

# PUGET SOUND HERALD.

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## PUGET SOUND HERALD.

CHARLES PROSCH,  
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### Agriculture.

#### Side-hill Plow on Level Ground.

In answer to "J. H.," in Country Gentleman of June 10, as to side-hill plows, I would say that two years ago I purchased a side-hill plow. I have now used it two seasons, and have come to the conclusion that if I owned a level prairie farm even, I would have no other plow on the premises. I like it everywhere; and I will tell you my reasons, so that you can judge for yourself.

1st. You can plow a piece of ground quicker with a side-hill plow than you can go around it with a common plow, because the furrows are all long.

2d. It saves making "dead" furrows and ridges. I usually turn the furrow one way one year and the other way the next year, unless the land is very steep.

3d. It saves turning on and treading down what is plowed, as we are obliged to when we go around the "land."

We find we can plow around stumps and stones, and up to fences better with a side-hill plow than with a common plow.

I know side-hill plows are a little heavier than common ones, and it is some more work to learn both oxen to go in the furrow. The plow I have used turns sward land as well as I could wish, where it is level—as well as common plows, I think. It is about heavy enough for one pair of oxen to break up with, but a lighter one would be better for "old land."—*Albany Cultivator.*

#### Harry's Method of Horse-Taming.

The Scientific American says:  
"This new system of taming is founded on the well-known process employed in subduing buffalo calves and wild horses taken by the lasso, and consists in simply gradually advancing towards the horse to be subdued, until you are able to place your hand on the animal's nose and over his eyes, and then to breathe strongly and gently, as judgment may dictate, into the nostrils. We have the authority of Catlin, in his 'Letters and Notes on the American Indians,' that this process is the one practised by the Indians in taming the wild horses of the prairies, and that it is invariably attended with success."

Catlin says:  
"I have often, in concurrence with a known custom of the country, held my hands over the eyes of a buffalo calf, and breathed into his nostrils, after which I have, with my traveling companions, rode several miles into our encampment, with the little prisoner busily following the heels of my horse the whole way, as closely and affectionately as its instincts would attach it to its dam. This is one of the most extraordinary things I have witnessed since I came into this wild country; and although I had often heard of it, and felt unable exactly to believe it, I am now willing to bear testimony to the fact, from the numerous instances which I have seen since I came into the country."

These pests may be removed by greasing the top of the head, neck, upper parts of the wings, and all places where the lice most congregate, with lard or lamp oil. If hens are provided with plenty of fine, dry sand, or dust, and ashes, to roll in, and their roosts are occasionally white-washed, and new roosts frequently provided, they will never be seriously troubled by these vermin.

In wet weather, the necks of working oxen are apt to become sore. To prevent this, rub a little tallow on the yoke and bows.

Farmers' sons had better learn to hold the plow and feed the pigs than to measure the tape and count the buttons.

A strong horse will work all day without food; but keep him at it, and he will not last long.

### A Plan for Kissing.

The fountain mingle with the river,  
The rivers with the ocean;  
The winds of heaven mix forever  
With a sweet communion:  
Nothing in the earth is single,  
All things, by a law divine,  
In one another's being mingle;  
Why not I with thine?

See the mountains kiss high heaven,  
And the waves clap one another;  
No leaf or flower would be forgotten,  
If it did disdain to kiss its brother;  
And the sunlight clasps the earth,  
And the moonbeams kiss the sea;  
But what are all these kissing worth,  
If thou kiss not me?

### A Naughty Epigram.

Kate loves me—so much hair  
Makes every man look like a bear!  
But Fanny, who no thought can fetter,  
Hurts out, "The more like bears the better,  
Because (her pretty shoulders shrugging)  
Bears are such glorious chaps for hugging!"

[From Blackwood's Magazine for July.]  
MY FIRST AND LAST NOVEL.

### PART II.—CONCLUDED.

With Kenelm's many letters one morning came a letter to me. I received it from him, and blushed as I slipped it into my apron pocket. It was from my friend, in answer to a note I had sent her about my book.

By this time I had become morbidly nervous. I was haunted by a vague sense of wrong-doing, and a dread of being driven to tell a direct falsehood. I had had more than one terrible alarm of detection.

After pocketing my letter, I carefully avoided looking towards my husband.

"Read it, Minnie," he said presently, putting one of the letters he had received before me. I obeyed.

"What shall you do, Kenelm? Shall you go?" I asked when I had finished. It was from one of my husband's brothers, begging his mediation with the stern old father, who had been bitterly offended—how, does not concern my story.

"Shall we go, you surely mean, Minnie," I drooped my head; my work was nearly completed; it would be dreadful to me to leave it now. We had been so estranged lately, my longing to have done with this and every secret was very great; if I were left alone a day or two, it could be safely completed.

"Perhaps you are right, and I ought to go alone," Kenelm said, after a painful silence.

"I think you should. It is an expensive journey; your father does not like me, and—"

"I had rather my wife had been thus eager that we should not separate. You have prudence on your side, but—you are changed, Mary." He rose as he spoke.

"Do not say I am changed! Do not speak so! I cannot bear it." I spoke passionately. He came to my side, sat down by me, and took my hand.

"If I am to be of any use, I should go to-day—at once," he began. "The last few weeks, Minnie, something has divided us. Shall we not be one again before we part?"

I was silent; I did not raise my eyes. Perhaps in the struggle to appear unmoved, I looked obstinate and cross, for Kenelm's tone changed.

"That letter—remember, Mary, that I do not stoop to suspect you of wrong; it is simply your want of confidence that I deplore."

"Suspect me of wrong, indeed!" I cried, again taking refuge in that petulant unreasonableness which baffles men sorely. "It is you, Kenelm, who have no confidence in me! You treat your wife as if she were a mere child."

"If the time is gone by when she loved to be so treated—when she made me her conscience and hid nothing from me—I must painfully learn how this changed wife desires that I should treat her."

He left the room; when he was gone I wept. But I was a little angry; or, as passing his study-door on my way up-stairs to pack his clothes, I saw him seated at his study-table with his head bowed upon his hands, I could not have resisted the temptation to go to him and confess everything.

It was only by looking back afterwards that I could understand how much change he found in me—how many signs he saw that my thoughts were not all, or even chiefly his—besides reading that in my often abstracted face. Many of my little duties were neglected, or performed by Ann; many minute cares for Kenelm omitted during those feverish weeks.

As I packed my husband's clothes, I shed some tears over them. When he was actually gone, after a most painfully calm leave-taking, I felt utterly miserable; I spent the day between crying and sleeping, and only thought of my book with disgust and loathing.

Next morning brought me a cordial—a few kind lines from Kenelm, written the night before, from the resting-place, which was half-way towards his journey's end.

Having further stimulated my courage by re-perusing my friend's note, which told me of the favorable arrangements he hoped to make for the publication of my book, I set to work.

The misery of my heroine was approaching its climax; I was one with her, shaken by her fears, torn by her passions, transported by her hope.

Highly-wrought excitement kept me up. While Kenelm was away, I did not go beyond

the garden; I could not eat, and I hardly slept. One night,—I had heard Ann go to bed long before, and there was no sound or stir in the silent house,—my self-possession, my sense of my own identity, altogether failed me.

I crouched upon the bare floor in the bare room. I struggled to separate myself from the woe into which I plunged "the wife" of my imagination. I could not—intense emotion overpowered me. Sick with anguish, I cried out, "Husband, husband! Good God! this is more than I can bear!"

I covered my face; that cry had started me back to myself, and great terror came over me; I had always been timid of night and darkness.

As I continued to crouch there, covering my face, it seemed to me that something stirred in the room, that chill breath fanned my neck and arms. I raised my head, seeking light.

My candle had burned out; I was alone in stirring darkness—the thick darkness of a close-shuttered room. I strained my eyes into it; I seemed chained to the spot.

Suddenly my excited fancy made my husband present to me, standing in the middle of the room, regarding me. He was pale; his expression was reproachful, his form spectral.

I spread out my arms towards him; my senses failed me, my last consciousness being of a blow and a flash of pain.

Daylight was streaming through all cracks and crevices when I recovered. I found myself lying with my face upon the floor. I sat up with difficulty, and turned sick and dizzy when I saw a pool of blood close to where my face had lain.

By-and-by I managed to get to my bed-room, and after washing my stained brow, discovered a small, but deep wound on my temple. I had fallen against a sharp iron-bound corner of the box which I had used as a desk.

I did not distinctly recall what had frightened me. I felt terribly weak, and lay on my bed quite still for several hours. Then I rang and ordered Ann to bring me some coffee into my room. My window was darkened, and she secured to notice nothing particular in my appearance. I told her I was not very well, and did not wish to be disturbed.

The hot, strong coffee revived me wonderfully, and my thoughts returned to my all but finished work.

My book was not to be a Tragedy; it was to end quietly and peacefully, perfectly, as a beautiful summer day. I laughed softly over the happiness of this summery ending, and the tears rained from my eyes. I sat close to the open window on that lovely day, in a deliciously blissful and sympathetic mood, and wrote my suicidal concluding chapters.

With one brief interruption only I continued to write till late in the afternoon. I no longer wrote with haste and passion, but as I remember, with a quiet sense of perfect power.

I had finished. I said "thank God." My heroine was happy now, and my heart craved like happiness clamorously. "Make haste and come home, Kenelm!" I cried.

I went down stairs to hunt for string, wax, and stamps; my book must be immediately sent off.

On my work-table lay a letter from my husband. How long had it lain there unopened? I pressed it to my lips and to my bosom before I read it.

It said he would be home this evening! What happiness! This evening at seven, it said; what time could it be now?

Even as I wondered our clock struck—seven. There I stood in my loose, tumbled white dressing-gown, my hair wildly disordered, my hands stained with ink, and my cheeks with tears. I could not move; it was like a dreadful nightmare dream.

My head began to ache maddeningly. I thought how none of my intended preparations for Kenelm's return were made; and I was fit to meet him? I pressed my hand upon my brow; unwittingly I displaced the plaster upon my wound, from which the blood began again to trickle.

I would have given years of life to recall one hour then.

I heard the garden gate. I saw Kenelm come up the path, and still I could not move.

The room door opened and admitted my husband.

He paused in sad amazement. His face was like the face I had seen in my vision, which now vividly returned to me. I tried to believe this was a vision, too. His form seemed to waver and flicker, and a black gulf opened at my feet. Both my husband and Ann were standing over me when I regained consciousness; when I raised myself on the couch, Ann disappeared.

"I am so sorry—so grieved," I began; "I did not expect you yet. I had only just read your letter, and—"

"Do not talk now—rest, love. Was this just done?"

"No; I struck my head just now, and—"

"My poor wounded darling!"

I had no need to make excuses. He cared for me to-night instead of I for him, yet he looked very tired and ill. He dressed my wound with tender fingers, and said many tender words. But he looked very sad, and I could not bear to meet his inquiring gaze. I closed my eyes and felt myself a wretched little hypocrite. I pas-

sionately vowed never again to have a secret from Kenelm.

My husband made me go to bed early. He read to me till he thought I was asleep; then I knew that he prayed for me before he went away. How I longed to clasp him round the neck and tell him all my secret, but I was ashamed and afraid.

When I had heard him go down stairs and shut the parlor door behind him, I sprang up. My Blue-beard chamber was unlocked; all my papers lay about the floor!

I secured the key, but, as I got into bed again, it fell from my trembling fingers. I regained it. The noise had disturbed Kenelm. I heard him coming, and buried my face in my pillow. As I clasped the key, I renewed my fervent vows never again to have a secret.

Next day I noticed that my husband seemed very, very sad. His meditation had only availed to draw more of his father's anger upon himself—he had been of no service to his brother.

When we had talked over this and some other family matters, silence fell. I felt afraid of what might come next, for Kenelm's eyes watched me earnestly.

"Minnie, my wife, it is you who want change now," he said, presently. "You look ill, and you must be very weak to have been so much disturbed as you were yesterday, merely by my sudden arrival. Would you like to go home for a little while?"

"Oh Kenelm! so much!" I know that my face kindled brightly; for indeed I longed after them all, and thought that it would be a delicious rest to be at home with him.

"Poor child! I thought you would like it. So you have pined for home, Minnie?"

"You shall not say that. This is my home. I will not go to my father's if you say such things."

"Well! well! do not believe I reproach you, darling; we will part in peace."

"Part?"

"I think it will be as well that you go soon; for a few weeks I must work very hard, and shall be even duller company than ever."

"Do you think I will go home alone? Oh, Kenelm! what does this mean?"

"That is what I cannot tell," he said. "But I know that you are neither well nor happy; I know that your poverty has pressed its privations upon you; I know that you pine in your dull life here—"

"What more do you know?" I asked, defiantly.

He answered with mild, even-toned voice, but absolutely hurting me by the urgent pressure of his gaze: "I know that in some sad way—by my own fault, it may be—I have lost my wife's confidence; I also know that this is not one of the things I will learn to do without."

"What more, sir?" I demanded hotly.

"This is all. When you are at home, Minnie, and I am alone for a little while, we may each be able to find out in what, and how far we have erred, and then be able to begin our married life afresh."

He spoke as if such serious danger impeded, as if such utter ruin threatened our peace, that I shuddered; but he spoke, too, as if he forgot all the happy, happy months when I had been a devoted and contented wife, and only remembered the last few weeks—this made me angry; it was unjust!—he was exaggerating everything!

"I will not go home unless you command me, and I am your wife, whom you have no right to send away; you are cruel and unjust!"

"Am I so? We were not talking of rights; I was planning for your happiness; but indeed I work in the dark. I do not see why you should call me cruel and unjust. Again I repeat, I do not stoop to suspect you of wrong; your having a secret from me, and the obstinacy with which you keep it, is my only ground of displeasure. It may be that my own character is alone to blame; that I am too stern; but I have hoped that my wife loved me too well to fear me."

"She does! Oh, Kenelm, she does!" I sprang after him as he turned sadly away. But then my looks belied my words; the key of the Blue-beard chamber fell from my dress, and I stopped, the picture of guilty confusion.

He picked it up. "This is not the first time you have let it fall," he said, as he gave it to me.

Then he knew that my last night's sleep had been feigned. It hardened my heart to think how deceitful he must believe me to be, and to remember the innocent, holy motive of all this long concealment.

Kenelm went to his study, as I imagined, shutting himself in there for the morning.

I felt utterly reckless. Unknown to myself, a desire for revenge was beginning to mingle with the other motives that determined me to persevere to the end. I thought that the lower I sank in my husband's esteem, the higher should I rise by-and-by when he knew all, when my hour of triumph came.

Once more I locked myself into the empty room. I packed up my manuscript, addressed it to my friend, and wrote a note to accompany it, passionately entreating her to let me hear soon—to do everything quickly. Then I put on my bonnet and shawl, hid my precious roll under my arm, and set off for the post-office.

As I walked hurriedly along beneath the limes

in our lane, and then through the suburban streets, my thoughts were quite engrossed in planning for the disposal of the fairy fortune my book was to bring me. Suddenly I swerved aside and turned a sharp corner; in another moment I should have met my husband, whom I had believed to be safe at home. Had he seen me? I thought not. I had disappeared before the abstraction of his look had cleared to recognition.

I made a little circuit—accomplished my purpose, and turned homewards.

My heart sank when I saw my husband pacing up and down beneath the limes. He had seen me, then, and was now waiting for me. The limes were in full blossom; their scent now always takes me back to that afternoon.

When I met Kenelm's eyes, and noted the pinched expression which represented excitement had given to lip and nostril, I braced myself up for my last and worst ordeal.

He did not speak. He locked his hand under his arm, taking me into custody. He led me into the house, seated me in a chair in his study, then released my hand and stood opposite to me. I noticed that the hand he leaned upon the table quivered. I was sorry; I feared he would do himself harm; but when I raised my eyes to his, his air of judicial sternness had a strange effect upon my nerves. I laughed uncontrollably. Just think how that laugh must have broken upon his highly-wrought excitement and grievous distress!

I fancy that any man less noble than my husband would have struck me. There was intense pain and anger in his eyes—still I laughed my insulting, unnatural laugh. He left me. I chose to believe that he had locked the door; I would not go to ascertain. I ceased laughing, and grew very indignant. I, Kenelm's wife, to be treated like a naughty child! Very bitterly would he repent his injustice! Then, as I loved him, my heart grew tender at the thought of the pain he would feel when my hour of triumph came. For the first time I doubted of the possibility of this triumph. I could not rejoice if he suffered. We were one.

I threw myself on the ground, rested my head on Kenelm's footstool, and cried myself to sleep. I suppose I was thoroughly worn out. I must have slept many hours. It was dusk when the opening of the hall door and my husband's step in the passage roused me. I heard him enter every room in the house before he came into the study; this, and my not detecting the sound of the turning of a key, staggered me in my belief that I had been locked in; but I would not think that I had been a voluntary prisoner all this while.

My husband could not see me when he entered. He peered about, then hastened to the open window. "Good God! She has jumped out!" he cried.

"I am here, Kenelm," I said, rising.

"You have been here all the time I have been away!"

"I believe I fell asleep."

"You are waiting in the parlor—will you make it?"

I followed him. I noticed upon how haggard a face the lamp shone; but his manner was cold and repressed tenderness. He broke a painful silence by saying:

"Mary, I have made arrangements for your going home to-morrow."

An angry refusal to go rose to my lips. I repressed it and said nothing.

"Your eldest sister passes through London on her way home from Kent to-morrow. I shall take you to the station to meet her. I have written to her and to your father. Your health requires change of air."

"It is well you should let me know on what plea you send me away."

"The scene of this afternoon taught me that we cannot live together, feeling as we now do towards each other. I will not risk again feeling towards my wife as I did when you laughed but now. In your absence, I will earnestly strive to discover where I have been wrong in my conduct as a husband."

I hardly heeded his words; my foot was beating the floor restlessly. I answered:

"You will be sorry; my day will come; you will repent this harshness."

"Am I harsh, Minnie? then I shall indeed repent. I strive to be calm and just, only to act for your good."

"Oh, you are very calm; you will be happy without me, quite! But you are most unjust!"

"I repeat again, Mary, that I suspect you of no wrong. Your want of confidence has irritated me. When I am alone, I hope to see clearly how I lost your confidence, and how I can regain it. If you were reasonable, you would own that it is best for us to part for a little while."

"I am very reasonable! It is best!" I answered; and I knew my eyes shone gleefully, for I had jumped over dismal weeks, and was thinking of our joyful meeting. He left me abruptly. My heart was ready to break when next day I was whirled away from my husband, who stood on the platform gazing after us. Regardless of all lookers-on, I gave way to a great burst of weeping, hiding my face on my sister's shoulder.

My time at home was chiefly spent in wandering about the garden, orchard and fields, recalling

past courting-days, and dreaming over my coming triumph.

They were all very kind to me, petting me as they had been used to do; but I liked best to be much alone, to think uninterruptedly of Kenelm. Several times he came to spend an hour or two with us; he rejoiced at my improved looks, but neither of us said anything of my return.

My friend had written to me in most fervent praise of my book. She was working at it diligently—was to write a preface for it, and had made favorable arrangements for its publication.

Time slipped away rapidly. My husband's visits were the only events of my life which passed in dull dreaminess. I suppose nature was avenging herself for the excitement in which I had lived for so long.

At last my book was ready, and I received, through my friend, what I considered a very large sum as part payment for the work.

My family had reason to think me suddenly demented. Home, home, home! I cried. I insisted on departing the very morning on which I received my friend's letter, only promising to give them an explanation of my strange conduct before long.

Completely roused from my torpidity now, my longing for Kenelm was intense. I would travel alone, too; I had planned a meeting of which I could endure no witness.

Leaving my luggage at the station, I walked homewards across well-known fields. But the nearer I approached, the more my courage failed me. It was bright early afternoon; but there seemed to be something eerie in the wind that swept the sun-steeped fields. If Kenelm should be ill!

I paused at the garden gate; the parlor blind was down; I saw no signs of life about the house. I paused longer yet before I could bring myself to open the house door.

My heart stood still when I knocked at the door of my husband's study; then it beat again so violently that I lost the sound of his "Welcome!" I waited. A slow heavy step crossed the room—the door opened—my husband stood before me.

"Minnie! my darling! Come back to me of her own accord!" He opened his arms wide. I did not spring to him. I had lost all buoyancy of spirit now—all expectation of rapture. Triumph indeed! In what? In the sorrow-stricken, weighed-down aspect of my husband?

"Yes, Kenelm, I am come back," I answered soberly. I stood before him, feeling very guilty and ashamed. "You must hear of all now," I continued. "It was for this." I put a bundle of bank-notes into his hand.

"My child, I do not understand." He turned them over with a perplexed air.

Tearfully and hurriedly I told him all. When I paused, and in my dreaming had planned that I should be clasped in his arms, and hear his exclamations of delight and gratitude, he still did not seem quite to understand. Presently he dropped the notes and hid his face.

I shivered. Where was my beautiful triumph? I had suffered and made him suffer so much—for what?

I sank down at his feet—I laid my cheek against his, and said, "Kenelm, was I very wrong? Cannot you forgive me?"

"Minnie! I shall never forgive myself." He raised me up, and kissed me many times. "This is the pain of poverty indeed; that for these, or such as these, you should suffer as you have done. My darling! how could you do it? How could you endure so long? How could you let me treat you so sternly? Dearest! these were not worth your pain."

I saw it clearly now; I had burdened him with remorse, overwhelmed him with self-reproach! I, his wife, had irreparably injured him. And when I prayed for forgiveness, he only begged me to forgive him!

With those notes, for which I had worked and endured, lying at our feet, we made a new marriage compact of mutual confidence and forbearance.

Ah! but I did earn a holiday for Kenelm! I was very ill after that evening of my "triumph." When I grew better, my husband took me to a beautiful little nook by the sea-side; and there we had a sweet long rest from all the weariness of our world.

I do not think that Kenelm understood his little wife's nature the less for having read her book; and, when he had grown accustomed to the marvelous fact of its existence, I even fancied that I sometimes detected just a little lurking pride in his eyes and about the corners of his mouth, when people, in our presence, spoke of "A Wife's Secret." At such times I only cared to hide my confusion. Even now, after a lapse of so many many years, I felt a burning flush upon my face the other day, when I suddenly came upon a heap of newspapers and reviews which Kenelm had accumulated, and in them read the name of my book.

The friendship of great men is a laudable acquisition, yet their favors are ever to be solicited with modesty and caution.

It is of no consequence of what parents any man is born, so that he be of merit.





Miscellany.

In the Creek war, a portion of those Indians were friendly to the whites, and have received bounty land warrants for services, but occasionally one of the wrong side of the question put in his claim, most ignominiously, but with great faith in getting it. A short time since, a renowned Hajo of the Creek nation requested the services of one of our attorneys, while travelling in the Indian country, in procuring his land warrant from the Department. The lawyer was delighted at the prospect of a good fee; the Indian promising him half the worth of the warrant in the event of its being obtained. The lawyer wished to know of his employer the service he had performed.

'Don't know talk like this,' said the Indian.

'Well, who did you fight under?' the lawyer inquired.

'Me fight under log,' said Hajo.

'No; but who was your captain?' the lawyer inquired.

'Me big man; me captain, too?' answered the Indian.

'I want to know where you fought,' said the lawyer; 'at what battle?'

'Me fight heap; me shoot hind tree; me shoot under bank of river; shoot gun heap,' said the Indian.

'Well, what did you shoot at?' asked the lawyer, thinking that he would prefer further questions till an interpreter could be procured.

'Me shoot at General Jackson tree four time!' replied the warrant-wanter.

'What does Satan pay you for swearing?' said Deacon Todd to one whom he heard using profane language.

'He don't pay me anything,' was the reply.

'Wa'll, you work cheap, to lay aside the character of a gentleman; to inflict so much pain upon your friends, and all civil people; to suffer such pains of conscience as you must suffer; and lastly, to risk losing your own precious soul (gradually rising in emphasis) all for nothing. You, certainly, do work cheap—very cheap, indeed!'

A gentleman, having occasion to call upon another, found him at home in his writing chamber. He remarked the great heat of the apartment, and said it 'was as hot as an oven.' 'So it ought,' replied the writer, 'for 'tis here I make my bread.'

'He who always receives but never gives, acquires, as a matter of course, a narrow, contracted, selfish character. His soul has no expansion, no benevolent impulses, no elevation of aim. He learns to feel, and think, and care only for himself.'

One of the Western editors, speaking of a large and fat cotemporary, remarked that if all flesh was grass, he must be a load of hay.

'I suspect I am,' said the fat man, 'from the way the asses are nibbling at me.'

'You haven't opened your mouth during the whole session, complained a member of the Legislature to another representative. 'Oh, yes, I have,' was the reply, 'I yawned through the whole of your speech.'

The unfortunate youth who was drowned a few days ago in a flood of tender recollections, was slowly recovering, but yesterday he fell from the sublime to the ridiculous and was fatally injured.

Great men never affect anything. It is your three-cent folks that put on airs, swell, and put on pomp. The difference between the two is as great as between a barrel of vinegar and an angel's disposition.

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1000 bales No. 8-10 Duck;

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1000 bales No. 11-10 Duck;

1000 bales No. 12-10 Duck;

1000 bales No. 13-10 Duck;

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1000 bales No. 19-10 Duck;

1000 bales No. 20-10 Duck;

1000 bales No. 21-10 Duck;

1000 bales No. 22-10 Duck;

1000 bales No. 23-10 Duck;

1000 bales No. 24-10 Duck;

1000 bales No. 25-10 Duck;

1000 bales No. 26-10 Duck;

1000 bales No. 27-10 Duck;

1000 bales No. 28-10 Duck;

1000 bales No. 29-10 Duck;

1000 bales No. 30-10 Duck;

1000 bales No. 31-10 Duck;

1000 bales No. 32-10 Duck;

1000 bales No. 33-10 Duck;

1000 bales No. 34-10 Duck;

1000 bales No. 35-10 Duck;

1000 bales No. 36-10 Duck;

1000 bales No. 37-10 Duck;

1000 bales No. 38-10 Duck;

1000 bales No. 39-10 Duck;

1000 bales No. 40-10 Duck;

1000 bales No. 41-10 Duck;

1000 bales No. 42-10 Duck;

1000 bales No. 43-10 Duck;

1000 bales No. 44-10 Duck;

1000 bales No. 45-10 Duck;

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SANDWICH ISLANDS PRODUCE, &c., may be found at the store of the PUGET SOUND HERALD, at Tokelet, (Hood's Canal) W. T. Apply to J. P. KELLER.

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Do you want to patronize a house conducted on strictly temperate principles? Do you want to stop at an establishment favorably known throughout California, Oregon, and all other places for its moderate charges, good and the best of beds, together with order, comfort, convenience, and superior accommodations? If you desire all these, we advise you to go to the

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This establishment is centrally located in the business part of the city, and in the immediate vicinity of the Steamship Co's office, the Express Co's office, and the United States Branch Mint.

Board, per week, \$5.50; Board, per day, \$1; Meals, 50 cents; Lodgings, 50 to 75 cents.

Single rooms, furnished complete, 75 cents per night. Rooms or Lodgings can be had by the night or week, with or without board, to suit the convenience of all. The beds are fitted up in the very best style, with patent French springs, and the best of curled hair mattresses, clean bedding, &c.

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THE HOUSE IS OPEN ALL NIGHT. Travellers will please to remember that there are no runners connected with this establishment. The What-Cheer House is conducted on strictly temperate principles.

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BROOKLYN HOTEL, Corner of Broadway and Sansome streets, SAN FRANCISCO.

THE PROPRIETOR OF THIS WELL known and old established house is still at his old

trick of feeding the public at the low price of 25 cents per week, and still they come to park in his good and well furnished table; and as Mr. Kelly is one of the pioneer hotel keepers of this city, he pledges himself that there will be nothing wanting at his house to make the public comfortable.

The house is centrally located, in the vicinity of the Custom House, Post Office, and also of the river and ocean steamers.

The house contains a number of single and family rooms, well ventilated, suitable for ladies and single gentlemen.

There is also attached to the house a READING ROOM, and a LIBRARY which contains a large number of the best standard works. There is also, at the arrival of each steamer,

A WAGON, which belongs to the house, to convey passengers and baggage, free of charge. The public are respectfully requested to give the house a trial.

Board, per week, \$5; per day, \$1; Meals, 50 cents; Lodging, per night, 50 to 75 cents; Lodging, per week, \$2 to \$4.

JOHN KELLY, Proprietor, San Francisco, Dec. 26, 1857. 1-3m

WASHINGTON HOTEL, Corner of Main and Second streets, OLYMPIA, W