THE DEMOCRAT-LEADER.

VOL. 4. NO. 3. PORT ANGELES, CLALLAM COUNTY, WASHINGTON, FRIDAY, JUNE 16, 1893. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

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Angeles Meat Market.

FRONT ST., NEAR LINCOLN.

FRESH AND SALT Meats of all kinds constantly on hand. Game in its sesson. Poultry dressed on short notice. We cater to the trade and ask a share of your patronage. Highest market price paid for Beef, Pork, Veal and Mutton.

THE BUREAU

Front Street. GEO. E. FISHER, PROP'R. Op. Opera House.

THE POPULAR RESORT FOR BUSINESS MEN.

BEVERAGES Unexcelled. ST. LOUIS LAGER BEER. Cold Lunches and Delicacies. CIGARS. Only the Best.

ENVOY TO NEW YORK.

M. J. Carrigan En Route East.

THE OBJECT OF HIS VISIT

To Impart Valuable Information Regarding the Railroad Proposition—Mr. Barnes Speaks—The Fourth of July Celebration—The Various Committees Hard at Work,

The board of trade held a regular meeting last Monday evening with President Coolican in the chair and Secretary Carrigan present.

President Coolican stated thet one of the principal objects of the meeting was to discuss the railroad proposition and the reservation question. Mr. Barnes was in the city and had kindly consented to address the meeting on the outlook for the railway. It had been deemed advisable to send Mr. Carrigan to New York to consult with Mr. Plummer regarding the railroad enterprise. There were many things in connection with this proposition that were of great importance, which could not be properly laid before the leading spirits in New York unless some person thoroughly acquainted with its inception, its development and finally its consummation to the point of raising the bonus, be sent there to present the facts.

Mr. Carrigan is one of the most enthusiastic, untiring and undaunted promoters of the scheme, was well equipped to perform that mission and to unfold the information desired. Capital was the essential, in fact the indispensable requisite, to the ultimate consummation of this undertaking. The source from which money flows cannot be reached through an indirect but must come through the natural channel of commercial intercourse.

A visit to New York at this time and an intelligent and clear presentation of the railway proposition and its possibilities, would doubtless result in incalculable benefit to all interests concerned. Then, incidentally, Mr. Carrigan might go on to Washington as the journey would involve only a loss of a few hours, and ascertain the true status of the appraisers report. The only request Mr. Carrigan would make of the board of trade was its official indorsement. He desired to go to New York as the representative of citizens of this city, and every effort would be made to subserve their material welfare.

The president then reviewed the progress made by the various committees appointed to divise ways and means for a Fourth of July celebration. Little this far had been done. To be frank the committees had not met with much encouragment. Business men and citizens generally were in favor of celebrating, but did not feel able to contribute very liberally, owing the depression in business. A supreme effort, however, should be made to observe with becoming patriotism the national holiday; this could be done without any great outlay. Let every man do his duty and contribute either of money or labor, and a most signal success would crown the effort. But if we are going to celebrate there should be no hesitating or faltering but earnest, united labor, and the fact should be heralded abroad at once, as a large excursion from Victoria and other Sound points would join in the celebration. Col. Coolican then introduced Mr. C. A. Barnes, of Seattle, who, he stated would make some pertinent remarks regarding the railroad proposition.

Mr. Barnes stated it was doubtless due citizens of Port Angeles who had so enthusiastically, so unanimously, so patriotically contributed to the bonus of that great enterprise, to make a frank, candid, clear and explicit explanation of the condition in which the enterprise was at present. No doubt, the citizens, were aware of the strained condition of the money and the utter demoralization of the bond market. These two denominating conditions united in making it extremely difficult to float bonds for any enterprise. The speaker had however, the assurance from New York that the outlook was by no means unfavorable and far from being discouraging. Mr. Plummer had reason to believe that he would be able to make satisfactory arrangements before the time within which they were limited to begin actual construction had expired. The latter gentleman had, however, expressed a desire for more comprehensive information regarding the enterprise and the possibilities of the country. This was, doubtless to assure the men who furnished the capital that the investment would prove profitable. As it was Mr. Plummer's wish that Mr. Carrigan come on to New York, the latter had agreed to comply with the request. The speaker sincerely hoped before the time expired to begin work that all obstacles will have been removed and the enterprise on the broad highway to glorious consummation.

President Coolican called upon Lieut. Bradley, who responded with an able address, largely confining his remarks to the earlier history of this locality. Mr. Bradley said that he had had abiding faith in its future since the sixties. The speaker disclosed some very interesting historical facts about the removal of the custom house to Port Townsend. As soon as the strained condition of the money market will have been overcome he felt assured that Angeles would enter upon an era of continued prosperity and permanent industrial advancement. Every citizen should do his duty, however, and labor untiringly for its material welfare. The Fourth of July celebration should not be permitted to fail through apathy and utter indifference. He was willing to put his hands in his pockets and encourage the undertaking, others should be willing to do as much.

Mr. Carrigan was urged to address the meeting.

Yielding to the appeal Mr. Carrigan briefly and pointedly said that at the urgent solicitation of Mr. Barnes and as well a similar request made in a letter recently received from Mr. Plummer, he had decided to leave at once for New York for the purpose of giving the latter gentleman the information desired. Confidence, as was generally understood, had been shaken to the uttermost, in financial centres of the East, the money and stock markets were completely demoralized, and great difficulty was encountered in attempting to float the bonds of any new enterprise. The prime movers of the railway proposition were very anxious for more accurate, more definite information of the resources, the possibilities of the country. Fully satisfy these men that the country will afford sufficient business to justify the building of a railroad and the money will be forthcoming.

While East Mr. Carrigan proposed to extend his trip to Washington and do all in his power to urge the immediate approvel of the appraiser's report and final settlement of the reservation. All he requested was an official endorsement from the board of trade so as he could go as representative of the people.

At the conclusion of Mr. Carrigan's remarks, Mr. Lewis Williams arose and in a spirited address, said in substance that it would only be a becoming act a courtesy due a representative citizen to acquiesce in the modest demand of the gentleman, The success of his mission meant much for all concerned. And all patriotic citizens who were deeply interested in the material advancement of Port Angeles would not put a straw in the way of the success of this great enterprise. Therefore, Mr. Williams moved that the privilege be granted Mr. Carrigan.

The motion was seconded by Mr. William Banks, in a few appropriate and pointed remarks. It was unanimously carried.

The president said he would like to hear what progress had been made by the committees appointed on the celebration.

Remarks were made by Messrs. Williams, Caie, Merritt and Coolican. Mr. Williams stated that the committee on finance had not met with the unqualified success that had been anticipated and which was certainly absolute to the success of the celebration. He made a strong appeal to those present to do all in their power to aid the committees in making a success of the undertaking. Labor would be just as acceptable as money; in fact both were indispensable to success. Common patriotism he believed had ought to stimulate all alike to so noble and praiseworthy an effort.

Chief of fire department Merritt stated that if an appropriate prize was offered, hose companies from Nanimo and Victoria would come over and compete for the sum. He suggested a couple of trumpet as an appropriate prize.

Chairman Caie on barbicue reported success, and solicited contributations. He believed that the barbicue would be one of the most interesting features of the celebration. And he would do his utmost to achieve that end.

It was decided that the committees meet in the board of trade rooms Wednesday afternoon to perfect their organization and outline a plan of action. The board adjourned.

For Dungeness butter go to Harvey's store.

L. H. Smith for tin roofing at his new stand,

COUNTY WILL BUILD

A Bridge Across the Hoko River.

THE UNION PACIFIC

Railway Petitions the Board to Correct the Error in the Wharf Franchise Granted it by the County—The Board Adopts a Resolution Criticising Certain Road Supervisors.

R. R. Harding applied to the board to correct error made in granting the Union Pacific railway a franchise to construct a wharf in this city, which was made or Francis street when it was intended to grant franchise for either Francis or Lincoln streets. The matter was laid over for the time being.

The action of the school superintendent creating school district No. 35, sections 26 and 27, was approved.

Application of S. P. Carusi for appointment as liquor inspector was laid over.

The matter of constructing bridges was laid over until the next meeting.

FRIDAY, JUNE 9TH.

The board ordered that the supervisor of road district No, 8 be directed to open the T. Edward's road under the supervision of A. O'Brien, county commissioner.

Supervisor of road district No. 8 was directed to continue the work on Elwha hill to completion.

Supervisor of road district No. 23 was directed to continue work on the Little river road, the said work to be done under the supervision of the commissioners.

R. C. Wilson, on behalf of the citizens of Forks presented a deed to the county commissioners for ten acres of land for cemetery purposes.

The former board not having made any record regularly approving the survey of the Hans Walby road, the R. M. Weeden road and the Merrill Whittier road it was ordered that viewers and surveyors' reports be approved and such roads be declared established.

Reports of road supervisors were examined and approved.

A number of bills were ordered paid.

J. H. Holden was appointed justice of the peace for Dungeness precinct.

The county auditor was authorized to advertise for bids to construct a bridge across the Hoko river. The work to be let according to plans and specifications on file in that office. Bids will not be accepted from non-residents of the county. Bids must be filed on or before July 5, 1893.

Whereas it has been represented to the county commissioners that certain road supervisiors in the county have been refusing to hire men to work on the county roads in their districts unless they the employes will in turn board with the said supervisors, and whereas the board of county commissioners disapproves of such action, therefore it is ordered that the refusal of anyone to board with the road supervisor shall not be sufficient cause for refusing him employment.

The board rejected the order of R. R. Harding for a correction of the record of the franchise granted the Union Pacific Railroad Company to construct and operate a wharf at the foot of Francis street, in this city, by inserting Lincoln street, for the reason that the matter is not within the jurisdiction of the board of county commissioners, the said property being within the city limits of Port Angeles.

Several blocks in the Colony's 2nd addition. Have cash customers for lots in this addition. Prefer whole blocks.
THOS. MALONY.

Money to Loan on Improved Farms on the Option plan. J. E. Beam, Port Angeles, Wash.

The Fisher Pharmacy stands at the head for purity, uniformity and superiority of quality. J. C. Hansen proprietor.

The simplest, lightest running, most durable Sewing Machine—the Singer—for sale by Mrs. Lee, Laurel street.

L. H. Smith for Plumbing at his new stand Front and Oak streets.

Van Lehn Bros. wholesale dealers in flour and feed of all kinds.

J. C. Hansen has a complete stock of Homeopathic medicines.

For fine Job Printing go to THE DEMOCRAT-LEADER.

The A. U. Davis butter at Harvey's.

COUNTY NEWS.

Interesting Paragraphs From the County Press.

East Clallam Record.]

H. G. Johnson, J. Johnson and G. West three Jefferson county ranchers were here Monday and left for their homes, via Quillayute, on Tuesday.

S. Wilkeson returned from a trip up-Sound last Friday accompanied by his brother and friend, Mr. Reddon who have been visiting the Sekiou.

Efforts have been made by the postmatters along the Straits to have a postal clerk appointed in the steamer Willapa. It is likely that it will be done this year.

L. E. Larsen known as a crazy individual, who came here from San Francisco on the schooner Marion last month left on the Willapa Wednesday evening for Seattle. After boarding the steamer he proceeded to the kitchen where he helped himself to a lunch. Being interviewed by Purser Guy he gave no satisfactory explanation of his doings and was invited by the purser to go up on deck. He started up the steps followed by Mr. Guy when suddenly he let fly one of his feet and struck the purser amidships knocking him down. At this stage of the proceedings Captain Horne grabbed him by the coat collar onto the deck and locked him into a room. Larsen is undoubtedly insane and is said to have been confined in an asylum in Arizona.

A new enterprise is talked of at Port Angeles. It is a project to extract tar and turpentine from fir stumps. If the projector will introduce a process of extracting large American dollars from the real estate around the stumps along with the tar business, he will make a barrel of money in Angeles.

Work on the county road to Beaver is expected to begin next week under Supervisor Brown, of the Beaver road district.

The steamer Gedna has been placing signals along the Straits west of Port Crescent to the Cape and is now stationed at Neah Bay.

The mill company has completed the dam across the creek on Krans place and work has been commenced on another dam upon the river. The first one is about 400 feet long and stands eight feet above the banks of the creek, having a total heigth of eighteen feet. The work has been done in a very substantial manner under the supervision of Foreman John Sullivan. The cost of the work will be something $1,200.

Charles Bogarson, a native of Sweden and formerly a resident here died last month at Port Townsend, The cause of his death is said to be due to injuries received while he was working in the tanning entract works on the Bay. Deceased leaves a wife and child in destitute circumstances.

Port Crescent Leader.]

The information is given out by the general land office at Washington that the matter of new surveys must be investigated. Some one is afraid that the surveyors are paid too well. That incredulous individual should be sent into the woods six months to satisfy his mind and in the meantime the work of making new surveys should proceed. The additional information is made public that no new surveys will be ordered until investigation shows that the townships asked to be surveyed are occupied by settlers who have made valuable improvements and seek the title to the land for agricultural purposes. It strikes the pioneers of the Northwest that this great government has nothing to lose by surveying all the public domain. The settlers certainly have the right to expect that the land will be promptly surveyed and there can be no greater wrong done by the government than by pursuing a hesitating and changing policy in dealing with the public land. Survey the land and bring the rights of the homesteaders to a prompt adjustment.

Mr. E. Nollain and family arrived at Brookside, Lake Crescent, last Saturday to spend the summer.

Work on the road between the two lakes was finished last Friday and the occasion properly celebrated.

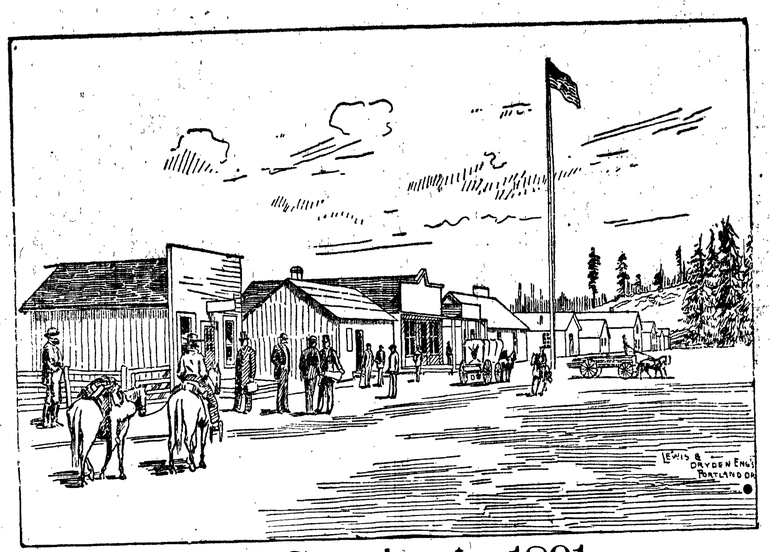
Mr. James C. Haswell was in Seattle the first of the week on business for the Port Crescent Mill Company.

Messrs. George Icke, Fred Kinney and Theodore Mekstroth arrived on Wednesday and went up to their claims in the Solduck valley.

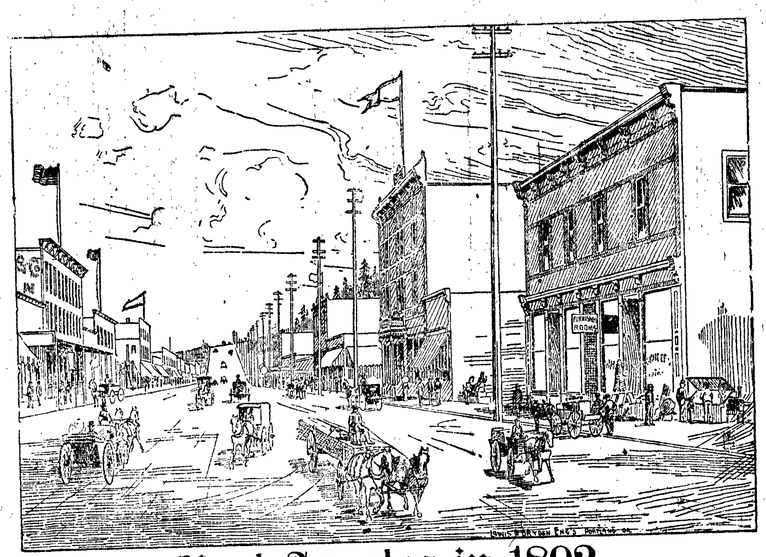
Dawson & Smallwood's steamer Flyer will be ready to begin running on Lake Crescent very soon.

The road between Port Crescent and Lake Crescent is in excellent condition.

AN OBJECT LESSON



Port Angeles in 1891.



Port Angeles in 1892.

The Democrat-Leader.

FRIDAY, JUNE 16, 1893.

LOCAL PARAGRAPHS.

Angeles will have a telephone system!

Hon. and Mrs. Allen Weir arrived from Olympia on the Monticello, Tuesday.

Dungeness is making elaborate preparations for the celebration of the Fourth of July.

The steamer Monticello broke her propeller, causing her to omit yesterday's trip, to undergo necessary repairs.

Shipping along the water front is unusually active. Four steamers were moored at Morse's dock, Wednesday.

M. J. and Mrs. Carrigan left Tuesday afternoon on the Monticello for New York, via the Northern Pacific railway.

Service will be held in the Episcopal church, corner Tenth and Chase streets, Sunday next at 11 a. m. All invited to attend.

John George, an Indian, was arrested for being drunk and disorderly, and tried before Judge Carusi Wednesday and fined.

Workmen are busily engaged excavating, clearing and grading the site for the turpentine works on the corner of First and Liberty streets.

M. J. Carrigan has been appointed local agent of the Nortnern Pacific railway. During his absence east Charles M. Kent will act as agent of that company.

Lillie West was tried before Judge Carusi, Wednesday, for being drunk and disorderly and fined $7 and costs. In default of payment of costs, defendant was committed.

THE DEMOCRAT-LEADER acknowledges an invitation to the celebration commerative of the completion of the Great Northern railway, which will be held in Seattle some time this month.

Children's Day exercises will be held in the First M. E. church on Sunday, June 18, at 10:30 a. m. An interesting program has been prepared for the occasion. A hearty invitaiton extended to all.

Sheriff Morse and C. A. Thompson, were passengers on the Willapa Saturday morning. They were on their way to Steilacoom with L. E. Larson, who was adjudged insane by Judge McClinton, Friday.

Sunday morning at the Congregational church the discourse will be concerning the different kind of hearers that are seen in the churches. In the evening the subject will be, "Religious Doubts and Their Removal."

The schedule of the Garland has been changed. She will hereafter alternate with the Willapa, arriving here from Seattle every Tuesday, Thursdry and Saturday afternoon, returning the following morning, leaving at 6 a. m.

A social was given in the Clark building under the auspices of the Y. P. S. C. E., Tuesday evening. A musical and literary program was produced, and refreshments served during the evening. A very pleasant time is reported by those present.

The yacht in course of construction at Perrot's yard in Townsend, for the Angeles Yachting Club, is, indeed, a fine model, the outlines of which are symmetrical and fashioned with an eye to speed. If the little yacht does not prove a swift sailer, it will not be the fault of her builders.

Thomas, the photographer, recently took some excellent views of Lake Southerland and Lake Crescent. They will be framed and hung in the cabins of some of the principal Sound steamers, and in the waiting rooms of hotels and railway stations, and will, no doubt, prove to be an excellent advertisement.

F. T. Balch, of Boston, has circulated a petition, which received numerous signatures. The petition is addressed to the postmaster-general, praying for the establishment of a money order office at Boston. Creating such an office at that point would be a great accommodation to the people of that progressive locality.

The man who never advertises always has plenty of time to balance his books.

When you need prescriptions filled with accuracy and pure drugs take them to the Hall Drug Company's store.

Will trade lots in B. T. Smith's addition for a horse weighing from 1,000 to 1,400. Apply at J. B. Cosser's, two miles east on the Dungeness road.

RETURN FROM CHICAGO.

Glowing Account of the Great Exhibition.

Last Sunday George W. Meagher, accompanied by his eldest son George, returned from Chicago, after six weeks' absence.

Of the World's fair he speaks in glowing terms. "It is simply wonderful," said Mr. Meagher, "you have no conception of the vastness of the exhibition. It is, indeed, in magnitude, in magnificence, the most stupedous exhibition the world has ever witnessed. A person could profitably spend at least a year in an inspection of this wonderful display, which includes an exhibition from every civilized, and in fact barbaric nation of the world. If a person was to travel for a century they could not gain as accurate, comprehensive, and as intelligent an idea of the products and of the customs of the nations of the globe, as they can from a month's visit at the fair.

"Living is comparatively cheap, and the city is abundantly provided with excellent hotel accommodations. Thus far there has not been as large a stream of visitors as was anticipated, but it is confidently expected that ere the summer will have been succeeded by the fall months, the rush will have reached its highest point."

'I certainly should advise all who possibly can afford the expense of the trip to visit the fair, as it is an opportunity of a life time to see the world in a miniature form in all its realistic naturalness."

Basket Picnic.

Last Tuesday a party of young folks had a basket picnic on the sequestered banks of Ennis creek, which proved an enjoyable day's outing.

With fishing and other equally as fascinating sports and luncheon, the hours seemed as moments, and the day quickly passed away. The following comprised the party: The Misses Fronie Raymond, Hattie Fend, Alice and Susie Nailor, Pearl Gale, Maud Land, Mable Crosby, Birdie Malony, Edith Cook, Alice and Elsie Ware and Messrs. Roy and Ray McClinton, W. Miller, G. Meagher E. Nailor, A. Cosser and Clarence Brown.

Reserve Lots.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned will receive filings and take proofs in all matters of claims to Port Angeles Townsite Reservation Lots, as well as Homestead and Pre-emption Claims. As the county receives a great and much needed benefit from the fees paid the clerk in such cases, and the cost to the claimant is never any greater at the court house than if paid to private parties, and as all lots and parcels of land become taxable as soon as title passes to individuals, it is deemed of interest to all having such claims to make their filings and proofs before the Clerk of the Superior Court.

A. A. RICHARDSON, Clerk.

The Weather.

Highest wind and direction for the week, 22 miles N. W. Date, 14.

Average rainfall since January 1, 14.65 inches for nine years.

Total amount of rainfall since January 1, 18.44 inches.

Total excess since January 1, 2.79 inches. WM. BELL, U. S. Observer.

ATTENTION.—Any person desiring a carriage to any part of the city, will find the undersigned on Lincoln street wharf, nearly opposite the Y. M. C. A. rooms. Passengers taken to and from all boats; also baggage promptly delivered. Terms reasonable. Orders left at the Y. M. C. A. or at Maggart's second hane store on Front corner Oak streets. Prompt attention given to all orders. Patronage respectfully solicited.

WM. H. DOUGLAS.

Board of Health.

Last Saturday a special meeting of the board of health was held in the council chamber for the purpose of perfecting and organizing a local board of health in compliance with a recent act of the legislature. There were present Councilmen Rose, Beam, Kreuger, Ristine and Reed. Councilman Rose was elected permanent chairman and Councilman Beam clerk of the board. The only business coming before the board was electing an health officer. Five names were placed in nomination, each receiving a vote. These were: Drs. Lull, Herrick, McGeorge, Lewis and Strother. The board adjourned to meet subject to the call of the chairman.

The Singer Sewing Machine for sale on the installment plan. Inquiry at Mrs. Lee's, Laurel street.

DR. PRICE'S Cream Baking Powder.

The only Pure Cream of Tartar Powder.—No Ammonia; No Alum.

Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard

CHANGES IN WORDS.

STRANGE DEPARTURES MADE FROM ORIGINAL MEANINGS.

Many Words Which Today Mean Almost the Opposite of That Which They Stood for Many Years Ago—Here Are a Few Examples of Changes of Meaning.

The word Bible furnishes a striking instance of a word's rise from very low to high estate. To the bulk of English speaking folk it now means the Book of Books. In Chaucer's day it meant any book whatever, or scroll. Tracing the word Bible straight home we find it but another name for the papyrus reed of Egypt. Cancellarius is another word which has risen from humble origin to high rank. Under the early Roman emperors it meant simply doorkeeper, by which token Gibbon speaks of the wrath of the people of Rome when the worthless Emperor Carinus set his lowborn cancellarius to rule over them. And nowadays the lord high chancellor of England—though shorn of some of the influence he wielded in the days of Thurlow and Eldon—ranks rather higher than a mere doorkeeper. Consul is a word which retains scarce a shred of its olden grandeur. During their year of office Rome's consuls twain ranked above kings, and Cicero's pride in having filled this lofty post seems likely to live forever in that luckless jingle of his:

O fortu natum natum, me consule Romam!

But now nearly every fourth rate town on the face of the globe can boast half a dozen consuls. The Courteney motto "Quid feci? Ubi lapsus!" might fit not only this poor, degraded word, but the name of Cicero himself, which, under the thin disguise of cicerone, now decks every gabbling guide who hashes names, dates and the queen's English, or whatever may chance to be his mother tongue. Patricius, in its English shape, patrician—unmangled—still keeps some of its old dignity. But, to quote Gibbon, "the meanest subjects of the Roman empire assumed the illustrious title Patricius, which, by the conversion of Ireland, has been communicated to a whole nation." Gibbon—who sometimes fails to make his meaning clear—here means that Ireland's missionary, Succathus by name, received the title Patricius, whence St. Patrick, whence Pat.

See how villanus has sunk. At the outset it meant the worthy hind who tilled the broad acres surrounding a Roman squire's country seat. (For villa—another word which has gone down in the world—originally indicated, not a snug suburban dwelling, but demesne as well as mansion.) In the Middle Ages, however, villanus, or villein, came to mean a downtrodden tiller of the soil, who could scarcely call his soul his own, and whose gross ill treatment bore its fruit—gross ill conduct. Hence the rank ill odor in which the once harmless word villain now lies steeped.

Note, too, how sophist has sunk. At its birth sophites—from sophia, wisdom—meant a wise man. Had it acquired a taint even when Pythagoras eschewed it as too arrogant? Or was it sheer modesty that led him to coin for himself the unpretending word philosophos, lover of wisdom? Anyhow, sophist has sunk so low that it now denotes one skilled in the base art of making the worse appear the better reason. Hypocrite has shared the fate of sophist. Originally the sole and entirely honorable sense of upokreies was actor on the stage—not, as now, an actor off it, a sly sinner feigning himself virtuous. Our word actor—and still more actress—has acquired a kindred taint, not from any fault in those who use the art behind the footlights, but from the frailty of those who abuse it by playing a part on life's stage, instead of showing themselves manfully in their true colors.

Cunning has sunk so low that it can scarce sink lower. It now means 'cute, and 'cute bears a perilous resemblance to sharper—which we might define as "one who would deem it an insult to be told that he had missed a chance of duping a flat." Yet knowing—now almost a synonym for sharper, and commonly linked very significantly with card—"He's a knowing card"—originally meant kenning, or crafty in that honorable sense of craft which still lives in craftsman and handicraft. Nay, at root cunning and kenning are one and the same word, of which king itself is but a shortened form.

For our English forefathers—let them be English, not Anglo-Saxon, if only as a tribute to the memory of the great historian so lately lost to us, who spent half a lifetime in trying to teach us that Englishmen are Englishmen, and always have been since first they set foot on British soil—our English forefathers, then, chose for their ruler the most cunning man they could find. And the word king lives on unsullied, as if to point the disgrace of its old yoke mate. The disgrace, however, is of recent date. Could words speak, idiot—which is but Greek docked of its last syllable—might cry with poor Ophelia, "We know what we are; we know not what we may be." It meant a man not clothed with public functions; it means a man unfit for any

In the "spacious days of great Elizabeth," noise signified a band of music. At least Shakespeare uses the word in that sense. But this pleasing sense it has wholly shed, although, by the bye, the epithet "pleasing" would hardly have passed muster with the late Alexander Dumas, who once defined music as "the costiliest of noises." Conceited—like Humpty Dumpty—has had a great fall; and clerk a slight one. We can hardly refrain from smiling when Chaucer dubs the great blind Mæonides "that conceited clerk Homere"—although we can not for a moment conceive him with a quill behind his ear and an eyeglass in his sightless eye; and we very well know that Chaucer meant to give him his due as an "imaginative scholar." – National Review.

Color in the Streets.

A suggestion has been made by an ingenious writer which deserves the sympathetic attention of all who are interested in the personal appearance of the metropolis. Though lucid intervals of sunshine occur in which "the ancient Strand" takes on a glory such as that described by Mr. Henley in his "London Voluntaries," we have now reached a season in which the prevalent aspect of our streets is one of well nigh unrelieved gloom. So long as the weather is dry a certain amount of variety is infused into what one may call the streetscape by the hats and dresses of our womankind.

But when the rain comes down and the ladies stay indoors almost the only cheerful objects to meet the eye are what Homer would have called the ruddy cheeked omnibuses and pillar posts. "Why," asks the writer, "cannot this idea be elaborated in the cause of art and cheerfulness?" And he goes on to plead eloquently in favor of the introduction of "merry mackintoshes"—scarlet, orange, sky blue, emerald green and purple—and brightly tinted umbrellas.

The idea certainly deserves a trial. At present, with that utter absence of all sense of proportion which characterizes the actions of civilized humanity in regard to dress, we don our gayest garb when the sun is brightest, and reserve our most sober habiliments for days when the sky is overcast and the sun invisible. In other words, we enter into a vain competition with the all sufficing radiance of nature, and strive to accentuate her gloomiest moods. Rather, in the interest of happiness and mirth, should we endeavor to counteract the depressing influence of fog and damp by a lavish display of bright and exhilarating color. Armed with an emerald green mackintosh—painted in luminous paint for use at night—a man would radiate cheerfulness even in the midst of a "London particular."—London Graphic.

The Restriction of Immigration.

Shall immigration be restricted, and, if so, how and to what extent, is one of the important questions that will in all probability occupy the attention of the coming session of congress. Senator Chandler, of New Hampshire, is the chairman of a committee on the subject which is now sitting in this city, not for the purpose of taking testimony, but of discussing amendments to the law. His views on the subject are radical, but not more so than those of the Knights of Labor as enunciated by Mr. Powderly.

The New Hampshire senator and the general master workman are both of the opinion that immigration should be prohibited for a period of years, Mr. Chandler placing the limit at five. "Wages," he asserts, "cannot be maintained up to their present standard in this country unless immigration is stopped. If wages are reduced the Democrats will be swept out of power by popular sentiment." He adduces these as reasons why, were he a Democrat, he should vote for the five years' suspension.

Republicans and Democrats are alike interested in the preservation of the republic, in its growth, progress, development, on sure, broad, steady, time enduring lines. To that end let us all unite. The republic should be the first care of every American, no matter to what party he belongs.—New York Recorder.

Sums Wagered on the Turf.

There are no data obtainable in this country upon which even a remote approximation could be made as to the total of the sums wagered in the course of the year upon turf events. That it is large may be safely assumed; but we should doubt much whether the French, in their comparatively recent fervor for betting upon horse races, have not largely exceeded the amounts wagered in this country.

The figures given by a Paris correspondent show shat 10 per cent. levied on all sums staked in the Pari-Mutuel machines amounted for the last four months of last year to 2,026,859 francs, representing a total wagered of 101,342,950 francs or over £4,050,000 in four months. This of course is altogether irrespective of the sums wagered at the clubs or with the large bookmakers, and represents only the small sums laid on the course with the smaller men of that class.—London Tit-Bits.

Mice Destroy a Miser's Hoard.

Edward Kelly, an aged farmer living near Griffin's Corners, Delaware county, is known in the neighborhood where he resides as somewhat of a miser. He places no faith in banks or securities, except greenbacks. Some time ago he sold a tract of land for a large sum of money, which he added to his accumulated hoard, making in all nearly $10,000. This week he had occasion to examine his treasure, which he kept secreted in an old bootbox, concealed among a quantity of newspapers. He was surprised to find that some mice had entirely destroyed his fortune in preparing for themselves winter quarters. Not a piece of money was left large enough for identification. The old man raved like a maniac when he discovered his loss.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Tickled Almost to Death.

Tommy Pooler, about nineteen years old, one of the nervous sort known as "jumping Frenchmen," was forcibly held by a young negro and tickled so severely that he burst a blood vessel. Hemorrhage from the mouth and nose resulted, and this the physicians have been unable to stop. The priest from Waterville was sent for and arrived Monday night. Tuesday Pooler was very low and apparently near his end.—Dexter Cor. Eastern Argus.

Not an Unnatural Error.

Police Commissioner—Mr. McGobb, how did it happen that you let a raving lunatic go around terrorizing people on your beat for a whole afternoon?

Officer McGobb—Sure I thought he was some felly payin a 'lection bet.—Indianapolis Journal.

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Or at the residence of

CHARLES PETERS,

On Tumwater Hill, opposite Mynatt's Store.

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THE HOMELESS THOUGHTS.

Under the wild November sky
Blackbirds in eddying circles fly;
The woods their glittering robes throw by
And plain to heaven unceasingly.

Dark to the hilltop stoops the cloud;
Bold is the blast that shakes the proud;
Now loud, now low, now low, now loud,
The wanderers' call comes down to me.

Like these wild squadrons tossed on high,
Scattered, confused, they know not why,
My thoughts—a homeless myriad—fly
And beat the winds continually.

All that of nature's stamp she wore
Whose bosom housed their wings of yore,
Rotting in earth, is mine no more;
May heaven restore her soul to me!

—Dora Read Goodale in Lippincott's.

A LUNATIC.

Alf Dixon, Tom Giffard and I had gone up the river camping out; we had done our second day's work. It was early morning on the third day; glorious weather. I was in the boat getting the steering lines in order; Giffard and Dixon were on the bank talking to Dr. Rawle. As I understood it, he was at the head of a private asylum for lunatics. He was Giffard's friend, not mine. He had been taking a constitutional when he happened to fall in with us just as we were sitting down to our open air breakfast. The chance meeting led to Giffard inviting him to share our gypsy's meal. He did.

He was a pleasant fellow, not too old and not too young. I liked him exceedingly. We talked of things in general and of lunatics in particular. Something led to his mentioning—I think it was speaking of the cunning of a certain class of lunatics and the difficulty of keeping them within four walls—the fact that one of his inmates escaped a day or two before and had not yet been retaken. This was the more singular, as it was tolerably certain he had not gone far, and search had been made for him in every direction.

As Giffard and Dixon were saying goodby preparatory to getting into the boat the doctor laughingly said:

"Should you happen to come across him I shall consider you bound to bring him back safe and sound. He's a man of forty-four or forty-five, tall and bony, iron gray hair and has a curious habit of showing his teeth and winking his left eye. Don't look out for a raving lunatic, for on most points he's as right as you and I. He's wrong in two things. Whatever you do don't let him lose his temper, for whenever he does, though ever so slightly, he invariably goes for murder—he's all but done two keepers already. And don't talk to him of England or Englishmen, for if he should get upon his native land, he'll favor you with some observations which will make you open your eyes."

We laughed. Alf and Tom shook hands with him and got into the boat. We promised, if we should happen to meet him, we would certainly see him returned to safe custody. Alf stood up and shoved us from the shore. We sang out a last goodby and left the doctor standing on the bank.

It was a beautiful morning. The river was delicious, clear as crystal. We could see the bottom and every stone and pebble on it. Just a gentle breeze fanned the surface of the waters into a ripple. We lit our pipes and took it easily. I am a good bit of a traveler, know many lovely nooks and crannies in foreign lands. I have lived abroad as much as at home, but I will match the higher reaches of our own Father Thames for beauty and for charm against any scenery in Europe; and on an early summer morning, after a spell of glorious weather, it is all in its prime—the water so cool, so clear; the banks so green, so charming; the stately trees on either side; the mansions seen over the meadows, or peeping out among the trees. You may choose your Rhine, Garda, or your Maggiore, or your golden Bay of Naples, but leave Cookham and old Father Thames to me.

Presumably we had come for river beauties and the camping out. Presumably, but as a matter of fact, a young lady lived not so far ahead, a mutual friend, Lillian Travers. Separately and jointly we had a high opinion of Miss Travers—not only of her beauty, but of other things as well; and having come so far we hoped we should not have to return until at least we had a peep at her. Unfortunately, though we knew Miss Travers, we had no acquaintance with mister—there was no mistress.

We had met the young lady at several dances and such like, but on each occasion she was under the chaperonage of old Mrs. Mackenzie. Apparently Mr. Travers was not a party man. But Lillian had promised to introduce us to him whenever she got a chance, and we were not unhopeful she would get the chance now. So you see that little excursion riverward had more in it than met the eyes.

We went lazily on, just dipping the oars in and out, smoking, watching the smoke circling through the clear air. All thoughts of the doctor and his parting words had gone from our mind. We talked little, and that little was of Lillian and the chances of our meeting. We had gone some 200 or 300 yards; we were close to the shore; Alf could almost reach it by stretching out his oar. We were dreaming and lazing when suddenly some one stepped out from among the trees. He was close to us—not a dozen feet away.

He was a tall man, rather over than under six feet. He was dressed in a dark brown suit of Oxford mixture. He had a stick in his hand, wore a billycock hat and his coat was buttoned right up to his throat. He had light whiskers; a heavy, drooping mustache; hair usually long and iron gray in color. He might be a soldier retired from his profession or an artist out painting. He certainly looked a gentleman.

We were passing on when he raised his stick and shouted out, "Stop!"

It was a regular shout, as though we were half a mile from him. We stopped, although it was an unusual method of calling attention.

"Gentlemen," he said, still at the top of his voice, "I should be obliged if you could give me a seat. I have a long road to go and I am tired."

We looked at him and at each other. It was a free and easy style of asking a favor, but he seemed a gentleman, and an elderly one too. Common politeness dictated civility.

"I am afraid," said Alf, "we have hardly room; she's only built for three."

"Oh, that doesn't matter," he said; "you can put me anywhere, or I'll take an oar for one of you."

I was on the point of advising a point blank refusal, not appreciating his offhand manner, but Alf thought differently.

"All right," he said; "we don't mind if you don't. Steer her in, Jack."

I steered her in. No sooner were we near the shore than, quite unexpectedly, he stepped almost on my toes, rocking the boat from side to side.

"Hang it!" I said. "Take care or you'll have us over."

"What if I do?" he returned. "It'll be a swim. And who minds a swim in weather like this?"

We stared at him. The coolness—not to say impertinence—of the remark was amazing. Begging a seat in our boat, knowing it was full, and then telling us he didn't care if he spilled us in the river! He seated himself by me, setting the boat seesawing again, crushing me into a corner, and without asking with your leave or by your leave took the steering lines from my hands and slipped them over his shoulders.

"Excuse me," I said, making a snatch at them, "but if you will allow me."

"Not at all," he said. "I always like something to do, and I suspect you have had enough of it."

His coolness was amusing; he was imperturbable. I know I for one regretted we were such mules as to have had anything to do with him. We waited in silence a minute or two.

"Come," he said. "When are you going to start?"

"Perhaps," said Alf, a bit nettled, "as you're in our boat a self invited guest you'll let us choose our time."

The stranger said nothing; he sat stolid and silent. Tom and Alf set off rowing; the stranger steered right across the water.

"Where are you going?" said Alf. "Keep us in."

"I am going into the shade. The sun's too strong."

He had the lines—we could hardly insist on his keeping one side if he preferred the other. He took us right to the opposite bank, under the shadow of the willow trees. For some minutes neither of us spoke. With him crowding me on my seat and ramming his elbow into my side my position was not pleasant. At last I let him know it.

"I don't know if you are aware you are occupying all my seat."

He turned on me short and sharp. All at once I noticed his left eye going up and down, like a blinking owl; his mouth wide open, disclosing as ugly a set of teeth as I should care to see. Like a flash Dr. Rawle's words crossed my mind—strong, about forty-five, iron gray hair, a habit of showing his teeth and winking his left eye. Gracious powers! Was it possible we had a lunatic with us unawares? I know the possibility—nay, the probability—of such a thing made me feel more than queer. If there is anything in the world I instinctively fear it is mad persons. I know little of them; have never been in their company. Possibly my ignorance explains my dread, but the idea of sitting in the same boat and on the same seat with a man who——

Dr. Rawle's warning, "Don't let him lose his temper or murder will ensue," made me bound from my seat like a Jack-in-the-box. The boat tipped right out of the water, but I didn't care. The man was glaring at me with cruel eyes. My muscles were strung, my fists clinched. Every moment I expected him at my throat.

"What in the dickens are you up to?" said Alf. "What's the matter with you?"

"Oh, excitable temperament, hot blooded youth!" said the stranger.

I could have said something had I chosen, but I preferred discretion. I did not like his eyes.

"N-o-thing," I said. "I think I'll sit in the bow." I didn't wait to learn if any one had an objection, but swinging round I scrambled past Alf and tripped full length onto Tom's knees. The boat went up and down like a swing. It was a miracle we weren't over.

"Is the fellow mad?" roared Alf.

At the word "mad" the stranger rose up straight as a post. "Mad!" he said; "do you know, sir"— He checked himself and sat down. "Pooh! he's only a boy."

In passing Tom I whispered in his ear, "The lunatic!"

"What!" said Tom, right out aloud.

"Hold your row, you confounded donkey! It's the man from Dr. Rawle's!"

"The"——

He was going to say something naughty—I know he was—but he stopped short, and stared at him with all his eyes. Either Alf overheard me, or else the same idea occurred to him at the same moment, for he stopped dead in the middle of a stroke and inspected the man on the steering seat. Tom and Alf went on staring at him for a minute more. I kept my head turned the other way to avoid his eyes. All at once I turned; there was the stranger leaning half out of his seat, looking at Alf in a way I shouldn't have cared to have him look at me.

"What's the meaning of this insolence?" he said.

The question was not unwarranted. It could not have been pleasant to have been stared at as Alf and Tom were staring at him.

"I beg your pardon," said Alf, cool as a cucumber. "To what insolence do you refer?"

Tom actually chuckled. I couldn't have chuckled for a good deal. It seemed to me not only imprudent, but risky. I couldn't forget Dr. Rawle's words about his homicidal tendencies. He turned red as a lobster. I never saw such an expression come over a man's face before—perfectly demoniacal. To my surprise,

HIS RAILROAD FRIEND.

A Case in Which Cash, Not Friendship, Won the Day for an Actor.

Probably the funniest experience I ever played part in while traveling was the one that occurred in Kansas City two or three seasons ago, when a nice, smooth faced, brotherly restaurant keeper nearly succeeded in holding me prisoner for the night, and I am not prepared to state what he might have done with me next day.

I won a big bet that day, and had proceeded with a number of my friends to the largest cafe in town, where I had invited them to assist in the destruction of my newly born roll after the play.

Well, we arrived at the restaurant in good form. In the party were three ladies and three gentlemen, just making up a nice table. The proprietor saw us coming, and meeting us at the door, led the way to the table he had prepared for us as agreed earlier in the day. Of course this table was pretty well decorated and the people about the cafe, which was crowded, were anxious to know who I was, as I seemed to be the leader.

"What, that fellar there?" inquired the proprietor, after an inquiry had been addressed to him. "Oh, he's an old friend of mine; uster go ter school tergether. But he's the president of the Union Pacific now, just in town for a day or so, dining at my place every night."

I don't know whether it was intended we should hear this or not, but we could not help hearing it, and the boys offered a toast to their friend the president.

Finally discovering that the waiters were secretly falling asleep on the backs of their chairs and that, the hour being late, the other guests were leaving, we had one more toast and then prepared to depart. My friends stepped outside, where they were to await me after I had dispensed of some of my stock, being a railroad president, and I walked up to the restaurateur, feeling in my pockets for my roll, which seemed to be playing hide and seek with me.

Finally I had to admit that I couldn't find a cent.

"What!" said my schoolmate friend, "this is a fine thing to do. Yer can't play a trick like this with me. Yer know bloody well yer had no money in yer clothes when yer walked in here."

I tried to remonstrate with him and recalled our going to school together. This rather touched him for a moment, but proved to be only while he was inventing a way out of it, and as I expected he announced it a case of mistaken identity and disowned me for being "his railway president friend who went to school with him."

"Now you can just seat yourself right here and let the people look at the biggest skin in town until yer find money ter pay yer bill," and the people all looked with a vengeance.

Just then in walked one of my friends, who must have been standing near by, as he knew the situation perfectly. He stepped up to the proprietor, paid the bill out of a good life sized roll and handed me the remainder. Then I caught on, but said nothing until I got him outside.—Nat Goodwin in New York Press.

Paid for Being Sung To.

Who hasn't heard the song "Georgie?" If it's you it must be because you do not dare to trust yourself in concert halls.

No one there will touch you, steal you or do anything to shock you. All the trouble that may come to you will depend entirely on yourself.

"Georgie" is the song the cafe chantant chanteuse sings to the bass viol player in the orchestra. He, unhappy man, is the pretended object of her affection. She addresses him in such burning terms of endearment that the audience howl with delight, while the poor player blushes with embarrassment. Every one sees the point, but the poor bass viol man can't help wishing it was true. Still, he takes the rose given him by the prima donna from one of her bouquets with evident content.

Who can blame him? He gets two dollars extra a night besides.—New York Herald.

The English and French Oration.

With us hearing orations is a serious, dreary business; to the Frenchman it is an artistic pleasure and a holiday function, even though it be at the graveside or in the throes of a revolution. Fine language, whether in a speech or book, he welcomes as an æsthetic luxury and emotional stimulant, the fineness being of course proportioned to his degree of cultivation, for academicians have been found to own that some phrases, highly effective in their day, are only vulgar fustian. He views the eloquence of the rostrum much as we do that of the stage—as a professional art, whereof he is a sharp and enthusiastic critic. Truth, cold veracity, naked fact, prosaic reason are not what he seeks, but inspiring themes clothed in grand words.—London Academy.

Anything to Oblige.

A young married Frenchman was at a picture dealer's. He had pretty well made up his mind to purchase a certain canvas, which was marked up 6,500 francs. "Can't you make it 6,000?" said he to the dealer. "If I buy the picture I have to send a telegram to my wife informing her of the fact, and 6,000 would be two words less, you know." "Can't make any reduction, sir, on 6,500," said the dealer, "but I'll make it the even 7,000, just to meet your wishes."—London Figaro.

Evaporation of Boilers.

In calculating the evaporative capacity of boilers it is usual to reckon it at so many pounds per square foot of heating surface. But this method is not sufficiently accurate to determine the maximum evaporation at any given point, since evaporation is not and cannot be uniform throughout a boiler.—Exchange.

The Value of Science.

Science is a first rate piece of furniture for a man's upper chamber if he has common sense on the ground floor. But if a man hasn't plenty of good, common sense the more science he has the worse for the patient.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

SONG.

Golden face that human sorrow
May not touch nor make less fair
Luster from you let me borrow—
Sunbeams that shall banish care.
All the grief of all my years
In your presence disappears.

Dear, delightful, dark blue eyes!
Life seemed like an autumn day,
Hope was as a flame that dies,
Till you shone across my way;
But when your great glory broke
O'er my life this love awoke.

Love of you now conquers grief;
Love of you makes life a gain.
As a fading woodland leaf
Shines in sunlight after rain,
So the realm of my distress
Wears a new and radiant dress.

Ah, but shall I keep the boon?
Will you always be to me
Stars of morning, suns of noon,
Lamps to bid the darkness flee?
Dearest eyes, I know your light
Will content me till the night.

—London Academy.

WRECKED

You who sympathize with undeserved misfortune and can feel commiseration for men who, unoffending, have explored the utmost extremes of pain and sorrow to which the sensitive human mind is open listen to a brief story in which the ludicrous and the terrible go hand in hand, and the methods of that good providence above, in whom none believes more completely than those who get a living out of the depth of God's great solitudes are as unintelligible as the feebleness of man below—attend to a story which even to recall in plenty and contentment all these years after fills the narrator with a vague, horrible hunger of body and mind.

I was second mate on a large trading schooner that, with a full cargo and half a dozen passengers, among whom were some women and children, had come out of the port of Matanzas, in Cuba, with copper ore for Sweden, where it was to be worked up by the smelters of a country always famous in this art. We were exceptionally well provisioned, the captain was a jolly, light hearted old fellow, who let us fiddle and dance and scrape to our heart's content. It was soft green and lavender weather as we rolled out of the Bahamas, with the milk warm Mexican breezes rippling behind, and then it was blue and golden weather across the long undulations of the Saragossa sea, and those little ones aboard of us frolicked and rolled about the ship and filled her ancient rigging (for she was nearly the oldest ship afloat) with their merry prattle, and the good stalwart loafers forward smoothed down their ruggedness to the level of their sunny haired playmates. It was as pleasant a voyage as one could wish for, right out of the Caribbean into the great cold northern ocean, and as the old Golden Verity splashed heavily northward and her masts gleamed like molten metal each evening in the last rays of the sun before he sank into the black and gold fields of the westward waters, the voices of the children rose with the rising stars up to the round of sky in joy to think we were "a day's sail nearer home."

We had reached latitude 10 degs. or 11 degs. and longitude somewhere nigh 60 degs.—the Orkneys should have been forward, and the Færoe weed was riding in long, loose strands on the waves about us, when the weather changed all on a sudden, as it will in the early northern summer. As I lay asleep in my bunk in the deckhouse that Monday morning and dozed in the chilly gray of the twilight I was presently aware that the wind had shifted, and I started up upon my elbow in that little dusky cabin and listened, with all the sailor instinct alive within me.

It was scarcely 2 o'clock. Not a sound was stirring save the heavy lap of the water against the vessel's side as we rolled, and the chafe and thud of the foresail block swinging monotonously to and fro on its iron in the calm. There was a sodden, heavy feel in the air, and I sprang up, and struggling into my clothes went out to the clammy, wet decks. Near and far everything was as silent and deserted as though the ship were sailing ownerless over the solitudes of an ownerless sea. Overhead the damp gray sails hung wan and sallow in the white shine of the opening east, and the yards, unsteadied by an air, creaked dismally as the lift of the water tilted them to right and to left. All on one hand of us the waves were sickly silver, right away from our low sides to where the pale sun was rising, yellow and feeble, through the sea vapors.

North and west last night, still speckled with its stars, sat unspent upon the uneasy heave of the ocean, and, lastly, southward—it sharpened my pulse to look at it—the sky was sullen purple overhead, the sea livid below, and between them the spume and spray of a tearing storm stretched out in a ghostly crescent line from side to side. I stared at that dreadful sky with the strangest misgivings in my heart, and as I stared I could smell the war in the air, and hear—dim and low and dreadful—the thunder of its approach, and catch now and again, behind the hanging pall of cloud and spume, the white whirlwind churning the water into milk, and obliterating and destroying everything as it raced after us.

An hour later it was upon the ship, and the Golden Verity was staggering and plunging through a twilight hell of waters, with the wind howling in her cordage overhead, her bluff old bows one moment pointing to the sky and the next all down in the gloom of the white foam beds in front, and endless ranks of black sea mountains thundering on behind her. All day we staggered blindly on through that infernal tumult, and just at nightfall the word was passed that there were four feet of water in the hold! We took to the pump, and by midnight that four had grown to six and the Golden Verity was sinking!

We fought the water with the courage of despair foot by foot and inch by inch, with the howl of the night overhead and the dreadful madness of the sea below, and it must have been near another dawn. The black water was spinning and bubbling up through the cracks in the cabin floor, while the women and the children huddled in a wet mass on deck, when we suddenly felt the ship reel and stagger heavily and tremble for a minute, as though she knew her end was near. Swann, the carpenter, as she righted once more, ran to the main hatchway and looked down, then tossed his arms aloft with a shrill yell that cut through the howl of the storm like a knife and turned the numb blood in our veins to ice, spun round on his heels and ran madly to the longboat.

We did not stay to ask what it was he had seen, but we rushed aft in a wild, jostling mob, down a slippery deck, through whose gaping planks—I remembered it afterward—the ghostly water was playing shoulder high in the dark in countless white fountains—we huddled the women and babies in and slung out—'twas all dim confusion and uproar, screaming and crying and cursing, and as we in the first boat flung off the falls and snatched our oars, while yet those still on board were getting out the galley, a great sea swept us up for a minute, right up the steep slope of its foam laced sides, we saw the specter ship, a black island, slide down into a great black valley below us and essay the other slope, and then, with a horrible, sickening sound like a sigh, she seemed to fail and to cleave that mighty watery range—it opened—and right down into it, right down into the heart of that black howling mountain of water the Golden Verity sailed out of sight of men forever!

For a day and a night we rowed in that open boat through an interminable wilderness of spume and darkness, with the perpetual thunder of the storm in our ears, death every moment hanging on the singing crests of foam that towered above us on every hand, and no shelter or food or water for the little ones who wailed and sobbed perpetually, and crouched with their patient mothers in an indistinguishable heap in the stern. On the second morning the wind died down a bit, a thick, stifling sea fog came rolling out of the southward, and just before it shrouded sea and sky we made out on the fringe of the haze a low, rocky shore.

We rowed hard; by noon we came up under shelter of the beach; we landed, and in the first transport of our delight knelt and thanked God for our deliverance; haggard and cramped and lean, with the long agony of the slow death we had passed through in our faces, and the light of hunger in our eyes, we knelt on the sand, and out of our parched throats and our salt caked lips thanked the mysterious for our deliverance; aye, there was not a man among us dry eyed as the little ones we had saved—two tender boys and a sunny haired lass of five—knelt among us, and lifting their clasped hands to the low gray roof of the sky lisped their gratitude with trembling blue lips and cold, small limbs that shook like aspen leaves in the wind.

Then came the disappointment on our new hope. We crawled to the summit of a grassy hillock and listened; everywhere was the same dreadful, impenetrable veil of sea fog—worse, from every hand, on every side, came the booming of surf, and in haste we sent one of our party to see what manner of place it was. When, in a few minutes, he came back—terribly long moments to us, yet all too short, as it proved—we read in his face what we dared not ask, and with one common cry of renewed misery knew that it was a barren island we had landed upon; we had but changed one sort of death for another.

Then there was none of us who did not envy those who had gone down with the Golden Verity, for we soon found there was neither food nor water on the reef. The hungry soil had drunk up all the rain that had fallen on it, and neither above nor below, nor in the cracks of the rocks was there enough to stay for a minute the horrible husky thirst that burned within us. There was no food save a delusive thing or two we found westral on the beach. No rabbits burrowed in that lonely place, no birds settled on it and so, in grim resignation, too weak to struggle further, we built ourselves a shelter out of the boat sail down by where we had landed, and there we huddled hour after hour in patient, hopeless vacancy.

And overhead the sea mist eddied in smoky folds and hung like a dingy, sodden curtain a few yards out at sea, cutting us off from even the faint hope of a passing sail, and the mocking cries of the unseen seafowl that now and again flapped by fell on our listless, unnerved ears like the voices of unhappy spirits. All through the night that followed, and the next day, and the day after that we cowered in a sad, gray huddle under the boat sail and scarcely stirred, with hunger and thirst gnawing at our hearts and horrible chimeras of plenty and abundance flitting hectic through our drowsy brains.

We made no more attempts to see the confines of our island prison—why should we? But now and then one of us would crawl out and wring a few drops of tasteless moisture from the mist laden sail stretched between two stones, or one of those desperate mothers would wander away to the beach to look for shellfish and to be out of hearing for a time of the pitiful crying of her children. And thus we waited for the end.

When we woke in the gray of the third morning we found young Hayward, the steward, sitting among us, quite dead, as we had left him sitting alive last night, and Trower was dead that evening, and Ellis and Warner were raving. And now the blessing of sleep and forgetfulness went from us one by one, and all through the dreadful hours of darkness we sat and listened to the rattle of each other's parched throats and the mutterings of their delirium. Some time that night I remember Elsie, the yellow haired delight of the crew, had begged to be taken outside, and her mother and some of us crawled with her to where the sinking wind might blow on her flushed face in the darkness.

She lay still a minute, then on a sudden started up and listened and cried in a wild, hysterical way, "Bells—bells, mother!—listen to them ringing!" then

PRETTY AND CONVENIENT.

A Seven Room Cottage, Besides Halls and Closets, for $1,500.

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On every side we see in the picturesque homes that dot the landscape the result of education in architecture, for the man who ten years ago would have been satisfied with a plain, square house has now seen examples of what can be done in designing

FRONT ELEVATION.

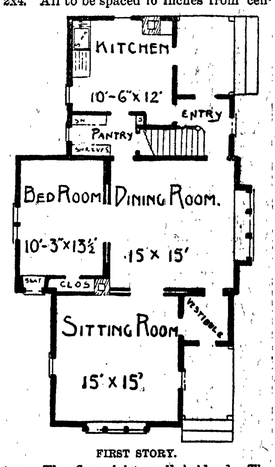
a neat, convenient and roomy, yet cheap cottage. The plan here offered has four good rooms down stairs and three above, besides the accessories, such as pantry, entries and closets, and a large attic over the kitchen, which could be finished and made a good room if necessary. It has been erected and fully finished complete in Carthage, Ills., at a total cost of $1,500, including foundation. Constructionally the house is of the best, the materials being of first class quality. The frame is of pine, sheathed with shiplap overlaid with paper. The outside finish is of pine with cypress siding on the sides and shingles of the same material on the gables.

Referring to the floor plans, the front entrance is found to be from a porch through a vestibule into the sitting room or dining room. These rooms are each

LEFT ELEVATION.

15x15. To the left of the dining room is a bedroom 10.3x13½. These rooms are connected by wide sliding doors, enabling them to be thrown together on occasion. We pass from the dining room into the kitchen, 10½x12, through a well fitted pantry. Stairs to the cellar also lead from the pantry down under the main flight, which rises to the second floor from an entry opening off the dining room, kitchen and rear porch. On the second floor a hall furnishes entrance to three well lighted and ventilated chambers of ample size.

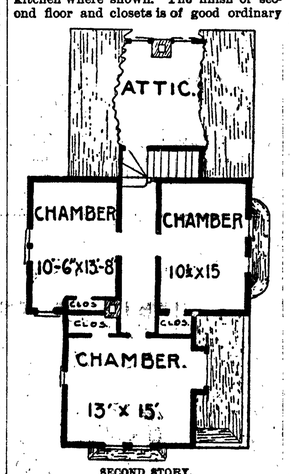
The timbers are sound and well seasoned—sills, 6x8; first floor joist, 2x8, for entries and porches, 2x6; second floor joist, 2x10 for main house, and 2x6 for attic over kitchen; rafter, studding and collar beams, 2x4. All to be spaced 16 inches from cen-



FIRST STORY.

ters. The floor joist well bridged. The height of stories: cellar, 6 ft. 6 in.; first story, 9 ft. 6 in.; second story, 8 ft. 6 in.; in the clear. The floors throughout are of selected fence flooring, well seasoned and dry when laid. The doors are all stock made. The outside and sliding doors 1¾ inches thick, all other interior doors 1⅜ inches thick, all principal doors having transoms over them. All windows, except sash, to be hung with weights. The plastering is of three coat work of best material and workmanship. The interior finish for all of first floor is of S. Y. pine, smooth wrought and finished natural. Drawers are placed under the projecting window in dining room and the recessed window in the bedroom.

A sink and drain table are placed in the kitchen where shown. The finish of second floor and closets is of good ordinary



SECOND STORY.

white pine and painted. The hardware is of best quality and workmanship throughout. The sliding doors are hung with Prescott hangers. The painting outside is three coat work, done in best manner of best materials, hand mixed, of colors selected to harmonize with the surroundings.

GEORGE W. PAYNE

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Leutenant Governor - - - J. H. Luce
Secretary of State - - - - James Price
Treasurer - - - - - - O. A. Sowen
Auditor - - - - - - L. R. Grimes
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Supt. of Public Instruction - C. W. Bean
Commissioner of Public Lands - W. T. Forrest
Congressmen - John L. Wilson, W. H. Doolittle
State Senator - - - - F. W. Hastings
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Sheriff - - - - - - S. G. Morse
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Assessor - - - - - Geo. H. White
Surveyor - - - - - E. A. FitzHenry
Coroner - - - - - W. W. McGeorge
County Commissioners { Jno, B. Knapman, A. O'Brien, George Lamb
Justice of the Peace Port Angeles Pre. { W. E. Bu nside, S. P. Carusi
Constables Port Angeles Precinct { A. H. Nottage, Ben Chambers

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COUNCILMEN:
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J. E. Krueger, Tom Moore
John Rose, J. E. Beam
H. D. Carver

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Clerk - - - - - - C. K. Humphries
Treasurer - - - - - E. E. Seevers
Marshal - - - - - H. J. McGregor
Attorney - - - - - Geo. C. Hatch
Engineer - - - - - E. A. FitzHenry
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Street Commissioner - Harry Williams

LODGES.

ORDER OF THE EASTERN STAR—Meets the second and fourth Saturdays of each month, at Masonic Hall. All members of the order invited to attend.
PARMELIA ARMBRUST, Acting Worthy Matron
MRS. WALLACE MYNATT, Secretary

A. F. & A. M.—Port Angeles Lodge, meets every second and fourth Tuesday of each month in Masonic Hall, Colony building.
W. BRUMFIELD, W. M.
WALLACE MYNATT, Secretary.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS—Gate City Lodge, No. 65, meets every Wednesday evening at Masonic Hall. Visiting Knights are cordially invited to attend.
L. R. COLE, C. C.
J. D. STAGE, K. of R. and S.

G. A. R.—Pacific Post No. 48, meets every first and third Friday of each month, at Masonic Hall at 7:30 P. M. All comrades in good standing cordially invited.
H. M. GUPTILL, Commander.
C. B. BLAKE, Adjutant.

PACIFIC WOMAN'S RELIEF CORPS—No. 21, auxilliary to the G. A. R., meets every first and third Saturday of each month at Masonic Hall, at 2:30 P. M.
MRS. S. LAND, President.
MISS SARAH CHAMBERS, Secretary.

GEN. JOHN W. NOBLE Camp, No. 28, S. of V. meets every Thursday at 8 o'clock, p. m., at the Masonic Hall. All S of V in good standing are cordially invited.
C. W. BROTHERS, Capt.
E. W. STEWART, F. S.

FUCA ENCAMPMENT, No. 19, I. O. O. F.—Of Port Angeles, Wash., meets on the 1st and 2nd Sat. evening of each month at 7:30 P. M., in I. O. O. F. Hall over Postoffice. All visiting brothers are urged to attend our meetings.
D. R. CALLEN., C. P.
J. D. YARNELL, H. P.
A. N. TAYLOR, Scribe.

I. O. O. F.—Home Lodge No. 82, meets every Monday evening at 7:30 P. M. at I. O. O. F. Hall over Postoffice.
JOHN COOLIDGE, N. G.
W. W. MALTBY, Cor. Secretary.

I. O. O. F.—Clallam Lodge, No. 72, meets every Thursday evening at their Hall over the Post-office at 7:30.
C. S. STAKEMILLER. N. G.
F. VAN LEHN Secretary.

I. O. R. M.—Clallam Tribe, No. 4, meets every Monday evening at 7:30 P. M. in Masonic Hall. Visiting Redmen are invited to attend.
WALTER DYKE, S.
S. P. CARUSI, C. of R.

I. O. G. T.—Angeles Lodge No. 27, meets every Friday evening at 7:30, at McDonald's Hall
D. G. MUNROE, C. T.
ROY MCCLINTON, Secretary.

KNIGHTS OF LABOR—Port Angeles Lodge Local Assembly No. 2696, meets every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M., at McDonald's Hall.
E. E. SEEVERS, W. M.
E. BURNS, Secretary.

CARPENTERS' UNION No. 260—Meets every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M., at L. Henderson's, Second and Pine streets.
L. HENDERSON, President.
D. R. CALLIN, R. S.

CALEDONIAN CLUB—Meets every Wednesday evening at 7:30, at McInnis & Campbell's office, over First National Bank.
WM. RITCHIE, Chieftan.
D. CAMPBELL, Secretary.

PORT ANGELES (GERMAN) LODGE No. 3, O. d. H. S. meets every Thursday at 7:30 p. m., in their own Hall, corner Peabody and Eighth streets.
H. GENCK, Pres.
GEO. WUNDERLICH, Sec.

PORT ANGELES SQUATTER'S ASSOCIATION—Meets every Tuesday night at Squatter's Hall, corner Lincoln and Fifth streets.
E. A. LASLEY, C. S.
D. O'BRIEN, Secretary.

A. O. U. W. Port Angeles Lodge No. 59 meets every Friday evening at I. O. O. F. hall, over Post Office. D. W. BRYAN, M. W.
A. R. PRINGLE, Recorder.

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act gently but promptly upon the kidneys, liver, stomach and intestines; cleanse the system effectually; dispel colds, headaches and fevers; cure habitual constipation, making enemas unnecessary. Are acceptable to the stomach and truly beneficial in effects. A single TABULE taken after the evening meal, or just before retiring, or, better still, at the moment when the first indication is noted of an approaching cold, headache, any symptom of indigestion or depression of spirits, will remove the whole difficulty in an hour without the patient being conscious of any other than a slightly warming effect, and that the expected illness failed to materialize or has disappeared.
Disease commonly comes on with slight symptoms, which when neglected increase in extent and gradually grow dangerous.
If you suffer from Headache, Dyspepsia or Indigestion, ... TAKE RIPANS TABULES
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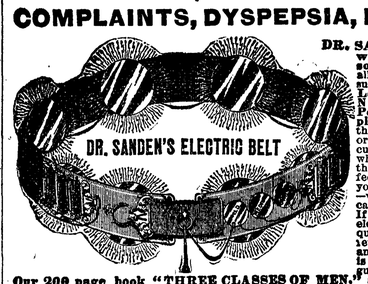

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GENERAL DEBILITY CURED.
San Francisco, Cal., August 14, 1892.
Dr. A. T. Sanden, Dear Sir:—Before I used your belt I was troubled with lost vigor, vital weakness, and almost a complete loss of power. I would get up with a very tired feeling, bones aching, etc.; since using your belt I have had a new lease of life. I now enjoy life better than I have for ten years past. I have the utmost confidence in your treatment. You can publish this statement, also have others write or call on me. Truly yours, H. A. BOWEN, 26 and 28 Turk St.
RHEUMATISM AND LAMENESS CURED.
Portland, Oregon, April 13 1892.
Dr. A. T. Sanden, Dear Sir:—I got one of your belts two weeks ago for rheumatism, from which I suffered for several years. For the past six months I had not been able to work. Your belt has placed me in almost perfect health in the two weeks I have used it. I can walk comfortably, and feel like a new man generally.
M. E. HUGHES, Proprietor International Hotel.
NERVOUS DEBILITY—LOSS OF VIGOR.
Tacoma, Wash., October 24, 1892.
Dr. A. T. Sanden, Dear Sir:—I have been using your Electric belt for general nervous debility, and to-day feel better than I have for five years. I have gained in vigor daily, and am strong in every part.
Yours gratefully, CHAS. LUETKA.
LAME BACK AND RHEUMATISM.
Portland Oregon, September 26, 1892.
Dr. A. T. Sanden, Dear Sir:—Years of exposure and hard work, combined with the strain coming from the jar of an engine, gave me a severe case of lame back, from which I suffered for seven years. I was so bad that I could not bend my back. Was all doubled up with it. I bought one of your belts. It helped me inside of two days, and I continued to wear it for four months, being perfectly cured. That was two years ago, and I am as well to-day as I ever was in my life. I know your belt well, and I know lots of people who have been cured by it. Many others need it, and if they would try it they would find it the same as I did—the best remedy in the world. I am located here permanently, and will be glad to talk with anyone who wants to inquire about it.
ROBERT BURRELL, Engineer Hotel Portland.
LOST VITALITY AND STRENGTH.
Everett, Wash, June 13, 1892.
Dr. A. T. Sanden, Dear Sir:—Since wearing your belt I have been greatly benefited. I feel my old energy fast returning; and after a month's use of the belt I find myself twice as vigorous as before. My memory is now nearly perfect, and each day shows for the better. I feel much stronger than before using the belt. Yours truly, HENRY SCHULTZ.

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is a complete galvanic battery, made into a belt so as to be easily worn during work or street, and it gives soothing, prolonged currents which are instantly felt throughout all weak parts, or we forfeit $5,000. It has an Improved Electric Suspensory, the greatest boon ever given weak men, and we warrant it to cure any of the above weaknesses, and to enlarge shrunken limbs, or parts, or Money Refunded. They are graded in strength to meet all stages of weakness in young, middle-aged or old men, and will cure the worst cases in two or three months. Address for full information.
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NOTICE

—OF—

SPECIAL ELECTION.

Public notice is hereby given to the qualified voters of the city of Port Angeles,

That pursuant to ordinance No. 127½, of the city council of the city of Port Angeles, a special election will be held on Saturday the 8th day of July, 1893.

That the qualified voters of said city may vote on the questions by said ordinance adopted and hereby submitted to-wit:—

Ordinance No. 127½

AN ORDINANCE specifying and adopting a plan or system of electric lighting works for the city of Port Angeles, Washington, and declaring the estimated cost of purchase and construction thereof, and also proposing to incur an indebtedness and issue the negotiable bonds of said city to pay therefor.

The city council of the city of Port Angeles do ordain as follows:

Section 1.

It is hereby deemed advisable by the city council of the city of Port Angeles to adopt a system or plan of electric lighting works for the city of Port Angeles, and to submit the said plan or system to the qualified electors of said city for their ratification or rejection; and also the proposition to create an indebtedness by issuing the negotiable bonds of said city to the sum of not more than sixty-five thousand dollars, to pay therefor in the manner provided by an act of the legislature of the state of Washington, entitled, "An Act authorizing cities and towns to construct internal improvements and to issue bonds to pay therefor and declaring an emergency," approved March 26, 1890, and amended by an act of the legislature, approved March 9, 1891.

Section 2.

That the said system or plan of electric lighting works herein-after described may be purchased, added to, maintained, owned and controlled by the city for the purpose of lighting streets and public places, and supplying lights to the inhabitants of said city, with full authority to regulate and control the same.

Section 3.

The system or plan hereby adopted is the entire electric light plant now owned by "The Washington Electric Light and Motor Company of Port Angeles," and now being operated by the city of Port Angeles under lease, but more particularly described as follows:

Lot five, 5, in block fifty-one, 51, original townsite of Port Angeles, together with the frame power house, thirty-six, 36, by sixty, 60, feet, situated thereon; one Edison fifty arc dynamo; fifty arc lamps of two thousand candle power; two incandescent Edison dynamos of six hundred 16 candle capacity; two incandescent indicators; one Russell seventy horse power engine; two 40 horse power boilers, with brick foundation, set up complete; one ammeter ten amperes; one ammeter 160 amperes; one ammeter 120 amperes; two Stoddard 2 lamp indicators: 125 volts; two resistance boxes; one volt meter, double scale 600 volts; one break-down switch: one testing magnet: nineteen arc lamp hoods; one set of brushes for each dynamo; together with all the poles and wires and all tools now owned by said "The Washington Electric Light and Motor Company," and controlled by said city of Port Angeles, under lease; which electric light plant, as hereinbefore specified and described, may be purchased from the said "The Washington Electric Light and Motor Company," by the city of Port Angeles, for the sum of not more than twenty five thousand, $25,000, dollars.

Section 4.

That the said electric light plant may, when purchased, be rebuilt, added to, and reconstructed in the manner proposed in, and adopted by the following section, and made a part of the system and plan of electric lighting works for the city of Port Angeles, hereby adopted and proposed by this ordinance.

Section 5.

The motive power of said Electric Lighting Works shall be furnished by water power, by diverting Little River at a point about 2,500 feet from the corner of sections 30 and 31 line, township 30 N. R. 6 W., W. M., and shall be conveyed by a pipe-flume or square flume from that point to and over the divide and turned into the valley of Fraser's Creek; and flowed thence through said valley to a point on or near section 16, township 30 R. 6, W. M., where by means of a dam it shall be diverted to and carried by a pipe to a point at or near the water front of the city.

The pipe used for this work shall be made of staves of Washington fir dressed to dimensions shown on the plan, from lumber 3x6 in size; the butting joints of the staves shall have a dovetail grove dressed in each end; and double dovetail splines of fir shall be used to connect the adjacent ends of staves; the pipe shall be banded with round rods of wrought iron or steel, placed near enough together to insure a factor of safety against bursting of 2½; which rods shall have two corrugations in their length, shall have a nut and thread on each end, and shall be joined by a coupling saddle made of best cast or wrought iron; or if the city council shall ascertain and determine that the necessary water for such power can be conducted from said dam to the water-wheel at the power-house through steel pipe or other durable material, the said council are hereby empowered so to do; and at the water front shall be located a power house 40 x 70 feet wherein shall be installed Pelton or other water-wheels of a capacity of not less than 500 horse-power.

Detail plans of which shall be prepared and placed on file in the office of the city clerk, by the city engineer within 15 days from date of passage of this ordinance; which plans shall be a part of this ordinance, and are hereby specifically referred to.

Section 6.

That the estimated cost of said system or plan of electric lighting works for the city of Port Angeles, as hereinbefore specified, including the purchase of the electric light plant of "The Washington Light and Motor Company," described and specified in section three, 3, of this ordinance, together with the extension, re-building, adding to, and re-construction of said plant, as specified and proposed in sections four, 4, and five, 5, of this ordinance, it is hereby declared to be substantially sixty-five thousand dollars, and the same is hereby specified and adopted as the system or plan of electric lighting works for the city of Port Angeles.

Section 7.

That for the purpose of purchasing, adding to, constructing and maintaining said system of electric lighting works, an indebtedness shall be created by issuing coupon bonds of the city to the amount of sixty-five thousand dollars to pay therefor; said bonds shall be sixty-five in number, of the denomination of one thousand dollars, $1,000, each; shall bear date of their issue; shall be paid twenty years from their date, and shall bear interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum, payable semi-annually, with interest coupons attached, and the principal and interest shall be made payable in gold coin of the United States of America of the present standard weight and fineness at such banking house in the city of New York as shall be designated in said bonds, and their interest coupons. The bonds and each coupon shall be signed by the Mayor, and attested by the City Clerk, under the seal of the city.

Section 8.

There shall be levied each year a tax upon the taxable property of said city sufficient to pay the interest on said bonds as the same accrues, and before seven years prior to the maturity thereof; an annual sinking fund tax, sufficient for the payment of said bonds at maturity, which taxes shall become due and collectable as other taxes.

Section 9.

That said plan or system of electric lighting works, shall be submitted to the qualified voters of the city of Port Angeles, at a special election to be held in the city on Saturday, the Eighth day of July, 1893, for their ratification or rejection, in the manner hereinafter provided.

Section 10.

That at a special election provided for in the preceeding section, the further proposition of creating an indebtedness by issuing the negotiable coupon bonds of the city, as hereinbefore provided for, shall be submitted to the qualified voters of the city for their ratification or rejection, in the manner hereinafter provided.

Section 11.

That the city clerk shall, and is hereby authorized and directed to give thirty days previous notice of such special election, and the purpose for which the same is to be held in the newspaper doing the city printing, by publication in each issue of said paper during said time, and this ordinance as a whole shall form a part of the said election notice; and said special election shall be conducted in accordance with the general election laws of the state of Washington, so far as the same may be applicable, and that the polling places shall be the established polling places in the different wards of the city, and that the officers of said election shall be as follows;

FIRST WARD.

Inspector ..... Chas. Wood
Judges ..... John Coolidge, L. P. Crawford
Clerks ..... J. B. Spears, J. W. Stewart

SECOND WARD.

Inspector ..... D. P. Quinn
Judges ..... D. McInnis, J. F. Meagher
Clerks ..... J. M. Bell, J. A. Wilson

THIRD WARD.

Inspector ..... Chas. Raymond.
Judges ..... C. Babcock, D. L. Smith.
Clerks ..... G. V. Smith, Morris Fisher.

FOURTH WARD.

Inspector ..... Chas. Hibbard.
Judges ..... J. M. Albright, John Cain.
Clerks ..... W. H. Smythe, Wm. Banks.

FIFTH WARD.

Inspector ..... A. D. Shartle.
Judges ..... E. R. Gherke, A. B. Hall.
Clerks ..... D. G. Munroe, Thomas Hill.

SIXTH WARD.

Inspector ..... J. W. Souther.
Judges ..... D. W. Stivers, D. W. Campbell.
Clerks ..... Geo. H. Elwell, L. Russel.

Section 12.

That at said election there shall be two ballot boxes at each polling place, one for voting upon the ratification or rejection of the proposed plan or system of electric lighting works, in which said ballots shall be deposited; and the other for voting upon the question of incurring an indebtedness by issuing bonds of the city to pay for said system or plan of electric lighting work, in which said ballots shall be deposited.

Section 13.

That the ballots to be used at said special election for the purpose of voting upon the question of ratification or rejection of said system or plan, shall be in the following form:

PROPOSITION NO. 1.

Shall the system or plan of Electric Lighting works for the City of Port Angeles as specified and adopted in ordinance No. 127½ be ratified?

For ratification and adoption, "YES."
For ratification and adoption," NO."

and each voter shall so prepare said ballot by striking therefrom the words "for ratification and adoption, yes," or "for ratification and adoption, no," so that the remaining portion of said ballot shall express his vote on said question.

Section 14.

That the ballots to be used at said special election, for the purpose of voting upon the question of incurring an indebtedness by issuing bonds, to pay for said system or plan of electric lighting works, shall be in the following form:

PROPOSITION NO. 2.

Shall bonds of the city of Port Angeles be issued to the amount of $65000, to pay for the system or plan of Electric Lighting works, as specified and adopted in ordinance No. 127½.

Bonds, "Yes."
Bonds, "No."

and each voter shall so prepare said ballot by striking therefrom the words "bonds, yes," or "bonds, no," so that the remaining portion of said ballot shall express his vote on said question.

Section 15.

That if at said special election a majority of the legal ballots cast on the question of the ratification or adoption of said system or plan of electric lighting works, be "for ratification and adoption, "yes," that said system and plan shall be, by the city council declared, adopted and ratified; and if at said special election, three-fifths (3-5) of the legal ballots cast on the question of incurring indebtedness by issuing bonds to pay for said system or plan of electric lighting works be in favor of "bonds. yes," the said city council shall be deemed to be authorized to purchase, add to, construct and maintain said system or plan of electric lighting works for the city of Port Angeles; and to issue the negotiable coupon bonds of the city to pay therefor, in the manner provided in section seven (7) of this ordinance, and to sell the same in the manner provided by the aforesaid act of the legislature, and the mayor and city clerk are hereby authorized and directed to issue said bonds and their coupons in accordance with the provisions of this act.

Section 16.

This ordinance shall be in force and take effect from and after its passage, approval and publication.

NORMAN R. SMITH,
Mayor.

Attest:
C. K. HUMPHRIES,
City Clerk,

{SEAL}

Passed May 6th, 1893.
Approved May 17th, 1893.
Published May 19th, 1893.

And further notice is hereby given that the polling places in the several wards of the city are as follows to-wit:—

First Ward at School House.

Second Ward at City Council Room.

Third Ward at residence of G. V. Smith.

Fourth Ward at Squatters' Hall.

Fifth Ward at residence of Tom Ollis.

Sixth Ward at store of Wallace Mynatt.

And that the polls be opened at 9 o'clock a. m. and closen at 7 o'clock p. m. of said day.

By order of the City Council.

C. K. HUMPHRIES,
City Clerk.

Date of 4th Publication, June 9, 1893.

THE DECLINE OF SWAGGER.

What Frankness Has Done to Make People Understand Each Other.

We may take it as established that for the moment, at any rate, swagger is not the fashion. No doubt the consciousness of personal merit and possible superiority is as strong in human nature as ever. But most people are contented to acquiesce in the knowledge of the fact, and are willing not only to forego the particular form of its expression which is known as swagger, but even to live without expressing it visibly at all. The most obvious and disagreeable form of self assertion, which consists in making other people conscious of their inferiority by intensely unpleasant and supercilious behavior, has of course been dead and done with as a social claim for half a generation.

The high born and wealthy heroes of the old novelists who were too great to speak at the breafast table, and "turned to fling a morsel to their dogs with an air of high bred nonchalance," exist no longer in fiction and very rarely in life. Mr. Grandcourt was perhaps the last of them. But swagger in its minor and more amusing manifestations is also dying, and though it is premature to write its epitaph we may call attention to some of the symptoms of its decay. One of the later forms of swagger, much affected by men of the bachelor leisured class, and especially by the much abused "lotus eaters" of clubland, was the nil admirari attitude. It had quite a vogue for a time, and in addition to conveying an impression of superiority it saved a good deal of trouble. Older men who had seen life were spared the effort of hearing about it again, and young men who had not were enabled to convey the impression that they had.

This form of swagger had positive merits in a negative form. It is still in use as a weapon against the bore, but as a fashionable cult it exists no longer. It is dead as wigs and powder. The leisured class, as such, does not assert itself by any explicit form of swagger, and would seem for the moment to set before it the ideal of the "plain man" in its dealings with the world.

Swagger nowadays is mainly limited to people living in little worlds of their own. Contact with the big world and realities rubs it away. Petty country squires buried in remote neighborhoods often give themselves airs most comical to behold by those capable of comparing what they are with what they claim to be. The bumptious scientific gentlemen who have made their class a byword, the bloated financier and the overgrown shopkeeper, even when success is attained, are only on the verge of the world where their training should begin. Their time has been otherwise, and, let us hope, more profitably occupied, and if they do not reform their children probably will and will do their best to reclaim their erring parents.

For there is no lesson which that increasingly wise young person, the young man on his promotion, has laid more to heart than that swagger, or, as he prefers to call it, "side," does not pay, and whatever his private opinion as to his own merits, he distinguishes very clearly between the swagger which does not pay, and judicious self advertisement which does. Moreover, being an educated young person with some claims to good taste he is discriminating even in the means he takes to advertise himself, having recourse only as a last and doubtful resource to self assertion or eccentricities of dress and manner.

Probably the strongest guarantee for the continued decline of swagger is the growth of frankness. Formerly to refer to money as a consideration in action was considered ill bred. That form of swagger is certainly a thing of the past. Nothing is more common than to hear the remark, "I wish I could afford it," "I can't afford it," or more surely, but not less pleasantly, "I have been lucky lately, and I can afford it." No doubt the last is capable of abuse. But the admission into conversation of these commonplace realities must still further hasten the rapid decay of swagger. —London Spectator.

A curious wedding ceremony recently took place in Dublin, when the clergyman, the son of a well known Dublin artist, married his father to a second wife.

To Raffle For Mummies.

The mummies of the high priests of Ammon, now in possession of the Egyptian government, are soon to be raffled off. They will be divided into six lots and drawn for by the museums of London, Paris, Rome, Berlin, Vienna and St. Petersburg.

DIAMOND CUTTERS.

WOMEN ARE EMPLOYED IN ONE OF THE LARGEST HOUSES.

The Difficult and Delicate Task of Getting Jewels from Rough Stones—Selecting and Dividing the Jewels Before They Reach the Workroom.

Not all diamonds used in this part of Europe are cut in Paris or in Amsterdam; but in Geneva, close by the Quai de la Poste, there is the "Taillere de Diamants" of the Dupuis Bros. Not only that, but most of the diamond cutters here are young women, "tres intelligente," and most attractive. They receive, too, for work of the same kind as that done by men the same rate of compensation, and many of them earn, though their hours are not long, from ten to fifteen dollars a week. The establishment of Dupuis Freres is in a handsome granite building, just at the head of the Coulouvreniere, and occupies its second etage. The building is triangular in form, with its private offices near the apex. The first of these offices is a cozy room where the precious stones are kept after cutting in a huge iron safe, which will be brought at your desire.

Quarter and half and almost pound packets of the beautiful gems that are like showers of dew in brilliant sunshine as you bury your hands among them. There are all sizes, from the tiniest rose diamond to others that are like second kohinoors as they flash from the velvet beds, for these larger diamonds are kept carefully selected in cases instead of in the little tissue paper covered packets. The variety of tint is simply wonderful —brown diamonds, green diamonds, yellow diamonds, purest white diamonds, and rarest of all, the MM. Dupuis told me, blue diamonds. Nearly opposite the private office is the bookkeeping and recording room and the counter at which the elder M. Dupuis sits assorting the gems as they come from the cutting, and if a diamond in the rough is of such shape that his skilled eye tells him it could not be cut to advantage as found he divides it into two or three parts before it is carried to the workroom.

Both the assorting and the dividing require the greatest skill and most perfect knowledge—both intuitive and practice gained—of the stones, which in their crude condition resemble, it seems to me, bits and pieces of different tinted gum arabic more than anything else. As I have told you, the senior member of the firm assorts and divides the diamonds, while the junior partner himself keeps all books and records and apportions the stones to their cutters, five at a time to each, marking the weight, date and all opposite the cutter's name, until they are returned completed. In this room, too, diamonds are received for repair and recutting. That reminds me that in cutting almost one-half the original weight of the stone is lost, or, more properly, cut away, for not a grain of the dust is lost, as you will see.

The chief workroom or atelier is a large, bright, airy room, splendidly ventilated and exquisitely neat. In it, about the walls that form two sides of the triangle, there are a sufficient number of cutting machines for about seventy-five employees, and back of these close by the windows are seats and benches for the girls who place the diamonds in the solder, beds for the machine cutting, an operation that must be completed very deftly, for, first, there is the placing of one solder oval in the cup of the instrument that receives the diamond, and that much resembles the cup of a "cup and ball," handle and all; then the other half must receive just the right degree of fusion at the gas and be applied so as to finish the oval. It is in the top of this upper part that the stone is placed while the solder is warm enough to be molded back sufficiently to leave one little face of the gem visible. When ready for the machine the entire oval is a little larger than a robin's egg. Dipping quickly in a dish of water hardens the solder, and then the cup and ball, with the stick end up, is applied to the machine, which does the cutting by revolving 2,400 times a minute, so as to hold the diamond face closely down to a steel disk perhaps a foot in diameter and covered with microscopic lines, on which diamond dust has been scattered and is held in place by minute particles of oil dropping from a quill above. The dust from one diamond, being caught on this disk, serves to polish the next diamond. So, as you see, nothing is lost. The girls to whom this work is intrusted must necessarily give it their undivided attention.

In the lower center of this room the walls are so constructed that a second triangle is formed, also with a pleasant outlook. At the counters facing these windows the actual "diamond cut diamond" process, one of the first to which the stones are subjected, is seen. They are imbedded in wax, and then one is used to cut another by the most skillful workmen. It is this process that produces the chips so much used in small jewelry. At the other side of this inner triangle men are always busy repairing and inspecting the machinery, especially the disks, whose condition must be absolutely perfect.

There is one female operative in the atelier of great natural ability and many years of experience whose aid is very valuable, because she can instantly judge the weight of even the most minute stones handed her for inspection. The recompense for cutting stones up to those of more than medium weight is, I believe, the same, because the amount of care and labor required is the same. With the exception of the light whir of the machinery this large atelier is absolutely quiet, for there must not be even singing here, lest it distract, though unconsciously, from the attention required by the work.—Paris Letter.

Driven to Stealing.

Magistrate — You're charged with stealing a gold watch.

Prisoner—Want drove me to do it.

Magistrate—Want, eh?

Prisoner—Yes, I wanted the watch!—Exchange.

THE STRATEGIC VALUE OF EGYPT.

How the Ancient Country Appears to a Trained Military Eye.

To the trained military eye Egypt presents itself as the eastern bastion of the ill shaped African continent—a bastion naturally strong and capable of resisting attack, whose broad moats are the Mediterranean and the Red sea, together with the dry moat of the desert. The bastion at once commands the narrow strip of coast extending to Tripoli and the curtain stretching along the Libyan desert to the Soudan. It sweeps the peninsula of Sinai, and its influence covers the whole coast of Syria from south to north. The profile of this Egyptian bastion is so shaped that its fortunate possessor either has dominated or will dominate Tripoli, Syria and Arabia.

The weakest side of the fortress is the south, where it overlooks Nubia and Abyssinia, the African Switzerland, where no laurels are to be won, but on account of its arid wastes armies may readily be lost. So it was in 1883, when Hicks Pasha perished at the three days' fight of Obeid, and none of all his troops were saved except the reserve commanded by Ala-addin Pasha. Even the Nile expedition of the victor of Tel el Kebir undertaken to rescue the heroic Gordon, in spite of the support it obtained from advancing alongside the river and in spite of the remarkable gallantry and endurance of its officers and men, had to exhaust itself against the same difficulties which the Persian King Cambyses was unable to overcome 2,000 years before.

Cambyses went up the Nile in order to take possession of Ethiopia, but his victuals soon ran down, he could get no water to quench the fiery thirst of the climate, and when the soldiers began to cast losts which of them should be eaten by the rest, the king returned to Thebes and Memphis. The traces of both expeditions have been blown away by the sand of the Soudan. The difficulties they encountered were the hostile hot climate, which parches every living thing, and the wild character and the tough make of the inhabitants; for if the desert is a limit it has no obstacles that are insurmountable to men who have the camel's power of living on little, and can go for months together on nothing but maize cakes.

Then the elastic method of fighting of the Soudanese, their cunning tactics, are all devised for the purpose of exhausting the enemy first by fatigue, in order thus to annihilate him, for their own forces quickly come together again after they have been scattered like sand. Nevertheless history has shown incontestably that the Soudan, which has already drunk in so much blood, is so closely bound up with Egypt that no complete settlement of the Egyptian question is possible without an arrangement of the affairs of the Soudan.—Contemporary Review.

The Pain and Pleasure of Greatness.

It is conceivable that a great, a really great man, of a certain type—for great men, like little men, are of every kind—can derive satisfaction even from the penalties of his greatness while those penalties are fresh. It is when their freshness has worn off that he begins to realize that they are penalties which shall be with him always, and from which he never shall escape. Byron was delighted when he woke and found himself famous. It pleased him to know that his name was the topic of every tongue. He was amused, at least, to find himself the lion of the London season, the hero of the day. Then his pleasure was turned into pain; he had to pay the penalties of greatness. And he had to continue to pay them, with, as it were, his heart's blood, his whole life long.

Only a few years ago an American authoress wrung a monstrous payment from his ghost. We little ones are often as bad as and worse than Byron; but, thank heaven, no man is likely to attempt to wring payment from our ghosts. —All the Year Round.

"Crowd Poison."

"Crowd poison" is the way a physician designates the peculiar fainting fits and illnesses to which persons often succumb in rooms crowded with people, or even in the streets densely packed with humanity. Some persons yield much more readily than others to this combined exhalation from many systems, and persons are overcome by it, according to the same authority, who can withstand the exhausted air of a room made close from other causes. During the Columbian pack in this city the foul air of the crowded streets was noticeable. To such as sat slightly above the sidewalk masses the bad air was easily perceptible. One realized that even in the open air good air is not always to be had. And one saw, too, how much valuable breathing space will be secured, notably on close and foggy days, when the thousands of car horses now occupying it will have been replaced by electricity and cable power.—New York Times.

A Well of Red Snappers.

"The prettiest sight I ever saw was a floating well full of fish," said Simon Gerard, now at the Laclede. "Some thirty miles from Galveston are what are known as the red snapper fishing banks. Several schooners are engaged in the fisheries, and the red snappers are brought alive to market. In the forward part of the schooner is the well, which has a bottom of strong wire netting, through which the sea water comes in. Into this well the catch is dumped, and when luck is good the well will be filled with the beauties, all of a bright red color, and from a few inches to more than two feet in length. It is one of the prettiest of the denizens of the deep sea, as well as one of the most toothsome."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Playing Doctor.

Mrs. Kidd—Why, Willie, what are you doing to Horace?

Willie—Playing doctor.

Mrs. Kidd—But you are frightening him awfully.

Willie—Yes; I'm the doctor.—Exchange.

Stonewall Jackson's Horse.

Among the stores captured at Harper's Ferry, writes Mrs. Jackson in her "Life of Stonewall Jackson," not the least valuable was a train of cars on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, bound for Washington, and loaded with horses for the government. This was a lawful prize and was at once turned over to the Confederate army, with the exception of two horses which General Jackson purchased. Thinking that hostilities would soon be over, he selected the smaller of the two—a pretty sorrel—as a present for his wife.

General Jackson had several other horses, but preferred the little sorrel to them all, finding his gait, as he expressed it, "as easy as the rocking of a cradle." He rode this horse in nearly every battle in which he was engaged.

Fancy, as the sorrel was named, seemed almost indefatigable. One reason perhaps was that he always lay down when the command halted for a rest. His master made a pet of him, and often fed him with apples from his own hand.

After being lost for a time upon the fall of General Jackson at Chancellorsville, the horse was found by a Confederate soldier and kindly sent to the Jackson family in North Carolina. He lived many years in Lincoln county, on the farm of Dr. Morrison, father-in-law of the general.

One of the young Morrisons used to say that Old Fancy, as he was always called on the farm, "had more sense than any horse he ever saw."

He could make as good use of his mouth in lifting latches and letting down bars as a man could with his hands. One of his habits was to let himself out of his stable, and then go deliberately to the doors of all the other horses and mules, liberate each in turn, and then march off to the grain fields with them all behind him—like a soldier leading his command.

But he was such a pet that his misdemeanors passed for cleverness. He was often taken to county fairs, where he was an object of as much interest as one of the old heroes of the war.

He was more than thirty years of age when he died, in 1886, at the Soldiers' home in Richmond. A stuffed effigy of this old warhorse may still be seen in a glass case in the library of the home.

A Woman's True Beauty.

The line in woman from the armpit to the ankle is the one of principal beauty in the sculpture that has been extolled by nine generations of the most intellectually cultivated of our race through the varying conditions of 800 years. It is this line that is pushed inward by mechanical force till an ugly angle is produced at the hips. So wide is the departure from true beauty that it is assumed that the distortion is natural, and that the normal use of the hideous hollow is to support weight.

The outline of the front of a woman's body is also composed of similar gentle outward curves, not one inward curve from the chin over the breastbone and below. Never a corset was made that did not destroy the beauty of this line, making a depression below the bust, exaggerating its proper size and most repulsively enlarging the natural outward curve of the abdomen.

A slight sketch by an artist would show at once that the modest curves of the typical womanly form are distinctly unlike the more spirited lines of a man —one suggesting retiring beauty, the other aggressiveness and bravery.

We consider the finest development for a woman that which best illustrates her typical qualities. We consider the best dress for woman that which fails to obscure her distinctive physical features. In pictures of good costumes faithfully represented or idealized by artists we find those giving most pleasure which tend to enhance these differing characteristics.—Philadelphia Times.

Some Theatrical Advertisements.

Among the miscellaneous advertisements of a theatrical paper we notice six persons willing to supply the ladies with tights, eight with jewelry, and armor has a single paragraph devoted to it. "Wanted, a heavy man to combine emperor and cat," reads rather peculiarly, as does "For sale, an electric nose." "Leading lady wanted, to look about sixteen," is one requirement, and "Wanted, low comedian for old woman," is another.

There is a regular menagerie of performing animals for sale, including ten dogs, four elephants, four bears, two goats, two horses, a donkey and a "happy family."

Scenery is procurable in almost any quantity. "For sale, effective village street, with practicable night," "forest with good thunderstorm," "several soldiers' heads for panto," "substantial rustic bridge," "waterfall of galvanized iron with realistic foam" are all obtainable, and "drawing rooms" and "cottage interiors" are galore.—London Tit-Bits.

When John Was in Doubt.

John was a coachman who took life most seriously, and being very particular would return frequently in the course of the day to make sure that he understood the orders that had been given him in the morning. One afternoon he presented himself before his mistress and began:

"Mrs. T——, Oi'm not quite certain ez to Mr. T——'s ordher this mornin. Oi was droivin him to the thrain, an he noticed that the horse was lame, an he told me to do somethin to him, mum; but sure Oi don't know whither he told me to shoe him or to shoot him. Mebbe ye can till me."

A shoeing was evidently required, but the execution of the order and likewise of the horse was deferred until Mr. T—— returned.—Harper's Young People.

Saving Lots of Trouble.

Jack was observed to be vigorously hitting himself in the back with the flat of his hand, and his mamma, surprised at what he was doing, said:

"Why, Jack, what are you up to?"

"I'm savin yoo the trouble, mamma," he replied. "I've been naughty, and I'm spanking myself."—Exchange.