THE WEEKLY ARGUS.

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THE WEEKLY ARGUS.

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—BY—

AL. PETTYGROVE.

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OFFICE—"Union" Saloon Building, head of Union Wharf,

ort Townsend, W. T.

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AT LAW.

OFFICE—On Water Street, two doors west from Hastings Store,

1dy Port Townsend, W. T.

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EVERY DESCRIPTION OF PLAIN or Colored Printing done, from a Visiting Card to a Double-sheet Poster.
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Juvenile Curiosity Attent Family Affairs.

"Oh, Mary! I've sic news to tell,
I can hardly tellsey't yet mysel':
At the dead heur o' nicht, land afore it grew licht,
There cam' to the worl' a wee wean,
A' its lane!
There cam' to oor hoose a wee wean.

"D'ye ken, when I heard its wee greet,
It jist min't me o' lambs ween they bleat,
An', Mary, he'll be sic a brither to me,
For he'll grow up a stuffy wee man,
An' it's than
He'll stan' up for me like a man."

"A wee wean! Jenny Bain, did ye say?
Heard ye ever! an' whaur cam' it frae?
Did it come o' itsel'? Did it ring the door-bell?
Losh me! an' wha tell't it the road?
It's sae odd
That the wee thing should fin' oot the road."

"Hoots, Mary, is that a' ye ken?
Weans dinna come toddlin' ben—
It was Doctor McGooch brought it hame in his pooch,
Brocht it hame jist to mither an' me,
But ye see
It belangs mair to mither than me.

"It's nae bigger than your muckle doll!
An' it cam' without claes—isn't it droll?
No' a shoe on its feet, an' it hasna ta'en meat
Sin' the very first hour that it cam',
The wee lamb!
It ne'er tastit a bite sin' it cam'."

"Without claes? Jenny Bain! the wee dear!
Has the auld doctor grown sic a bear
To cram in his pooch a bit wean, the auld wretch!
It really was very ill dune—
What a sin!
Oh, I ne'er wad ha'e thocht it o' him!"

"But, Mary, keep min' it's sae wee!
Oor doctor! he'd ne'er harm a flea—
He's baith canny an' kin,' an' weel, weel I min'
Hoo the tear drappit doun frae his e'e
When puir me
Lay sae ill that a' thocht I wad dee.

"But, Mary, lass! here is the thing—
Whaur gets he the weans hame to bring?
Do they grow in the wuds? or drap doun frae the cluds
In yon bonny blue lift far awa'?
Whaur like sna'
The bonnie wee clouds sail awa'?"

"Whist! the secret's jist this—ye'll no tell—
For it cam' frae the doctor himsel'—
In a great muckle kist, fu' o' darkness an' mist,
They are left wi' the doctors to keep,
An' they sleep
The day lang, and gie never a cheep."

"But—but—wha puts them into the kist,
'Mang that wearifu' darkness an' mist?"
"'Tis the angels, dear Mary! wha lovingly carry
The bonny wee tots frae aiar,
Frae some star,
Whaur the pure an' the beautiful are."

"It's a trange tale ye tell, Jeanie Bain;
But—but—what did ye gi'e for your wean?
For mither, d'ye see, she has nae weans but me—
Except Jock, an' he's aff to the skule,
The big fuil!
It's muckle he'll dae at a skule."

"Oor wean! it wad co t—let me see—
Far mair siller than ye ha'e to gi'e,
For auld Doctor Mac. waled the best in his pack;
I'se warran' 'twad cost a poun' note,
Ilka groat,
I'm sure it wad cost a hale note."

"A poun' for a wean without claes!
My sang! weans are weans noo-a-days;
I could get a big doll, clad frae head to the sole,
For the half o' the siller, I guess,
Aye, an' less!
An that's no' countin' ocht for the dress."

"An' forbye, oor doll-weans dinna greet,
An' they leeve a' day lang without meat,
An' they need nae new shoon, for the auld ne'er gae dune,
Sae I'll stick tae my doll, Mary Bain,
It's my ain,
An' mair worth to me than a wean."

BEACON-ROCK LIGHT.

Beacon Rock was the island where the light house stood; and my father was the light house keeper.

It was miles away from the shore; though, standing at the foot of the light house—the highest part of the island—I could see a long line of sandy beach; and beyond a clump of trees, which I knew to be an orchard; and to the right of them the scattered houses and church-spire of the village of Bayport, where father used to go about once in a month for supplies.

I often went with him, so that I was familiar with the village, and knew the farmers, the fishermen, and the store-keeper, who was also postmaster: and those visits used to be great holidays for me, especially when I was permitted to take my little brother with me, which was not very often.

There were but four of us on the island—father, and little brother, and Floy, and me. Mother was dead, and Floy looked after the house, and cooked, and milked the cow—for we had a cow.

The island was not a desolate place at all. It was not very large—I think about half a mile long—but there was a nice grove of trees on it; and in summer there was plenty of grass for the cow, and for fodder; and Paul—that was my little brother—and I had a garden.

The house was a low stone building, whitewashed outside, and very strong and solid, as, of course, it had to be, where the winds and the waves were so very boisterous and terrible.

Inside I think it was the nicest and prettiest home I ever saw.

The rooms were all one floor, except a big roomy attic, where Paul and I used to play in rainy weather and in winter.

There was a kitchen and a sitting room, and father's bedroom, and a little bed-room where Paul and I slept; and then there was a spare bedroom that we did not use, for Floy slept in the attic.

Father and mother had both been well educated, and had once been very well-to-do in the world; but that was when I was very little, and I did not remember anything of it, only what mother told me before she died.

Mother died on the island just when Paul was born, and that was eight years before the time about which I am going to tell; and now Paul was eight years old, and I was sixteen.

So, as father and mother were educated people, they had books and pictures: some of the pictures mother had painted; and there was a melodeon on which she used to play very sweetly; and there were stuffed birds, and nice furniture; and there were vines of ivy, and honey-suckle, and woodbine, trained thickly all over the outside, and about the windows; so that it was the nicest and prettiest home I ever saw.

Since that time I have seen many far grander houses, with richer furniture, and more costly paintings and books; but I hold to my childish opinion still. For, though I was sixteen, I was only a child, after all; for I had never left my home, and had got all the little learning I had from my dear father and mother, who were always proud to teach me. And all I knew about the great cities was what I read in books, and what was told me, for I had never seen one. Floy had; and she told me a great many strange things about them. She came to us when mother was taken sick, to work about the house, and had stayed with us ever since. She said she was twenty; but I know now she was near thirty—though so young looking.

Floy was very handsome: she had long black hair, and black eyes, and beautiful teeth; and she was tall and very graceful. Why she should wish to be a servant, away off on a desert island, I could never understand; though sometimes I did think she had a secret, and was hiding away from somebody, because she always seemed so frightened when any one came to the island—which was very seldom.

Sometimes a party came off in a sail boat to visit the light house, and then Floy would go up in the attic and look out of the window, trembling, and would never come down until she had seen every one in the boat.

Occasionally these parties would make a little picnic in the grove; or go fishing, and cook and eat their fish on the rocks, while Paul and I would sit off at a little distance and look at the ladies, in their beautiful dresses, and see the gentlemen opening bottles of wine, and being so attentive to them. Heigho! I used to wish I was a lady then.

But there would often be months when no one came near the island, unless it was the government inspector; and then the only change we had was an occasional trip to Bayport.

But we were never lonely—Paul and I. It was amusement enough to sit on the rocks and watch the ships go out at sea; or the porpoises, rolling and tumbling close by; or to go up into the lantern in a gale, and see the great waves dashing over the long reef of rocks that lay black and awful below us. Then I had to study my own lessons—which I never neglected—and to teach Paul; and I had to help about the housework; and in this simple but pleasant kind of life I had lived to be sixteen years old.

I was a great contrast to Floy, in my clear, pearly skin, and long, light curls, and blue eyes; but I never thought I was handsome. Her style of beauty was what I admired, though she said gentlemen liked mine best; but I did not care for what gentlemen liked in those days.

But the day was coming, and was near at hand, when I was to care; and when I was to learn more about the great world, and its likings and its sorrows, than ever my books could have told me; and this is how it happened, and how I come to be telling this story, instead of Floy.

It was a bright August day, and Paul and I were sitting in our favorite seat on the high rock, at the foot of the light house, reading a book together.

It was a new book that father had brought on his last journey from the village, and we were so interested in it, that I do not think we looked from its pages in an hour; and, in fact, we did not until we were startled by the sound of some one calling to us; then we looked up, and there was a sail boat with two gentlemen in it, and one of them waving his hat, and asking where he could land. I showed him the little bit of beach, just behind the light house; and then we both ran round to meet them.

They ran the little boat right up on the sand, and loosened the sail so that it came rattling down in a minute, and the gentleman who had called to me jumped ashore.

He was—it seems so silly to describe him—but, however—he seemed to be about twenty-five years old, I thought; and, I may say, he was the handsomest man I ever saw. He was not very tall, but he had light, curling hair, and a mustache, and a bright ruddy face; and seemed so full of life and happiness, that I took to him from that minute.

His companion was a rather common-place-looking person, with heavy, black whiskers, and was evidently much older than the other. While he was making the boat fast with his anchor among the rocks, the first gentleman came up to me, and taking off his hat, said something pleasant about the day and the sail—I forget what now—and then asked if I thought we could let him stay on the island for a few days, as he was an artist, and wished to make some sketches for a marine picture he was painting.

I was so astonished to find myself talking to a real, professional artist, that I blushed and stammered like a little goose, and was only brought to my senses by hearing Floy at my elbow, saying, "I think you might stay, sir; there's a spare room; and I'll go and ask the captain." And off she went to ask father—she always called him captain, as the folks did over at the village.

The gentleman looked at her very steadily while she was talking; then he thanked her, and, turning to me, said, "Who is the captain, miss?"

"He is my father, sir—he keeps the light house," said I.

"Oh! And who is that young lady—not your sister, surely?"

"Oh, no," I replied; "she is our servant."

I never had called her servant before, and I hardly know why I did then; but I felt spiteful, somehow.

The gentleman said, "Oh!" again, and then joined his companion at the boat.

Presently Floy came out, and, going up to the gentleman, said, "The captain will see you, sir, if you will walk into the house;" and he accordingly did so, without so much as looking at her. But not so his companion, for at the sound of her voice, I noticed that he dropped his rope out of his hands, and gave a long, persistent stare at her, and then he turned his back quickly and got into the boat, and—I was certain—hid himself behind the sail. As for her, she never looked at him, but kept her eyes on the other gentleman until he got into the house, and I observed that her face seemed flushed. Well, the end of it was, that the light-haired gentleman was accepted as a boarder for a few days, and then he came down to the boat in a few moments, and, informing his friend, took a valise and a black box from the locker, shook hands with the other gentleman; and in a moment more the sail boat was clear of the island, tacked round the point, and sailed before the wind toward Bayport.

The gentleman's name, he told us, was Charles Hawthorne; and before we were through tea that evening, we were as well acquainted with him as if we had known him intimately. Even father, who was never very lively or talkative, brightened up under his cheering influence, and talked about paintings, and politics, and plenty of things I didn't understand, all tea-time.

Of course Floy always ate with us, and I felt so penitent for my ill natured speech, that I was glad to find he treated her just as he did the rest of us; and I gave up an idea which had been in my head, that I would go and beg her pardon, for I saw it was unnecessary.

After tea we sat on the piazza, while Char—Mr. Hawthorne smoked with father, and I think I never was so happy before; though he hardly spoke to me the whole evening.

Well, the next day he rigged up his palette and his paints, which he took from the black box; and he had a patent easel and a stool, folded up in the black box, also; and all these he set up on a little hillock under a tree; and then he went to paint waves in the most beautiful manner imaginable.

Paul and I used to go and stand by him, and he would go on painting, stopping now and then to put his head on one side—like a bird—"to catch the effect," he said, and talking all the time, as if painting was just the easiest thing to do in the world.

Floy never came with us. But one day, when I was at my lessons, and father had gone to Bayport, I chanced to look out of the window, and then I saw Floy standing by him, and he was not painting at all, but was talking very eagerly to her; and then I felt my cheeks grow crimson, and I knew I was jealous, and went back to my books ashamed.

I say one day, because his few days became a week, and then many more days; and this happened full two weeks after he had come to the island.

Now, I am ashamed to say I watched them after this.

He grew distant to me, too—or I fancied it—and would sit there painting, and never say a word to me, or only look at me in a curious sort of way—which I half liked and half resented, but could not define in the least to my own satisfaction.

And then he did not paint so well when I was near him; but had to rub out and paint over—and then he would get red, and say, "Pshaw!" and so, at last, I gave up going near him, which was a sad trial to me, for I began to know that I loved him with all the fondness of my little heart and that he did not care a bit for me. So, when we were not studying, Paul and I would ramble clear to the other end of the island; and there I would sit on the rocks and look at the clouds and the sea; and I used to cry a little sometimes, when I thought how lonely and unhappy I would be when he had gone away and married Floy—as I would and there would be no one on the island but father and Paul and I, and perhaps some great, strapping Irish girl, that I knew I should hate.

One day, just at sunset—I was returning from a walk alone—for Paul had been sent to bed without his supper as a punishment for some mischief, and I was not permitted to stay with him, and had gone off broken-hearted in consequence—I was such a child—and I seemed to love little Paul more than ever now.

And, as I reached the light house, I came suddenly upon him, standing with Floy.

He had her hand clasped in his, and and was talking very earnestly to her, and she was crying.

I did not wait for anything more, but half-blinded with my own tears—scalding tears of jealousy and love—I ran into the house and to my own little room.

I sometimes think that all the happiness I have had since, or can have hereafter, will never repay me for the agony I suffered that night.

Once I heard father call me, and then he said he supposed I was asleep; and I heard Mr. Hawthorne say something, and I covered my head and sobbed myself asleep, with little Paul fast in my arms.

The next morning I had a terrible headache, and did not get up, and Paul came in to me after his breakfast, and said Mr. Hawthorne had gone, but he would be back to-morrow; and he left his love for me with him—Paul—and told him to be sure and tell me.

How wicked it was, I thought, when I knew he had gone to make arrangements to come back and take Floy away to be his wife.

All that day I saw little of her, for, though I got up after a while and went out, she seemed to avoid me, and appeared nervous and excited all day. Father had taken him to Bayport in our boat and returned in the evening; and I noticed he was more affectionate with me than usual, and looked at me strangely. So I concluded Mr. Hawthorne had spoken to him about Floy, and that he thought I would miss her and be lonely. And once or twice I was going to speak to him about it, but something came up in my throat and choked me, and I could not. And when father read the bible and said a prayer, as was his nightly custom, he prayed that, if separation might be in store for any of us, we might all be prepared to meet it trustfully; and I heard Floy sob, and then I knew I was right.

The next morning, at about 11 o'clock, the little sailboat drew in sight, and I saw, from the window of the sitting-room where I stood alone, that the other gentleman—the one with the black beard—was in it. And as she touched the shore I saw father leading Floy down to meet them, and—I could bear no more, but sank into a chair and prayed that my heart might break in earnest—for I was only a child after all—only sixteen years old. And then I heard

See Fourth Page.