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PUGET SOUND HERALD.

CHARLES PROSCE, Publisher and Proprietor.

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Agriculture.

Application and Value of Poultry Manure.

At the request of H. Clayton, I herewith send a brief statement of my manner of composing hen manure, and in what manner it was applied to my crop of corn, as reported in your paper of Feb. 18th. But "first and foremost I would tell" that I disclaim any particular merit for my manner of composing hen manure, but credit the results heretofore obtained entirely to the virtue of the manure itself, and the readiness with which it is obtained by the young plant in the first stage of its growth.

As often as four or five times a year, I gather the droppings of my fowls, thoroughly mixing with every three bushels of manure three bushels of ashes, one bushel of plaster, and from two to four quarts of salt. This compost is thrown into a large box or bin, where it can remain secure from the weather until wanted for use. In place of ashes I have formerly used air-slacked lime, and with the best results; but lime with us is not easily or cheaply obtained; nor is lime considered a good companion for those manures rich in ammonia, unless used in connection with some powerful absorbent. Sulphate of lime (plaster) would counteract in a measure, perhaps, its evil effects; and were it possible for the salt and carbonate of lime to unite under such circumstances, and form chloride of lime, we should then have a most powerful absorbent; but such a union, I suppose, could hardly take place. An acquaintance of mine in composing hen manure, used unslacked lime, and, as he thought, completely used up the virtues of his manure.

At planting time, after the field is prepared and marked so that there can be no mistaking the locality of each hill, I drop therein a small handful of the compost, taking care to cover it lightly with earth before dropping the seed, which is easily done with the hoe and one hand, while the other hand is selecting the right number of kernels for the hill. I do not know that it would destroy the germinating power of the seed if placed in immediate contact, but I have thought, where the work was carelessly done and little or no earth intervened between the seed and the manure, that the seed put on a decidedly injured appearance. My planting, of course, is all done by hand; and those labor-saving machines which make "planting a mere pastime," are by no means entirely eschewed, for this reason: I want my seed corn deposited in such a manner that I shall know when it throws out its first tender root in search of food, it shall not search long nor in vain.

In conclusion, let me quote from "Waring's Elements of Agriculture," a work that I would unhesitatingly recommend to all farmers whose education, like mine, has been chiefly practical, as an easy and reliable handbook of the first principles of agricultural science:

"Next in value to night soil are the excrements of poultry. Birds live on the nice bits of creation, seeds, insects, &c., and they discharge their solid and liquid excrements together. Poultry dung is nearly equal in value to guano, and it deserves to be carefully preserved and judiciously used. It is as well worth seventy-five cents per bushel as guano is worth \$50 per ton. The value of this manure should be taken into consideration in calculating the profit of keeping poultry. It has been observed by a gentleman of much experience in poultry raising, that the yearly manure of a hundred fowls, applied to previously unmanured land, would produce extra corn enough to keep them for a year. This is probably a large estimate, but it shows that this fertilizer is very valuable, and also that poultry may be

kept with great profit, if their excrements are properly secured."

In my opinion this is not a large estimate; and furthermore, I am willing to forfeit one year's subscription to the Country Gentleman to any one who will give it a fair trial, and is not pleased with the results.—*Country Gentleman.*

Horticultural Work for November.

There is little to be done in the vegetable kingdom this month, but much in the fruit orchard and flower yard. Those who would plant trees or shrubs, should remember that fall planting will forward the tree a year over Spring planting. Pears, apples, peaches, strawberries and grapes should be planted out now. In the flower yard, all the bulbs should be taken up, separated and replanted. Chinese peonies should now be separated and replanted. We find Dutch bulbs and Chinese peonies to bloom best in a sandy soil. Cuttings of flowering shrubbery may now be put out with almost as much certainty of their living and striking root, as budded or grafted plants. The soil around all hardy shrubs should be removed this month, and renewed with virgin earth from the woods and swamps. Fruit trees will also be greatly benefited by this application. Now is the time to lay out the grounds for flowers and shrubbery. It is bad policy to wait until spring, as the plant cannot bloom as perfectly when removed with its feeders all alive to nourishment for the swelling bud, as when removed with buds and root in a comparatively dormant state.

We know of no set rules for laying out ornamental grounds. Everything will depend on locality and the surroundings. The taste of the proprietor must dictate how it shall be done. Our rural population are sadly at fault in the arrangement of their grounds and dwellings. Surely the spot that we are the most familiar with—scenes that we daily and hourly look upon, should be arranged with taste and beauty. Every homestead in this natural land of flowers should not only be provided with the substantial comforts, but should blossom as the rose. And how will this ever become a general feature of the country, unless a taste for the beautiful in nature is cultivated. Fruit trees are not only highly ornamental, but useful. They furnish what may be termed the pastry of food, and should be cultivated by every landholder. A cottage embowered in fruit and flowers makes a more favorable impression upon the traveler than a palatial mansion with no surroundings of beauty. The one is but the purchased skill of the architect; the other, the natural taste of the occupant.

Many are deterred from planting ornamental trees and shrubs, from the expense. But where there is a will, there is a way. First learn how easily almost every plant strikes root from cuttings, and how rapidly trees grow from seeds, and they will find that it takes but a very few years to start an orchard, an avenue, or a parterre, with but very limited means. Stone fruit seeds should be planted now. Seeds of forest trees, both evergreen and deciduous, should be planted now. A beautiful grove of our native pines may be raised from seeds in ten years. Cedars large enough for helges may be grown from seeds in two years. Magnolias may be grown from seeds on the uplands, where they would not live transplanted. Ornamental trees grow so rapidly from seeds in this climate, that it is superfluous to plant standards. First, arrange the grounds, and then plant the seeds where the trees are to stand.—*Southern Paper.*

Well Established Facts.

Clay lands should never be plowed when wet. Such lands should be plowed deep. A bushel of plaster per acre sown broadcast over clover, will add 100 per cent. to its product.

All wet land should be well drained. Deep plowing benefits dry lands.

Periodical applications of ashes tend to keep up the integrity of soils, by supplying organic substances.

Thorough preparation of land is absolutely essential to the luxuriant growth of crops.

Old land—land which has been long in culture—will be benefited by phosphate of lime, whether applied in the form of bone dust, native phosphate of lime, or marl.

The Last Devil's Walk.

BY CHARLES PROSCE.

From his brimstone bed at break of day
A devil had wakened,
To trample and char the flowers to death,
To infect the air with his pestilent breath,
And to cloud the morning sun.

And, pray, how was this devil dressed?
Oh! he was cased in an iron vest;
His scales were close, and his rivets true,
With never a chink for a spear to get through.

And over the hill, and over the dale,
He walked, and over the plain,
An air-gun, elegant, polished, and round,
That would kill miles off with never a sound,
He twirled like a harmless cane.

And over the laurels of full-blown Fame,
And the tender shoots of the young Good Name,
He stamped with his merciless hoof of shame,
And he left his print on each.

And backward and forward he wriggled his tail,
Through rose-trim'd garden and lily-strewn vale,
Marking his course by a lustrous trail,
Like a snail-track over a peak.

He spied a laborer hard at work,
Early at his vocation,
His prominence offered a capital shot.
"Oho!" quoth the devil, "he sees me not."
So he shouldered his piece and he aim'd, God wot,
With terrible caution.

He saw young innocent folk at play,
Blameless, beautiful, wise and gay;
The prospect liked not him.

So a virtu-dash from his pouch he drew,
('Twas a devilish deed!) and the liquid threw
O'er the fair young group, whom he left a crew
Of monsters, scard and grim.

He percol in a house; 'twas a godly manse,
Of time and weather had stood the chance,
And was still erect and fair.

"Aha!" quoth the devil, "the pile looks well,
But I've fireworks studied for nothing in hell,
If I can't find out where the match or shell
May lead to combustion there."

That devil could creep where no other fiend can;
He found an unguarded spot,
Where he scraped a mine with his diligent hoof,
And—his train prepared—wall, pillar and roof,
He wip up in the air like shot!

That breach in the roof he mended now;
He wherabouts few can tell.
But the devil had done his work that day,
So he crawl'd him back for his master's pay,
Which he royally spent in a jovial way,
With the lowest devils in hell.

"There are many devils that walk this world,
Devils great and devils small,
Devils with tails and devils without;
Devils who whisper, devils who shout,
Devils who mystify, devils who teach;
But the CALDER, DAVIN—as hard to reach
As the soul who, now safe on some distant beach,
Is digging the core of my favorite peach—
Is the shabbiest devil of all!"

JUSTICE IN ALGERIA.

In the Ferij 'Ouah lives a Scheick named Bou-Ak-as-ben-Achour, a descendant of one of the oldest families in the country, as we find by Ibn-Rhadoun's history of the Arab and Berber dynasties. Bou-Ak-as is a perfect type of the East. His ancestors conquered Ferij 'Ouah, (fine country) he has consolidated and reigns over it. After deciding to recognize the power of France, he sent a horse of Gada in token of submission, but has constantly refused to go to Constantine, alleging an oath he has made against it; the fact is, he fears to be retained as a prisoner. He pays a tribute of 80,000 francs. Every year after harvest, at the same day and hour, by the same gate, enter the camels that bring the money; not even a cent is ever wanting.

Bou-Ak-as is forty-nine years old, dressed like the Kabyles, in a *gandouira* of woollen, held by a leather belt, with a fine cord around the head; he carries a pair of pistols by his side, the Kabyle *fiets*, and a little black knife about his neck. Before him stalks a negro with his gun, and a large hound bounds at his side.

When one of the twelve tribes he rules has done him any wrong, he merely sends his negro to their chief village. The negro displays the gun of Bou-Ak-as, and the damage is repaired.

There are two or three hundred *Tolbas* in his pay, who read the Koran to the people. Every individual making a pilgrimage to Mecca, on calling on him, receives three francs, and remains so long as he likes in Ferij 'Ouah, at the Scheick's expense; but if he discovers a fabled pilgrim, two emissaries find him wherever he may be, throw him face downward, and bestow on him fifty strokes of the bastinado. He has sometimes three hundred persons to dine; he then walks around overseeing the domestics; if there is anything left, he eats, but always last.

When the governor of Constantine, the only authority he acknowledges, sends him a traveler, he gives him his gun, his dog, or his knife, according to the importance of the traveler, or the urgency of the recommendation. If he gives his gun, the stranger shoulders it; if his dog, he takes it in a leash; if the knife, he throws it around his neck; and with one or other talismans, each of which specifies the degree of honor to be rendered, the traveler goes through the twelve tribes without danger, and is lodged and fed gratuitously, for he is the guest of Bou-Ak-as. When he leaves the Ferij 'Ouah, he turns over the gun, dog, or knife to the first Arab he meets. If the Arab is hunting, he quits the chase; if farming, he drops his plow; if at home, he leaves it, to carry the pledge to his Scheick. The well-known little knife with the black handle has given its name to Bou-Ak-as—Bou Djenou, the man with the knife; for it is with this he cuts off heads, if he thinks the necessity for prompt justice demands it. When he came into power, there were a great many robbers about; the

Scheick adopted the plan of disguising himself as a simple trader, and letting fall a *dourra*, of which he never lost sight; if the person who picked it up put it in his pocket, Bou Akas made a sign to his executioner, disguised like himself, and off went the culprit's head. The Arabs say that a child may now traverse the twelve tribes with a crown of gold on his head, without risk.

Bou-Ak-as has a high respect for women, and has ordered that, when they fill their goat-skins at the fountains, the men are to turn aside, and not pass before them. Wishing to know what the sex thought of him, and meeting a pretty Arab girl along the banks of a stream, he approached her, and entered on a light chat. The woman looked at him in astonishment and said: "Leave me, handsome cavalier, for you do not know the risk you run." As he still continued to annoy her with his nonsense, she resumed: "Have you come so great a distance that you do not know you are in a country of 'the man with the knife,' where women are respected?"

One day the Scheick heard that a Cadi of one of his tribes rendered judgment worthy of Solomon; like another Haroun-al-Raschid, he wished to know for himself. Disguised as a simple horseman, without his distinguished arms, mounted on a thorough-bred horse, which, however, betrayed nothing of the greatness of the owner, he started.

Now it happened that he arrived at the fortunate city in which this Cadi dispensed justice on a fair day, consequently a court day. At the gate of the town he met a cripple who asked alms, clinging to the Scheick's *burnous* as did the beggar to St. Martin's cloak.

"What more would you have?" asked Bou-Ak-as. "You asked alms, and I have given it." "True," replied the cripple; but the law does not merely say, 'thou shalt give alms to thy brother,' but also, 'thou shalt do all that thou art able for him.'"

"Well; what can I do for you?" "You can save me from being trampled under foot by the crowd of men, mules, and camels, in them."

"And how?" "By taking me up behind you, until we get to the market-place, where I have business."

"So be it." And with some difficulty he mounted the cripple behind him.

The market-place reached, "Get down," said the Scheick.

"Get down yourself," said the cripple.

"To help you? Certainly."

"No; to give me your horse—he belongs to me."

"We shall see."

"We are in the city of the just Cadi."

"I know that."

"And you will have me taken up before him?"

"It is very likely."

"And do you suppose, when he sees you with sound legs, and me with crippled ones, he will not say the horse belongs to him who has most need of him?"

"If he says so," replied Bou-Ak-as, "he will no longer be the just Cadi, for he will have erred in his judgment."

"They call him just," rejoined the cripple, laughing, "but not infallible."

"Good!" said Bou-Ak-as to himself; "here is a fine opportunity for me to judge the judge."

So he pushed through the crowd leading his horse by the bridle, the cripple perched like a monkey, and reached the tribunal where the judge was dispensing justice after the Oriental mode.

The first cause was between a Taleb and a peasant—that is, between a man of letters and a laborer. The peasant had carried off the Taleb's wife, and insisted that she was his. The woman would not acknowledge either as her husband. The judge listened to both parties, and then said: "Leave the woman with me, and return to-morrow." The men saluted and withdrew.

The next was between a butcher and an oil-seller; the latter was covered with oil, the butcher spotted with blood. The butcher began: "I went to buy oil of this man; I took out my purse to him; it was full of money; he was tempted by it, and seized me by the wrist. I shouted 'thief!' but he would not let me go: so we came together before you, I clenching my money, he my wrist. Now I swear by Mahomet that he is a liar, when he says I took his money; the money is mine."

Then spoke the oil-seller, "This man came to buy a bottle of oil of me; and after I had filled the bottle, he asked me if I could change a piece of gold. I took a handful of money from my pocket, and laid it on the threshold of my shop; he snatched it, and was going off with the oil and money when I seized him by the wrist, and shouted 'thief!' In spite of my shouts he would not give it up, and I have brought him here that you may judge between us. I swear by Mahomet that this man is a liar, and the money is mine."

The Cadi made each plaintiff repeat his story; neither varied. "Leave the money with me," he said, "and return to-morrow."

Now came in turn Bou-Ak-as and the cripple.

"My lord judge," said the Scheick, "I come from a distant city to buy merchandise in this market. At the gate of this town I found this cripple, who first asked alms of me, and then begged me to take him up as he feared he should

be trampled in the crowd of men, mules, and camels. Arrived at the market-place, he would not get down, but claimed my horse; and when I threatened him with justice—Pahaw, the Cadi is too sensible a man to doubt that the horse belongs to him who needs him most," he replied. I swear by Mahomet, this is the simple truth, my lord."

Next rejoined the cripple: "My lord, I was coming here on business upon this horse of mine, when I saw this man seated by the roadside, as if half dead. I stopped to ask if he had met with any accident. He answered no; but that he was exhausted with fatigue, and begged me for charity to bring him to this city, where he had business. I did so; but what was my surprise, when he ordered me to dismount, and said the horse was his. So I brought him to you. This is the truth, I swear by Mahomet."

The Cadi made each repeat his deposition.

"Leave me the horse," he ordered, "and return to-morrow."

The next morning not only the parties concerned, but a great crowd, led by curiosity, appeared at the tribunal. The Taleb and the peasant were called first.

"Take your wife off," said the judge to the Taleb, "she is certainly yours."

Then turning to the executioners, he ordered them to give the peasant fifty strokes with the bastinado. The butcher and oil-seller were next summoned.

"Take your money," said the Cadi to the oil-seller; "you certainly took it from your pocket and it never belonged to that man;" and he ordered the oil-seller fifty strokes of the bastinado. The third cause came on.

"Should you recognize your horse among twenty others?" asked the judge of Bou-Ak-as.

"Certainly."

"And you?" to the cripple.

"Certainly."

"Come with me," he continued to Bou-Ak-as. They went together, and the Scheick pointed out his horse among the twenty. "Go back to the tribunal and send me your adversary."

The cripple hurried to the stables as fast as his legs would let him; but as his eyes were good, he also recognized the horse. "Very well," said the judge; "now follow me to the tribunal."

The judge returned to his seat, and everybody awaited the slow return of the cripple with impatience. At last he appeared, all out of breath.

"The horse is yours," said the Cadi to Bou-Ak-as; "go to the stable and take him—fifty stripes on that man's back," he ordered for the cripple.

The Cadi, on reaching home, found Bou-Ak-as waiting for him. "Are you dissatisfied?" he asked.

"Quite the contrary," answered the Scheick; "but I want to ask by what inspiration you render justice; for I cannot doubt that the other judgments are as equitable as my own. I am Bou-Ak-as, Scheick of Ferij 'Ouah; but having heard of you, I wished to know you."

The judge would have kissed his chief's hand, but Bou-Ak-as would not permit it. "Come, I am in a hurry to know how you discovered the truth in those three cases," he said.

"It is very simple. You know I kept the woman, the money, and the horse through the night. Well, at midnight I had the woman awakened and brought to me. 'Fill my inkstand!' I said to her. She took the inkstand, took out the cotton, washed it neatly, replaced it in its case, and poured in fresh ink. Then I said to myself: 'The wife of a peasant would know nothing about ink-stands; she is the wife of the Taleb.'"

"Good!" said Bou-Ak-as; "but the money?"

"Did you observe that the oil-seller was covered with oil, and especially how greasy his hands were?"

"Yes; well?"

"Well, I put the money into a vessel of water; I examined it this morning; there was no sign of oil on the surface. Consequently, I deduced that the money belonged to the butcher. Had it belonged to the oil-seller, it would have been greasy, and the oil would have floated on the water."

"Good; but my horse?"

"Ah, I was greatly puzzled about that, until this morning."

"Then the cripple did not recognize the horse?"

"Yes, quite as boldly and positively as yourself. But—my idea was not to see if you would recognize the horse, but if he would know you. Thus, when you approached him, he neighed; when the cripple came near him, he lashed out. So I gave him to you."

Bou-Ak-as reflected a moment, and then said: "The Lord is with you! You should have my place and I yours. Yet, on the whole, although I am sure you are worthy to be a Scheick, I am not certain that I am fit to be a Cadi."

Mademoiselle and her Lover.

Everybody remembers the fable of the beautiful Atlantes, who would not marry any man who could not outrun her in the lists. In all times there have been some pretty women who delight in imposing upon their lovers some task that is painful and dangerous, or even humiliating, as a proof of their passion. Schiller relates the story of a woman who thus abused the forbearance of her lover; and, for fear the reader has forgotten it, I shall briefly repeat it. This gentle maiden had thrown her glove into an arena where some

fierce beasts were fighting, when she said: "Monsieur, will you please go and bring me my glove?"

"Why not?" answered the cavalier.

"If you dare do it, I promise that I will love you for ever after."

He threw himself into the ring and safely returned with the glove, but not without running a narrow risk of his life.

"Here is your glove," said he, "but keep your love! I despise the affection that a heart as callous as yours is capable of bestowing."

They tell a story at Paris that has some analogy to the above, and which no doubt is quite as true as it is strange. Three months ago, to a minute, a young man in ball costume, white gloves, and his face hidden under a mask, presented himself at the house of a somnambulist and made the curious demand which follows:

"Madam, you see in me an unfortunate man, mad with love and rage. I apply to you to know if you cannot possibly indicate a method by which I can manage to stab with a sword the woman I adore?"

The somnambulist here made a gesture of surprise.

"That this introduction may not alarm you," continued the visitor, "some words of explanation are necessary, I know. I therefore pray you to listen patiently for a few minutes. Mlle. Albertine X*** belongs to one of the oldest and most wealthy houses of the faubourg St. Germain. She is twenty-one years old, and is as beautiful as the day. I leave you to imagine if she has lacked lovers for her hand. But, during three years, lovers the most amiable, the richest and noblest, have been in turn rejected. Suitors in succession have followed the train of the beautiful Albertine; fluttered around her carriage; talked with her ten minutes, and, the next day, have been observed to avoid her presence, and prudently run away from her house. I was astonished at these successive defeats, and had already attributed them to some mysterious cause, when a singular rumor reached my ears. Mlle. X***, it was said, would not give her hand but to the man who should give her a wound with a sword, in a duel, without witnesses."

"I joined the ranks of her adorers; I paid the most assiduous court to her; and one evening, at a ball in her house, I took advantage of a contre-dance to make a regular declaration of my affection."

"You love me," said she, looking me full in the face, "and aspire to my hand? I will not refuse you, provided you come off with honor from a proof which it pleases me to put you to."

"Name it, Mademoiselle," I replied; "I am ready."

"Very well—follow me."

"We quitted the parlor, and by a series of passages arrived in a large room, of sombre and warlike appearance. Swords, masks, rolls, gloves—indeed all the appurtenances of an armory—were hung upon the walls. Mlle. Albertine took down two duelling swords, presented me with one, and put herself on her guard.

"I will be your wife," said she to me, "if you succeed in touching me; but defend yourself well, for I am of the first force in the art."

"We crossed swords, and after two or three passes, my weapon quitted my grip, and flew ten paces distant through the air. Mademoiselle regarded me with indignation.

"My revenge!" said I.

"Granted; in eight days, at the same hour."

"On the day appointed we engaged again; I did my best, but I came off with a serious wound. I smothered my shame and rage—but it is impossible to tell you what feelings passed within me. I felt at the same instant a violent love and a violent hate. I went to my fencing-master, and learned a secret thrust of great adroitness. Mlle. Albertine accorded me the honor of a third rencontre.

"You have some courage," said she, frowning viciously.

"No, Mademoiselle, I have only love."

"Very well. Be careful. I shall not spare you."

"She is a beauty that is terrible—this woman—dressed in ball costume, with sword in hand. We fought: again she disarmed me, and placing the point of her sword against my breast, said in a solemn tone:

"I could kill you, as you see; but I grant you your life."

"I am yet under this humiliating generosity; and I seek everywhere for a secret by which I can vanquish this beautiful but terrible Amazon."

Five months after the above dialogue, the somnambulist saw her nocturnal visitor return again—still masked and melancholy. He related the conclusion of his adventure with Mlle. X*** thus: For the fourth time Mademoiselle had granted him permission to cross swords with her; and that time he had been fortunate enough to wound her slightly in the arm. She then threatened him her hand, saying:

"It is good! I am your affianced. I now accept you for my husband."

"And I? I refuse to take the hand you offer. I had determined to touch you. My self-respect was called in question—not my love. The woman that I marry must be skilful with the needle, not the sword."

Mlle. Albertine X*** is yet unmarried. Those desirous of marrying a fortune have still a chance, on the original terms.

Miscellaneous

I say, you Sam Jonsin, does you know anything about dis woman, Polly Ticks, dat white folks talk so much about?

Why, Sam, I tord you knowed eberyting. So I do. I know Polly Jones, what sells coffee in de vegetable market, and I know Polly Tomson what do goin' out to day's work up in Canal street; but when it comes to Polly Ticks I'm bothered.

The minister of one of the New England parishes was called some years ago to effect a reconciliation between a fisherman of a certain village and his helpmate.

A paper published in Pennsylvania some years since proposed the following knotty question to the young lawyers in its vicinity: 'The plaintiff A. brings his action against the defendant B. for a dog, and sets forth in his declaration, as descriptive of the animal, that he had the end of his tail cut off--is it not incumbent on the plaintiff, in order to support his declaration, to show that the dog has no end to his tail left?'

'What, my friends,' cried Rev. Dr. Knox, as he preached on the vanities of life, 'what, my friends, is money? And he gave the pulpit an awful bang.

'Two per cent. a month!' cried Solomon Wall street, waking from a deep dream. But as he looked around, he saw that he was not at the board, and that he was a money changer in the temple.

A Quaker, intending to drink a glass of water, took up a small tumbler of gin. He did not discover his mistake until he got behind the door and swallowed the dose, when he lifted both hands and exclaimed, 'Verily, I have taken inwardly the balm of the world's people! What will Abigail say when she smells my breath?'

An odd sort of a genius, having stepped into a mill, was looking with apparent astonishment at the movement of the machinery, when the miller, thinking to quiz him, asked if he had heard the news. 'No,' I replied on, said he, 'what is it?' 'Why,' replied the miller, 'it's the devil is dead.'

As the sun, in its full splendor, was peeping over the eastern hills, says a Yankee paper, a newly-married man exclaimed: 'The glory of the world is rising!' His wife, who happened to be getting up at that moment, taking the compliment to herself, simpered out, 'What would you say, dear, if I had my silk gown on?'

A clergyman once broke off the thread of his discourse and thus addressed his congregation: 'My dear brethren, let me here tell you that I am now just half through my sermon; but as I perceive your impatience, I will say that the remaining half is not more than a quarter as long as that you have heard.'

A citizen who was a moderate drinker was besought by a temperance agent to affix his signature to an abstinence pledge. He declined, giving various reasons; at last, however, he finished by observing: 'Well, I'm willing to subscribe a little to help you along; put me down for six months.'

I heard the hammer of a mechanic, that over me, at four o'clock this morning. I'll trust him till April.

I saw another, yesterday afternoon, who has plenty of work on hand, lounging at the door of a grog shop. I'll have him before the squire next week.

Mr. Curran, cross-examining a tailor said, 'Upon your oath, sir, where did this conversation happen?' In the back parlor of my shop, my cutting room.' What were you doing about yourself? walking about? 'Aye, just taking a stroll in your cabbage garden.'

Mrs. Peter Piper's baby was making a terrible noise, and a friend asked Peter why it was so cross. 'It has a stormy mother,' said Peter, with a sigh; 'you needn't wonder if it's a little squally--it's quite natural.'

It is said some babies are so small that they can creep into a quart measure; but the way in which some adults can walk into such measures, is astonishing.

The President of a debating society in the west has decided that the 'milk of human kindness' in literally meant milk punch with a little nutmeg in it.

'I must change my quarters' as the counterfeiter of twenty-five cent pieces said when he heard the police were after him.

People should not look sour at a dinner table. Everybody does not like pickles--even at dinner.

An empty sound--that of a railway whistle when you are just too late for the train.

You will fail to find a friend, if you seek one without a failing.

San Francisco.

Udolpho Wolfe's Schnapps. A Medicine: The best of eminently salutary qualities, manufactured by him exclusively, at his factory at Scheideck, in Holland, and well known during the last twelve years throughout the Atlantic and Western Seas.

The Aromatic Schnapps. Is one of the most valuable and most efficacious remedies that can be resorted to.

Caution to the Public. London Cordial Gin, Club House Gin, Sarsaparilla, Medicated Schnapps, Royal Schnapps, &c., &c., &c.

Under the above and similar titles, the liquor mixtures of this city are bottled in large quantities of adulterated, unwholesome trash, containing little, on which they hope to realize large profits by selling in California.

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Business Cards.

J. RIDGELY, M. D., PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & ACCOUCHEUR, Office on the main street, next door to the office of the Puget Sound Herald.

WOOD & BRADLEY, Auctioneers and Commission Merchants, Balch street, near Commercial, Steilacoom, W. T.

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Useful Publications.

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San Francisco.

WHAT-CHEER HOUSE,

SAN FRANCISCO.

If you have business of any kind to transact, it is not important that you should endeavor to get as near as possible to where business of all kinds is known to center.

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 food, together with order, comfort, convenience, and superior accommodations?

If you do all these things, we advise you to go to the



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 Post Office.

Board, per week, \$5.00; Board, per day, \$1.00; Meals, 50 cents; Lodgings, 50 to 75 cents.

Free passage in the Omnibus to and from the Boats. Look to the Name on the Omnibus to avoid imposition.

There is an extensive Library and Reading Room, well supplied with papers, periodicals, &c.

Travelers will please to remember that there are no runners connected with this establishment.

The What-Cheer House is conducted on strictly temperate principles.

R. B. WOODWARD, Proprietor.

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

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

trick of feeding the public at the low price of six Dollars per week, and will they come to parties of 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 up 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 of 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, \$6; per day, \$1; Meals, 50 cents; Lodging, per night, 50 to 75 cents; Lodging, per week, \$2 to \$4.

JOHN KELLY, Jr., Proprietor.

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

SILAS GALLIHER, Proprietor.

THE PROPRIETOR HAS RECENTLY ERRECTED, IN CONNECTION with his present establishment, a new and commodious two story building, 20 by 30 feet, by which he is enabled to provide the traveling public with a larger number of capacious, comfortable and excellently ventilated apartments than can be afforded by any other public house in Washington Territory.

An idea of his ability to accommodate the public may be judged from the fact that the hotel contains twenty-five private rooms, (exclusive of family apartments) each of which are large and airy, and well furnished.

Thankful to the public for the liberal patronage heretofore extended to the proprietor and having thus enlarged upon his former business, he feels confident he can render the enjoyment of his guests more comfortable and pleasant, and no pains shall be spared to give the table as well as any in the business. Beds and bedrooms furnished to such as may desire them.

Board by the day and week. A good stable is attached to this establishment, which will be supplied with horses for the accommodation of the traveling public.

A share of public patronage is respectfully solicited. OLYMPIA, Dec. 4th, 1857.

WATCHES AND JEWELRY. G. COLLIER ROBINS, PORTLAND, OREGON.

TAKE GREAT PLEASURE IN RETURNING his thanks to his friends and customers in Washington Territory for their very liberal patronage.

Watch, Jewelry, &c., with WILLIAMS' EXPRESS will be sent, and the charges can be collected on delivery. All orders per WILLIAMS' EXPRESS will be sent with prompt attention, and Watches warranted to keep good time.

On hand, Watches, Silverware, Jewelry, &c. G. COLLIER ROBINS, Watchmaker, Portland.

DOORS AND WINDOWS. Assorted sizes of Windows. For sale by PUGET MILL CO. At Toltak, W. T.

All orders promptly attended to. QUINCY HALL CLOTHING EMPORIUM, 140 and 151 Washington street, SAN FRANCISCO.

JOHN IS THE LARGEST CLOTHING HOUSE ON THE Pacific coast, and Clothing of every description is sold as cheap as in any of the Eastern States.

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