence, merely
remarking to herself as she dropped
asleep, "I've heard enough about that
Colorado election. Now stop!"—*Rochester Democrat.*

A DUCKING STOOL.—In the crypt of
Warwick Church, the mighty ribbed
arches of which spring from one enor-
mous pier, there is an article which has
long gone out of use—whether advan-
tagedly or not I shall not venture to
say—a ducking stool, made for the pub-
lic discipline of scolding women. This is
one of the only two, I believe, that remain
in England. It consists of a strong oak
frame on low wheels, from which a seat
rises upon an inclined beam that works
upon a pivot or axle. The scold was
lashed into the seat, and then the "insti-
tution" was drawn to the river side at a
convenient deep place, and rolled in until
the patient sat just above the water.

Then the land end of the beam was
tipped up, and consequently the other
end with its lading went down under the
water, where it was allowed to remain
not too long, and was then raised for
breathing time. This process was re-
peated as often as it was thought bene-
ficial to the lady under treatment, or
necessarily for the peace of her family
and neighborhood. Whether husbands
ever interceded for wives thus disciplined,
as wives do now sometimes for husbands
who are unreasonably interfered with in
the gentle sport of blacking their eyes or
kicking their ribs, is not recorded.—*The Galaxy.*

An old negro cook says, "Saas an
powerful good in ebery ting but chil'n.
Dey needs some oder kind ob dressin'."

Tricking a Magician.

In the car with Mr. Heller and a
friend, in Boston, the other day, were
some half dozen people, among them an
estimable old lady who had evidently
been doing her marketing, for she carried
a basket on her lap containing groceries,
vegetables, and in particular a large
quantity of eggs. Mr. Heller sat down
beside the old lady, and for a few in-
stants nothing of moment happened.

Mr. Heller stooped down and picked up
two eggs from the floor, and handing
them to the old lady remarked that she
was losing them. The old lady, a little
surprised, thanked the polite gentleman,
and everything again relapsed into
silence. In a few moments a repetition
of the scene. The old lady wondered
how it was she hadn't noticed the eggs
fall, and still more when Mr. Heller a third
time picked up several eggs, which he
insisted had dropped from the basket.

This so puzzled the old lady that she got
up, and taking the eggs out of the
basket, she disposed of them on the seat,
and taking the vegetables out in the same
manner, put the eggs back and the other
articles on top of them, and then sat
down again. Mr. Heller then leaned
over to a gentleman who was on the
other side of the old lady, and remarked
audibly:

"I saw you do that. It's wrong."
"What do you mean, sir—what's
wrong?" said the gentleman addressed,
rather indignant at being spoken to in
this way.

"You shouldn't have taken those
eggs."

The old lady turned toward the gentle-
man, and looked at him very suspiciously
while he answered with great gravity:

"Are you mad? I took no eggs."
"But I saw you," said Heller.

By this time the attention of the other
passengers in the car was directed to the
conversation.

"It is false!" exclaimed the one ac-
cused, evidently feeling very uncomfort-
able.

"That is too much, sir, when I say I
saw you," said Heller, and with that he
arose, and passing before the old lady,
who looked half frightened and half
angry, and stood before the gentleman
accused.

"What do you say to that?" said Hel-
ler, taking from the man's overcoat two
eggs and handing them to the old lady;
"and that?" taking two more from the
other pocket.

"Lord, O Lord, who would a' thought
it!" said the old lady.

The gentleman from whose pocket the
eggs had been taken, rose from his seat
and stood opposite Heller, saying:

"I don't understand this; perhaps we
can find some more."

"No doubt I can," said Heller, putting
his hand in a side pocket and taking out
three eggs, and two more from his trou-
sers: This occupied some minutes, as
Heller proceeded very deliberately and
slowly, to the evident surprise and in-
dignation of the other occupants of the
car. "And here, look here," continued
Heller, taking a box of spice from the
man's hind pocket.

"Put that man off the car," said some-
body.

The car was stopped and the man on
whom all this had been played waited
for no further development, and bolted
through the car as fast as his legs would
carry him.

The old lady confounded herself in
thanks to Mr. Heller, and said she would
never have expected—he was such a nice
looking gentleman, etc. Mr. Heller's friend
whispered to somebody next him, however,
and pretty soon everybody in the car was
laughing, the old lady being the only
one who remained in ignorance that this
was one of Mr. Heller's jokes.

By and by the car reached Cambridge
and Mr. Heller and his friends got off.
As they were walking along the friend
said he thought he had noticed that Mr.
Heller had had a pin in his scarf.

"So I have," said Mr. Heller, and he
felt for the pin, but the pin was not
there. "Could I have put it in my pocket-
et?" and he searched in his vest.

"Halloo!" he exclaimed, "where's the
money?" and he nervously sought through
all his pockets. "Sold, by Jove!"

Mr. Heller was minus a cameo scarf-
pin, \$25 in bills and a gold match-box.
He had for once struck the wrong man,
who, while Heller was extracting eggs
from his pockets, had been quietly going
through Heller. Strange to say, when
Mr. Heller got back to Boston, he men-
tioned the incident to nobody and en-
joined strict secrecy on his friend. All
of which shows that it takes two to play
a joke, and the "biters are sometimes
bitten."—*New York Democratic News.*

The "Drawer," in the *Harper*, has this
from the very down Easternmost section
of our precious country. It is custo-
mary with the students in our college to
say "Not prepared," when called upon to
recite a difficult and not well memorized
passage. On a hot summer afternoon, in
the year—the class was sleepily stum-
bling through the introduction to Butler's
Analogy. The reverend doctor was
quite as familiar with the subject matter
as with the numbers of chapters and sec-
tions, and had a way of his own in call-
ing for a recitation, which sounded quite
as much like a call to judgment as a
call to recite. The lesson was going
badly and the doctor, nesting in his
chair, called out, "Mr. T—you may
pass on to 'Future Life.'" Mr. T—
was too much of a wag to let the oppor-
tunity slip, and promptly responded,
"Not prepared." The reader can easily
imagine the effect on the risibles of the
class.

Forty-two heads of Canadian Short-
Horns were sold in England lately at an
average price of \$2,000 per head.

The Congo River.

Thanks to Stanley's pluck and energy,
the well-founded belief that Livingston's
Luabala was no other than the Congo has
now been fully justified; and henceforth,
the Congo must rank with the three or
four great rivers of the globe. It is to
Africa what the Amazon is to South Amer-
ica, the Mississippi to North America, the
Yang-tse-Kiang to Asia. It certainly ex-
ceeds the Nile in volume, and possibly
also in area of drainage. Rising in the
upland, north of Lake Nyassa, it flows
northerly through the great interior basin
of Africa, until it reaches a point about
the second degree of north latitude
(long. 24 deg. E) when it swerves to the
westward, then to the southwestward, un-
till it approaches the coast. Where Liv-
ingstone was stopped the Luabala, was a
noble stream from 2,000 to 6,000 yards
wide; after making the great bend near
the equator it develops into a still broad-
er stream, from two to ten miles wide,
choked with islands. At the cataracts,
where the river breaks through the coast
mountains, the stream narrows to 500
yards or less; then spreads out into a
broad stream from two to four miles
wide, with a current flowing about three
miles an hour. The volume of water dis-
charged is enormous; Captain Tuckey's
estimate—2,000,000 cubic feet a minute—
is probably not so far from the truth. At
its mouth the Congo is a thousand feet
deep, and the water has been found to be
perfectly fresh nine miles from the coast.
For forty miles out the sea is perceptibly
freshened by the vast volume of fresh wa-
ter poured into it. The tide is felt as far
as the first cataract, 140 miles up the
river. In its lower course the river
spreads out into extensive swamps cov-
ered with mangrove and palm trees.

The first successful explorer of the
lower Congo was Captain Tuckey, who
ascended the river to a considerable dis-
tance above the cataracts, when he
was forced to turn back. The belief was
that the Congo drained some large lake
north of the equator, and was a continua-
tion of the Niger.

The next to reach the Niger was Cap-
tain Hunt, of the British steamer *Alecto*,
in 1857. Six years later Captain Burton
attained the same point. In 1873 Lieu-
tenant Granby's expedition for the relief
of Livingston ascended still further, but
was recalled in consequence of Living-
stone's death. Cameron's failure to de-
scend the river is fresh in the memory of
all. He was forced to take a more southerly
course to the coast by the opposition
of the cannibal tribes, through whose
territory Stanley's progress was a contin-
uous battle. The German expedition, un-
der Captain Von Homeyer, which started
in 1875 to explore the lower Congo to
prepare the way for German colonization,
will probably be heard from through
Stanley, when details are heard of his haz-
ardous yet successful journey. One im-
portant point in connection with the
future of the Congo is already apparent;
Cameron's scheme for the development of
the Great Interior Basin by means of
steam navigation is likely to be long de-
layed. The great cataracts near the
equator, not less than those near the coast,
must ever present serious obstructions to
the commercial development of the in-
terior.—*Scientific American.*

A Palace by the Sea.

Mr. John Hoy owns the most elab-
orate property in America on the brink
of the ocean. It is said to cost him \$40-
000 a year to keep it up. He had origi-
nally about 130 acres—probably the
same area now. In order to get the con-
tingency of a full-grown woods, such as the
sea gales had not stunted, he built his
mansion near a mile back from the
beach. As it was set too low to be seen
from the beach, he has now raised an
open observatory roof above it, itself
unique and not unpleasing. The Italian
garden in front of this house is almost
too beautiful to be real. A crescent-like
sweep of geraniums, deeply bordered
with rich leaves of various colors, but
uniform in arrangement, extends for
nearly a quarter of a mile towards the
lodge-gate, which is the most elaborate
private gate, or series of gates, in this
country. The gates themselves appear
to be of ash or laurel wood, plain white,
and most tastefully carved and extended
from bluish pillars capped with palace
lamps. The fence about the place is of
red and white tubes or shafts, quite open
and hedged within. His lodges, garden-
er's houses, etc., are very numerous
and all fit for exalted company. A new
observatory that he is now building is
apparently 300 feet long. The huge
front is set with huge yet graceful majoli-
ca vases, six to eight feet high, and
streaming with brilliant flowers. All
over the lawn in bronze tints are statues
of celebrities the size of the originals—
such as the Venus de Milo, the Apollo
Belvidere, etc. Fifteen or twenty of
these can be seen in a single vista. Noth-
ing is crowded; a fine taste finds no ob-
ject or distribution to give offence. I
observe about 300 century plants in one
place which the gardener was rearing.
Mrs. Hoy, the mistress of all this love-
liness, is said to be democratic enough to
frequently make her own dresses.—*N. Y. Herald.*

The Bishop of Hereford was examin-
ing a school-class the other day, and
among other things asked what an aver-
age was. Several boys pleaded ignorance,
but one at last replied, "It is what a hen
lays on." The answer puzzled the bishop
not a little; but the boy persisted in it,
stating that he had read it in his little
book of facts. He was then told to
bring the little book, and, on doing so,
he pointed triumphantly to a paragraph
commencing, "The domestic hen lays an
average fifty eggs each year."

Abundance of Russian Transport and Forage.

The weather, which has been splendid here since the 12th, changed again last night to rain, with storms and cold. Many tents were blown down, and general discomfort prevailed. However, five days of dry weather have made an immense difference on the roads, which are easily traversable again—a perfect godsend to the cattle. I cannot find any reason for the idea that the cold and wet, when they do come in earnest, need close the campaign, certainly not as far as siege works are concerned. It is wholly and solely a question of transport, and this, on the other hand, when the cattle are good, simply means forage. I have never seen an army with such a surplus of transport means as this. Where we should use three horses, or even two, the Russians employ four or five, and so on in proportion. The horses are all of hardy race, accustomed to just such a climate, or one rather worse. Then, as to forage, the country literally overflows with it—maize, oats, barley, hay of every sort that the horses like, and fresh wheat-straw with the grain still in the ear. In the villages round the horses of the cavalry of the Imperial Guard are standing up to their knees in fodder. The transport horses are just as well off, and thousands of bullocks and buffaloes do the heavier work and live well upon coarser food. Besides the material brought from Russia by rail, 26,000 hired bullock-carts from Roumania and Bulgaria work the supply. There is no deficiency, therefore, under the two heads of transport and forage. While I write, and for hours past, interminable trains have been carrying shell and stores to Plevna at the rate of two miles an hour. A few thousand yards of canvas, a few thousand poles, and there is no reason why the horses of the reserve cavalry and trains should not be snugly housed and sheltered half under ground. The snow seldom lies, I am told, and more than ten days at a time, and but a month in all, during the winter. Around Plevna itself, the villages of Urbiza, Gravitz, Tuchenitz, and Radichevo, going from right to left, furnish abundant shelter for the main body of the front line of the besieging force. The outposts must, of course, as before Metz in 1870, and later, before Paris, be lodged in huts of bought straw, and even under tents *d'abri*, with which each man is fully supplied.

Therefore, I do not see why the Russian grip should be relaxed one moment all the winter through, though, if necessary, the troops composing the besieging force might be partially relieved by those cantoned—that is, lodged—in villages further in the rear. It seems to form an ordinary military problem that has been solved successfully often before and in far more difficult circumstances. I shall indeed be much surprised if the cultivated genius of Gen. Todleben, the well-known tenacity and hardihood of Russian troops, and the point of honor of not withdrawing the hand once tendered from the plow, do not between them supply the necessary impetus to a successful blockade, even if not to a vigorous siege; but my belief is that the crisis for Plevna is not far off. Exact details are here still wanting as to Osman's exact numbers and the time for which he is actually provisioned, but the works have advanced very rapidly within the last few days. A fresh element has also appeared on the scene. The cavalry under Gen. Gourko now, or will within this week, number no fewer than twenty-four regiments, all carrying the Berdan rifle. With these are a numerous and well-horsed light artillery; and if any more succors get into Plevna, it will be an indelible disgrace to whoever is to blame.—*Correspondence London Times.*

CONDENSED food for horses, the manufacture of which has lately been begun in Russia, gives entire satisfaction, according to the *Journal of St. Petersburg*. It is composed of crushed oats, gray-pea flour, hemp-seed oil and salt. The paste is cut into thick cakes four inches in diameter, weighing, when dry, one pound each. These are perforated with small holes to increase the effect of soaking them in water, and baked in an oven. They are then stored in boxes with a powdering of bran between the layers. When prepared for use, four of them, which are equal in nutriment to ten pounds of oats, are strung on a wire and constitute a ration for a horse. They are eaten greedily either dry or steeped, and though the animal grows thinner, when fed on them exclusively, yet they lose none of their vigor even when working hard. This provender is very convenient for transportation, and by means of it the surplus products of one year can be economically preserved until seasons of greater scarcity.

This bit of precocity came under the observation of a friend out West, who sends it to the *Interior*. May P., of Omaha, a bright little girl of some five or six summers accustomed, when at table, to being "lifted higher" with a copy of Webster's Unabridged, was spending a few days with friends in Chicago, and stopping at one of the large hotels of the city. At her first meal the dusky waiter, with due ceremony and kind politeness, seated her on an ordinary chair, and placed before her the bill of fare. The little miss ran her eye up and down the formidable array of names, then turned to the attendant and, with the dignity of a mature mind grappling with some weighty subject, in an imperious manner and tone exclaimed, "Please bring me a dictionary."

THERE is one sure way of attaining what we may term, if not utter, at least mortal happiness; it is this, a sincere and unrelaxing activity for the happiness of others.

A Reverie.

Passing through New Chamber street a while ago—a part of this city that one cannot pass through too quickly—we noticed a strange kind of a garden. Upon a wooden shed, over the side-walk, were arranged, along the edges, twenty-six half barrels, filled with earth and planted with Morning Glories. These had twined about perpendicular cords, tied to horizontal wires stretched four or five feet above. The perpendicular strings were placed so closely together that the foliage of the vines formed, as it were, a second story to the rickety old shed. It occurred to us that the poor man who had taken so much trouble with his shed-garden could not be destitute of kindly feeling, though living in the midst of squalor and depravity. Perhaps he felt as much pride, experienced as much pleasure in these early-morning flowers as do the wealthy in their costly borders. It seems a wise and a just provision on the part of a benevolent God that it should be so. And it is soothing to all tender-hearted people to believe that happiness, in whatever degree, is not inseparable from the luxuries or even from the necessities of life.

A vast deal of pity is wasted upon the seemingly hard lot of others. We look at the children of the poor and say, "Poor things!" When they die, we say, "It is better so." The honest laborer, who toils hard to support a large family, is ever an object of our commiseration. The man who, having accumulated an immense fortune through years of successful business application, loses it all at once, is especially to be pitied. "Having tasted the sweets of riches and luxuries, you know, it comes hard upon him. There is a little provision in human nature that renders the manufacture of all this piteous ineffectual expenditure of moral force. It is the power of accommodating itself to the circumstances in which the individual is placed. The infant, whether born in affluence or poverty, is equally pleased with a rag baby until it is educated to understand the superiority of a wax doll, and the cigar-box upon spoons answers every purpose of the painted chariots purchased in toy bazars. The food of the laborer is not relished according to its quality or variety, but according to the appetite which may afford a pleasure to him who eats pork and beans that is never known to him whose table is always spread with the daintiest of food.

Of rich men there are two classes. One has inherited riches—the other has made his own fortune by "hard knocks," or by economy and devotion to some pursuit. If suddenly deprived of his wealth, the first will experience a span new sensation. The world is new to him, and possibly he may find it far from sociable or friendly, and in no wise exercised in the matter of assisting him to rebuild his fortunes. Here is a virgin field for our fallen millionaire. Here is a chance for the development of energies and talents he himself may never have dreamed of. The days of *enau* are gone. He will not be "bored" for the future in devising new ways of "killing time." Any man with enough to eat and to wear, his mind all the time intent upon any pursuit, has no business to be wretched, and is no worthy object of people's sympathy or pity.

The other, who has made his own fortune and suddenly finds himself at the bottom of the ladder again, has the successful experience of years with which to aid him in rebuilding his fortune—and there are few of this class who do not deny themselves more in the acquisition of wealth than the poor laborer who never aspires to it by his daily toil.

There is but one condition that human beings cannot accommodate themselves to and be happy. It is a condition of actual suffering or helplessness. Enjoyment and luxuries are oftener enemies than friends. Indeed, any situation in life, which does not provoke mental or physical action, is a destroyer of happiness. Let us, therefore, set a higher value upon sympathy and pity, that we may bestow them more liberally upon worthy objects. Assist the sufferers of your own neighborhood. Look first of all to your own household and next to those who, for one reason or another, have claims upon your assistance. When that is done, you may pity the misfortunes of all the world besides, if your stock hold out.

Meantime, let us learn a lesson from the shed-garden and its half-barrels of Morning Glories. We need not compassionate the man who has been at such pains to produce what to our pampered eyes seem trivial results. If we cannot have spacious gardens, let us be content with little ones, and let us bear in mind that a barrel-garden, made attractive by one's own hands and ingenuity, is incomparably more creditable to the owner than a grand garden that money has purchased. "For unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall much be required."—*Rural New Yorker.*

A WELL-KNOWN manufacturer gave a commission to a young and rising artist, on the strength of the fame achieved by a clever picture in last year's academy. "Mind," said the manufacturer, "let the work be as good as you can make it, and don't think much about the price." The picture was painted, and the manufacturer called to see it. "Yes, it seems all right; what is the price?" The artist replied, that, considering his time, etc., he must ask two hundred and fifty guineas. The manufacturer's countenance fell, as he said: "Two hundred and fifty? Why, I haven't a single picture on my walls that hasn't cost me five hundred or more!" The artist said nothing, but thought lots. He will give his thoughts expression if he gets another commission from the same patron.

Why Bryant Left the Law.

William C. Bryant, the venerable poet and journalist, when a young man practiced law in the western part of Massachusetts. The circumstance, which induced him to give up that profession and become a journalist, is said to have been disgust with the technicalities of pleading. Young Bryant brought an action of slander for one Bloss against one Tobey, for saying that he (Bloss) had "burnt his own store. There is no doubt in my mind that he burnt his own store. He would not have got his goods insured if he had not meant to burn it."

The case was tried, and the jury returned a verdict of five hundred dollars damages. Tobey's lawyers moved the Supreme Court of Massachusetts for an arrest of judgment, because the words were not slanderous in themselves, it not being an offence for a man simply to burn his own store.

The Court decided, Chief-Justice Parsons giving its opinion, that simply to burn one's own store is not unlawful when not accompanied by an injury to, or by a desire to injure some other person. Therefore to charge a man with burning his own store is not slanderous, for it does not charge him with a criminal offence.

If Tobey had said—such is the reasoning of the court—that Bloss burnt his own store with the intention of getting the insurance on the goods, such words would have charged him with a criminal offence, and would have been slanderous. The judgment was therefore set aside, and Mr. Bryant, so it is said, was so disgusted with the law, which by a technicality, deprived his client of a remedy for a slander, that he gave up his profession. Those of our readers who are lawyers will find the case of Bloss vs. Tobey reported in 2 Pickering's Reports, p. 820.

THE BIRDS OF PARADISE.—When the Portuguese discovered the Molucca Islands they found there dried birds' skins of so beautiful and strange an appearance as to call forth the admiration of those gold-seeking navigators. The Malay dealers called them Manuk-Dewata, or "Birds of the Gods," which was translated by the Portuguese as Passaras da Sol. The Mohammedan conquerors of that country invented the legend that these birds, which no one had seen alive, came from Paradise, that they lived exclusively in the air and never alighted on the earth. Speculation added to this story that these birds had neither feet nor wings, and the dried skins brought to Europe strengthened this belief, as the wings and feet were really wanting, having been removed by the natives. The birds of Paradise are very lively and continually in motion. Their voice sounds like a long "wak, wak," or "wok, wok," and can be heard a long distance. It is not known how they build their nests. They live on fruits and insects.—*Scientific American.*

THE BIGGEST HOTEL.—If you want to be effective in presenting an enforcing truth, says the *Sunday School Times*, use illustrations that both you and your hearers are familiar with: It was on one of the trains of the Vermont Central Railroad, leading into the White Mountain region. Runners from the various mountain hotels were canvassing the passengers for boarders. As one of them waxed eloquent over the attractions of the house he represented, in his conversation with two undecided travellers, he wound up his description with this emphatic declaration: "I tell yer, gen'lmen, the House is the gran' me-nadg-ge-ry of the mountains, an' ev'rythin' else is side shows." There was an illustration which was intelligible and to the point. To the average New Englander it was as expressive as it was forcible.

A SCOTCH farmer once took his wife to see the wonder of the microscope. The various curiosities seemed to please the woman very well, till the animalcules professed to be contained in a drop of water were shown off. These seemed to poor Janet not so very pleasant a sight as the others. She sat patiently, however, till the "water tigers," magnified to the size of twelve feet, appeared on the sheet, fighting with their usual ferocity. Janet now rose in great trepidation, and cried to her husband, "Come awa', John." "Sit still, woman, and see the show," said John. "See the show! Gude keep us a', man, what wad come o' us if the awfu-like brutes wad brak' out o' the water!"

AN old negro named Pete was very much troubled about his sins. "Oh, massa, I'm sich a great sinner!" "But, Pete," said his master, "you are foolish to take it so to heart." "I know de reason, massa," said Pete, "when you go duck shooting, and killing one duck and wound another, don't you run after de wounded duck?" "Yes, Pete," said the master, wondering what was coming next. "Well, massa, dat is de way wid you and me; de debble has got you, sure; but as he am not sure ob me, he chase dis. chile all de time."

ONE great error of our moral teaching lies in the fact that there is too much *Don't* to it, and not enough *Do*. We bid our children not to do this and that; we do not always tell them what they may do. We tell the inebriate what to go here, and there; but we do not, as a general thing, give him a place where he can go. We bid the young avoid the light, warm, cheery saloon; but we give only the curbstone, or his own dim, chilly, uncomfortable room.

The good are never successful in catching fish. We have tried it ourselves.—*Rochester Union.*

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THE LATE SENATOR

The following eulogy was read from the eulogy upon the great man, by Dr. Baylis. It was delivered during the funeral ceremonies at Robert Park M. E. Church, Indianapolis, Ind., on Monday, Nov. 5th. A large audience including deputations from both Houses of Congress, with many prominent citizens, was present. It is a fitting tribute to departed greatness such as is seldom witnessed on earth:

Oliver Perry Morton was a just man. No man in this country ever had such chances as he to enrich himself at the public expense; but there is at this point absolutely no dimness on the glory of his career. Over this coffin arches a bow of unquestioned integrity. With abundant opportunity to die worth millions, he deliberately chose to die in comparative indigence. If "an honest man is the noblest work of God," then this casket holds what is mortal of one of God's noblest works. His hands are clean. He has stood against the tide of schemes and schemers as Gibraltar against the sea. He believed and acted upon the belief that it is better to go poor to an honest grave than to go by questionable fortune to a splendid funeral. After his return from Oregon he said to his Secretary, "You must be very careful in making up the accounts, for I am sick and can't look after them," and then added, "I would rather die than have a blot on my name!" Battle-scarred and obdurate as he was in political strife, on this subject he was as scrupulous as a Puritan and sensitive as a woman. I am glad of this. Our ideas upon this subject have of late been sadly confused. So many conspicuous men have shown such a want of delicate and profound moral conviction, while some have been detected in vast schemes of doubtful self-enrichment, that a shadow has fallen upon the whole class, and men have asked, who can be trusted? This man's honesty comes like sweet harmony into the discords of public greed and unscrupulousness. For the nation's sake I rejoice in it, because we must learn to be honest, or must look for destruction. Immortality is stronger than empires, and more than one nation that has defied external attack has crumbled at length from internal corruption. In his mode of life he was rigidly plain and simple. He refused to attend a court party in Europe, because he would be obliged to go in court dress. In Washington City, at one time, a colored servant of his saw another coachman dressed in livery, and, to be equal with the rest, he went and bought a suit for himself of similar style. When the Senator came out to his carriage and saw the new dress of his coachman, he compelled him to go and change at once. He would have no liveried servants in his employ.

If Senator Morton were alive he would not desire me to stand here and say he was a Christian, in the ordinary sense of the term. If there is anything he despised, it was a man who made a profession of Christianity insincerely, and aimed to use his relation to the Church as a means of political preferment. He did not make a minute study of Christian evidences, but he took the system as a whole. He saw how the religion of the Bible meets the demand of man for intelligent faith in a Supreme Power which rules the universe. At his own table he had silent blessing after the manner of Friends, unless some one was present whom he could call upon to perform that duty orally.

As death approached his wife said, "Oliver, are you not afraid to die?" He answered "No." "Do you love your Savior?" she asked. With emphasis he answered, "I do," and added, "and my wife and boys." But time hastens; the solemn hour is here; the grave waits for the mighty; and, though we weep and wonder where we can find another like him, we must prepare for the solemn knell of "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust." Massilon, at the funeral of the King of France, stood before the vast assembly, holding in his hand a golden urn which contained a lock of hair from the head of the silent monarch. Slowly he raised his hand, and stood, motionless and pale as a statue, until awe hushed the people to the stillness of death. Minutes passed. Some thought he was struck dumb before the august multitude. At length he

said, in tones that thrilled men with their deep solemnity: "God alone is great."

AN OREGON DISCOVERY.

Professor O. C. Marsh, a noted paleontologist, in a recent lecture at Nashville on early vertebrate life in America, claimed to have established the fact from various discoveries that the horse was an early inhabitant of the American continent, although he says that until within a year or two it was universal supposed that this animal never existed there until introduced by the Spaniards. He exhibited many specimens of the horse family to illustrate his arguments and claimed to have demonstrated that America is, after all, the true home of the horse, though the family became extinct long before the discovery of the continent by Europeans, for which fact no satisfactory reason has yet been given. He spoke of the discovery of the beginning of the horse in the lower pliocene, and introduced the remains of several species, indicating an animal about the size of a fox. In the next higher division another species makes its appearance; then a third about as large as a sheep; and one stage near the horse. This development proceeds until, as he says, in the upper pliocene, "the true EQUUS appears and completes the genealogy of the horse, which in the post-tertiary roamed over the whole of the North and South America." In one important particular it is necessary that Professor Marsh be corrected. The discoveries he claims are not so recent as he supposes, nor are himself and co-laborers pioneers in this field. When he speaks of discoveries that were unknown until within a year or two he falls into a mistake, for it is a number of years we think five or more, since Professor Condon found fossil remains of the horse in Oregon, and collected a number of very valuable specimens, of which he subsequently gave quite an extended account. These remains were found in the eastern part of our State, in Wasco and Grant Counties. We are not able just now to turn to his lecture or paper on the subject, but think it was published three or four years ago. It being universally supposed that the horse never existed in America till brought here by the Spaniards, Professor Condon's demonstration to the contrary was an occasion of much surprise, and we believe he is entitled to the honor of the discovery. It is possible that Professor Marsh in his travels has been able to collect remains of a great number of species so as to furnish illustrations of the animal's progressive development; but we are quite sure of the fact that the existence of the pre-historic horse on the American continent is an Oregon discovery, the honor of which belongs to Professor Condon. He will be able to furnish dates and specimens to verify his discovery.—Oregonian.

In Bankruptcy.

IN the District Court for the Third Judicial District of Washington Territory, holding terms at Port Townsend. In the matter of the estate of

Joseph B. Roberts, Bankrupt.
By whom a petition for adjudication of bankruptcy was filed on the 12th day of November, A. D. 1877, in said court.

WASHINGTON TERRITORY, }
Third Judicial District. }

To the Marshal of Washington Territory:

GREETING:—
WHEREAS A PETITION FOR adjudication of bankruptcy and for relief under the act of Congress entitled, "An act to establish a uniform system of bankruptcy throughout the United States," approved March 2, 1867, was on the 12th day of November, A. D. 1877, filed by Joseph B. Roberts, of Snohomish county, of said District upon which he has been found and adjudged a bankrupt, there being no opposing party thereto, you are therefore hereby directed to publish three times in the Puget Sound Weekly ARGUS, a weekly newspaper published at Port Townsend, Jefferson county, W. T., the first publication to be made forthwith, the following notice, to-wit:

This is to give notice that on 12th day of December, A. D. 1877, a warrant in bankruptcy was issued against the estate of Joseph B. Roberts, of Snohomish county, Washington Territory, who has been adjudged a bankrupt on his own petition; that the payment of any debts and the delivery of any property belonging to such bankrupt, to him or for his use, and the transfer of any property by him are forbidden by law; that a meeting of the creditors of said bankrupt to prove their debts and to choose an assignee of his estate, will be held at a court of Bankruptcy, to be held at the court room at Port Townsend, in Jefferson county, Washington Territory, before the Hon. J. R. Lewis, Judge of this court and acting Register in bankruptcy, on the 7th day of January, A. D. 1878, at eleven o'clock of said day.

By CHAS. HOPKINS,
U. S. Marshal.

J. G. CLINGER, Deputy.

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Steamship **Dakota**, 2100 Tons. H. G. MORSE, COMMANDER. WILL LEAVE ON THE DATES HERE after mentioned:

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

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

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

NOTE.—May 20, June 10, Sept. 30 and Dec. 30 coming on Sunday, the steamers will sail May 19, June 9, Sept. 29 and Dec. 29.

Passengers from Portland and up-Sound ports will take Puget Sound mail steamer and make connection with the City of Panama at Victoria. Steamer **Dakota** goes through to Olympia.

These steamers leave Victoria at noon on the day advertised. Tickets are good only on the steamer for which they are purchased, and are not transferable. For freight or passage apply on board, or to H. L. TIBBALS, General Agent for Puget Sound, Port Townsend.

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