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## PUGET SOUND HERALD.

CHARLES PROSCH,  
Editor and Proprietor.

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### Footprints.

Dame Vigil long sat at the castle door,  
Looking, and knitting, and thinking of yore;  
She thought of the time when her locks as gray  
In singlets of gold on her temples lay;  
And she muttered low to the listening air,  
As she sat in her chair for months & years.

There dwelt a maiden within three walls—  
The heires, she, of these ancient halls;  
But no valiant knight, with title high,  
Could woo this maiden with gift or sigh;  
For Vigil kept watch at the great hall door,  
As she sat in her chair for months & years.

See, suddenly halts the chair at the door—  
The maid is listening, the maid is sore;  
She wipes her glasses clean and dry,  
And scowls the flow with an eager eye;  
She droopeth her hair long and straight and low,  
For her eyes are dim and the sense is slow.

"See, here is a dent on the oaken floor;  
It leads away from the great hall door;  
A crescent it scowls—a dotted line;  
But how it came here I cannot divine,  
Well, come whence it may, for woe or weal,  
'Tis the impress deep of an iron heel!"

The prints ran along by the eastern wall,  
And they led the dame through the oaken hall;  
They led her away up the oaken stair,  
They laughed at her, and they mocked her there,  
And the halting prints on the polished floor  
Incidentally led to a chamber door.

Dame Vigil was now on discovery bent,  
And into the maiden's chamber she went;  
She gazed at the maid, (who was deep in her book)  
Then around the room stole a hurried look;  
A sword and plume on the table lay,  
And several lances met the quizzing eye.

"Ah, woe is me!" cried the dame in afflict;  
"Ah, happy am I!" cried the maid in delight;  
"Your father, been Vigil, six weeks my life  
Has joyfully passed as Sir Lancelot's wife;  
His scepter sits on his shoulder now,  
His shadow now rests on my chamber wall!"

### The Sunset Land.

Oh! dully through the mists of years,  
That mid their dreary warrens press,  
The gorgeous sunset land appears,  
Arrayed in hues of faded green,  
And from that far off sunny clime,  
Old half-forgotten songs arise,  
And stealing o'er the waves of Time,  
The sweetly lingering music dies.

As some bright island of the sea,  
Forever blooming—ever fair;  
Though cold, dark billows round it be,  
And dismal shadows hover there,  
Thus o'er the silent sea of years,  
Our eager, longing looks are cast,  
We search for some far off dream,  
The small Eden of the past.

There memory weaves her garlands green  
Beside the lone, hope-haunted shore;  
And, naming 'neath the Arcadian scene,  
Twined flowers of our that bloom no more,  
Oh! hallowed clime! best land of love!  
Sweet patterns of our early dream,  
Still through the vale may fancy rove,  
Still back beneath thy evening beam.

And there they dwell—the cherished ones,  
In snow white brows and waving hair,  
I see them now—I hear their tones  
Of sweetest sigh along the air.  
Hark! how their voices ring  
In cadence with the wind's low sigh;  
Not sweeter than the wind's low sigh,  
That wafts at eve his melody.

They call as they wave their hands  
From the mirage of the sunset land,  
That close in all its beauty stands  
Against the forehead of the sky.  
With tender looks—bright laugh and song,  
With tender looks—bright laugh and song,  
They move along, that love-beked throng,  
Within the haunted sunset land.

A farmer who had employed a green Emerald,  
Ordered him to give the mule some corn in the ear.  
When he came in, the farmer asked:  
"Well, Pat, did you give him the corn?"  
"To be sure I did."  
"How did you give it?"  
"An sure, as ye told me, in the ear."  
"But how much did you give him?"  
"Well, ye see, the craythur wouldn't hold still, and kept switching his ears about so I couldn't get but 'bout a half in both ears."

"Well, Jane, this is a queer world," said Joe to his wife; "a sort of women philosophers have sprung up."  
"Indeed," said Jane; "and what do they hold?"  
"The strongest thing in nature," said he;—"their tongues!"

"Have you been much at sea?"  
"Why, no, not exactly; but my brother married a commodore's daughter?"  
"Were you ever abroad?"  
"No, not exactly; but my mother's maiden name was 'French.'"

If you would learn to bow, watch a mean man when he talks to a gentleman of wealth. A narrow-minded man can no more stand upright in the presence of a money-bag than he can throw a somersault over the moon.

A sensible writer advises those who would enjoy good eating to keep good-tempered; "for," says he, "an angry man can't tell whether he is eating boiled cabbage or stewed umbrells."

Pleasure, like quicksilver, is bright and shy. If we strive to grasp it, it still eludes us, and still glitters. We perhaps seize it, still, and find it rank poison.

In making an estimate of a man or woman, don't take the dress into consideration. "The value of the blade that you inquire into, not the scabbard."

Many are vain of their high living. But if a man becomes honorable by eating, how much more honorable is the worm that eats him.

Night brings out stars, as sorrow shows us truths; we never see the stars till we can see little or naught else—and thus it is with truth.

A poet says that the wind kisses the waves. That, we suppose, is the celebrated "kiss for a blow" about which we have heard so much.

If misfortune comes into your house, be patient, any smile pleasantly, and it will walk out again, for it cannot bear cheerful company.

It is said that a watch-dog is not so large in the morning as at night, because he is let out at night and taken in in the morning.

Don't live in hope with your arms folded; fortune smiles on those who roll up their sleeves, and put their shoulders to the wheel.

Kings never hear the voice of truth until they are dethroned, nor see beauties until they have abdicated their thrones.

A man of sense may well disdain artifice, just as a man of known wealth may venture to appear in a plain garb.

It was a law of the ancient Britons, that no one should be permitted to guide a plow until he could make one.

"So far, so good," as the boy said when he finished the first pot of his mother's jam.

### A Hunt on the Highway.

There was a shrewd robber somewhere. The farm houses were robbed; shops were robbed; the tills of the bars at the wayside inns were robbed; and the people had their pockets picked. All this happened in the region of country between Sidney and Lowstone—not a field of vast extent—and yet the robber or robbers could not be found. Officers had searched in every direction, and several suspicious looking individuals had been apprehended; but the real culprit still remained at large. One day the mail was robbed, and on the next a man had his pocket picked of five hundred pounds, while riding in the stage coach—for my narrative dates back to the old coaching days. The money had been carried in his breast pocket, and he knew it was stolen from him while he was enjoying a bit of a doze on the road.

I had been confined to my house by a severe cold for several days, and was not fit to go out now; but as this matter was becoming so serious, I felt it my duty to be on the move, and accordingly I fortified my throat and breast with warm flannel, and set forth. I had no settled plan in my mind, for I had not yet been upon the road, and was not thoroughly "posted up."

A ride of five miles in my own trap brought me to Sidney, and thence I mounted to take coach to Lowstone, where Sam Stickney, one of the shrewdest of men, lived. Stickney had already been on the search, and I wished to consult him before making any decided movement. I reached Sidney at half-past five in the morning, and the coach left at six. Lowstone was sixty miles distant, so I had a good ride before me. During the early part of the day I rode upon the box with the driver, and from him I gained considerable information touching the various robberies that had been committed. He was forced to admit that several people had been robbed in his stage, though he declared that he couldn't see into it, for he had not the most remote idea, even, of who the robber could be.

We reached Bonville at noon, where we stopped to dine, and when we left this place I was the only passenger. At the distance of twelve miles, at a little village called Cawthorne, we stopped to change horses, and here another passenger got up. I had seen occupying the forward seat, as that happened to be wider than the others, and gave me a better opportunity for lying down; and when the new comer entered, he took the back seat. He was a young man, I judged, and not very tall in stature; but so completely bundled up was he in shawls and mufflers, that his size of frame was not so easily determined. He was very pale, and coughed badly; and at once made up my mind that he was far less fit to travel than I was. After we had got fairly on our way, I remarked to him that I had been suffering from a severe cold, and that this was the first time I had ventured out for quite a number of days. He looked at me out of a pair of dark, bright eyes; and when he seemed to have determined what manner of man I was, he said—

"I have something worse than a cold, sir." He broke into a fit of coughing, which lasted a minute or so, and then added—"It won't be a great while before I shall take my last ride."

"You are consumptive?" I suggested.

"Almost gone with it," he replied. Again he was seized with a spasm of coughing, and when he had recovered from it, he continued—"The disease is eating me up and sinking me to pieces at the same time."

He further informed me that he had started out on a tour for his health, but that he had given it up, and was now on his way home, which place he was anxious to reach as soon as possible. Another paroxysm seized him at this point, and he intimated that he was unable to converse, as the effort brought on his cough. I had noticed this, and had made up my mind to trouble him no more, even before he had given me the hint.

After this he drew his outer shawl more closely about his neck and face, and having secured an easy posture, he closed his eyes, and was not long in following his example. Towards the middle of the afternoon the coach stopped at a small village, where we changed horses again, and where four passengers got up. This broke up the arrangement of my friend and self for rest, as he had to take one of the passengers on his seat, while I took another upon mine, the other two occupying the middle seat. The newcomers soon broached the subject of the robberies which had been committed in that region, and I listened to gain information if possible; but they knew no more than every one else knew. They had heard all about it, and were inflated with wonder.

"One of our old farmers—saw me if I knew anything of the robber. I told him that I knew but little of the affair in any way, having been sick, and unable to be out among folks. Then he asked my 'consumptive' friend if he knew anything about it. The latter raised his head from his reclining position, and was on the point of answering, when he heard our driver, in quick abrupt tones, ordering some one to get out of the road. I instinctively put my head out at the window to see what the trouble was, and my eyes were just quick enough to detect a load of fagots in time to dodge back and avoid them. The road was quite narrow at this point, and as the fagots were loaded very widely, it was impossible for the driver to wholly avoid them, and the side of the coach was swept by them quite smartly. I escaped without being touched, but not so my friend. I heard an exclamation—"I thought rather a profane one—from his lips, and on looking towards him I saw that one of the fagots had struck him over the left eye, making quite a mark upon the pale skin.

"These fellows ought to be taken up for leading their fagots out so," said another of the passengers.

"It'd be very well to load lay out wide, for that won't hurt nobody if it does hit 'em; but fagots is different," observed another.

This turned the conversation from the subject of the robberies, and it was not again alluded to during the day.

We reached Lowstone shortly after dark, and I went at once to the residence of Mr. Stickney, y whom I found at home. He had been out all day, and had made all sorts of efforts to obtain some clue to the perpetrators of the robberies that were being committed, but without effect.

"I can hear nothing," he said, "upon which to hang a suspicion. Two shops have been robbed in this place, but not a clue can I gain to the perpetrators. They must be old birds."

"Have you seen Gambitt?" I asked. Gambitt was the officer at Orton, a town twelve miles distant.

"Not lately," replied Stickney.

"He has been at work?" I suggested.

"Yes—I am sure of it."

"Then," said I, "we will go over in the morning to Orton, and with Gambitt in company we

may be able to perfect some arrangement for pursuing this investigation to better advantage."

This met the views of my host, and so we left the matter for the evening. On the following morning we were up early, and as the coach would take us directly to Gambitt's house, we chose that mode of conveyance, and repaired at a seasonable hour to the tavern for that purpose. When we reached the inn we found the old farmer, who had been one of my fellow passengers on the night before, stepping about the doorway in a high state of excitement. He had been robbed of three hundred pounds, and he was sure it must have been done in the stage-coach, for he had slept with his pocket-book under his pillow. He had not thought to look into it when he retired, but he found it empty that morning when he got up. He said the wallet had been taken from his pocket and put back again—he knew it. As soon as he saw me he was anxious I should be searched. I allowed him to perform the operation, and then I told him I was, and informed him of my business.

"But," said I, "where is the pale, consumptive man, who came in with us?"

"He went away last night," answered the landlord, who stood near.

My first aim was to satisfy myself that the old man had been robbed in the stage-coach, and of this he succeeded in convincing me. After this my suspicions rested upon the consumptive man, and I believed, if I could find him, I should find a rogue. Should we go to Orton or remain where we were? Stickney said, go to Orton first get Gambitt—and then make up a programme for the farmer having determined to remain where he was until he heard something about the money. There were two other passengers inside, and two or three outside, but they were strangers to me. We had gone two or three miles, when the driver pulled up before a small farm house, where a woman and a trunk were waiting by the garden gate. The lady was handed into the coach, and took a seat facing me, and as she turned to give the driver some direction concerning the baggage, she threw her veil over her bonnet. She was pretty—very pretty—with rosy cheeks, and sparkling eyes, and teeth that glistened in their pure whiteness like pearls. Her hair hung in glossy brown ringlets over her neck and shoulders, and was a type of beauty in itself. I looked at the rosy cheeks again—and at the pretty teeth—and into her dark lustrous eyes. My gaze was fixed upon this latter point when the driver turned round to remain where he was until he heard something about the money. There were two other passengers inside, and two or three outside, but they were strangers to me. We had gone two or three miles, when the driver pulled up before a small farm house, where a woman and a trunk were waiting by the garden gate. The lady was handed into the coach, and took a seat facing me, and as she turned to give the driver some direction concerning the baggage, she threw her veil over her bonnet. She was pretty—very pretty—with rosy cheeks, and sparkling eyes, and teeth that glistened in their pure whiteness like pearls. 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THE PUGET SOUND HERALD

Published every FRIDAY MORNING, at \$5 per annum in advance...

The Herald can be found in San Francisco at the depot of J. W. Sullivan...

We shall be pleased to furnish masters of vessels and others...

L. P. FISHER, 171 1/2 Washington st., San Francisco.

It authorized to act as the Agent of this paper in receiving advertisements...

The columns of the PUGET SOUND HERALD are given to communications...

PUGET SOUND HERALD

STEELACOOM, W. T., FRIDAY, NOV. 2, 1860.

A REGULATOR.—In addition to a very handsome assortment of jewelry...

RETURNED.—After an absence of eighteen months, six of which were devoted to the duty of bringing over the Fort Benton...

HANDSOME VEGETABLES.—We received yesterday afternoon, from Mr. Franklin Kennedy...

LOCKED UP.—On last Wednesday evening, Dr. M. P. Barns, of Olympia...

A CHALLENGE.—It is currently reported in San Francisco that Senator Gwin has challenged ex-Congressman McDougal...

MILITARY ARRIVAL.—The following officers arrived at Fort Steelacoom by steamers last week...

CEREMONY HELD.—A public meeting is called for Tuesday evening next, 6th inst., at Dr. Webber's rooms...

THE WEAVER.—Our winter has set in in earnest. During the past week, an unusual quantity of rain has fallen...

THE NEW STEAMER.—The steamer Brother Jonathan is advertised to leave San Francisco on the 30th ult. (Tuesday last) for Crescent City, Portland and Victoria.

CAPT. HENNING, of steamer Eliza Anderson, has our thanks for newspaper favors.

PUGET SOUND FORTIFICATIONS.

Much speculation and many absurd rumors have lately been circulated respecting the erection of fortifications on Puget Sound...

Now, what has given rise to this early action of Government in reference to fortifying Puget Sound is simply this: Uncle Sam has been repeatedly floored quite roundly by his nephews in little matters of this kind...

THE STATIONERY TRADE.

Gradually the light dawns upon us, and one by one the facts break forth, that we, a nation on the Pacific of a ten years' growth, are fast becoming civilized...

About two years ago Mr. Albert L. Bancroft, brother of the eminent Publisher and Bookseller, conceived the idea of taking Stationery and making it a separate and distinct branch of trade...

So far it has proved a decided success; there not being a town of any consequence in California, Oregon, Washington or Utah which does not contain one or more customers of this house...

VARIOUS ITEMS.—From the Pioneer and Democrat of last week we learn that the contract for carrying the mail from Olympia to Monticello, daily, has been awarded to Henry Winsor, Esq., of Olympia...

GOING EAST.—The Christian Advocate says that Lieut. H. M. Roberts, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., left on the last steamer for Washington city, whither he has been ordered to report himself...

THREE CHILDREN DROWNED.—Mr. J. G. Moore informs the Marysville Daily Appeal that three children belonging to a Mrs. Wilson, lately from Wisconsin, were drowned in Feather river, California, on the 5th ult., while attempting to cross it in a wagon.

THE MINES.

The following extract of a letter, the writer of which is pronounced reliable, we take from the Portland Daily Advertiser:—

ROCK CREEK, Sept. 26th, 1860. The denizens of this wild region were recently honored with an official visit from Governor James Douglas, of British Columbia...

MORE DUST.—On her last trip, says the Advertiser of the 24th ult., the Carve Ladd brought down from the Dalles nearly \$200,000 in gold dust...

The following paragraph is from the Advertiser of the 26th ultimo: Several residents of Portland returned from the Wenatchee mines on Wednesday night, from whom we learn that mining operations are still being carried on in that region...

From Fraser River. The following items are from the British Colonist of the 30th ult.:—The steamer Otter arrived from Fraser River on Saturday evening...

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THE PACIFIC—LIFE GUARDS.

We have seen, says the San Francisco Evening Mirror of Sept. 29th, the constitution and by-laws of a new organization in this city—the "Pacific Life Guards"—whose avowed object is the purchase of lands and the establishment of a colony in Mexico...

CITIZENS OF CALIFORNIA!—Will you turn your thoughts from the cares of life, and contemplate for one moment the horrors of war that distract Mexico! Let your eyes rest on the wholesale murder, rapine, and plunder that now convulse our sister Republic...

By virtue of an order of the Sheriff of Pierce County, W. T., and to me directed, I have levied upon and will proceed to sell at public auction...

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Miscellaneous.

DANCING ACADEMY

LADIES, GENTLEMEN AND CHILDREN.

MR. L. M. HUSON

TEACHES PLEASANTLY IN IMPROVING THEM

DANCING SCHOOL

In Jagers Hall, Steelacoom, at which the following Dances are taught:—

WALTZ, VANDYVENNE, SCHOTTISCHE, POLKA, MAZOURKA, GORLITZA, ESMEERALDA, GALLOP, HIGHLAND POLKA, SPANISH DANCE WALTZ, GALLOP QUADRILLES, SCHOTTISCHE QUADRILLES, WALTZ QUADRILLES, POLKA QUADRILLES, MAZOURKA QUADRILLES.

Original sets of LANCER QUADRILLES; also, plain Quadrilles, and a variety of CONTRA DANCES, among them:—

Fireman's Dance, Portland Fancy, Tempest, Dushawny Hoop, &c., &c., &c.

Day of tuition, MONDAY; Ladies and Children on the afternoon of the same day. For Ladies and Children, from 8 to 10 o'clock P. M.; for Gentlemen, from 10 to 12 P. M.

I can do better without pupils than I can without money; therefore none need come without the cash.

For further information, apply at the Hall on the day and hours of tuition.

SHERIFF'S SALE

By virtue of an order of the Sheriff of Pierce County, W. T., and to me directed, I have levied upon and will proceed to sell at public auction...

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Special Notices.

Hall's Sarsaparilla Yellow Dock and Iodide of Potass

Prepared from the finest Jamaica Sarsaparilla and English Iodide of Potass; admirable as a restorative and purifier of the blood, it cures the system of all morbid and impure matter, removes pimples, boils and eruptions from the skin, cures rheumatism and pains of all kinds. All who can afford should use it, as it tends to give them strength and prolong life. Sold by Druggists generally, at \$1 per bottle.

H. HALL & CO., Proprietors, Wholesale Druggists, 141 and 143 Clay st., San Francisco.

Revelation.—Said meetings of the Steelacoom Circle of the Order of S. S. S. will be held at 7 o'clock of the week within the Temple, in the first and third phases of the moon. All members in good standing are respectfully invited to attend. By order of the S. S. S. G. G. Secy., Steelacoom, June 14th, 1860.

Regular meetings of Olympia Lodge, No. 1, of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, are held on the second and fourth Saturdays of each month, at 8 1/2 o'clock, in the building formerly occupied by Wm. Rutledge, two doors east of the Washington Hotel. All members in good standing in the order are invited to attend. URBAN E. HICKS, Secy.

STEELACOOM LODGE, NO. 2, of Ancient Free and Accepted Masons, hold regular communications on the first and third Saturdays of every month. All members of the lodge in good standing are invited to attend. W. H. WOOD, W. M.

OLYMPIA LODGE, NO. 3, of Ancient Free and Accepted Masons, hold regular communications on the first and third Saturdays of every month. All members of the lodge in good standing are invited to attend. T. F. McLEOD, W. M.

FAITH, HOPE, CHARITY, JUSTICE AND INDUSTRY. Industry Camp No. 1, I. O. of K. K., meets in Steelacoom on the second and fourth Mondays of every month. All Companions in good standing are invited to attend. ROBERT H. TUCKER, W. R.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—The following letter, which emotionally speaks for itself, was written by the Dean of the Faculty of the Philadelphia College of Medicine to the editors of the "Pacific Medical and Surgical Journal," San Francisco, for publication:—

PHILADELPHIA, Jan 17th, 1859. To the Editors of the Pacific Medical and Surgical Journal:—

Greatly to my attention has been called in an article in the December number of your journal, in regard to the award of a degree granted by the Philadelphia College of Medicine to Dr. L. J. Caspary. When the application for the degree was made to the Faculty of the College, it was accompanied by affidavits and testimonials to the effect that Dr. Caspary was a regular graduate M.D. of the University of Pennsylvania, and Surgeon in the Hungarian army, and was a regular practitioner of medicine. On the strength of these the degree was granted. The candidate, however, as his name implies, is conferred on graduating, only, and gives no new privileges. Had there been the slightest suspicion of irregularity, the application would have been refused. By inserting this in your journal, you will do an act of justice to the College, and confer a favor on

Yours, very respectfully, H. HALL, Dean of the Faculty of the Philadelphia College of Medicine.

CERTIFICATE

I, the undersigned, Governor of Hungary, do testify hereby, that Dr. L. J. Caspary has served, during the contest for Honorary Citizenship, in the Hungarian army, with faithful perseverance, and has given me this certificate, and do recommend him to the sympathy, attention and protection of all those who are capable of any noble and patriotic and unswerving conduct.

KOSVUTH LAJOS, Governor of Hungary, Washington City, January 6th, 1862.

Dr. L. J. Caspary's Medical and Surgical Institute is on Sacramento street, below Montgomery's opposite the Pacific Mail Steamship Co.'s office, San Francisco, California. The Doctor offers for consultation, and asks: remember unless he effects a cure. Persons not wishing to lose time in correspondence, please send him a note to Dr. L. J. Caspary, and they will get immediate attention in their cases.

L. J. CASPARY, M. D., San Francisco, Cal.

Bank Exchange.

THE UNDERSIGNED IS NOW SOLE PROPRIETOR OF THE BANK EXCHANGE SALOON.

It has been thoroughly refitted by him, and he has supplied with the choicest liquors and cigars that the market affords. The billiard is new, and the billiard table is a regular style. Two sets of billiard balls are in the room, and the billiard table is in the best order. If you are in the room, you will get immediate attention in your cases.

JOHN C. NEWELL, Proprietor, Washington City, January 6th, 1862.

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L. J. CASPARY, M. D., San Francisco, Cal.

Just Received!

THE NEWEST FASHIONED DRESS PATTERNS; ALL WOODS' FINEST PATTERNS; EMERALD BARGAIN DRESS PATTERNS; INFANTS' EMBROIDERED CAPS; FINE FINE FINE; SILK HAIR NETS; REVIVAL HOODS; ALL THE LATEST FASHIONS IN THE ART OF MILLINERY, AND THE LATEST STYLES OF DRESS FABRIC; ALSO, A FULL STOCK OF HOOP SKIRTS, AND A GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF FANCY GOODS.

MRS. F. PARKINSON, 141

STEELACOOM Drug Store.

JUST OPENED, A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

ALSO, EVERY VARIETY OF TOILET AND FANCY ARTICLES, Extracts, Perfumery, Oils, &c.

All the superior Medicines, such as Alcohol, Camphene, Turpentine, Vanillin, &c., constantly on hand, and supplied to Physicians' prescriptions carefully compounded by an experienced apothecary.

W. H. BEDINGTON & CO., 2-1/2

DRESS TRIMMINGS, HATS, ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS, RIBBONS, ETC.

CHEAP CASH STORE!

MRS. F. PARKINSON, LATE FROM THE Atlantic States, has opened in Steelacoom, FANCY AND STAPLE

Dry Goods Store,

Where she will keep constantly on hand a large assortment of LADIES' DRESS GOODS of every description. Head Dresses, and every article in the Fancy Goods line, at a cheap price for cash. Also, machine stitching done in the best manner and at the shortest notice.

Store on Commercial street, next door to McCaw & Co.'s new brick store. 2-1/2

STEELACOOM ACADEMY.

THE UNDERSIGNED, HAVING HAD SEVERAL YEARS' EXPERIENCE AS A TEACHER IN HIGH SCHOOLS IN Pennsylvania, desires opening an Academy in Steelacoom, for the instruction of the youth of both sexes. He proposes to give a thorough practical education in the various branches, and fatters himself that he is well qualified by education for the task.

The academic course will consist of three departments, to be as follows:—

Primary Department—Orthography, &c., &c., &c., \$5 00

Junior Department—English Grammar, &c., &c., &c., \$10 00

Senior Department—Latin, &c., &c., &c., \$15 00

The school will be opened on the first Monday in September. Parties desiring to know more, or to communicate with him on any subject, will address the undersigned at Steelacoom, Pierce County, W. T.

REV. GEORGE W. BLAIR, 2-1/2

BOOK, STATIONERY, WALL PAPER AND Seed Store.

THE UNDERSIGNED RESPECTFULLY GIVES NOTICE that they will keep constantly on hand a good assortment of

FOETICAL, MISCELLANEOUS AND SCHOOL BOOKS; Also BLANK BOOKS and BLANK FORMS of all descriptions. Stationery, Wall Paper, and Seeds.

All of the best quality, and cheap for cash, at their new store adjoining Raich & Webber's store.

LIGHT & PACKARD, 2-1/2

THE UNDERSIGNED, HAVING LATELY completed and fitted up a single-story factory in the rear of H. C. Williams' store, in Steelacoom, is now prepared to take ORDERS in all the latest styles.

N.B.—Farm Produce taken in exchange for Goods. 2-1/2

New Advertisements.

ARMY NOTICE

AUCTION SALE OF U. S. HORSES!

FOUR U. S. HORSES FOR SALE AT Public Auction at Fort Townsend, W. T., November 10th, 1860.

ROBERT N. SCOTT, 2d Lieut. 4th Inf'y, A. A. Q. M.

TERRITORY OF WASHINGTON, COLETT OF PIERCE—In the District Court for the County of Pierce, —Mortie H. Frost vs. C. W. Riley.

—Mortie H. Frost vs. C. W. Riley. Frost has filed a complaint against you in said Court, which will come on to be heard at the next term of the Court which shall commence more than three months after the second day of November, 1860, and unless you appear at the said term and answer, judgment will be taken as confessed, and the prayer thereof granted.

The object and prayer of said complaint is to recover of the said C. W. Riley the sum of One Hundred and Fifty Dollars, with interest thereon at the rate of three per cent per month from the 29th day of January, 1859, on a promissory note. Dated this 25th day of November, 186



