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CHARLES PROSCH,
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Washington City, Dec. 20, 1859. 4-1/2

The Three Words of Faith.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL OF SCHILLER.

Three words there are, of meaning deep,
They fly from tongue to tongue;
Yet still no place they rightly keep,
Save in the heart alone.
The man who would Worth's crown receive,
Must first in these three words believe.
First Freedom: 'tis man's native right,
Be he in fetters born;
A robber's cry has not the night
To turn this word to scorn;
Fearful the slave who breaks his chains,
Not fearful they who free remain.
And Virtue: this no hollow name,
For aye, it was given;
To raise the stumbling, Virtue came
To help the soul to heaven.
Reason in vain her veil would raise,
Skillings and laces perfect her praise.
And God: He holy will still live,
While man's soul tempest-wrecked;
Manacles to Toss and Paves He gives,
And strength to souls elect;
And what to us is dearest strange,
In peace to Him who knows no change.
And these three words of meaning deep,
Send them from tongue to tongue;
Yet still no place they rightly keep,
Save in the heart alone.
Ever shall be Worth's crown receive,
Who shall in these three words believe.

At Home.

The rain is falling on the world,
The house is dark, the hearth is cold,
And stretching dress and saty gray,
Beside the colors, lies the bay.
My neighbor at his window stands,
His youngest baby in his hands;
The others seek his tender kiss,
And one sweet woman craves his bliss.
I look upon the rainy wild;
I have no wife, I have no child;
There is no fire upon my hearth,
And none to love me on the earth.

Odds and Ends.

"I say, Higgins," said a fellow to that sprig but as yet unappreciated tragedian. "I met a rich old gentleman in the city who declared he would give a hundred pounds to see you perform Hamlet."
"You don't say so?"
"Fact, I assure you; and what's more, I'm positively certain that the old chap meant it."
"By Jove! then, it's a bargain," Higgins cried; "I'll play it for my benefit. But who is he?"
"Ah, to be sure, I didn't tell you. Well, he's a blind man."
Higgins never spoke to the wretch again.

The subject of impression at first sight was being talked over at the supper table, when the lady whose duty it was to preside "over the teacups and tea" said she always formed an idea of a person at first sight, and generally found it to be correct.

"Ma'am," said her youngest son, in a shrill voice that attracted the attention of all present. "Well, my dear, what is it?" replied the fond mother.

"I want to know what was your opinion of me when you first saw me?" This question gave a sudden turn to the conversation.

A married woman was telling a staid single lady, somewhat on the wrong side of fifty, of some domestic troubles, which she in a great part attributed to the irregularities of her husband.

"Well," said the old maid, "you have brought those troubles upon yourself. I told you not to marry him. I was sure he would not make you a good husband."
"He is not a good one, to be sure, madam," replied the woman, "but he is better than none."

An old gentleman of eighty-four having taken to the altar a young damsel of sixteen, the clergyman said to him,—
"You will find the font at the opposite end of the church."
"What do I want with the font?" asked the old gentleman.
"I beg your pardon," said the clerical wit; "I thought you had brought this child to be christened."

A householder in a Western village, in filling up his census schedule under the column headed "Where born," described one of his children as "born in the parlor," and the other "up stairs."

"Where shall I get a panel?" said the sheriff to the judge.
"Why, I suppose, sir, that you can get enough panels out of doors."

"I keep an excellent table," said a lady disputing with one of her boarders. "That may be true, ma'am," said he, "but you put very little upon it."

Women are like horses, the gayest the harness they have on, the better they feel. We got this from an old bachelor, who was early crossed in love.

If good people would but make goodness agreeable, and smile instead of frown in their virtues, how many would they win to the good cause.

"Don't you think, wife, that tobacco smoke would kill the musketoes in our room?" "It might, but it would kill me first."

An old sailor, at the theatre, said that he supposed dancing girls wore their dresses at half mast as a sign of departed modesty.

If you don't wish to get angry, never argue with a blockhead. Remember the duller the liquor the more you cut yourself.

Five of the sweetest words in the English language begin with the letter H, viz.: Heart, hope, home, happiness and heaven.

When the mind is diseased, it is frequently not hearing a man wants so much as fresh soul-ing. Medical cobblers please notice.

Why is a conscientious baker like a ship without ballast? Because, being short of weight, he gives a roll over.

To get angry at nothing, and to be surprised at nothing, are said to constitute two steps towards perfection.

A Disconsolate Widow.

After nine miles of the most lonesome, dreary, and hilly road that mortal man ever traveled, I came in sight of what I supposed to be the widow's house. It was a low cabin at the foot of a hill, with a tremendous oak in front of it. I saw somebody sitting under the tree, and, as I approached nearer, I discovered that it was a woman, with her face buried in her hands, and weeping violently. As soon as I reached the spot, I addressed her somewhat in the following manner:

"I do not wish to be impertinent, madam, but I feel some concern to know what is the matter with you?"
"Oh! boo-hoo-ee! Hoo-oo-hoo-hoo!"
"My dear madam, what is the matter?" I demanded, becoming really concerned at the manner in which she was acting. She kept up her agony of distress, while a group of six or seven children began to come from the neighboring bushes and gather close around her.

"Madam," I cried, "in the name of all that's good, tell me what ails you!"
"Oh, stranger," she exclaimed, raising her eyes, bloodshot with weeping, "my—boo-hoo-hoo—boo—band is boo-hoo—dead!" and she again relapsed into her fit of weeping. I was truly affected by the poor woman's distress, and, though a poor sinner myself, I could not refrain from offering her some consolation.

"My dear madam, do not give up to distress. Heaven has promised to be a husband to the widow and a father to the fatherless. Cheer up, my good woman; the cloud may be dark, but the sun will eventually dissipate it. You may have to labor hard for your children, but Heaven will aid you!"

"That ain't nothin', stranger," exclaimed the woman, "as for the children, I haven't got but seventeen, an' I make support for them easy enough. Heaven must be my husband, an' I has no doubt he'd make a mighty good husband; but I want a sure nuff husband, a real live one like my poor John was afore he died. Poor John—poor John! Oh, me! boo-hoo-ee-ee!"

When I had listened to this speech, there was something so absolutely and purely original in its ridiculous ideas, that I could not help laughing at the mourner. As soon as possible I recovered myself and changed my tactics.

"Well, ma'am, I say, 'if that's all, don't give yourself any trouble. There are plenty of men in the world; surely you can get another husband."

"I must get another husband, stranger, but, oh! I couldn't find nary 'nother like John—poor John!—poor John! Oh, me! boo-hoo-ee!"
"Well, madam, I have guessed till I'm tired. What was there about John so remarkable?"
"Markable!" she exclaimed; "why, a nigger, John was the best fiddler on yuth. He'd lay back behind his fiddle and roll his beautiful red head from side to side, as he played 'Sugar in de Gourd,' 'Fig in de Tator Patch,' 'Old Dan Tacker,' and all them tunes! Just to think! It ha'n't been a month since he sit here under this tree and played for me while I got up and danced just this way to that good old tune!"

"Oh, she wouldn't 'an' she couldn't 'an' she wouldn't come at all!"
"And here we man jumped up and cut two or three very difficult steps—half way between the pigeon wing and the old Virginia back step—while she sang the above tune; then falling, she screamed in the agony of distress:

"And now he's gone!—dead! Oh, me!"
I gazed at the woman for one moment, and then I told her I knew some very good fiddlers. She immediately became calm, and looking up into my face with an inquiring glance, she said, "Stranger, may be you is a good fiddler; I'll go on 'an' get John's fiddle!"

"And off she started for the house. As soon as she was out of sight, I struck spurs to my horse.

Few understand the depth of such feeling as that.

Who is Contented?

One day, as the dervish Almoraz, the wisest of all the dervishes of the prophet, and the oracle of the chief mufti of Stamboul, was sitting in a shady grove by the side of a bubbling fountain, on the shores of the Bosphorus, trying to find out the road to happiness, in order that he might benefit his fellow creatures by communicating the discovery, his speculations were interrupted by a man, richly clothed, who, approaching, sat down and sighed heavily, crying out at the same time, "O, Allah, I beseech thee to relieve me of life, or the burdens with which it is laden!"

Almoraz, who was a sort of amateur of misery, because it afforded him the pleasure of administering consolation, approached the man of sorrow, and kindly inquired the cause of his grief.

"Art thou in want of food, of friends, of health, or any of these comforts of life that are necessary to human happiness or dost thou lack the advice of experience, or the consolation of sympathy? Speak, for it is the business of my life to bestow them on my fellow-creatures."

"Alas!" said the stranger, "I require none of these. I have all and more than I want of everything. I have all the means of happiness but one, and the want of that renders every other blessing of no value."

"And what is that?" asked the dervish.
"I adore the beautiful Zulena; but she adores another, and all my riches are as nothing. I am the most miserable of men; my life is a burden, and my death would be the greatest of blessings."

Before Almoraz could reply, there approached a poor creature, clothed in rags, and leaning on his staff, bowed down to the earth with a load of misery. He sat down, moaning as if in great pain, and casting his eyes upwards, exclaimed:

"Allah, be my star, for I have none other."
The dervish went to him and kindly said, "What aileth thee, poor man? Perhaps it may be in my power to relieve thy distress. What wasteth thou?"

"Everything," he replied; "health, food, kindred, friends, a home—everything. I am in content and a wanderer, destitute of every comfort of life. I am the most miserable of mankind; for in addition to my own sufferings, I see others around me revelling in those luxuries for lack of a small portion of which I am perishing."

At this moment a third man approached, with weary steps and a languid look, and casting himself down by the side of the fountain, stretched out his limbs at full length, and yawning, cried out:

"Allah! what shall I do? what will become of me? I am tired of life, which is nothing but a purgatory of wants that, when supplied, only produces my disappointment or disgust."

Almoraz approached and asked—

"What is the cause of thy misery? What wasteth thou?"
"I want a want," answered the other. "I am cursed with the misery of fruitless. I have wanted my life in acquiring riches that brought me nothing but disappointment, and honors that no longer gratify my pride or repay me for the labor of sustaining them. I have been cheated in the pursuit of pleasures that turned to pain in the enjoyment, and the only want is that I have nothing to desire. I have everything I wish, and yet I enjoy nothing."

Almoraz paused a few moments, utterly at a loss to find a remedy for this strange malady, and then said to himself, owned a saddle; but as Tom grew old, his wealth and importance increased, and with it a desire for a hog-kiss; so he one day packed up a clean shirt, stuffed a hundred dollars into his wallet, stepped upon a steambot, and away he started down the river for New Orleans, to buy him a saddle. Now this was the first trip Tom ever made; he had lived all his life there he was born, and never heard any other language than that of his mother tongue. In the course of a few days he landed upon the levee at New Orleans.

Poor Tom, little did he know what he had to encounter. The Frenchman was there, the Italian was there, a Spaniard was there, the German was there—some from all parts of the world were crowded upon that levee—and there was Tom with his eyes stretched, and ears open, completely mystified and bewildered at the strange scenes going on around him; he stood it as long as mortal man well could, and at last struck out with his mind fully prepared to be surprised at nothing he saw, upon his errand of the saddle.

After meandering about the city for some time, he at length found a saddler's shop; Tom, with heart clad, walked in.

The first and only living creature which met his vision was a baboon of the largest species sitting upon the counter playing with the girths, which were hanging from a saddle immediately over his head. Tom very politely addressed him:

"How do you do, sir?"
The baboon grinned and nodded.
"I wish to buy a saddle," says Tom.
The same expression from the monkey. In a loud key from Tom: "I want to buy a saddle."

A very polite grin from the baboon.
"I will give you \$20 for that saddle," says Tom, at the same time handing him a \$20 bill.
The animal, having seen his master put money into the drawer, took it, and hopping along the counter, made a deposit of Tom's \$20 note. He returned, however, immediately to his former position.

"Well, had us down the pig-kiss," says Tom. Very little notice from the baboon.
"Hang it, why don't you give me my saddle? I have paid for it, so hand it down, or I will take it myself!"

An awful chattering from the baboon. Tom, not intending to be fooled with any longer, reached out and caught hold of his property; but no sooner had the poor fellow done so, than the nails and teeth of the monkey were driven into his arm. Tom kicked and swore—the baboon bit and screamed—until at last the owner of the shop, a Frenchman, with long moustache, came rushing into the room.

"What you do sars? What do you want in here, you old rascal? By gar, you shall give me satisfaction!"
Tom, not in the least daunted, but very much exasperated, ripped out:
"You infernal old hairy monkey scoundrel! I believe you wish to steal my \$20! I came in here, bought a saddle, paid the money down for it, and now, when I want to be going with it, you sars there has refused to let me have it, and has kicked up a fuss about it!"

Tom, however, got his saddle, and returned to his home, a great going up the river; but has been heard to swear it was the last one he ever wished to purchase.

On the southwestern side of Islay, on the coast of Scotland, where the Atlantic washes its bold and precipitous coast, there is a place called Stoich-Idorich. It is a cave of a most remarkable kind—one of those spacious and extraordinary recesses that lend peculiar romantic interest to highland scenery. Almost immediately above this cavern there rises a very high mountain, whose inaccessible clefts the eagles select for their eyries. Sometimes these stately birds, to supply their hungry progeny, make a "raid" upon some of the neighboring farmers' roosts, or straggling chickens that deviate from the bank.

One farmer especially, in the vicinity of the mountains, had lost some hens, and was suspicious that some "bluddy bairn" had visited the locality. The depredator, however, was discovered to be an eagle. It was seen to hover over the barnyard, and exercise the duties of a river. The Goodman was pleased to place the roosters in durance vile, to protect them against further invasion; and his eagleship, no doubt, was much disappointed in thus arbitrarily dealing with his prey.

Nothing could be a bolder, but also a fatal one. The eagle, however, was very crafty, and, to a tom cat, which, while basking in the sun, was pounced on and carried off to the eagle's pinnacle abode. This daring feat was seen by some of the people, who resolved to follow the intruder to his den; but the appearance of Tom the same afternoon in his own domicile, fairly decimated and one of his legs broken, gave accredited testimony as to the deadly combat that had taken place between the feline hero and his feathered majesty. A pilgrimage to the rocky height set conjecture at rest. Tom had seemingly disposed of his aquatic enemy by nearly tearing his head off. The eagle was still in the agonies of death, surrounded with three caglets, whose incessant crying was anything but pleasing to the ear. The cat lingered on a few days, and expired amid the regrets of those who knew the circumstances.

A chap upon country said, speaking of the rainy season, the year he was married, "It rained when he was married, rained when he got married, and rained the same night he went for the doctor."

Miscellaneous Items.

A worthy gentleman of Rouen is, at present, receiving a fortune which came to him by the drawing of a cork; in the following curious manner: Obligated by the state of his health last summer to change the air, he went to the sea-shore at Villiers-sur-Mer, near Tronville, and walking upon the beach, he noticed that a lad, who was also promiscuous there with his father, had found a sealed bottle among the sea-weed. The father bade the child "throw away the dirty thing, and not be soiling his fingers;" upon which he picked up the cast-away bottle and took it with him to his lodgings. The cork drawn; the bottle was found to contain a written document, properly signed and dated on board a vessel which had sprung a leak and was about to sink. It ran thus:

"About to perish, I commend myself to God. I hereby constitute the finder of this will, enclosed in a bottle, my sole heir. My fortune, most laboriously acquired, amounting to nearly 350,000 francs and the small house in which I have resided at Valparaiso. This testament I wish converted into a chapel, and that a mass may be said there once a month for the repose of my soul. The fortune will be found deposited with M—, notary, of Paris, to whom, from time to time, it has been remitted by me. Pray for me. Signed,

In Humboldt's confidential letters to Von Zue; recently published, the public are treated to a selection of piquant disclosures which will afford the utmost consternation among the Courts of Europe. Hardly a single crowned head is spared, beginning with Frederick William IV., and ending with the Emperor of the French, of whom Humboldt affirms positively that he is the offspring of an illicit connection between Queen Hortense and the Dutch Admiral Count Verbeul. Of the King of Prussia a number of amusing anecdotes are related. It seems he was finally convinced that Henry V. would soon be restored to the throne of France, and was in constant expectation of being invited to pay him a visit at Versailles. His late Ministry are characterized as a strange jumble of knavery and imbecility. M. de Raverat, the Minister of Public Instruction, says Humboldt, the greatest fool of them all. The Prince Consort of England also—"the handsome husband of Queen Victoria," is alluded to in terms the very reverse of flattering. "I know," remarked once to Humboldt, that you have a predilection for the Poles, but the Poles are as unworthy of your regard as the Irish."

There is in the office of Gov. Downey, of California, the identical paper sent by "Old Hickory" to the Government organ of the period when it was written. The following is a copy of the communication:

"The last survivor of the signers of the Declaration of Independence—who for many years has been the last precious relic of the band of July 4th, 1776—is no more. The death of Charles Carroll of Carrollton is announced to us. The triumph of the grave over this living monument of our national birthday, around which the gratitude and affection of a nation loved to gather, will be the signal of a nation's mourning. As a mark of respect due to the occasion, the offices of the United States Government in this city will be closed to-morrow, 6th inst."

ANSWER JACKSON.
WASHINGTON, Nov. 15th, 1837.
At the bottom of the communication is this direction, in the same handwriting, "Put this in conspicuous at the head of a column."

There is some style about the way in which they conducted an elegiac in New Hampshire. A man named Warren, at Goffstown, felt that he had an affinity to the wife of William Nutt; and, finding that Mrs. Nutt reciprocated it; he had a talk with the husband about it, in the course of which Mr. Nutt remarked sarcastically to Warren, that if he had any better right to his wife than he himself had, he had better take her. Warren replied that he had thought of doing so, and a few minutes after said to Mrs. Nutt, "Come, sit, make haste—we have a long way to go;" and they prepared to start. Finding them determined to go, Mr. Nutt gave his wife some wholesome advice, presented her with seventy-five cents to buy a fan, to cool her off; and Warren, with Nutt's wife, set off on foot, with no luggage or clothing, except what they had on, for Manchester.

Joseph Hengst, of Cincinnati, had filed a petition, asking for a change of name. He alleged that Hengst was a German name, which, being translated, meant "stud-horse;" that it was generally understood and recognized among those of his fellow citizens with whom he associated as "stud-horse," or "stallion," and that he was subject, on account thereof, to ridicule and shame; that puns and jokes were continually perpetrated against him to his great embarrassment and inconvenience, as well in trade and business as in social intercourse. For these reasons he asked to have his mother's maiden name, "Ewald," and to be known by the name of Joseph John Ewald. Judge Mallon was of the opinion that there was good reason why the prayer of the petitioner should be allowed, and adjudged that the name should be changed accordingly.

The Wheeling Intelligencer says:—"Something over a year ago the child of an estimable citizen of this county, who lives a distance up the river, in taking a bone from a dog, was snapped at and severely bitten by the animal upon the arm. The wound, which was quite a severe one, was soon healed up, but upon the coming of the dog days it re-opened, swelled the arm and became painfully sore. By the application of powerful remedies the wound was again healed up and the dog was killed, but the child, before one of the most active and intelligent, has become idiotical and has fallen into the gross habits and actions of a dog, much to the distress of the parents and the astonishment of those who are acquainted with the case, and of course are unable to account for it."

The Levant Herald, an English paper, published at Constantinople, says:—"We risk nothing by our contradiction in affirming that the American missionaries have done more to advance civilization and pure religion throughout Turkey, than all the other agencies, diplomatic or missionary, which European policy or propaganda has ever set to work to the country."

Florida planters, in large numbers, accompanied by their slaves, are said to be moving westward to the Mississippi valley and Texas, in search of more fertile lands. The New Orleans Crescent thinks the loss of population will rather benefit Florida than prove detrimental, as the places of those rich planters will be supplied by small farmers and working men.

In the canton of Vaud, Switzerland, a society exists, having for its object the freeing of slaves in this country. \$100 was used recently in purchasing a negro minister of St. Louis.

Recently, in Pittsylvania county, Capt. Vincent

Witchers was taking testimony relative to the divorce of his grand-daughter from a man named Clemens, when the latter and his brother became angry and fired their revolvers, grazing Witchers' clothing. The latter then returned the fire and shot both dead. The grandson of Mr. W., named Smith, attempted to enter, when a third Mr. Clemens fired upon him. Smith immediately killed him with his bowie knife. Mr. Witchers is seventy-five years old, and is a well-known citizen. He was formerly president of the Danville railroad.

Speaking of Lewis Cass, Secretary of State, an exchange paper says: "He was born in Kester, N. H., on the 9th day of October, 1772, and is therefore now in the 88th year of his age. It is said that Gen. Cass never had an overcoat upon his back but once in his life, an instance that occurred two months ago, during a moment of bodily prostration. The first drop of ineffectual liquor never yet passed his lips, and, notwithstanding his own abstinence, he still respects those who, like Timothy, take a little for the stomach's sake."

The number of cattle killed for the pleurisy-pneumonia disease, at North Brookfield, Mass., amount to 287; and the commissioners expect to finish up their work of destruction soon. It is fortunate they have only \$20,000 at their disposal, for their disposition to slaughter seems to have no other check. The commissioners meditate advising the abandonment of all cattle shows this fall as unsafe; by exposing the State to the spread of the disease.

A suit arising from the will of the late Col. John Wade, of Woburn, Mass., which is now being tried before the Supreme Court, sitting at Lowell, excites great interest. The great bulk of the estate, (\$100,000) was left in trust to the New England Female Medical College, and Tufts College. Col. Wade left neither brother nor sister alive, but he had a large number of nephews and nieces, who contest the will on the ground of fraud.

The correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune, writing from Buchanan, Texas, gives the particulars of the burning, at the stake, of a young white man, a corporator and supposed Yankee, who had with him a wagon load of books, and a few copies of Helper's Impending Crisis. The victim was stripped, covered with tar, tied to a tree over his own wagon, which was next filled with faggots and tar, and then set on fire.

Old Tom Bates had a great story about feet. "Talk about feet," he used to say, "why I knew a nigger down in Arkansas, that had mud-suckers like young steamboats. That feller's feet was a fortune to him, though, at last, for when they started a Railroad in his parts, the locomotive fellers give him \$100 for his old carcasses. They made a depot out of one, and an ice-cream saloon out of t'other."

The shipment of coal from the different coal regions in Pennsylvania, except the western part of the State, amounted last year to 7,804,000 tons, which at \$3.50 per ton, would make its value over \$27,000,000. Adding about 4,000,000 tons more for the western part of the State, the value of the entire supply will not be short of \$35,000,000.

Dr. J. Washington Williams, alias Dr. Hines, who spent six months in the Louisiana workhouse in 1850, has been convicted at Memphis, Tenn., of obtaining money under false pretences. He was sentenced to the State Prison for three years.

He is a grand scoundrel, and has spent about 30 years in prison, and a good deal of other people's money in his life.

An honest peasant woman, named Maria Flor, is at present lying in the Parkhouse of Manchester, in the north of France, and has attained her hundredth year. She lately lost one of her offspring, who had reached the age of eighty. "Ah," said the old mother, weeping for her recent loss, "I always said that I should never be able to bring up that child!"

A miserly old lady in Northampton, who has lived in great apparent destitution for many years, died recently; and in her trunk was found a long stocking full of five and ten dollar gold pieces, and a roll of bills of the first issue of the Northampton Bank. It was also found that she had sums of money at interest in different banks.

At Los Angeles, recently, a man having a stubborn mule in harness, which "wouldn't go," fastened a line around his tongue, hitched another animal to the harness, and then, by the tug of the animal's mouth. He there set a rope or tentacles den into which that scoundrel may be tutted, naked?

Mr. Lorenzo Sibert, a Virginian, has lately invented a new gun which will discharge six hundred times per minute, for twelve consecutive hours, or one hundred once half per minute. The plan is free from a combination of complex machinery, cheap of manufacture, and can be easily transported.

The most beautiful flower-noon slide and drop, and ditto; this is also the case with man; his days are as uncertain as the passing breeze; this hour he glows in the blush of health and vigor; but the next day he may be counted with the number no more known on earth.

Negro Sam, who lately died on the plantation of Mr. Billings, in Jones county, Ga., is believed to have been 140 years old. It is certain that he lived about a century in this country, and he said he was 45 years old when captured in Africa.

Cambelton, Fla., is a preposterous place. Eately, Mr. Robert Cherry, aged sixty was married to Miss Josephine Gregory, aged thirteen. At that rate Miss Josephine can be a grand-mother at twenty-eight!

Misery makes strange bedfellows. A little-known young fellow in New York recently married a rich old lady of seventy. He was miserable for the want of money, and she for the want of a husband.

Mrs. John Howe, of Wethersfield, Conn., is a remarkable woman! She weighs only eighty pounds, and

THE PUGET SOUND HERALD

Published every FRIDAY MORNING, at \$5 per annum, in advance; if paid within six months, \$4; after the expiration of six months, \$5; for six months, in advance; single copies, 15¢.

This Herald can be found in San Francisco at the depot of J. W. Bullman, adjoining the Post Office; at the office of our Agent, 111 1/2 Washington Street; and also at the Exchange and the principal Hotels; and also at the leading Hotels in the Atlantic cities.

We shall be pleased to furnish masters of vessels and others, outward bound, with files of the Herald, on application at this office.

L. P. FISHER, 171 1/2 Washington St., San Francisco, is authorized to act as Agent of this paper in receiving ad- vertisements and subscriptions in San Francisco and elsewhere, and collecting and receiving for the same.

CHAS. PROSCH.

PUGET SOUND HERALD.

STELLACOOM, W. T., FRIDAY, JUNE 29, 1860.

ORDER OF THE DAY

For the Fourth of July, in Stellacoom.

At sunrise, 33 guns.

At half-past 10 o'clock the procession will form in front of the M. E. Church, in the following order:

THE BRASS BAND.

Orator of the day and Reader.

United States and Territorial Officers.

Invited Guests and Citizens.

Carriages with Ladies and Children.

The procession will then march to the Prairie near Fort Stellacoom, (the ground selected for the Orator and Dinner).

After arriving at the place designated, the order will be as follows:

Prayer by Rev. Mr. Kendig.

Music by the Band.

Reading of the Declaration of Independence, by Col. Wm. H. Wallace.

Music by the Band.

ORATION, by Frank Clark, Esq.

Music by the Band.

The procession will then form and march to the Dinner Table.

When Dinner is concluded, the procession will again form in the same order as at first, and march back to the point of starting, and disperse.

Thirteen guns will be fired during the march of the procession to the Prairie, and also thirty-three guns at sunset.

J. B. WEBBER, Marshal.

RECAPITULATION FOR THE FOURTH.

Those of the subscribers in the country in aid of the celebration of the Fourth, who have not already paid their subscriptions, are requested to bring them in to-morrow, (Saturday) or as soon thereafter as possible.

Messrs. McCaw & Co. and H. G. Williamson will receive the contributions on behalf of the Dinner Committee.

THE CELEBRATION.

All the necessary arrangements for the coming celebration are progressing satisfactorily, and drawing to a conclusion.

The grounds have been prepared for the barbecue, oration, &c., by the erection of tables, staging, and the removal of natural obstructions; while the spacious hall for the ball is in course of rapid completion.

Much praise is due to Messrs. Williamson, Laman and Hanson for their indefatigable exertions to provide suitably for the occasion, while their assistants in the work should not be forgotten.

The indications are that the affair will redound to the credit of all concerned, and prove as gratifying to our guests as it will be meritorious to our citizens. Let none stay away who would not deny themselves rare enjoyment.

MARRIAGE HALL.

The contract for this edifice having been awarded, and other preliminary steps completed, the Order has decided on laying the corner stone on the 4th of July.

This interesting ceremony will be performed immediately after the return of our citizens and their guests from the barbecue, between 3 and 5 P. M.

Messrs. Delin, Shroy and Goodburn are the contractors for the carpenter work. The high character of these gentlemen as skillful practical builders is a guarantee that their contract will be fulfilled in a workmanlike manner; and we doubt not that the new Hall will be creditable alike to them and to the town.

DEPRECIATION.

Within the past year, cattle and beef have depreciated in this county to a remarkable extent.

Cattle which readily sold, a year or more ago, at an average of about \$100 per head, will not realize \$40 now; and beef, which formerly retailed at 20 and 25 cents per lb., is now retailed at 12 and 15 cents.

The most striking evidence of the depreciation is seen in the price at which the contract for supplying the garrison was taken, on Saturday last: viz., ten cents and four mills per lb. The Messrs. Mosher are the contractors at this figure.

AN OLD TIME FOUNDER DEAD.

Lawrence Johnson, the celebrated type and stereotype founder, died suddenly at his residence in Philadelphia a short time since, aged sixty years.

Mr. Johnson was very wealthy, and the business of L. Johnson & Co. was as widespread as the Union itself, and the leading firm in the country.

At the time of his death, Mr. Johnson had been engaged in this business for about forty years; and when we say that a goodly portion of the material in our office is from his establishment, we but echo what a large proportion of the newspaper publishers of the United States have to say.

WATER'S WHARF.

An addition of twenty feet is about being made to this wharf, which will increase the depth of water at its terminus and add materially to its strength at the same time.

When this addition is completed, vessels of the largest class can stop at the wharf with no danger of getting aground. This improvement has been much needed, of late, and will add greatly to the convenience of the wharf.

SCHEMERS FEEL.

Cherries having come and gone, and strawberries (the largest and best in the world) rapidly disappearing, we are looking forward now with increasing desire to the season for plums, peaches, early apples, &c.

Except a slight frost which nipped a few trees late in the spring, the season has been favorable for fruits.

THE SHERIFFS.

We are authorized to announce the name of Egbert H. Tucker as a candidate for the office of Sheriff at the ensuing election, subject to the Democratic Convention.

THE NEW WHARF.

This improvement, so long in contemplation, is at length in a fair way of being consummated.

But for the unfortunate pecuniary embarrassment which Mr. Daniel Byrd encountered at the outset, it would have been completed and in use long ere this.

Now, however, the enterprise is undertaken by one who is possessed of both the means and the energy needed for its consummation.

Mr. Philip Keach, associated with Messrs. Byrd and Goldsborough, will be the builders and proprietors of this wharf.

More energetic and enterprising men never engaged in an undertaking of any kind. With Mr. Keach at the head of this enterprise, we have an assurance which we had not before of its early and substantial completion; for he knows no such word as "fail" in anything.

The sawed lumber required for the wharf has been already purchased; and the square timber has been contracted for, to be delivered in a few days.

Already some of the piles have been put in place; the remainder, to the number of about three hundred, will be delivered as fast as they are wanted.

A steam pile-driver having arrived yesterday from below, the work will now be vigorously prosecuted.

As many of our people never witnessed the working of a pile-driver, it will doubtless excite much interest.

Its ponderous hammer is wielded with an effectiveness truly wonderful. Here, however, it is considered somewhat doubtful whether piles can be driven; the bottom being covered mainly with what are termed cobbles stones.

A pile or two will now settle the question. With the aid of this efficient machinery, Mr. Keach says he will be able to complete the wharf in three or four weeks.

It is designed to extend this wharf out to where the water is never less than twenty feet at extreme low tide.

A greater depth of water than this will probably never be required. A very great advantage possessed by this wharf is the facility with which the best spring water can be conveyed through it to the shipping; the ground at its head containing a number of never-falling springs, the water from which will be conducted in a pipe to a tank at the end of the wharf.

While this involves a very trifling expense, it will be perhaps the most valuable feature of the wharf.

When completed, the San Francisco mail steamers will stop at it coming up and going down; this will not only prove a great convenience in the getting of freight, but will also afford our people ample time to answer letters—say fifteen hours.

SCIENCE.

A man named Thomas Brown, a Norwegian by birth, who shipped on the brig W. D. Rice, at Victoria, committed suicide by drowning, yesterday, about one o'clock P. M.

While the vessel was opposite Puyallup bay, on her way to Stellacoom. It seems that he supposed himself suspected of a robbery recently committed on Fraser River, whence he came shortly prior to shipping on the Rice; and this so agitated the poor man's mind as to create the hallucination that he was to be arrested for the crime on his arrival at Stellacoom.

What added to this delusion was the fact of a passenger coming on board at Victoria, whom he supposed to be an officer of the law charged with his arrest.

Previous to jumping overboard, he attached to his neck a snatch-block weighing sixty or seventy pounds, which prevented his rising again to the surface.

A boat was immediately lowered for his rescue, but no trace of him could be seen after he disappeared. We have no doubt that mental derangement induced the act.

DEPORTION AND CAPTURE.

A few days ago, one of Uncle Sam's bulwarks, tired of the service, concluded to take unpermitted leave of his officers and quarters, and accordingly left, without notice.

Being soon missed from his accustomed place at the Fort, a sergeant and guard were sent in quest of him.

His pursuers speedily tracked him, and were not long in overtaking him at Bolton's claim, a few miles below town.

The Indians living on this claim knew instantly what brought the sergeant's guard there, and a squaw, pointing significantly to a heap of mats in a canoe, indicated where the deserter lay concealed.

On puncturing the heap with a bayonet, a squeak like that of a stock pig issued from it, presently followed by the appearance of the missing individual, in a terrible state of trepidation.

He was escorted in triumph to the guard-house, where he now awaits his trial for desertion.

ABEALTY WITH INTENT TO KILL.

Two soldiers, named Thos. Hanlon and Jas. Kennedy, were arrested by officer Whitman, on Saturday last, on the complaint of Mathew Simmons, a recently discharged soldier, for assault with intent to kill.

According to the statement of Simmons, the first design was only to rob him; but, acting on the robber's maxim, that "dead men tell no tales," Hanlon seemed bent on taking the life as well as the purse of Simmons.

Simmons exhibited about his head the marks of a severe beating with a slingshot, and evidently escaped very narrowly with his life.

The examination, which took place before Justice Parkinson, resulted in the discharge of Kennedy; it appearing that he was merely a spectator of the scene.

Hanlon was ordered into custody (unable to obtain bail) for trial on the above charge at the next term of the District Court.

On Tuesday last, however, he quietly left his quarters in the jail, and has not been heard of since.

RETIREMENT OF MR. SEWARD.

The last steamer brought the unexpected announcement of the sudden retirement from public life of Gov. Seward.

Before he left Washington, it was understood he would not resume his seat in the Senate, as he proposed closing his political career.

When his speech was delivered, he intimated it would be his last speech in the Senate.

His friends hope that this decision will be reconsidered. It is said that he cannot be induced to mingle again in public matters.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Jerry Sullivan, of San Francisco, Mr. Taylor, (Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Messenger) and Mr. Lowell, Purser of the *Ellis Anderson*, placed under obligations, last week, for papers from California, the Atlantic States, and Victoria.

LATEST DOMESTIC NEWS.

By the arrival at this place, on Saturday morning last, of the P. M. steamer *Panama*, Capt. Hudson, we have dates from the Atlantic States to May 22d, and from California to the 16th inst.

Below will be found a summary of the intelligence.—

The Republican Convention at Chicago has nominated Abraham Lincoln, of Illinois, for President, and Hannibal Hamlin, of Maine, for Vice President.

The Washington correspondent of the N. Y. *Tribune* shows Mr. Fowler's defalcations to be \$175,000.

The fact of a serious derangement in his accounts must have been known to some responsible person in the Auditors office long ago, and the inquiry will now be directed there.

Some of Mr. Fowler's friends tendered the deficits ascertained up to Saturday; but Mr. Holt said it was too late, and would be compounding the felony.

It is confidently stated that a fund was being raised to get Fowler out of the country, and he has gone. He admitted having used part of the money, but charged subordinates with the main loss, while conceding his own responsibility for the whole.

Another dispatch from Washington, of the 16th of May, says: The excitement about the New York post office defalcation continues unabated.

An investigation is going on into the affairs of the office, which promises to develop additional frauds, and implicate several employes of the department.

A deficiency has been discovered in the accounts of the stamp clerk, amounting to about \$2,000.

Fowler has not yet been arrested, and his whereabouts is not known.

The Treasury Solicitor visited New York, and with the U. S. District Attorney, commenced proceedings against the bondsmen. Since the commencement of the investigation, other deficiencies have been discovered.

The appointment was tendered to J. P. Butterworth, but declined. John A. Dix was then appointed, and the appointment confirmed by the Senate.

New York, May 22.—It is stated that Postmaster Fowler left this port on Friday, in the *Moss Taylor*, bound to Havana, whence he will go to Mexico, or somewhere in South America, where no extradition treaty exists with this country.

His friends raised a purse for him of several thousand dollars.

The personal friends of Mr. Fowler say that he would have committed suicide had he been arrested.

The Pony Express which left San Francisco May 11, arrived at St. Louis on the 21st. A rider was killed by the Indians on the California end. Mail and dispatches saved.

The House took up the Overland Mail bill. No action was had.

Both branches passed resolutions inquiring into the affairs of the New York Postmaster.

The discussion between Senators Davis and Douglas has been concluded.

House passed the Post Office Deficiency bill, which is but little over three millions over and above the amount on hand.

A bill for the protection of steamboat passengers also passed.

Mr. Daily was declared elected to the seat held by Mr. Eysterbrook, of Nebraska.

Sebastian, from Committee on Indian Affairs, reported House bill to appoint a Superintendent of Indian Affairs for Washington Territory, and also an Indian Agent.

The bill was passed after providing that all temporary agents be dismissed, and no others appointed.

The bill for carrying a daily mail from Sacramento city to Olympia, via Portland, Oregon, has been reported on favorably and unanimously by the House committee, and in all probability will be passed soon.

A message was received from the President calling the attention of Congress to the capture of the slave *Wilshire*, with 504 negroes, by the *Cat*, Oregon, on the steamer *Molokai*, on the 26th of last April.

The Japanese Embassy were formally received by the President. The ceremonies were very imposing. The chief Prince stated that it was the desire of Japan to continue on friendly relations with our Government, and the President in reply promised a faithful adherence to the treaty.

Col. Forney, in a leader in the *Press*, states that Lincoln was nominated by the Republicans because they considered Douglas would be defeated at Baltimore, and that Lincoln therefore would carry the whole northwest, and be elected if Douglas was not nominated.

New York, May 14.—Robert C. McDonald, the murderer of Virginia Stewart, attempted suicide to-day. He is still alive, but physicians pronounce his recovery hopeless.

A heavy defalcation through the Transfer Clerk is rumored in the Pacific Mail Co., to the extent of \$400,000.

The P. M. Co. promise to make the losses good. The Secretary has left.

The President has tendered the Commissioner's ship, under the new treaty with Paraguay, to John Van Buren.

The Santa Fe mail arrived at Independence May 23. It left Santa Fe on the 7th inst.

Six companies of dragoons and mounted rifles are at Fort Union, making preparations to open a campaign against the Kiowa Indians.

Large forces are also concentrating at Pawnee Fork, and it is thought the Indians will be well punished.

Business in Santa Fe was dull, but it was expected to revive soon.

No rain has fallen on the route for some months, yet notwithstanding the grass is excellent.

The road was alive with merchants' trains and emigrants to Pike's Peak.

TERRIBLE DISCOVERY, IF TRUE.—It is currently reported that Daniel E. Sickles, member of Congress from New York city, had cut his wife's throat in the city of Washington the day the steamer left New York.

The news is brought by a passenger, who declares that it was so commonly reported in New York, a little while before the steamer sailed. It is said that Mr. Sickles caught his wife in flagrante delicto, and immediately put an end to her existence. Who her paramour was, or what became of him, we have not learned.

The above is open to doubt, from the fact that the last heard in this quarter of Mrs. Sickles, was to the effect that she was traveling in Italy with her father, and no announcement of her return has been made by the eastern papers.—S. F. Herald.

THE GREAT EASTERN.

The following is a copy of the advertisement announcing the departure of this vessel: "The Great Steamship Company (limited) intend dispatching the steamship *Great Eastern*, J. Vane Hall, Commander, from Southampton for New York, on Saturday, the 9th of June. 300 first-class passengers only will be taken, at a uniform rate of 250 each, including steward's fee, but without wines or liquors, which can be obtained on board. Return tickets will be issued at the rate of £45. For passage and other information, apply to the Great Ship Company, (limited) No. 11, King William Street, London, E. C."

The best purifier of the blood, Hall's Sarsaparilla, Yellow Dock and Iodide of Potas.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Strong opposition was threatened by the Derby party in the House of Lords to the repeal of the paper duty.

Lord Woolhouse explained the result of negotiations in Central America. He said the Nicaragua treaty was signed, but not yet ratified, though right of passage over the Isthmus of Panama had not been recognized.

Sir C. Trevellick, Governor of Madras, had been removed in consequence of insubordination, in openly denouncing Mr. Wilson's Indian financial programme.

Sir Henry Wood, at present Governor of Ceylon, was spoken of as his successor.

The Prince of Wales had accepted an honorary Colonelcy of the Volunteer Rifle Corps, formed of members of the civil service.

Dr. Congray, Bishop of Durham, was appointed Archbishop of York.

It was rumored, but discredited, that France had demanded an explanation from Prussia relative to the armistice with Sardinia.

It was stated that fifty Savoyards recently attacked a custom-house on the Geneva frontier, and shots were exchanged. The Swiss authorities lodged complaints at Turin.

There was nothing of moment relative to the proposed Conference.

The Bank of France had gained over three millions of francs during the month.

The Grand Duke Nicolas, of Russia, was expected to visit Paris on the 10th of May.

SHOT BY A WOMAN.

The Sacramento *Union* of the 8th June has the following statement, but does not mention the name of the woman:—A friend from Carson City, who arrived yesterday, informs us that a Mexican named Manuel Marquez was shot at that place by a woman, under the following circumstances: The woman is married, has two children, and is living with her husband. The fellow approached her with proposals, which she resented as a gross insult. He then threatened her life and that of her husband, and did fire two shots into the house in which they lived. Thereupon he was arrested, taken before Judge Cuddeback, and after the facts were elicited, was required to give bonds for his appearance at Court in the sum of \$500, or remain in the custody of the Marshal.

The parties were leaving the Court room, the woman in company with her husband walked up behind the Mexican, when she drew a pistol from her pocket and shot him dead, the ball entering under his left shoulder, and passing through his heart.

The act was applauded by those present. The Mexican was a desperado, who had served a term in the California penitentiary.

HEENAN AND SAYERS.

We received information (which may be considered entirely reliable) says the *San Francisco Herald*, that Heenan and Sayers will fight again for the championship on or about the 25th of July.

It appears that Heenan refused to take up the original stakes, and, according to the rules of the ring, another contest was rendered necessary. The exact time is not made public, for the reason that it is considered desirable to keep the affair as private as possible.

Only twenty-five spectators, including the seconds, are to be allowed on each side. *Bell's Life* says that Heenan and Sayers will not be allowed to fight again in the United Kingdom, and thinks the idea of another contest should be given up. The fight will nevertheless come off.

RETURN TO PRIVATE LIFE.

John Minor Botta, a Virginia politician of much note, says in a letter to a Baltimore paper:—"The *Capitola demotee* of the party, which have fallen chiefly on my shoulders in this State for the last twenty years, and which have placed me in the position of being foremost in every light and hindmost at every feat, I cheerfully and gladly resign to any one of the numerous well qualified persons who may desire to occupy it. Henceforth the hard fighting of the party will have to be done, and the hard blows of the Democracy will have to be received, by somebody else, who may wish to enjoy it (if they do not profit by it) more than I have done."

POST EXPRESS.

The *San Francisco Herald* is informed that the Pony Express has obtained a contract from the Government to carry the U. S. Mail, via Salt Lake, for the sum of thirty-three thousand dollars a year.

The contract was to take effect on the first of June, instant. This proves that the government fully understands the necessity of keeping open the most direct and speedy communication between the eastern and western portions of the Union, and will not be backward in promoting and encouraging any enterprise for that purpose.

New Advertisements.

IMPORTANT NOTICE!

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN TO THOSE indebted to the late firm of H. G. WILLIAMSON & Co., that all accounts not settled by the 10th of July next will be placed in the hands of the proper parties, to be collected by law.

I am compelled to adopt this rigid course in order to satisfy certain claims against the firm to which accounts must be appropriated.

H. G. WILLIAMSON.

Stellacoom, June 29th, 1860.

FOUND.

FOUND—On Thursday morning, June 28th, on the Steamer *Clatsop* and Olympia road, near the latter place, a FURKED BOOK containing orders, receipts, notes, &c., on all of which is the name of P. H. Haley. It also contained one dollar in money. The owner is supposed to have been on his way to Oregon when he lost it, and is probably in that State now. He can recover the pocketbook and contents by applying at this office and paying for this advertisement. Sent

PUGET SOUND BAKERY

AND COFFEE HOUSE.

HENRY KORTER, PRACTICAL BAKER, TAKES THIS method of informing his friends and the public generally that he has opened a

BAKERY AND COFFEE HOUSE IN STELLACOOM.

On LaFayette street, between Balch and Main sts, where he will at all times be ready to dispense the best of BREAD, CAKES, PIES, &c., as well as all the delicacies of the art, and a good variety of confectionery with You and Coffee.

The proprietor has to add large cities of supplying families at their residences with Fresh Bread daily, has been adopted at this establishment. Those wishing to be served in this way can be accommodated on leaving their orders with me at the above place.

Cakes, Pies, and Confectionery made to order; also Baking and Boasting done daily.

Fresh Breads and Coffee constantly on hand, ready to be served at any hour of the day and evening, from 6 o'clock in the morning to 10 o'clock at night.

25-11 HENRY KORTER.

BIRTHS.

In Stellacoom, on Tuesday evening, June 26th, the wife of Mr. George Gallagher, of a Son.

MARRIED.

In Stellacoom, on Sunday evening, June 24th, by Rev. G. W. Sloan, Mr. Edward Louney to Miss Ellen Mahon, all of Pierce County.

Stellacoom Prices Current.

WHEAT—CORRECTED WEEKLY.

Produce—Corrected Weekly.

Beef, fresh, per lb. 10 Cents.

Mutton, per lb. 10 Cents.

Pork, fresh, per lb. 10 Cents.

Butter, per lb. 10 Cents.

Flour, per 100 lbs. 10 Cents.

