

# PUGET SOUND HERALD.

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## PUGET SOUND HERALD.

CHARLES PROSCH,  
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### Agriculture.

#### About Winter Butter.

A "Young Farmer" writes to the *Genesee Farmer* as follows:

"Small profit in trying to make butter at this season," said Uncle Joe, as he paused from his churning and wiped the sweat from his forehead; "here it is, nine o'clock; this churn has been going full three hours, and no signs of butter yet."

It surely was a hard case. I pitied uncle, but said nothing, for I knew nothing very pertinent to the occasion.

But "Home was not built in a day." "We live and learn;" and now—two years later—I sit down, having churned a respectable churning while wife was getting tea, and had time to spare to play with "baby." Experience has taught me several things since the day Uncle Joe questioned the profit of making butter in winter (mind, I don't say it is profitable.)

Hold! I must study brevity. "Be short," should be the motto of every one who writes for "the papers," and particularly for "our paper," the *Farmer*.

Last winter, I had a day's job at churning; and I found out what the great trouble was—the cream was too cold. Since that, when I have anything to do with churning, I try to have the cream just warm enough. Then the butter comes in from fifteen to twenty minutes; or at most, thirty or forty.

There are various methods of warming cream. A good way is to set the cream-pot in a warm room, and stir it occasionally. Or, in a vessel of warm water; or near a fire, turning and stirring frequently. Don't melt the cream; if you do, it will never make butter. Sometimes, finding, after churning awhile, that the cream is too cold, I set the churn near the fire, leaving it for a time; or, if in a hurry, and rather lazy withal, pour hot water into the churn, keeping the dash going all the while, so that none of the cream gets scalded.

When the cream "froths up," as you churn, you may generally be sure it is too cold. You may churn, if you like; but "the mischief is in it," and the butter will refuse to appear until it is warmed. Possibly you may warm it by churning; but it is a great saving of patience, time, and "elbow-grease," to warm it some other way.

In the day's churning mentioned above, the cream "frothed up" badly. We set the churn in a tub of hot water, finally; but had to get the cream much warmer than when it is "just right" at first. The butter-milk fairly smoked, as the churn was opened to take out the butter, and was blood warm, if not more.

That was the only time I ever used a thermometer to measure the temperature in churning. "According to the books," it was too warm all the while. We tried putting in snow to cool it. But it was really too cold,—and I think one's finger the best thermometer. Have the cream so it feels just a little warm to the finger, and it is right.

If one has good cream in the winter, they can make good butter. To get the first, one must have good, well-fed, and comfortable cows; an even temperature to raise the cream; and churn often, before it gets bitter and sour. But I will not expatiate on this branch of the subject.

One word more. Butter can be colored, without injury to the flavor, by putting carrot juice into the cream when churning. Grate the carrot, soak in milk, and squeeze the juice through a cloth into the churn. But I don't mind saying it, "summer butter" suits me the best for my table, and I am willing to let the city folks have what "winter butter" I make, as the groceryman will generally pay just as much for it.

If you wish your enemy never to know your secret, never divulge it to your friend.

**The Oldest Horse.**  
Which is the oldest horse, and how long with suitable care and attention can the horse be kept to be of service to man, are questions that we often hear; and while the writer of this may not be prepared to answer both questions, he has undertaken to write a little history of a pretty old horse owned in the goodly town of Oxford, N. Y.

Some twenty-five years since, a certain Baptist Minister brought to this town from Canada a span of black Indian ponies, as they were called, where they were taken wild a long time ago, by a man who has lately visited the neighborhood where one of them is now owned. He is a gentleman of the strictest veracity, and avers that as long as forty-one years ago this truly long-lived horse was taken wild, somewhere in Canada, when he was a full grown horse, where, with his mate, taken at the same time, he was owned and subjected to hard labor all over the Canadas, up to the time when they were brought to this country and tried a little in several of the States and Territories, and then traded off by the aforesaid Baptist Minister (for even Ministers traded horses in those days) to a Baptist Deacon, a neighbor of mine, who kept them a few years,—say ten or fifteen years—during which time they were allowed, for pasture, to do most of the hard work in the neighborhood during the week, and then to draw all hands up to meeting, four miles, on the Sabbath, and then again were good for all the evening meetings, singing school, &c., at the same time; when they were again traded off to a man back in the woods, who was just beginning a little clearing over there, full six or miles from the village of Oxford, up to which place, besides helping slick up the farm, they were driven—not only with big loads on the Sabbath, but almost every day in the week,—forward of an extra strong and heavy carriage, that used to carry all hands safe and sound. Finally one of these justly celebrated horses "kinder gin out," over there, and while the writer is unable to give the precise time when this event occurred, it is still known to have taken place some time during the first half of the century! At any rate, I well remember the time, for as soon as it did occur a pair of thills were fitted into the old carriage, which was extra strong and heavy, and the hero of this short history, which was for a few years allowed a little respite from work on the farm, and just trotted up to town rather oftener than ever, though in truth since the "going" has got to be uncommonly bad even for this country, and the old horse does begin to look a little oddish, he has been allowed to "lay by" for a while in order to recruit up again.

How long, with suitable care and attention, will the horse survive and be of service to man? The one whose life is written above is known to have been taken in a wild state more than forty years ago, at the time a full grown horse—at what age it is not known, as no record of the years of his colthood has ever been found, and tradition, alas! is silent upon the subject.

**Oxen vs. Horses.**  
Oxen cost far less and can be kept cheaper than horses; the wear and tear of the yoke and chain is less than that of a set of harness; and if an accident, such as breaking a leg, should happen to one, he is not a dead loss—for, if kept as he should be, and as any farmer will find it to his interest to keep his cat's, he will make beef while a horse in like circumstances would be a dead loss. So says a writer of New York in the *Genesee Farmer*.

**Buckwheat for a Sod Crop on the Prairie.**  
Hitherto it has been thought that only corn could be grown on prairie sod the same year it is broken up; but, upon trial, buckwheat proves more certain and valuable. It keeps down the weeds which spring up on land not thoroughly shaded, and proves a more remunerating crop.

The best time to cut timber is about the first of February. At this season, the timber is free from sap. I have taken up posts cut at this season, which had been set twenty years, and they were perfectly sound.

Was it ever known that a rural residence, tastefully planned and appropriately adorned, was not the abode of refinement and intelligence?

A child cutting its teeth took the edge off the knife.

**Good Night.**  
FROM THE GERMAN.  
Good night, my father dear!  
Thou com'st from thy labor full weary and worn—  
But peaceful and calm is the cottager's slumber,  
No care for the morrow thy dreams shall encumber,  
But, till the lark shall arouse thee at morn,  
Good night!

Good night, my mother dear!  
Thy lullaby oft has my sorrows beguiled—  
Now may our God have thee in His good keeping,  
Angels watch over thee while thou art sleeping,  
Soothed to repose by the voice of thy child—  
Good night!

Good night, brother mine!  
Soft be thy rest, as if pillowed on flowers;  
Sleeping or waking, God keep thee from sorrow!  
Sweet is thy parting who partest on the morrow;  
Ever, dear brother, who meetest be ours!  
Good night!

Good night, sister sweet!  
Thou hast been long with the flowers at play;  
Lie to thy couch, for thy eyelids are waking,  
Since we know, dearest friends, we shall meet on'th' morrow!  
Smile on my sister, and seemest to say—  
Good night!

Good night, beloved one!  
Right be the visions sleep bringeth to thee;  
Heaven shield thee from ill till the night hours are over;  
All gentle spirits above thy rest lover,  
Whispering, ever, beloved, of me,  
Good night!

Good night, dear ones all!  
No heart feeleth sad that we part for awhile;  
Then, at our last parting, oh! let us not sorrow,  
Since we know, dearest friends, we shall meet on'th' morrow!  
But as life's evening closes, repeat with a smile,  
Good night!

**Squeezing.**  
How different the beesax have grown,  
In fact, they're perfect chubs;  
Such perfect collars now is shown,  
They never squeeze the girls!

But females have devised a plan,  
In lieu of these cold vests;  
They now (oh! shame upon you, man)  
With corsets squeeze themselves.

### THE TROUBLESOME NECE.

[CONCLUDED.]

When Martha Allen was gone, Absalom Burr wiped a tear from his eye. Kate looked up through her own tears and saw him. She moved quietly to his side, and putting her soft arms around his neck, kissed him on the cheek; but she did not speak.

An excellent supper was partaken of, and in the evening, Kate sang some of the sweetest songs to her uncle, and more than once, while she sang, she saw tears in his eyes.

That night, when Absalom Burr laid his head on his pillow, he had a new emotion, and it was a strange one to him—yet it was a sweet and blessed one. He had done a deed of charity, and the blessings of that poor but noble girl rang in his ears and dropped upon his soul; and he imagined he could hear the prayers of Mark Allen, for an honest, industrious, hardworking man, and he felt sure that Mark would pray for him. Surely, the thought was a blessed one.

But stop! Who gave that saving gift? Who did that deed of charity?

"By the saints," murmured the old man, starting up in bed, "I did it! Kate shall pay me one cent! She shall, bless me if she shall!"

And Absalom lay back upon his pillow, and in the night he dreamed that Martha Allen was an angel, and that she came to bless him. It was a sweet, cheering dream.

Two days afterwards, Kate proposed that they should go, and visit Mark Allen. "For," said she, "our presence may cheer him."

And the old man finally consented to go. They reached the humble cot, and were welcomed in by Martha. They found old Mark sitting in a great stuffed chair which a neighbor had sent in, and though he looked pale and wan, yet a warm smile suffused his face as he saw the visitors.

"Mr. Burr," he said, while big tears stood in his eyes, "I can never pay you for the noble kindness you have shown to me. I may at some time pay the money, but I cannot pay you all, for the bare knowledge that I have such a generous friend to stretch out his saving hand in the hour of gloom and misery."

"Talk not of money to me," returned uncle Absalom, earnestly and warmly. "If it served you, I am already more than repaid. The blessings of man are cheaply purchased when so slight a sum can do it; and moreover, I have been more than repaid in the very knowledge that I have been of service to a suffering fellow."

Even Kate was surprised by this; but she knew that it was real, and she was glad.

When they arose to depart, at the end of an hour, Martha followed them to the door, and there she blessed the old man again. He was moved by a generous impulse, and he took a golden half eagle from his pocket and handed it to her.

"No, sir," she said, drawing her hand back, "what you have already given us will suffice until father gets out. But there is one who would be blessed with the gift, and if you will permit me, I will relinquish the gift in her behalf. The widow Wildredge is very low, and her daughter is sick. I carried them over some food this morning, and found them quite destitute."

But uncle Absalom was a stubborn man, and he would have his own way.

"Take this," he said, "and we may find another for Mrs. Wildredge. Your father will not be able to work for some time yet. If you will,

will call on the widow—but if you refuse me, I won't move a step, only towards home."

Martha took the money with tearful eyes, and Mr. Burr heard more blessings as he turned away. Widow Wildredge's dwelling was not far off, and thither the uncle and niece turned their steps. They found the mother, a widow of some fifty years, sitting by the bedside of her sick daughter. She arose as the visitors came in, and her countenance plainly showed that she wondered why Absalom Burr called. But she saw an angel in Kate's mild blue eyes.

Absalom and the widow were playmates once, and the ice was soon broken. Gradually the uncle and niece drew forth the story of the woman's sufferings, and then the old man took out his pocket-book, and took therefrom fifteen dollars.

"Here," he said, as he handed it to the widow, "this may serve to lighten your burden some. I am able, while you are needy. Take it, and remember that you may look to me again when need comes upon you."

Mechanically the woman took the money, and having gazed first upon the charmed notes, and then upon the donor, she bowed her head and thanked God for the blessing. And then, while the tears gushed forth, she caught the old man by the hand and poured forth her thanks.

When Absalom Burr sat down to his supper that night, that shade upon his face was as soft as the radiance of the setting sun. His food was eaten with a keen relish, and he could now return Kate's smile. And on that night, too, his dreams were more pleasant than ever.

Sometime during the next day Kate came from the cellar, and asked her uncle what that dark vault was for.

"How did you find it?" he cried, in quick alarm.

"The door was partly open."

"I did forget to lock it. I remember now."

"But what is it, uncle?"

The old man finally confessed to Kate that he had over twenty thousand dollars stowed away there.

"Why, uncle? Is it possible? And you let it lie there in the dark, without use?"

"But if the assessors knew it, they'd make me pay taxes on it."

Kate was about to give utterance to a very indignant response; but she held it back, and went and sat down by the old man's side.

"Now, look here, uncle Absalom, how much would you be taxed on that money?"

"Over a hundred dollars a year. Just think of it."

"Yes, and think of this: here is the railroad company just advertised for a loan of twenty-five thousand dollars at five per cent. You can make up the twenty-five thousand and let them have it. Have you not five thousand more lying idle somewhere?"

"Perhaps so," said the old man, thoughtfully.

"Then, look at it. Thus you would not only help the community, and assist a great public good, but you would at the same time be realizing twelve hundred and fifty dollars a year where you do not get a cent. And again—when the company have got through with the money, you can build houses here in this town, every one of which will let, as soon as finished, and at fair rates. Think how you will thus be benefitting the community, and at the same time be rendering yourself more able to bestow in charity such sums as your own good judgment may dictate."

And then again, resumed Kate, as she noticed the doubtful look on her uncle's face, "how much easier you would feel to know that your money is safe, than to be worrying all the while for fear some one will come in the night and rob you."

This last hit touched a vulnerable point, and Absalom said he would think of it. And he did think of it to some purpose, for on the very next morning he started off for P—, and having found the proper officers, he told them that he could accommodate them with the desired loan.

They were much pleased, and in a short time they had the money in gold and current bills, and Absalom had the notes and good security.

He went home with a better opinion of his fellow men and of himself than he ever had before, for he had been thanked by noble gentlemen for his kindness, and his opinion had been asked on various important matters, and he had partly promised, too, that if the new road wanted more help, he would give it.

Six months passed away, and the troublesome niece still lived with her uncle. They also inhabited the same little house into which Kate had first come. On the day when the sixth month from the time of giving the ten dollars to Martha Allen passed away, Kate came into the room where her uncle sat, and in her hand she held a ten dollar note.

"Uncle Absalom," she said, "do you remember what I told you when you gave that ten dollars to Martha Allen? The six months are up, and I have come to redeem my promise. Here is your money."

"Thank you," said the old man, as he took the bill, and put it in his pocket; "I am glad that you are so punctual." That was all he said, and then he took his hat and went out. Kate was puzzled but not astonished, for she noticed a

twinkling in the old man's eye, which meant more than ten dollars amounted to.

It was near the middle of the afternoon when uncle Absalom returned, and under his arm he carried a small box, which he gave to Kate, saying as he did so:

"Here, Kate, that is for you—the first present from your uncle." There was a tear in his eye and his voice trembled, and when the bright eyed girl kissed him he wept outright.

She hurried away to her little room and opened the box. The first thing she saw was a letter directed to herself, and in her uncle's hand writing. The next was a neatly embossed ebony casket, within which she found a fine gold watch and chain, with a small locket attached, within which was found a miniature of uncle Absalom.

Below this was a small blank book, and by looking into it she discovered that on that very day, the sum of three thousand dollars had been deposited in her name at eight per cent. interest, to be drawn by her in whole or in part, at will. As soon as she could see plain enough through her tears, she opened her uncle's letter and read as follows:

June 18, 18—.

"MY DEAR KATE: Six months ago my heart was all cold and hard, and closed to every kindly emotion. I distrusted all my fellows, and saw no good in humanity. My life path was dark and gloomy, and a chill night was upon my soul. But you came to me with sunlight and joy, and by your sweet music and gentle persuasions my heart was opened, and the warm light of love entered, and since then some good has emanated from that open heart. And now to you who performed the happy work, I give the accompanying as a slight token of my love for you and my appreciation for your many virtues. But you will not leave me. Perhaps at some time you may be called upon to enter a new, a holier partnership, but I beg of you not to forget me. Tell the happy man who may claim you, that you cannot go without me; for my life would be a living death without you. Your uncle,

ABSALOM BURR."

When Kate next met her uncle, her eyes were red with weeping, and her cheeks were wet. She moved to his side, and as she kissed him she simply whispered, "God bless you! I will never own a home where you may not go."

When the warm breath of summer came, the old man moved into a good house, and ere long afterward, Kate gave her hand to an honest, industrious mechanic—a carpenter by trade. And then came the business. Absalom found the funds, and Kate's husband found the skill, and new houses went up in the thriving village. The old man was busy now, and as his simple aboriginal life had left him with a noble constitution, he was spry and strong.

And Absalom Burr and his niece were not the only ones who were blessed by the opening of that hardened heart. No—far from it. Hundreds there were who had basked in the warm sunlight of the noble charity that floated from the ample source which Kate's gentle wand had opened.

**The Artist's Incognito.**  
There is a bench in one of the public gardens in Paris, which is the resort of the inferior class of musicians, and where the keepers of places of amusement are in the habit of coming to hire performers. One fine morning, the keeper of one of the *guinguettes*, or little dancing and drinking houses in the suburbs, came there to hire musicians for the evening, and saw a little old man of cheerful air, walking up and down. He accosted him at once; "Are you a musician?"

"Yes."

"I want some one to play for me to-night."

"What will you give me?"

"Three francs."

"It is a bargain."

In the evening the musician took his place in the little orchestra, and began to play waltzes for the grisettes and their lovers, who formed the company.

Soon the dance was deserted; every one crowded round the orchestra to listen to music very different from what they were used to hearing. The ball-room grew still as death, except when the silence was interrupted by prolonged and vehement bravos. The landlord was as much surprised and delighted as the rest.

"Pray, sir, who are you?"

"Ferdinand Paer, *maitre de chapelle* to his Majesty, Charles X."

It was indeed he, the first musician and composer of the day. For a frolic he had pocketed his three francs, and agreed to amuse a far more miscellaneous audience than those he was accustomed to see.

**Postposty.**  
A facetious gentleman, while travelling, on arriving at his lodging place in the evening, was met by the hostler, whom he thus addressed: "Boy, extricate that quadruped from the vehicle, stabulate him, denote him an adequate supply of nutrititious aliment, and when the aurora of morn shall again illumine the oriental horizon, I will award you a pecuniary compensation for your amiable hospitality." The boy, not understanding a word, ran into the house saying, "Master, here's a Dutchman wants to see you."

**The Quaker's Letter.**  
"Friend John, I desire thee to go to one of those sinful men in the flesh called *Attorneys*, and let him take out an instrument with a seal thereunto, by means whereof we may seize the outward tabernacle of John Green, and bring him before the Lambekimen of Westminster, and teach him to do as he would be done by."

**Brotherly Affection.**  
In the reign of Queen Anne, a soldier belonging to the marching regiment which was quartered in the city of Rochester, was taken up for desertion, and, being tried by a court martial, was sentenced to be shot. The Colonel and Lieutenant Colonel, being at the time in London, the command of the regiment descended to the Major, a most inhuman man. The day on which the quarter was to be executed having arrived, the regiment, as usual on such occasions, was drawn out to see the execution.

It is the custom, on these occasions, to draw lots from the several corporals, for this disagreeable office; and when every one expected to see these lots as usual, they were astonished to find that the Major had given orders that the prisoner should die by the hands of his own brother, who was only a private in the same company, and who, when the cruel order arrived, was taking leave of his unhappy brother, and with tears fast flowing, that expressed the anguish of his soul, was hanging for the last time about his neck.

On his knees did the poor fellow beg that he might not have a hand in his death; and the poor prisoner, forgetting for a moment his petition to Heaven, begged to die by any hands than those of his brother. The unrelenting officer, however, could not be prevailed on to revoke his cruel order, though entreated to do so by every officer in the regiment; on the contrary, he swore that the brother, and he only, should be the executioner, if it were only for example's sake, to make justice appear more terrible. When much time had been lost, in fruitless endeavors to soften the rigor of this inhuman sentence, the prisoner prepared to die, and the brother to be the executioner.

The Major, strict to the maxims of cruelty, stands close, to see that the piece is properly loaded; which, being done, he directs that the third motion of his cane should be the signal of fire. Accordingly, at the third motion of the cane, the Major, instead of the prisoner, received the bullet through his own heart, and fell lifeless to the ground.

The man no sooner discharged the piece, than throwing it on the ground, he exclaimed: "He that can give no mercy, no mercy let him receive. Now, I submit; I had rather die this hour for that man's death, than live a thousand years and take away the life of my brother."

No one seemed sorry for this unexpected justice on the inhuman Major, and the man being ordered into custody, many gentlemen present, who had been witnesses to the whole affair, joined to entreat the officer to defer the execution of the other brother, till the Queen's pleasure should be known.

The request being complied with, the City Chamber, that very night, drew up a feeling and pathetic address to her Majesty, setting forth the cruelty of the deceased officer, and humbly entreated her Majesty's pardon for both the brothers.

The brothers were pardoned, and discharged from the army.

**Valuable Exchange.**  
A surgeon, residing between Bolton and Manchester, took his pony to Turton fair with the intention of selling it, or making an exchange, as it did not exactly suit his purpose. The pony was worth £12; and shortly after he had arrived at the fair a bargain was struck, and he paid a sovereign in exchange for "a prime 'un as ever run afore a tail;" nay, so excellent was it that the parties could not even afford to give the gentleman a shilling out for "luck." In a few minutes afterwards two men came up to him with the astounding information that the horse had got the glanders; that they "never need see war blondurt;" and if he did not take it out of the fair they would shoot it, because they could "ston to do by law." He felt quite alarmed, and whilst ruminating upon his misfortune, two other men, no doubt of the same party, came up to him, and also threatened to shoot it; but, if he liked, as he had made such a bad bargain, they would give him the price of the hide for it. This was ultimately agreed upon; and giving them a shilling out of the sovereign "for luck," so that the gentleman returned home minus his pony and a shilling by the two bargains.

**The Indignant Pointer.**  
A gentleman was visited by one that was as fond of the sport as he who could do better; off they started on a September morn with one of the best of the kennel; the dog, nothing loth, ranged, quickly found, and stood steady; up walks the gunner—bang! bang! away the birds flew; the dog gave an insignificant look at his companion, as much as to say, "You must mend this." Again, and again, with no better effect than the first, the dog watching the flight of the covey till out of sight. He then gave the gentleman a most expressive look of contempt, and trotted home to his master.

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TRY THESE.



PUGET SOUND HERALD, STEILACOOM, W. T., SEPT. 3, 1858.

MR. DEVORE'S REJOINDER. Mr. Devore:—In reply to Mr. Rossi, permit me to say that I have great respect for all foreigners, Roman Catholics, and others; but when men commit errors, they should be required to see them.

Another mass of rock, earth and trees separated themselves from Goat Island, at Niagara Falls, and went thundering down into the chasm. The Niagara Falls Gazette thinks that at this rate Buffalo may hope "in time" to have the Falls within the city limits.

After sentence of death had been passed upon the Italian, Canzani, at New York, the prisoner handed to the Court a paper declaring that he was innocent, but had been convicted by the aid of money, which result he might have expected under a monarchy but never could have anticipated under a republic of America.

A son of Alexander Ewing, who lives near Mount Pleasant, Md., became overheated in the harvest-field and was thrown into a state of delirium. In this condition he went to the house of John Brown, Jr., a near neighbor, where his actions and appearance so frightened Mrs. Brown that she fell into convulsions, which caused her death shortly afterwards.

The attempt to bore an artesian well at Columbus, Ohio, seems likely to be a failure. On the 6th the shaft had penetrated to the depth of 1708 feet. Fifty feet more will complete the last contract between the State House Commissioners and the parties who are performing the work.

The limestone stratum seems to eclipse by far anything of the kind ever before heard of in the geology of the country, as the shaft has already been sunk into it upwards of one thousand feet.

In the Worcester Police Court, Nathan B. Gates was fined \$10 and costs (amounting in all to \$27.00) for shooting two woodcocks in the town of Spencer, in June last.

A full account of the burial of Dr. Mitchell, on the summit of Mount Mitchell, in North Carolina (the highest point of land in the United States east of the Rocky Mountains), is given in the Raleigh Register. Dr. Mitchell lost his life whilst engaged in measuring and surveying the mountain on which he remains now repose.

The funeral was attended by the most distinguished men in the State, and the ceremonies were very impressive.

Charles Tarr, aged twenty-one, a son of Mr. James Tarr of Monson, Me., was drowned at that place while bathing.

George F. Nesbitt and his son, fifteen years of age, were drowned at Stamford, Ct. The father fell from a boat while fishing, and the son jumped in to rescue him, when both were drowned.

A man named Barney Maganady, from Prudence Island, R. I., near Newport, has been arrested for an outrage upon Margaret Scott. After his arrest, intelligence was received that the girl had died from the brutalities inflicted upon her by the monster.

A little son of Martin Morgan, aged three years, was bitten in the leg by a copperhead, in the Brush Mountain, near Hollidaysburg, Pa., from the effects of which the child died within twenty-four hours.

A foolishly sailor jumped from the rigging of a vessel in Chicago 170 feet to the water. He was taken out senseless, but recovered. He is badly injured. The leap was made upon a bet of \$25, but he will not be apt to repeat it.

A most interesting and important paper was lately read before the New York Historical Society, by the librarian, Mr. George H. Moore, which proved beyond question, that Gen. Lee of the Revolution was a bold and well-nigh successful conspirator against Washington and the liberties of his country. The matter is left no longer in doubt, and that which has seemed strange and doubtful in his conduct is fully explained.

Athens is to be lighted with gas, but it has already taken three months to dig the foundation for a gasometer.

The Delaware peach crop, it is predicted, will be short this year. The Gazette does not anticipate more than a third crop. Apples promise but little better.

FREDERICK BARJONINS, DEALER IN HORSES, CATTLE, PRODUCE, &c., &c., AND GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANT, OLYMPIA, W. T.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAS PERMANENTLY ESTABLISHED HIMSELF IN BUSINESS AS ABOVE, THE PUBLIC ARE INFORMED THAT HE WILL AT ALL TIMES HOLD HIMSELF IN READINESS TO MAKE PURCHASES OF HORSES, CATTLE, PRODUCE, AND PROPERTY OF ALL KINDS TO ORDER, OR OTHERWISE, AND GIVE PROMPT ATTENTION TO THE MAKING SALE OR OTHERWISE DISPOSING OF, OR STORING SUCH PROPERTY AS MAY BE PLACED IN HIS HANDS FOR THAT PURPOSE.

PACIFIC FOUNDRY AND MACHINE SHOP, SAN FRANCISCO. Established in 1850.

THE ABOVE ESTABLISHMENT IS BELIEVED TO HAVE FACILITIES FOR THE MANUFACTURE OF EVERY DESCRIPTION OF CASTINGS AND MACHINERY SUPERIOR TO ANY OTHER ON THE PACIFIC COAST. EVERY KIND OF SAW AND FLOUR MILL MACHINERY, STEAM ENGINES, &c., &c., MADE AT SHORT NOTICE AND IN THE MOST WORKMANLIKE MANNER.

Shingle Machine at moderate cost which we believe to be more efficient than any other in use.

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ATLANTIC NEWS.

Our dates from the Atlantic States reach to 20th July. The celebration of the Fourth was attended with the usual amount of accidents; some thirty or forty children and adults, in the different States, having been maimed or killed so far as heard from.

Another mass of rock, earth and trees separated themselves from Goat Island, at Niagara Falls, and went thundering down into the chasm. The Niagara Falls Gazette thinks that at this rate Buffalo may hope "in time" to have the Falls within the city limits.

After sentence of death had been passed upon the Italian, Canzani, at New York, the prisoner handed to the Court a paper declaring that he was innocent, but had been convicted by the aid of money, which result he might have expected under a monarchy but never could have anticipated under a republic of America.

A son of Alexander Ewing, who lives near Mount Pleasant, Md., became overheated in the harvest-field and was thrown into a state of delirium. In this condition he went to the house of John Brown, Jr., a near neighbor, where his actions and appearance so frightened Mrs. Brown that she fell into convulsions, which caused her death shortly afterwards.

The attempt to bore an artesian well at Columbus, Ohio, seems likely to be a failure. On the 6th the shaft had penetrated to the depth of 1708 feet. Fifty feet more will complete the last contract between the State House Commissioners and the parties who are performing the work.

The limestone stratum seems to eclipse by far anything of the kind ever before heard of in the geology of the country, as the shaft has already been sunk into it upwards of one thousand feet.

In the Worcester Police Court, Nathan B. Gates was fined \$10 and costs (amounting in all to \$27.00) for shooting two woodcocks in the town of Spencer, in June last.

A full account of the burial of Dr. Mitchell, on the summit of Mount Mitchell, in North Carolina (the highest point of land in the United States east of the Rocky Mountains), is given in the Raleigh Register. Dr. Mitchell lost his life whilst engaged in measuring and surveying the mountain on which he remains now repose.

The funeral was attended by the most distinguished men in the State, and the ceremonies were very impressive.

Charles Tarr, aged twenty-one, a son of Mr. James Tarr of Monson, Me., was drowned at that place while bathing.

George F. Nesbitt and his son, fifteen years of age, were drowned at Stamford, Ct. The father fell from a boat while fishing, and the son jumped in to rescue him, when both were drowned.

A man named Barney Maganady, from Prudence Island, R. I., near Newport, has been arrested for an outrage upon Margaret Scott. After his arrest, intelligence was received that the girl had died from the brutalities inflicted upon her by the monster.

A little son of Martin Morgan, aged three years, was bitten in the leg by a copperhead, in the Brush Mountain, near Hollidaysburg, Pa., from the effects of which the child died within twenty-four hours.

A foolishly sailor jumped from the rigging of a vessel in Chicago 170 feet to the water. He was taken out senseless, but recovered. He is badly injured. The leap was made upon a bet of \$25, but he will not be apt to repeat it.

A most interesting and important paper was lately read before the New York Historical Society, by the librarian, Mr. George H. Moore, which proved beyond question, that Gen. Lee of the Revolution was a bold and well-nigh successful conspirator against Washington and the liberties of his country. The matter is left no longer in doubt, and that which has seemed strange and doubtful in his conduct is fully explained.

Athens is to be lighted with gas, but it has already taken three months to dig the foundation for a gasometer.

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Shipping.

BALCH'S REGULAR LINE OF PACKETS BETWEEN PUGET SOUND AND SAN FRANCISCO

Is composed of the following first class vessels: Brig CYRUS, 450 Tons, A. Y. TRASK, Commander; and W. H. BIGGS, Commander.

The above vessels are equipped by experienced and generally captains, well known to the trade, and will run regularly between Puget Sound (W. T.) and San Francisco. Freight will be taken at San Francisco for all points on the Coast.

Goods from any of the Atlantic States for Puget Sound will be carefully received at San Francisco and promptly forwarded.

BALCH & WEBBER, STEILACOOM, W. T. LAFAYETTE BALCH, STEWART ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

FOR SALE OR CHARTER. The fast-sailing schooner I. I. STEVENS, 20 tons burden, in good order. She is about fifteen months old, and can be long masted for cash.

MISCELLANEOUS. STEILACOOM LIVERY STABLE. THE UNDERSIGNED, HAVING ESTABLISHED HIMSELF IN THE ABOVE BUSINESS IN THIS PLACE, WILL DEVOTE HIS ATTENTION EXCLUSIVELY TO CONDUCTING IT IN A PROPER AND SATISFACTORY MANNER.

MARINE HOSPITAL, Port Townsend, June 22, 1858. DR. P. M. O'BRIEN, LATE RESIDENT PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON OF THE COUNTY HOSPITAL, SAN FRANCISCO, AND OF THE HOSPITAL OF THE SISTERS OF MERCY, IS NOW IN CHARGE OF THE MARINE HOSPITAL AT PORT TOWNSEND.

OLYMPIA HARDWARE EMPORIUM. THE UNDERSIGNED, HAVING ENTERED INTO CO-PARTNERSHIP IN THE HARDWARE, STOVE AND TIN BUSINESS, WILL HEREAFTER (AT THE OLD STAND OF W. N. AYERS) KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND A FULL ASSORTMENT OF HARDWARE, STOVES, TINWARE, IRON, STEEL, CASTINGS, &c.

GALLAGHER'S HARDWARE ESTABLISHMENT, Main street, Olympia, W. T. GEORGE GALLAGHER, Dealer in Stoves, Hardware, Tinware, Agricultural Implements, &c.

WATCHES AND JEWELRY. G. COLLIER ROBBINS, FORTLAND, PORTLAND.

JOHN D. ARTHUR, IMPORTER AND JOBBER OF AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS. HAS JUST RECEIVED, BY LATE ARRIVAL from the East, and will continue to receive, a large and varied assortment of AGRICULTURAL GOODS.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAS PERMANENTLY ESTABLISHED HIMSELF IN BUSINESS AS ABOVE, THE PUBLIC ARE INFORMED THAT HE WILL AT ALL TIMES HOLD HIMSELF IN READINESS TO MAKE PURCHASES OF HORSES, CATTLE, PRODUCE, AND PROPERTY OF ALL KINDS TO ORDER, OR OTHERWISE, AND GIVE PROMPT ATTENTION TO THE MAKING SALE OR OTHERWISE DISPOSING OF, OR STORING SUCH PROPERTY AS MAY BE PLACED IN HIS HANDS FOR THAT PURPOSE.

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San Francisco.

JONAS G. CLARK & CO., IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF FURNITURE, 128 Washington St., SAN FRANCISCO.

Valley Whisky!!! This Whisky is manufactured expressly for us by one of the oldest Distillers in the Valley of the Monongahela, from the finest quality of Rye, prepared by a process known only to him.

VALLEY WHISKY. It is put up in cases containing one dozen bottles each. It is recommended by the first physicians for its medicinal qualities.

LONDON CLUB-HOUSE GIN. To the Public. This celebrated Gin—pretending to nothing but what it is, viz: a pure and unadulterated article, and assuming no artificial merits of what it is not, so some of its rival imitations do—after eight years of public approval and very extensive sales in the cities of New York, Philadelphia, Boston and the Western cities, has been pronounced by the public as well as by the best medical and scientific authorities, throughout the United States and the Canada, to be superior, not only as a beverage of general use, to any other article competing against it, but is unequalled in its medicinal efficiency in all classes of complaints.

THE LONDON CLUB-HOUSE GIN. Requires no "word of advice," no "caution to the public." Those who once drink it find security in its virtues against the vicious temptations of distillate any of its kind, and are under no "advice" to "quit" those who "caution the public" against counterfeiters have themselves been cautioned by the public to beware of any but THE LONDON CLUB-HOUSE GIN.

WILLIAM H. DAY, Sole Importer, New York.

NOTICE.—The undersigned success of the LONDON CLUB-HOUSE GIN has induced several other parties to put up an inferior article under similar titles. Purchasers will please notice the fac simile of the signature of the undersigned on the label.

W. M. H. DALY. For sale by all the principal Liquor Houses in San Francisco, California.

THE GREATEST DISCOVERY OF THE AGE. GREAT BLENDING TO MAKE INOCCENT BUT POTENT. DR. J. CZAPKAY'S PROPHYLACTICUM, (self-dissolving agent) a sure preventive against Gonorrhoea and Syphilis, &c., and an unobscured remedy for all venereal eruptions, gonorreas and cancerous ulcers, fluid discharges from vagina, uterus and urethra, and all cutaneous eruptions and diseases. For sale at Dr. J. Czapka's Pharmacy, Sacramento street, nearly opposite Pacific Mail Steamship Co's office, San Francisco.

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MUSIC! MUSIC FOR THE MILLION AT KOHLER'S, No. 178 Washington St.

SONGS, WALTZES, POLKAS, SCHOTTISCHES, QUADRILLES, MAZURKAS, SELECTIONS FROM ALL THE OPERAS, Etc., Etc., Etc., BY THE MOST EMINENT COMPOSERS.

MUSIC BOOKS. INSTRUCTORS—For all Instruments, GLEE BOOKS, OPERAS, ORATORIOS, SACRED MUSIC BOOKS, SCHOOL BOOKS, BLANK BOOKS, MUSIC PAPER, BRASS BAND MUSIC.

BRASS INSTRUMENTS. TROMBONES, CORNETS, POST HORNS, CORNOPEANS, OPHICHEADS, ALTO HORNS, BUGLES, TENOR HORNS, CYMBALS, BARITONES, TUBAS.

ACCORDEONS. FROM THE BEST FRENCH MAKERS. SEVEN CASES, just received and now unpacking, will be sold to the trade at \$5 per cent. Less than Former Prices.

GUITARS. FROM THE BEST FRENCH, GERMAN AND AMERICAN MAKERS. Note.—A KOHLER is Sole Agent in California for the celebrated maker.

CHARLES STUMCKE. VIOLINS, FLUTES, SAXOPHONES, PIPES, CLARINETTES, PICOLOES, TAMBOURINES, FAGOTTES.

MUSICAL MERCHANDISE. Of every description always on hand in large quantities.

ROMAN AND ITALIAN STRINGS. Just received, an invoice of the famous S. S. R. Roman Strings, warranted to be unequalled in the world.

FANCY ARTICLES. Vases, Porte-Monnettes, Portfolios, Watchstands, Plaques, Opera-Glasses, Lithographs, &c., &c.

CHILDREN'S CARRIAGES, BABY-JUMPERS, AND AN ENDLESS VARIETY OF TOYS. N.B.—Customers are requested to send their orders direct to the undersigned, either by mail or express, and they may be assured of having them filled promptly and to their satisfaction. All goods warranted perfect, or the money refunded.

WHOLESALE DEALERS. Are particularly invited to call and examine our immense stock. They will find our prices from 25 to 30 per cent. LOWER than any other jobbing house in California.

NOTICE. To the Consumers of CLUB HOUSE GIN! The great reputation of Daly's Old LONDON CLUB HOUSE GIN, in consequence of its superior and uniform quality, has induced other parties to import, and also to put up in this market, an inferior article of Gin, branded "LONDON CLUB HOUSE."

W. M. H. DALY. For sale by all the principal Liquor Houses in San Francisco, California.

200 TON PATENT-COVERED MANS: 100 lbs Clear and Best Pork; 100 lbs Choice Pork; 100 lbs New Golden Butter; 100 cases Leaf Lard, 100 lbs; 100 bags Green Java Coffee; 100 drums new Coffee; 100 lbs No. 1 Macaroni; 100 lbs No. 2 do; 100 lbs No. 3 do; 100 lbs No. 4 do; 100 cases No. 1 China Tea; 100 cases No. 2 do; 100 cases No. 3 do; 100 cases No. 4 do; 100 cases No. 5 do; 100 cases No. 6 do; 100 cases No. 7 do; 100 cases No. 8 do; 100 cases No. 9 do; 100 cases No. 10 do; 100 cases No. 11 do; 100 cases No. 12 do; 100 cases No. 13 do; 100 cases No. 14 do; 100 cases No. 15 do; 100 cases No. 16 do; 100 cases No. 17 do; 100 cases No. 18 do; 100 cases No. 19 do; 100 cases No. 20 do.

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Business Cards.

JOB M. NEAMANS, WATCHMAKER AND JEWELLER, Will attend promptly to Repairing Watches, Clocks, &c., in Steilacoom, W. T.

J. H. MEEKER & SONS, DEALERS IN LIVE STOCK, FRESH MEATS, PROVISIONS, AND GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

S. McCAW & CO., Wholesale and Retail Dealers in DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, BOOTS AND SHOES, READY-MADE CLOTHING, Hardware, Tinware, Crockery, &c.

LAFAYETTE BALCH, J. B. WEBBER, FORWARDING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS, Dealers in DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, &c.

W. H. WALLACE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, STEILACOOM, W. T.

FRANK CLARK, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office—Corner of Duquoin and Chalm Streets, STEILACOOM, W. T.

B. F. DENNING, THE UNDERSIGNED, HAVING PRACTISED TEN YEARS in Ohio and California, has opened an office in Steilacoom, W. T., where he will continue the practice of Law, and attend to all business entrusted to his care.

GEORGE GALLAGHER, DEALER IN STOVES, HARDWARE, TINWARE, AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS, ETC., OLYMPIA, W. T.

WILBUR & BUSHMANN, REGGERS AND STEVEDORES, TERKALEY, W. T.

P. J. MOONEY, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, ETC., ETC., STEILACOOM, W. T.

G. A. BAKER, BARNES & AYERS, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in HARDWARE, TINWARE, COOK, BOX, AND PARLOR STOVES, Agent-General Importers, &c., Main street, three doors above the Post Office, OLYMPIA, W. T.

LAFAYETTE BALCH, J. B. WEBBER, Manufacturers, Importers and Dealers in PUGET SOUND LUMBER OF ALL KINDS. Cargoes furnished for Export on short notice.

W. H. WILSON, W. G. DUNLAP, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, BOOTS AND SHOES, CROCKERYWARE, &c.

A. M. GILMAN & CO., IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC WINES AND LIQUORS, No. 53 Front street, SAN FRANCISCO.

A. E. BEGGAN & CO., WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN WINES, LIQUORS AND HAVANA CIGARS, 180 Front street, corner of Clay's, Between Jackson and Pacific, SAN FRANCISCO.

J. C. MEUNSDORFFER, MANUFACTURER AND IMPORTER OF HATS, CAPS, AND HATTERS' STOCK, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, 103 Commercial street, Second Hat Store out of Keary street, San Francisco.

POWELL & CO., FORWARDING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS, KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND A GOOD ASSORTMENT OF DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, HARDWARE AND CUTLERY, TINWARE, READY MADE CLOTHING, CROCKERYWARE, HATS, CAPS, BOOTS AND SHOES, FURNITURE, SHIP CHANDLERY AND STORES, MINING TOOLS, &c.

MINING TOOLS. STEAMER COLUMBIA—13 tons L. H. Shores; 12 tons Collier's; 6 tons State; 4 tons Iron, &c.

T. JONES, Hardware, Mining Tools,

