WEEKLY ARGUS.

Port Townsend, Jefferson County, W. T.

Editor and Proprietor ALLEN WEIR

The Promise.

I remember what you said While the stars shone overhead-Frosty stars, that gleamed above When I saw you last, my love

Hand in haud, I said good bye; Reart to heart you made reply Footsteps parting in the suc Meet again when roses blow !

Roses budded, bloomed, and fled-All the summer flowers are dead ; utumn showered her rainy tears-Hopes have faded into fears.

Frosty stars are shining now, Once again, above my brow; Summer streams to ice are chilled, And thy promise-unfulfilled!

A Texas Episode.

Tall, sinewy, deep-chested, and ath-letic! I never remember to have seen one of his race who so forcibly reminded me of the imaginary lodian of Cooper's novels as did Janamata, or the Red Buffalo. He was a Lipan chief whom I once met in the wilds of Texas. An unerring marksman, a perfect ath-

lete in riding, running, and in hurling the spear, Janamata was the ideal of an Indian warrior. He was brave and daring, and his hate of the Comanches made him

a friend to their enemies, the whites. As an illustration of his daring, let me relate the incident by which he won the sobriguet of Red Buffalo. Being once out with his band, engaged

being once out with its band, chigaged in procuring their wither supply of meat, he encountered a savage buffalo bull, who "ripped up" his horse. Instead of retiring from the contest, as he might have done with honor to himself, Jana-mata attacked the buffalo on foot. Throwing away his how and arrows

mata attacked the buffalo on foot. Throwing away his bow and arrows, he calmly awaited the animal's charge. As he approached, he dexterously leaped over its bowed head, and landing upon the animal's hack, plunged his knife sevover its bowed head, and landing upon the animal's back, plunged his knife sev-eral times into his body, then, jumping off behind, he seized it by the tail, and before the animal could turn upon him, severed its ham-strings by the cut of his knife.

In company with an old Texan, named John Worth, I had started on a hunting expedition up the Guadaloupe. One day, upon reaching the little settlement of Queno, about noon, we found the inhabitants excited over an outrage just

habitants excited over an outrage just committed by the Comanches. A young girl, of great beauty, only seventeen years of age, the daughter of an old settler named Lockhart, had gone out upon the plain that morning to gath-er flowers. While there, within sight of her father's house, a Comanche rode rap-idly out of the woods near her. She saw him, and ran, screaming, to-

idly out of the woods near her. She saw him, and ran, screaming, to-wards the house. But the Indian over-took her, and, without checking the speed of his horse, stooped in his saddle and throwing his arms about her waist, lifted her before him, and galloped fu-riously away. Her shrikes for help were heard. Before assistance could reach her, however, the savage was far on the road to the mountain with his prize.

to the mountain with his prize. The whole population was out, and the settlement was the scene of the wildest confusion. It seemed as if they had lost their senses. Half a dozen men had their horses saddled, but no one had started in pursuit. They stood listening to old Andy, the girl's father, who, with dishevelled gray locks, red, swollen eyes, and broken voice, appealed to every one to aid in recapturing his daughter. Two or three messengers had gone up

I wo or three messengers had gone up the river to arouse the settlers, and it was expected that at least fifteen would re-spond to the call. At the old man's sug-gestion, another had also been dispatched to a Lipan camp, about two miles below to request their chief, Janamata, to join in the nursuit

to request their chief, Janamata, to join in the pursuit. The Indian soon appeared, but still the party were not ready to start. They seemed ignorant of the fact that every moment's delay made the chance of suc-cess more uncertain. Finally, my com-panion, John Worth, rode into the circle and said: "Boys, I'm John Worth, one of Hayes's Rancers. I'm a stranger to you but if

Rangers. I'm astranger to you, but if you'll follow me, I'll bring back the old man's daughter, or I won't come back

Then we followed the trail until dark,

Then we followed the trail until dark, and then rested an hour. While haiting, I asked the Lipan how he knew that the horse was a bay, and had been ridden by an Indian. He ex-plained as follows: "A loose horse, after he has done drink-ing, always stops on the top of the bank to look around and nip a few mouthful of grass. So when I found the horse had gone straight up, I knew he had some ene on his back. "After swimming a river, an Indian al-ways stops to let hishorse roll. I followed the trail until I came to where the horse had rolled. From the color of the hars left on the ground, I knew it was a bay horse." As soon as our animals were rested, the order was given to "saddle up." In five minutes, we were again on

ested, the order was given to "saddle p." In five minutes, we were again on the trail. At length we halted, for the guides ad seen smoke, and supposed we were pproaching the Commarche's camp. Jan-mata, Worth, and old Andy Locknart the trail had seen smoke, and supposed we were approaching the Comanche's camp. Jan-amata, Worth, and old Andy Lockhart

haps of business, a merry ditty of the olden time pops up its little head, breaks amata, work, and on whe a recomoisance. They returned about midnight. The father was wild with rage and grief. He had seen his daughter, but had been re-strained by the others from attempting in upon the agly train of thought, throws the mind into another channel; light breaks in from behind the cloud in the sky, and new courage is given to us. The when the day's labor is done, his tools laid aside, and he is on his way home,

to rescue her. The Indian had reached a large camp of his tribe. The lodges numbered twenty, and there were at least thirty warriors in the party. The question now was whether we should attack with our small numbers,

or send back for reinforcements. At one moment, old Andy declared that we were not strong enough to make the attempt, and in the next, he urged in the most beseeching tones to attack at once. What should we do? The Indians out-numbered us two to one and also be-HOME, WIFE AND SATURDAY NIGHT.— Happy is the man who has a little home and a little angel in it of a Saturday night—a house, no matter how little, provided it will hold two or so; no mat-ter how humbly furnished, provided there is hope in it. Let the winds blow—close the curtains. What if they are plain cal-ico, without border, tassel or any such thing. Let the rain come down—henp up the fire. No matter if you haven't a can-dle to bless yourself with, for what a beautiful light glowing coal makes—

numbered us two to one, and also had the advantage in point of position. Some of us might not see the sun rise

in the morning; yet not a man hesitated. All declared themselves willing to take the risk. Their faces told, far better the risk. Their faces told, far better than words, their stern resolution. The question was settled, and we waitor defeat. With the first faint streak of light, we saddled our horses, examined our arms, and then rode slowly forth to meet our fate. Many a brave fellow, during that short, silent ride through the bill one and the nuclt of this wife and chill morning air, thought of his wife and little ones, and wondered if he would ever look upon their faces sgain. But no one wavered, and when the order, "Charge!" rang out on the still air, with a hearty Texan yell, we dashed like a thunderbolt upon the enemy's camp.

It was a complete surprise. For an into was a complete surprise. For all in-stant, the camp was a scene of terrible confusion. But the Indians quickly ral-lied, and fought like demons. But their only weapons being bow and arrow spears, our rifles and pistols gave us a great advantage. Each man fought on his "own hook," dealing his shots wherear they would do

Each man fought on his "own hook," dealing his shots wherever they would do the most injury. Our little party fought desperately, and as only men can fight who fight for life. Old Andy's gray hairs could be seen in the thickest of the fight. He fought like a crazed man, and

was the mark for a hundred arrows. Three times we forced our way nearly to the captive's lodge, and three times them in, or they will spoil immediately. The eggs must be entirely covered with the brine, and kept in a cool place. Be careful not to have too much salt, or

were we beaten back. "Once more!" cried old Andy, and once more a united effort was made to gain the lodge. At the door stood a savage, using his

Be careful not to have too much salt, or the yolks may harden. I have kept eggs in that way from September until May, and used them for the most delicate cake and omelette. A friend in the com-mission business, in making some changes in his store, found a few eggs had been overlooked, and had been in a brine nervared in that way nearly two At the door stood a savage, using he bow constantly, and evidently with the design of killing his captive rather than allow her to fall into our hands. Just then we heard the girl's shrill voice cry-ing, "Courage, courage! Save me, save me!"

The cry reached us with thrilling effect, a brine prepared in that way nearly two years. He took them home, and they were found to be perfectly sweet and nice.—Cor. of the Detroit Tribune. and, filled with new life, seven men dashed furiously forward. of our

Oid Andy was in advance, and, with a yell and a bound, threw himself upon the guard with such impethosity that the Indian was borne to the ground. The two were struggling on the ground, when one of our men jumped from his horse and shot the Indian.

The Lipan first entered the lodge, seized the girl and lifted her to his sad-dle. Before he had gone ten feet, an arrow pierced his body, and he feil headlong to the ground.

Worth caught the girl as she was fall-ing, and bore her away unharmed. Then we retreated, bearing the dead bodies of four of our comrades, including the Lipan. The Indians made no attempt to follow us, and we crossed the river in safety.

When again upon Texas soil, we halted, and buried the bodies of our commades. There was but one man in the party who did not bear upon his body some

Singing in the Family.

where wife and child, and tidy table, and cheerful fireside await him, he cannot but

HOME, WIFE AND SATURDAY NIGHT .-

whistle or sing .- Occident.

in it.

The New York Times has a special from Hartford, Connecticut, which says the town of Coventry has brought suit against the town of Manchester for the support of an alleged pauper named Patti Pamelia Anthony, and the woman herself has made a deposition which shows a remarkable career of married life. The case is before Judge Carpen-

Seven Husbands.

inc. The case is before Judge Carpen-ter, of Hartford, as arbitrator. According to her story, she was mar-ried July 5, 1835, to Wm. Bly of Springfield, who left her three days af-Springuesd, who left mer three days ar-ter. Six weeks later, she heard he was dead, and on February 4, of the next year, she married David L. Rogers, of Hadlyme, Connecticut. She lived with Rogers six months, when Bly, the dead man, appeared, but was bought up and gave a quit-claim to Rogers for a silver watch and five dollars.

About two years after Rogers went to A bout two years after Rogers went to sea, and six months following his de-parture, Mrs. Rogers heard he had been hanged as a pirate. Finding single life hanging heavily on her hands, she married, in March, 1841, Frederick A. Wheeler, who now lives in Manchester, Connecticut.

Connecticut. Six months after this marriage, Rogers, the banged pirate, came back, ousted Wheeler, and lived with Pame-lia till October, 1849, when he died. In March, 1850, she married Henry Myers, of Williamsburg, New York, and got a divorce in March, 1857, and in the same year married James Davis and and got a divorce in anter, teor, and the the same year married James Davis and moved to Wisconsin. She lived with him several years and got divorced. She then married Richard Marshall married Richard with him

somewhere in Ohio, lived with him seven years, and got another divorce, then coming back to Connecticut she married Emanuel Anthony, of Hartford, and lived with him six months, when

and invert with min six months, when he ran away. This record shows she had seven hus-bands in all. She was first married when fourteen years of age. She says she is now fifty-six years old. Coventry owes Manchester for her support, claim-ing har sattlament is in Manchester. ing her settlement is in Manchester, where her husband, Wheeler, now lives. There Rogers' marriage is claimed to be void, as Bly was still living, but as Bly died before Wheeler's marriage, the lat-ter was legal. Manchester says the Bly she married is not Bly, who is said to be dead, but another man; that the married Bly was alive when Wheeler's marriage took place, which makes that void. is also held that Wheeler's marriage It of no effect, under the Connecticut laws, from the fact that at the time Wheeler married her, his father was married to her sister. So he was not only marry-ing his mother-in-law's sister, but also his father's step-sister, and so on. It is

The Greatness of Obscurity.

It is a curious circumstance of the war in the east, and of interest in connection with the capture of Plevna, that prior to its occupation by Osman Pasha's army, Plevna was never heard of outside of its own immediate neighborhood. It had no own immediate neighborhood. It had no commercial prominence, and was entire ly without military defences save such as nature provided. Plevna is twenty-seven miles southwest of Nicopolis, and when the latter was captured by the Russians on the 16th of July by General Krudener, many Turkish refugees fled to Plevna. Osman Pasha with a strong corps was within a day's march of Nicopolis when it fell, and after that disaster wandered into Plevna in a purposeless way, as if waiting to see what would turn up next. It was General Krudener who turned up very quickly after the fall of Nicopolis very quickly after the fall of Nicopoli and occupied Plevna without resistance but incautiously marched beyond and into Osman Pasha's army, and was de-feated. Osman was quick to seize the advantage he had secured by chance, and,

Railroad Notes.

NEARLY three hundred miles of rail-ad was built in California last year.

WORK on the railway from Kansas City Burlington, Kas., is progressing rapid

OVER four hundred tons of iron have been received for the extension of Iowa and Narrow-gauge line from Ames orthward

The completion of the Colorado Cen-tral Railroad has already had the effect of cutting down rates on the road be-tween Denver and Cheyenne.

THE St. Paul & Sault St. Marie Railroad, when built, will pass across the northern portion of Wisconsin and open up a valuable tract of country

BHE Lehigh Valley Railroad has just sent into its shops to be rebuilt a locomo-tive that has been run steady for twenty years with hardly any repairs.

THE Central Pacific Railroad Company planted 300,000 trees along the line of their road last season, and they have ordered over 700,000, which will be set out the coming season.

The managers of the Quincy, Missouri and Pacific Railroad Company have made arrangements to commence work on the extension of the line west of Kirksville at once, and will push the work forward as rapidly as possible.

The declining interest in railroad prop-erty is evidenced by the fact that the new Pennsylvania Petroleum Railroad, graded from Titusville to Cambridge four five years ago, has been abandoned, and a part of the track torn up.

THE report of the Minnesota Railway Companies show that the receipts for the past twelve months of the Chicago, Mil-waukee & St. Paul Railroad, in that State, amount to \$1,267,361, of which St. Paul and Minneapolis have contributed \$574.-000.

The Japanese Persimmon.

The attention of horticulturists is now being attracted to this new and valuable fruit that has recently been introduced into this country. This variety differs fruit that has recently been introduced into this country. This variety differs materially from the persimmon of the Southern States, as it ripens without frost and is equally palatable whether fresh or dried. The tree is highly ornafresh or dried. The tree is highly orna-mental, a prolific bearer and as hardy as the pear. Its season is from October to the pear. Its season is from October to March, coming in when fine fruits are scarce. The fruit is of a bright yellow, orange or reddish color, and is pro-nounced equal to the pear or peach. It is also sufficiently solid to be packed and shipped with safety. It grows to a large size, attaining in some cases a pound each in weight. The Japanese persim-mon is perfectly adapted to the soil and climate of this country, and may be culclimate of this country, and may be cul-tivated precisely as the apple. The grafted trees bear in about four years; seedlings require double that time and are not reliable. Colonel Hollister, of Santa Barbara, Cal., writes as follows of

Santa Barbara, Oata, Fritzen the diospyros of kaki: "This fruit is, I think, the most beau-tiful of all fruits I have ever seen, and is tiful of all fruits I have ever seen, and is the most delicious to the taste. I car-ried four of them to San Francisco Jast fall, which weighed three-quarters of a pound each. The fruit is of a rich yel-low color, and smells more like a ball of wax than a fruit. It is simply splendid. I think it will be the greatest acquisition to our State ever introduced."

Cotton Dyeing.

The working up of cotton and wool into all sorts of fabrics has of late years received much development, so that new 25 to 30 per cent. of loose cotton may be added to wool, and to the fabrics so woven actually deceive the naked eye of the most experienced dealer—the only difficult point being to die the cotton well and fine. A method of accomplish-ing this has, according to the Taxifie Manufacturer, now been found, so that, with fabrics not requiring to be fulled, all colors can be produced to resemble the tints of wool. The loose cotton, as it proceeds from the ball, may be loosed either by mechanical or manual labor, and as soon as each raw cotton yarn has been boiled two hours in water, it is ready for dyeing; but such manipulation may be saved in most colors by immersmay be saved in most colors by immers-ing the cotton—as, for example, for black, in a logwood bath for two hours, by which time is saved. The chief point of attention during the boiling process is to turn the cotton incessantly, so as to insure all portions being soals through, otherwise non-dyed white sp soaked

beautiful light glowing coal makes-shedding a cloudless sunset through the room—just light enough to talk by; not loud, as in the highways; not rapid, as in the hurrying world; but softly, slowly, binarchick and the softly start an whispering, with pauses between, for the storm without and the thoughts within to fill up with. Then wheel the sofa around by the fire; no matter if the sofa is a settee, uncushioned at that, if so be it is just large enough for two and a half How sweetly the music of silver bells for the time to come falls on the lis-tening heart then! How mournfully tening heart then! How mournfully swell the chimes of "the days that are no How TO PUT DOWN EGGS .- I send you a receipt for putting down eggs that I have used to our entire satisfaction for over twenty-five years. I never expect to find, nor do I wish for, a better one, a very peculiar case. to find, nor do I wish for, a better one, either in point of simplicity, economy,or certainty. Take of good salt half a pint, of unslacked lime a piece the size of a teacup. Put both in a stone jar. Pour into the jar two gallons of boiling water. Let stand till perfectly cool, then put in your eggs. Be sure that your eggs are all good. Care must be taken not to crack any of them in putting them in, or they will spoil immediately.

Thirteen men responded to the call, and, with a hearty Texas yell, we started. We soon struck the Comanche's trail. The Lipan followed it like a hound on a seent.

It was a terrible ride-through chaparral so dense that we were obliged to dismount and lead our animals; through masses of cactus, whose long thorns tore our clothes and flesh, and cut the legs of our horses; over broad prairies, covered with flowers; through valleys filled with underbrush, until we reached the bank of the river. of the river.

Nowhere upon the other side could we Nowhere upon the other side could we discern any signs of a trail. After some time spent in searching for it, the keen eyes of Worth, who had ridden in ad-vance, discerned tracks on the opposite shore

Calling the Lipan, Worth asked him to swim his horse and ascertain if that was the Comanche's trail, or if the tracks were those of some animal that had come down to the water for drink. In a short time the Indian returned, and reported that a bay horse, ridden by an Indian, had crossed there. The next moment, the whole party plunged into the stream, and crossed to the other side.

mark of Comanche prowess, and he was the one who had the most recklessly ex-Old Andy, and he alone, posed his life. Old An had escaped unharmed.

We had the satisfaction of restoring the daughter unharmed to her mother's arms. With that mother's blessing fol-

lowing us, we proceeded on our way and finished our hunt, none the worse for our "Texas episode."—Youth's Companion.

Poon England! Her industries are suffering everywhere and becoming the subjects of attack from all directions. Germany is now reported to fairly flooding the hosiery districts of Notting-hamshire and Leicestershire with yarns of astonishing qualities and prices. Belof astonishing qualities and prices. Bei-gium is sending over iron, and the United States, says an English journal, is sup-plying our warehousemen with ship loads of calico, good salable prints, and wear-able cottons at rates that command buy-ers. American beef is underselling the famous beef of Encland our fruits are famous beef of England, our fruits are constantly increasing in demand, and our cutlery competes with English wares in Sheffield itself. -*Chicago Commercial* Advantion Advertiser

traveler, and the dogs get all the credit. preparation if necessary.

first layer be the yellow, made of the yolks, then the red, and lastly the whites. Nicely frost the top, and you have a beau-tiful as well as a delicious party cake. They are very pretty made into rolls.

A NOVEL WAY OF MAKING JELLY CAKE.

-Take the whites of six eggs, one cup of white sugar, same of flour, one tea-

GRAHAM MUFFINS .- Take equal parts of milk and Graham flour and mix w with a little salt. The flour should

passed through a coarse sieve, and the ingredients mixed over night. The lit-tle roll pans, the best for this use, should be heated quite hot and well buttered, and the oven should bake quickly. The pans must be not quite half filled. A little experience will teach any one now to do this all right.

CORN MUFFINS. Three cupfuls. corn-meal, one cupful of flour, one egg, onehalf cupful sugar or molasses, two tea-spoonfuls of cream tartar, and one of soda, and a piece of butter the size of a butternut; wet with milk to about the consistency of sponge cake.

TO CURE HOARSENESS .- Beat well

while an insignificant Torkish town, to-tally devoid of artificial means of de-fense, has played the most important part of any point on the scene of military ations, and whose downfall is probably the death knell of an empire of several centuries of history .-- Hawk-Eye.

THE Washington Capital notes the ap-The Washington Copical notes the ap-pearance at a party in that city of the wife of a New York banker, whose dress was covered on the skirt, so as to make it appear one piece, with one hundred and five one-hundred-dollar bills. The waist and sleeves were \$1,000 bonds sewed in, and her fingers and ears blazed with dia-monds. The tiara was said to have been worth \$80,000, and the total value of the \$260,000, and the total value of the notes and diamonds on her person was \$260,000. Two pages carried her train, and watched lest the jewels and green-backs should fall to the floor.

THERE are 90,000 unsettled pension claims on file in the pension office at Washington, and the number is still inur cutlery competes with English wares a Sheffield itself. -*Chicago Commercial ideertiser.* THE monks of St. Bernard save the str well and drink often. Repeat the str well and drink often the str well and the st disbursed for claims.

show up. It is also advisable to use separate vats for each bath, much dyeing material being thus saved.

LIEBIG makes the statement that rainwater filtered through field or garden soil does not dissolve out a trace of potash, silicic acid, ammonia, or phosphoric acid. The soil does not give up to the water one particle of the food of plants which it contains. The most continuous rain can not remove from the field, except mechanically, any of the essential con-stituents of its fertility. The soil not only retains firmly all the food of plants which is actually in it, but its power to preserve all that may be useful to them also extends to withdrawing from rain or other water all the ammonia, potash, phosphoric and silicic acids held in sopotash. lution.

In his sermon in the Classon Avenue Presbyteriań church, Brooklyn, recently, the Rev. Dr. Duryea said: "It is no trouble to live on bread and water, though some people are making a great ado about it. I have done it many a time, about it. I have done it many a time, simply for my own pleasure and recrea-tion, in the forests and in the fields."