THE DEMOCRAT-LEADER.

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THE POPULAR RESORT FOR BUSINESS MEN.

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

AN ENORMOUS MAMMAL

Recently Discovered at an Isolated Spot

IN THE VICINITY OF SEQUIM BAY.

History of the Remarkable Discovery—Who the Discoverers Are—A Piece of the Tusk sent to the Smithsonian Institute Washington, D. C. When it Will Receive the Attention of the Faculty.

Seattle Press Times.]

The scientific world of America is soon again to be awakened in the discovery by a citizen of Seattle. The ivory of the tusks of the most gigantic specimen of the extinct mammalia living in the mysterious past of thousands of years ago are now in this city, having been excavated at a spot where the skeleton frame of the enormous brute now lays.

THE RESURRECTION.

At an isolated locality on the Clallam county coast of the Straits of San Juan de Fuca there are now engaged several men spading up the grave of what will probable prove more to the world of geogolists than any other discovery of the kind in the state. The identical spot at which the find was made is fifteen miles east of Port Angeles, scarce a mile from Port Williams or Sequim, a spot where no person lives, which has never been disturbed by the roar of the breakers, where the slumbering monster has lain the representative of life ages ago, where now the elk roams as the largest species of the vertebrate of the Olympic peninsula.

THE DISCOVERERS.

Those claiming the honor of the discovery are E. F. Nieharge, of Seattle, C. Leiprand and L. Johnson. The latter two are eastern parties and were in company with Mr. Nicharge May 11 last, tramping through the woods in the search for land.

The party were traveling on the bluff which extends near Sequim bay, a hill rising from the beach and covered with scrub spruce, fir and hemlock timber, when projecting from the bank the tusk of the mammel obstructing their path, first apparently only as a root. But with the awakening curiosity inspired by the interest of the woods, the roundness of the supposed root attracted examination. It broke easily and the pure whiteness called forth an exclamation of surprise from Mr. Nieharge.

HE KNEW MANY.

He had traveled Africa all over and immediately recognized the ivory of the proboscidea, so common in that country.

The rest of the story is soon told. The men kept their knowledge secret and immediately obtained spades and other excavating tools.

The astonishing discoveries evolved are almost beyond belief, yet the proofs seen in this city are evidence of the enormous proportions of the skeleton. Mr. Nieharge speaks without any desire to exaggerate whatever and, in fact, will soon have in the city full and convincing proof of his true statement of the facts.

BONES TWO FEET THICK.

The length over all is about fifty feet.

The length of the tusk is fourteen feet. The diameter at the widest part is fifteen inches.

The diameter of the leg bone measures twenty-three inches.

One tooth is eleven inches wide and thirteen inches long.

These so far are the only dimensions given, and proof positive of the size can be immediately seen on the radius of the portion of the tusk now in this city. Mr. Nienarge has confidence in the value of his find from its magnitude, as is proved by the fact that he has shipped the Smithsonian institue of Washington, D. C., a length of four feet of the tusk or incisor, and also the tooth.

The relics are now probably the study of the faculty of the institute, and within a few days word of the value tributary to the remains may be announced to the world.

IT IS A MAMMAL.

The structure undoubtedly belongs to the sub-order of mammalia proboscidea, the two species of elephants now being the sole living representative of the group.

The tusk exposed the air was quite hard, the remainder was soft, but immediately hardened on exposure, the substance being calcareous. The whole animal is covered with a large depth of earth and lays on its back, the projecting portion no doubt having been exposed by the wash of ages.

MAMMOTH OR MASTONDON.

Theories as to whether the animal is a mommoth or a mastondon are futile in view of the slight details upon the formation of the teeth of the animal. The criterion lays with their examination. The tusks are only slightly curved, but this fact offers no matter for comparison, though the immensity of the size would lead to the belief that the animal should be classed with the mammoth.

An Unbroken Vow.

Weberhard, one of the brave sons of Makah, a tribe of Indians which dwells where rolls the Ozette, not many suns ago deposited the remains of his beloved wife within sound of the waves of the Pacific as they dashed upon the shores of peerless Clallam, when he turned his eyes not to some sequestered spot in the recesses of the mountains in solitude to mourn, but to the rising sun that he might gather strength and courage to redeem the vow made his wife on her death bed.

As the last moments of life were slowly but surely ebbing away, she turned her eyes wistfully to Weberhard, who, bowed with sorrow and grief, silently watched for the end drawing near, and asked of him one petition, one request. It was simply when she had been laid away in dull, cold, unfeeling earth, he take unto himself another wife. And she pleaded that that favored maiden be Ise Bia, a comely and in fact one of the most worthy daughters of Makah.

Weberhard then and there resistered a sacred vow that he would comply with the request.

How well he kept the vow is evidenced in the fact that the county auditor issued a marriage license to valorous Weberhare and his fair Tse Bia last Wednesday who now doubtless are one in aim, purpose and aspiration.

END OF THE BAXTER-PULLEN CASE

With a Virdict in Favor of the Defendants.

After a trial of twenty-six days the Baxter-Pullen case came to an end last Saturday afternoon, and the case went to the jury, who after deliberating for twenty-two hours returned a verdict for the defendants.

This case was certainly the longest ever prosecuted in the county if not the state, involving transactions amounting to $100,000, which extended over a period of seven years, the plaintiff suing for $18,600 which amount he claimed had not been accounted for by defendants.

Plaintiff was represented by Chas. S. Munday of Seattle and Geo. C. Hatch of this city and defendants by Judge Roger S. Green of Seattle and Will R. Gay of this city.

Expert accountants had been employed by both sides. The plaintiff employing E. W. Crogin of Seattle and the defendant Douglas Young and B. S. Knowlton of Seattle.

The costs of the trial will be enormous possibly $4,000 or $5,000—a luxury in which only millionaires should indulge in but once during a life-time.

The sympathy of the general public doubtless was with the Pullens, as the evidence adduced from day to day by the plaintiff, did not appear to warrant or justify the charges made in the complaint. The verdict of the jury, therefore, was quite generally approved.

Excursion From Victoria.

The palatial steamer Islander will make three trips from Victoria to this city on the Fourth of July, as followi: Leaving Victoria on the morning of the Fourth at 8 a. m., 1:30 p. m. and 6 p. m. Returning leaving Angeles 11 a. m., 4 p. m. and 9 p. m. Fare for the round trip will be placed at the surprisingly low rate of 50 cents.

Of the excellent opportunity afforded to visit this city, the Victoria Colonist says: "The fine salt water outing afford everyone a chance to visit Angeles."

Arrangements are being perfected for the entertainment of the visitors on that occasion.

As the Fourth is close at hand, it will be impossible to prepare an elaborate program, so the committees in charge have wisely decided upon a clam bake, aquatic and field sports, possibly a barbecue, and a grand ball in the evening.

Fine line of stationery at the Hall Drug Company's store.

See Van Lehn Bros., prices on job lots of feed and flour.

L. H. Smith for water pipe at his new stand,

For Dungeness butter go to Harvey's store.

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

Prescriptions prepared with the greatest care at the Hall Drug store.

APPOINTS PORT WARDEN

Telephone Co. Must Specify Wnen it Will Begin Work.

COUNCILMAN BEAM INTRODUCES

An Ordinance Which Provides for Repealing an Ordinance Restraining Horses and Other Animals From Running at Large—The Matter of Abolishing the Office of Electric Light Manager Laid Over.

The council met in regular session with the mayor absent and councilmen Carver, Beam, Reed, Ristine and Krueger present. In the absence of the mayor councilman Beam was called to the chair.

The mayor sent in a communication nominating Capt. Clements for the office of port warden, the council ratified the appointment.

The committee consisting of Messrs. Kreuger and Carver, appointed to report on the petition asking for the closing of saloons on Sunday, while expressing the warmest feeling toward the ladies who had signed the petition and recommended that the petition be placed on file. They also suggested that the next petition might be one praying for the closing of churches, and thought this would be a bad precedent to establish.

The matter of granting a franchise to the Sunset Telephone Company came up for consideration. The representative of the company, Mr. Clark, stated that it would be impossible to begin work within thirty days as provided for in the franchise ordinance. Councilman Carver said that he did not favor granting franchises unless a time was specified within which to begin work. The council heartily endorsed Mr. Carver's position.

Bids for city printing was taken up. The bid of the Tribune-Times was accepted.

Councilman Beam introduced an ordinance which provides for repealing ordinance No. 138, the latter being an ordinance to restrain horses and other animals from running at large in the city of Port Angeles. The ordinance was referred to the ordinance committee.

Councilman Kreuger stated that the council had adopted a resolution introduced by a committee at the last regular meeting to the effect that the office of manager of the electric light plant be declared vacant, and nothing definate had been done in the matter.

Councilman Ristine moved that Frank Hall be instructed to furnish bonds and to take charge of the affairs of the office of said Harding by the 1st of July. The motion was lost. The council adjourned.

COUNTY NEWS.

Interesting Paragraphs From the County Press.

East Clallam Record.]

One of the important needs of Puget Sound is a large tannery. It is believed that such an industry would return an immediate profit on the investment and would open the way for a manufactory of boots and shoes. Hides can be purchased in this northwest country cheaper than in any other part of the United States. Hides are now shipped to the East, manufactured into leather and returned to us. The East is also compelled to get its extract of white oak from California, while the supply of hemlock of the East will be entirely exhausted within a few years. We have enough of the finest kind of hemlock in this state to last almost a century.

Capt. Christopher Lawrence, of the schooner Succeed, was drowned off Cape Flattery on Wednesday of last week. He fell from the rigging and could not be rescued.

Capt. Hatch of the steamer Monticello, was a visitor at Lake Crescent last week. Capt. Hatch has made a prosperous business for his steamer, which is one of the fastest on the Sound. He says that there will be a large number of Seattle people visit Lake Crescent this summer. The fishing and boating on the most beautiful lake in the northwest are great attractions for those seeking sport or recreation.

Mrs. John Gordon and her brother Thomas Robinson left Pysht last Saturday on a hurried trip to Michigan, having received a dispatch stating that their brother was dying.

Gus. Hultgren, Cort Johnson, C. S. Crohn and others are interested in salmon fishing and lately purchased a large fishing net for that purpose. Several attempts have been made but no salmon caught, so far.

The steamer Willapa made a successful trip around to Lapush last Friday night. On her return she made the trip from that point to Port Angeles in 10 hours. She left Lapush at 9 o'clock Saturday morning.

The U. S. survey steamer Gedney came here Thursday morning and anchored off the wharf. Captain Gilbert, chief of survey, came ashore to secure a man here to take charge of the heliograph station on the bluff east of town. He engaged Thomas Clark to attend to this work during the summer.

A wild animal that has been disturbing the peaceful inhabitants of the Sekiou river was slain last week by a young lady resident who purchased a gun for the purpose of slaying large game. The unfortunate victim was a weasel.

Last week the Indians at Neah Bay killed another big whale. It was towed into the bay and anchored so that it lay on the beach when the tide ran out. As soon as the water receded the Indians gathered around the gigantic carcass as thick as thich as they could stand, each with a knife in hand. By a common impulse they all commenced cutting and eating, giving utterance to exclamations of the greatest satisfaction and enjoyment. Before the tide came in the whale had been cut into piecec and carried away.

Port Crescent Leader.]

Saturday evening between five and six o'clock the steamer Willapa came into the bay on its return from its first trip from Seattle through to Lapush, at the mouth of the Quillayute river.

"We had a fine trip said," said Captain Horne. 'The water was smooth and the sun was shining all the time, although you will find it hard to believe that, as it was raining this side of Clallam Bay at the same time. As it was my first trip I did not want to make it at night, so we did not leave Neah Bay till daylight. The next time we shall go on to Lapush Friday night. We lay at the mouth of the river for about three hours and went ashore. It is a beautiful place and worth seeing."

Tho passengers were delighteg with the trip. The Indian village at Lapush is interesting, as is also ihe Indian graveyard on the beach with the numerous offerings to the dead of fine blankets, dishes, big kettles, etc.

The mouth of the Quillayute river, the towering cliffs of the island and the scattering rocks over which the Preific breaks into foam constitute a picture that fixes itself in the mind of the visitor. When one is fortunate enough to see all this under the favoring light of a perfect day and the varying tints of the blue sea and sky are the most striking, the picture becomes one of the rarest beauty.

In a more prosiac way the trip of the Willapa was a success. She carried a large quantity of freight and a number of passengers who were delighted at the opportunity to make the trip to or from the Quillayute without the fatigue of covering the long trail.

Judge Lamoreux, of Beaver, is an enthusiast on the future development of the mouth of the Quillayute. He thinks a harbor for schooners and light draft steamers can be constructed at small expense at Lapush and the great rivers of the Quillayute basin will bring down logs in endless qualities and in the cheapest possible manner. He expects to see Lapush one of the greatest milling points in Western Washington.

The notes of the survey of Lake Crescent township have been sent to Washington. It is expected that the opening of the township will not be lond delayed.

Saw Mill Burned.

Last Tuesday night at about 11:30 a. m. the saw mill of the Port Crescent Mill Company at Port Crescent was completely destroyed by fire.

The mill was valued at $12,000 and was insured for $6,000.

The origin of the fire is thus far a mystery.

The news of the fire was brought to town Wednesday by Mr. Jno. E. Lutz, president and the largest stockholder in the company.

Mr. Lutz continued his journey to Port Townsend, and stated that it was his purpose to rebuild the mill at once.

At the time of the fire the company was filling a large eastern order for cedar lumber, which would have kept the mill running at full capacity all summer.

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

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

Remember that you can always get pure fresh Jersey butter at Harvey's.

THE SILVER BIRCH.

Beside the graveyard gateway grows,
With silver boughs, a slender tree
That swaying as the east wind blows
Bends low and seems to beckon me.
It need not bid me; well I know
'Tis almost time for me to go.

With white face, through those iron gates,
On my set lips no last goodby,
Where, by my mother's side, it waits,
The narrow bed where I must lie!
And its green sheet the grass will spread,
And cover me from foot to head!

Dark, dark, and still! but wherefore fear?
God's love is than God's heaven more wide;
And close to what life held most dear,
I shall sleep by my mother's side,
And when I waken I shall see
Her tender smile still waiting me!

—Marian Douglas in Harper's Bazar.

A STRAY SHOT.

It was a warm time in the Moravia valley—not only climatically, for the summer was exceptionally hot and oppressive, but warm with the heat of battle, burning villages and blazing campfires. Every night for the last week in August, 1876, a dull red light flowed over the valley, coloring the limpid waters of the Moravia with bloodlike tints.

A low crackling and hissing came sighing with the evening breeze from burning homesteads of the unfortunate Servian peasantry as specks of bright flame shot up into the air. Each day's bloody work added to the night's ruddy glow, for the Turks were always victorious and destroyed everything that came in their way as they advanced up the valley, illustrating the aphorism, "Where the hoof of the Turkish horse treads no blade of grass ever grows." I had watched the last shots one evening flicker against the purple background of the darkening hills, spattering in the gloaming like flecks of fire from a flint and steel, for the Turks were now within a few miles of our town, and, tomorrow portended a warmer period still.

Far into the night the stretcher bearers were trailing over the Alexinatz bridge up through the winding streets of the town with their groaning burdens of maimed humanity.

Early in the month several English surgeons and dressers had arrived, and under the superintendence of Surgeon Major Mackellar were busy at work in the little schoolhouse, which had been transformed early in the campaign into a temporary hospital. Tonight there was an almost unbroken line of bearers stretching from the schoolhouse through the main street out of the town into the open country.

Archibald Forbes and I, after a hasty meal in the little hostelry near by, would devote our evenings to starting from the hospital and examining the patient sufferers on their litters as they awaited their turn. We found that many of the badly wounded had waited since early dawn for treatment, and some, growing impatient, had struggled out of their stretchers or blocked wagons and crawled along the sidewalks toward the schoolhouse till their life blood had drained from their veins down the gutters. There they lay, stiff and stark, staring up into the face of the mellow moon. As we walked slowly down this sad procession we would turn those who were already dead aside to make room and the time shorter for the living to gain the hospitals. Forbes and I wandered backward and forward on this painful duty till the fires in the valley paled in the stronger light of dawn.

The three or four rooms constituting the hospital were crowded with wounded; there was hardly space for the doctors to work in, and this they had to do by the fitful flicker of a few tallow candles stuck in patches of grease on the floor. I had been assisting the surgeons by passing the instruments from one room to the other, holding a candle, or pressing the hand of some poor fellow under treatment, when, almost faint with the stifling atmosphere, I thought I would seek some fresh air. Picking my way through the crowd of wounded on the landing and stairway, I had at last gained the street entrance, when my leg was plucked at by some poor creature in the shadow of the portal. As he lifted his face a moonbeam fell on a sight I shall never forget. His face, a mere pulp, was crushed by a fragment of shell, and was as black as a negro's with clotted gore; only air bubbles frothed from where his nose and mouth had been.

Staring appalled at this grewsome sight, he aroused me by touching my boot and slowly lifting his arm pointed to the lower part of his face. The poor fellow repeated this action before I understood him. Then I knelt by his side, unscrewed my brandy flask and poured some of the liquid down his throat. He could not express his gratitude by word of mouth, but his eyelids trembled and he slowly lifted his arm again gradually, bringing his hand to the salute. The quiet patience of this soldier, his fearful plight, will ever remain in my memory.

During the night a contingent of Russian volunteers arrived with a few officers. Then, when the sun was well up, Servian re-enforcements came in from Belgrade. To blare of bugles, with swinging gait, they tramped down the street. Some of the few remaining wounded of the previous night still lying in the gutters aroused themselves for the moment and tried to turn their groans to cheers. Regiment after regiment passed on. Far into the morn the points of the bayonets glistened above the dust as the troops marched through the town out into the open, down into the valley—the valley of the shadow of death, for the smell of powder and blood was everywhere. The desultory shots which had been exchanged in the early morning gradually ceased, and for a time a universal quietude reigned, but just before midday the opening of the artillery fire on both sides and the sharp crackle of musketry presaged close fighting.

I am easily stirred by some dramatic action in a good play or the martial strains of a fine band, but the ping of the bullet and the whistle of shell stir me more. "Plenty of time," said my friend Forbes, noticing my perturbated spirit. "They are just playing up to the grand finale, and that is when we ought to be there. Come, sit down and eat your dinner."

We took our accustomed seats at the little table in the corner of our inn facing the street. As we were beginning our meal a smiling young Russian with Calmucklike cheekbones, tip tilt nose, sandy hair, and small gray eyes looked through the window, and a pair of blue spectacles perched on his olfactory organ. On seeing us he opened the door, walked in, bowed and marched up to our table. With a smile he wiped his pince nez on the sleeve of his jacket, placed them on the table by his plate, then called for food and commenced eating.

Now, being more or less of an old campaigner, I can put up with almost any kind of eccentricity in the manner of eating, but this little Russian's behavior was, to say the least, nauseating—not so much in using his fingers or in the fact that if we had such luxuries we would not have hesitated in eating peas with a knife—for that weapon he used with marvelous dexterity in conveying his food to his mouth. When the feeding was done, he calmly seized his fork, which had been untouched for any edible use and slowly began dislodging from between his teeth the stringy portions of the tough beefsteak he had been consuming. At one moment he seemed to be performing an act of jugglery as the 3-pronged instrument almost disappeared down his throat in search of some molar, but it would miraculously turn up once more as much as to say, "You observe, ladies and gentlemen, there is no deception about it."

My sense of decency was so aroused at this loathsome exhibition that I turned to Forbes and whispered, "That young man will not be a great loss to society if he gets shot this afternoon." The gentleman with the fork did not seem to notice our well marked aversion to his eccentric behavior. After the Russian had made his mouth comfortable and lodged his goggles on his sunburned nose his face widened into a grin as he told us that he had only arrived that morning and that he knew us by repute; that he was a brother war correspondent for a Moscow journal, and he felt so honored in making the acquaintance of two such distinguished brethren.

In spite of his urbanity and good humor the uncomfortable sensation he had caused us by his novel use of the fork could not easily be defaced. We were glad to light our pipes and get once more into the open. All the time during dinner the increasing rattle of musketry and booming of guns told us the fight was waxing hotter and hotter. We hastened to the the tete du pont. The works at the bridge were bristling with bayonets, for the reserves we had seen march by in the morning were packed closely in cover. About half a mile from the bridge we joined Mackellar and his staff of surgeons and jogged along in their ambulances till a favorable spot, a deserted cottage, was reached, where we halted to receive the wounded. In our immediate front were fields of Indian corn; then a wood stretched from the river on our left flank as far as the hills skirting the right of the valley. Through this wood close into the fort hills, where it passed a village, our road could be traced by occasional puffs of dust as a shell struck it or an orderly scampered along. The fighting was going on on the other sides of the thicket. We could see the branches of the trees stand out in bold relief from the yellow flashes of our artillery on the outer fringe.

The little village on our right seemed almost deserted, but lazily hanging in the noontide heat was a red cross flag on the roof of one of the houses. Surgeon Boyd was told off to go as far as this village and report the number of wounded. Now, I knew that Boyd was very anxious to see some practice, and this was his first venture in the field, so I thought I would accompany him. As we began to move parallel to the wood a horseman passed us, waving his arm in recognition and grinning from ear to ear. His horse, a rugged, heavy boned animal, seemed to be playing cup and ball with him, but the rider still held on. It was the little Russian correspondent of the fork incident.

One or two shells from the enemy, missing our artillery, passed over the trees and came upon the road. Onwhistled so near us that we fell flat to the ground. It whisked along to the fields on our right and burst in the soft soil. As the mud and stones were shot into the air, more and more did our Russian's horse seem to play cup and ball with him till we lost sight of horse and rider as they danced into the village. A few slightly wounded soldiers dribbled through the woods into our road. We dressed their wounds, and they hurried away to the bridge in our rear. On entering the hamlet we found it rapidly filling up with wounded. Many of them had maimed themselves by blowing off their trigger fingers. The stumps were freshly blackened with powder, and we could see by the looks of these cowardly stragglers and the faces of the more seriously hurt that the day was lost.

We hurried up to the house flying the red cross. The wounded were being rapidly placed in the requisitioned country carts, which were hastened away as soon as filled. To our surprise we found the ambulance worked by Russian women, three in number, dressed in neat uniforms, with their badge of office painted on their black mackintosh aprons. Up to their armpits in blood, these plucky little ladies had been running the hospital all day, and were now standing at their post seeing to the wounded. The noise increased in the main street. Now a gun thundered along; then came another with one of the drivers badly hurt, followed by a few running infantry. The crackle of musketry seemed quite near. Presently a shell skimmed over the roof of the hospital, loosening a few tiles, but left the red cross flag lazily hanging. By Jove! thought I, the Servians have already commenced the retreat. How soon the Turks will be in the village heaven only knows.

I turned to the sisters, lifted my hat and said: "Ladies, the enemy is outflanking our position and will probably be in the town in less than half an hour. Let us see you on the road to safety, and leave this business" (pointing to the few maimed creatures still awaiting transport) "to us."

One lady with top boots of Hessian cut, short skirt and Cossack jacket, with revolver slung across her breast, touched her little black silk Montenegrin cap fixed on her head of frizzy auburn hair, and after a mock salute said sternly, "Sir, and who are you?"

Rather abashed I was stammering out a reply. Not heeding me she continued: "You are a civilian. I can see this is no place for you."

"I am a war correspondent," I stuttered.

"Then," replied she, "as a noncombatant seek a place of safety and leave us alone."

Our Russian correspondent friend of the fork incident had ridden up and was standing near. On hearing the retort of his country woman his miserable stereotyped grin suffused his face. In my inmost heart I was sorry that his horse had not missed him in the game of cup and ball and left him a league away sprawling in the dust.

The Russian red cross ladies stuck heroically to their post—what was worse, we out of pique felt obliged to stay and see them off the ground, which was now sprinkled with the fire of the enemy's sharpshooters as they cleared the way in front of them. As we left one end of the village with our contingent of wounded the Turks entered the other. Luckily for us the Serbs made a bold stand for at least an hour, allowing us to catch up with the current of the retreat.

We were swept along into thick clouds of dust, into which, struggling and jamming, rolled artillery ambulance wagons and peasants' carts covered with women and children with their goods and chattels who had retreated early in the day from the village we had just left.

For a time a serious block occurred. The wheel of a wagon left its axle, down crashed the cart, shooting its contents of household goods into the middle of the road. The pots and pans rolling between the legs of some artillery horses frightened these brutes onto their haunches, and they backed their gun into a team of oxen, setting these animals kicking out right and left, scattering the limping wounded and cowardly. With groans, shrieks and curses the seething masses wavered for a time, then struggled on, all making for the protection of the reserves at the tete du pont.

On reaching Mackellar's quarters once more I found that Forbes, with great forethought, had at the commencement of the retreat turned the doctor's ambulance wagon with the horses toward Alexinatz and was strongly urging one of the surgeons, young Hare, to hurry up into the wagon. This surgeon was facetiously called the timid Hare by us, not for want of pluck, but because of his modest and retiring temperament. Hare was fixing up the artery of a wounded soldier bleeding to death and would not leave his charge.

"For God's sake, come along!" cried Forbes, "the Turks are now on our side of the wood. Their bullets are drilling holes through the mud walls of the hut."

Still timid Hare hung on to the man's artery. We rushed at the surgeon just as the last turn of the bulldog tourniquet did its work, and Hare and his charge were bundled into the cart. In another moment we were hurried on with the rest of the column. At last we got blocked in the general crush about a mile from the bridge. Forbes and I, who were anxious to get back to the town for the post to Belgrade, decided to make a short cut across the fields. On nearing the tete du pont some mounted officers rode up to us, waving their arms in the direction of the enemy. We still kept our course. Then the officers closed in on us with revolvers pointed at our heads and requested us to return to the front. It was rather awkward. We knew what they meant. They took us for two of the numerous stragglers who preferred to fight another day. We tried to explain matters and were on the verge of immediate execution, but luckily one of the staff rode up, and on recognizing us laughed heartily and allowed us to go on our way.

Night was now falling, and the Turkish light field guns were soon silenced by our heavier artillery at the bridge head. So now, almost unmolested, the dejected Servian column crossed the river and made its way up into the town, only to repeat the horrors of the previous night. As usual, shortly after my arrival, I sauntered into the schoolhouse to see how the wounded were getting on. There was a body laid out for burial in the lower room. The figure seemed very familiar to me. Walking up to the table on which it lay, I stood dumfounded. There was the little nose, now telling almost black against the livid face. With a quiet smile on his lips lay our little correspondent friend of the fork incident. A handkerchief tied round his throat hid the wound that invited death. A stray shot had passed through his neck.

A great sadness fell upon me, for he was one of us, after all. I could picture his mother or some one dear waiting anxiously for his return to the old Muscovite city. While I was in the room two soldiers placed his body on a stretcher. A Sister of Mercy arranged a few white flowers around the little gold ikon or charm on his breast as he was carried out into the street. Being a civilian, the officials of the orthodox church had been notified of his death. In rich vestments four priests and a choir of boys headed the funeral procession, which I followed as chief mourner to the little cemetery overlooking the town. It was almost dark before the service was over.

When I returned Forbes had sent off his budget of war news and was waiting for me to sit down with him to our evening meal at the inn. I told him of the fate of the little war correspondent and my sad journey. Looking steadily at me he said:

"Do you remember your observation regarding our Russian colleague at this very table this morning?" The cruel words I had uttered in the heat of the moment came back to me with painful rapidity.—Pall Mall Budget.

THE MONKEY'S SCHEME.

The monkey said to the chimpanzee,
In a monkey's original way:
"If we should start a peanut stand,
Do you think we could make it pay?

"The boys would buy the nuts of you
As you sat your stall beside,
And every boy would divide with me
As he passed where I was tied.

"So you could sell, and I could feast,
And I think we could make it pay,
For you could sit and handle the cash,
And I could eat all day."

—Harper's Bazar.

THE BLIND CHIEF.

Chikkatabac, the blind son of the Indian chief Wahgumacut, was borne during a war between his father's tribe, the Wampanoags, and the Nahigonsiks. The Wampanoags had won the battle and were already shouting triumphantly, when the woods about them suddenly burst into a great blaze. Everything seemed turned to fire; it crept like reptiles among the dry grass at their feet and coiled around the trunks of trees, till, reaching the topmost branches, it formed a canopy of twisting, writhing flames.

Many of the warriors perished that night, among them Wahgumacut. The survivors, after undergoing many hardships, reached the little camp where the squaws and children had been left for safety. There they learned that on the very night of their misfortune Naanashquaw, wife of their chief, had given birth to a male child. Instead of the usual rejoicing over such an event there were scowls and mutterings among the warriors. A child of ill omen they said he was, and to prevent his evil influence doing further mischief they determined to put him to death. But Naanashquaw pleaded for the life of her little one and was permitted under protest to keep him.

The child grew, but he was blind, and the Indians were filled with a superstitious fear of him. All sorts of misfortunes were supposed to fall on the unlucky individual on whom his sightless eyes might appear to rest.

Naanashquaw died, prophesying unlimited disaster to the tribe if her sightless son should meet a violent death at their hands. So the boy, feared, shunned and despised, grew to manhood. He was about 21, tall, broad shouldered and straight, when there came a year of famine. The earth was barren, the deer and game apparently exterminated. Dark grew the countenances of the red men. They drew apart from the squaws and children, who cried piteously for food, and while whispering together pointed ominously at Chikkatabac, the blind young chief.

Then they pretended to have arranged a hunting trip, and soon the noise and bustle usually attendant upon this event was heard throughout the caump. Before this Chikkatabac had always been left with the squaws, but now he was invited to accompany the braves, and his bosom swelled with pride. He imagined they at last had realized he was a man. Dreams of taking his inherited right of being sagamore of the tribe came to him.

For days they traveled out of their own land over hot sandy deserts till, reaching a dense forest beyond, they pushed their way through the trees, brush and tangled vines to its very heart. Here they paused, and after refreshing themselves pretended to rest. Chikkatabac unsuspectingly lay down and was soon asleep.

The bright eyes of his enemies could be seen sparkling through the darkness. The dusky forms arose noiselessly and stealthily retraced their steps homeward.

In his dreams Chikkatabac was a great warrior. The place about him echoed with the cries of his victims and the war-whoop of his army. Onward, onward to triumph he was leading them.

He awoke. A great sense of loneliness oppressed him. He could hear no sound save the sobbing of the wind through the trees. Was it day or night? As if in answer a bird caroled forth its morning hymn, and thousands of sweet voiced songsters joined in the melody. One by one he called the names of his companions, but none answered him. What had happened? Had some terrible disaster occurred and were their dead bodies lying around him? Or were they all sitting near him, grinning at his misfortune?

Angrily he arose and gesticulated wildly, walking rapidly around and around, stretching his arms out into space. Then a feeling of helplessness and utter despair assailed him. With a loud cry he threw himself to the ground.

Chikkatabac had been reared with the women of his tribe; they and the children had been his companions. Nothing had arisen in his life before this to develop the more rugged qualities of manhood. But when there broke upon him now a full realization of the enormous cruelty that had been practiced upon him the fighting spirit of his ancestors burst its leash within him, and uncontrollable fury raged in his blood. He beat his head against the ground; he tore the sod with his fingers; he sprang to his feet, and waving his arms cursed his betrayers, the echoes of his frantic yells mocking him from the depths of the forest.

Never before had the unrelenting cruelty of his blindness held him in bonds so galling. He darted hither and thither, clutching the air for his vanished foes. He tore away great branches of trees, and with these for clubs he lay about him with murderous energy, cursing and yelling. The stupendous strength which had lain sleeping in his muscles was now awake for the first time in his life, and with a thousand throats it clamored for exercise. This he furnished. He hurled stones at random and gleefully listened as they went tearing through the foliage. He tore up strong shrubs by the roots, dashed them to the ground and trampled upon them.

For the man was mad. A scorching fever sent unaccustomed flashes of light into his sightless eyes and went into his blood like wine. From cursing and fighting he fell into laughter and dancing. He sprang hither and thither, a noisy and fantastic figure in the silence and solemnity of the forest.

Then nature asserted herself, crying aloud for water to quench his burning thirst. Declaiming himself the chief of his tribe and no longer laughing, he drew an imaginary robe about his commanding form, and with haughty imperiousness asserted his authority and demanded that water be brought. With superb dignity he received an imaginary vessel, drank unsubstantial water from it and threw it aside. Then, grown eloquent, he harangued his tribe on its achievements in battle and urged his people to foster the spirit which had led them to so many victories. At the close he reeled, his sightless eyes rolled vacantly, he clutched at the empty air, lurched and then sank unconscious to the ground.

Thus he lay until the middle of the following night. Consciousness returned slowly and painfully, and with his face still buried in his hands he compelled his memory to apply the tortures it had in store for him. Pains racked his frame, and groans forced their way out from the depths of his despair. At last he turned upon his back and opened his eyelids.

His eyes were opened to the heavens, and his stout heart quailed to discover strange things, which warned him of his madness, for there were numberless burning points above him, such as never before had come to the visions of his blindness. As he would move his eyes they would spring in an opposite direction, whereas all the visions that he had had before remained fixed whatsoever direction he might look.

He came to a sitting posture, and instantly the bright points disappeared, but other things, dark, shadowy and more terrifying, arose before him. These apparently reached from the level of his eyes all the way up to the bright, fierce points above, and they, too, would spring in a direction opposite to that in which he would move his eyes. This was madness, he reflected—a strange and distressing form of it. He closed his eyelids and then the visions disappeared. He opened them again and they returned as before. Then he closed his eyes in simple fear, and thus gained courage and relief, and not daring to reopen them he staggered to his feet and began to grope through the forest in search of water, for a bitter thirst was burning him.

Thus he proceeded, with closed eyelids and hands outstretched, and his fine instinct led him straight toward a stream a mile away. But to keep his eyelids closed was unnatural and irksome, so once he opened them, and instantly the terrifying visions reappeared and with far greater distinctness than before. Strange forms stood all around him, grotesque and formidable, but wonderfully fascinating. Almost convinced they were real, he put out his hand to touch them and was pleased to find that they had no substance, for he could not reach them. But he felt safer with his eyelids closed, for then he saw no alarming visions.

Before long a sensation—it had been growing for some time, and it happened contemporaneously with the advent of his knowledge that day was breaking—came upon him, and he halted in dread. It seemed more like warmth than anything else, and yet not warmth of the kind that he had known. It was in his head—no, it was in his eyes, which he dared not open. He sank to the ground in weak helplessness. Still keeping his eyes closed, he felt the warmth in them increase, and then it became so painful that he opened them. Instantly a tremendous heat burst forth within his head, racking all his sensibilities with excruciating pains. Trembling with fear and awe, Chikkatabac fell to the ground and buried his face in his hands. The sun had risen.

Thus lay the helpless savage, filled with terror and marvelings. His great frame quivered, and agonized moans issued from his burning throat. After a time his courage returned. He clasped his hands tightly over his eyes, the more securely to exclude the burning, blazing, terrifying vision that had appeared whenever he opened them. Onward he went toward water, and finally the presence of a mossy sod under foot warned him that a stream was near.

He now went forward cautiously, and then dropped to his hands and knees and crawled toward the stream till he touched the cool water. Then he eagerly stretched himself at full length upon the bank and was about to drink, when unguardedly he opened his eyes. So strange a vision at once appeared to him that he started back in dismay.

A strange vision indeed and immeasurably unlike the others, for that which he had seen as he bent over the still water was much like the spirit of one dead, as he had imagined it. Then a great comprehension came to his soul, and so swift and heavy was the shock it brought that he was stunned, but after that a gentle peace fell upon him and tears of happiness rolled down his cheeks. Rising to his feet, and with calm courage opening his eyes to the dazzling visions which confronted him he raised both arms to heaven and reverently said:

"O thou Great Spirit, I know now that I, thy child, have died and am now in the happy hunting ground of my kindred who died before me. Accept thy humble child, O Spirit. Teach him to understand thy will and to bear with courage the blazing glories of thy habitation."

No sound but the strangely familiar singing of birds and the rustle of the trees in the morning breeze came in answer to his prayer. But though oppressed with a sense of loneliness and wondering that no other spirits came to greet him, he faced the new world with a manly front and open eyes, and turned again to the stream. Once more the spirit which he had first seen confronted him, but he was not afraid. As he brought his lips nearer to the water, the face of the spirit came close to his. He drank, seemingly from the mouth of the spirit itself, whose features became strangely wavering and distorted.

But, oh, the sweetness of the water! It was only in spiritland surely that such water could be found. He drank deeply and was refreshed as he had never been before.

* * * * * *

In the reports of a white missionary among the Indians appear[illegible] quaint narration of a leg[illegible] been handed down throu[illegible] of the Wampanoags, a w[illegible] great power and prosperit[illegible] days of his peaceful ministrations among them:

"I trust your reverence will not deem it trivial in me (but rather a manifestation of my zeal that your reverence will have an understanding of these strange people) if I relate a curious legend cherished by these simple savages. It goes to the following effect:

"Upon the death of a great chief in battle his squaw gave birth to a blind son, whom, when he had come into manhood, the young men of the tribe took away into a distant forest and left there to perish, believing that by reason of his blindness and his total lack of skill as a hunter he must perish, for to what they supposed had been a curse sent upon him in the form of blindness they ascribed the dire sufferings of the tribe and the imminence of its extinction. Well, it is related that the tribe, some time after the supposed death of the blind chief, mustered its energies for a final resistance against the Nahigonsiks, its ancient enemies, who, finding that the newly elected chief of the Wampanoags was merely a loud braggart, without the true metal of a great warrior in him, determined to fall upon the feeble Wampanoags and sweep them from the earth.

"The battle was a very unequal one, for the Nahigonsiks greatly outnumbered the Wampanoags. But it is related that in the fiercest part of the fight, when the arrows of the Nahigonsiks were reaping the Wampanoags as ripened wheat, and despair and consternation sat upon the weaker tribe, there suddenly sprang forth a stalwart young man of great size and strength, who, with commanding voice and gesture, swinging aloft a club which he had wrenched from a tree, cried, 'For your lives, my people,' and leaped to the front.

"I feel constrained to inform your reverence that, according to the legend, this visitant dropped from heaven, but your reverence will understand that I believe nothing of the kind, having, through the mercy of the Son of God, received a clearer light than that which illumines the minds of these benighted savages, and that I am constrained to believe that this savage young chief, left by his comrades to perish of hunger, suffered mental agonies so fierce and radical as to have broken up knotted and tangled places within him, to the end that the slight cause which had held his vision in abeyance had been removed, but upon this matter your reverence, with superior wisdom, may be able to pass a more intelligent opinion. It is my function solely to report affairs as I have heard them, and in this pursuit I report the following:

"The Wampanoags recognized in this strange comer the spirit of Chikkatabac, the blind young chief; you and I, your reverence, recognized in him Chikkatabac himself with sight restored. Be that as it may, his superior presence, the calm majesty of his bearing, the infinitely sad earnestness of his glance and the superb daring of his movement inspired the Wampanoags with an almost forgotten courage, to the end that they followed their strange leader, despite the frantic warnings of their newly elected chief, and moved to extraordinary daring flung themselves upon the enemy with incredible ferocity.

"Foremost in all their bloody enterprises was the new leader, his great frame towering above all others, his club swinging with deadly regularity and crushing out the lives of hapless Nahigonsiks with every blow, and his clear voice ringing far above the din of strife, crying, 'For your lives and your children, my countrymen.' Your reverence, I trust you will not think I am too deeply stirred by this narration. I give the legend merely as it has been told to me.

"It is related that the Wampanoags carried the field and won the day, and that this was but the beginning of a series of victories which restored them to their original glory and sent the Nahigonsiks into another part of the world. That which more directly concerns this legend is a matter of simple record. The new chief, it is said, after placing his tribe upon the old footing by means of numerous valorous battles—maintaining always the extraordinary reticence and solitude which followed his advent among his people—kept apart and silent until all had been finished. Then, the evening as the sun was setting, he was seen upon an eminence with arms outstretched toward the west and eyes uplifted to heaven, his lips moving in silent invocation. And after that he walked slowly toward the west and was never seen again by his people. He had faded forever into the silent mysteries of the twilight."—L. G. Harton and W. C. Morrow in San Francisco Examiner.

Mr. Gimp Takes Exercise.

"My old friend, Lucius Gimp," said Mr. Gratebar, "was all run down, and the doctor said he must get about more and go to the theater and divert his mind from business and take lots of exercise. The getting about was something that he could manage easily enough, but taking exercise was quite another matter, for while Mr. Gimp is a man of intense application and a tremendous worker at his business he appears to be quite averse to any sort of physical exertion. But he had an idea. Mr. Gimp is an extremely sensitive man, and it seemed to him that perhaps he might take the exercise by a sort of mental absorption. So he hired an athlete to come to the house, and every morning for an hour this athlete swung Indian clubs and took other vigorous exercises while Mr. Gimp looked on. Strange as it may seem to some, this manner of taking exercise proved [illegible]te effectual. In less than a month Mr. Gimp was quite restored to health."—New York Sun.

Foreign Population of Two Cities.

There are more Swedes, Hollanders, Bohemians, Norwegians, Poles, Danes and Welshmen in Chicago than there are in New York. In all other elements of foreign population New York is ahead of Chicago. There are 17 more Greeks in New York than in Chicago.

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Summons for Publication,

IN the Superior Court of the State of Washington, for the County of Clallam, holding terms at Port Angeles.

STATE OF WASHINGTON, } ss.
COUNTY OF CLALLAM.

Action brought in the Superior Court for the County of Clallam holding terms at Port Angeles, and complaint filed in the office of the clerk of said court on the 15th day of May, 1893.

Phoebe Chalfaut, Plaintiff,
vs.
Perry Chalfaut, Defendant.

To the above named defendant:

You are hereby notified that Phoebe Chalfaut, plaintiff, has filed a complaint against you in the superior court of the state of Washington, for the county of Clallam, holding terms at Port Angeles, which will come on to be heard sixty days after the first publication of this summons, to-wit: Sixty days after the 19th day of May, 1893, and unless you appear and answer the same on or before the 22nd day of July, 1893, the same will be taken as confessed and the prayer of said complaint granted.

The object and prayer of said complaint is to obtain a divorce from you on the grounds of "abandonment for one year" and for "neglect and refusal to support" her for same time, and for title to lots 7 and 8 of block 342, U. S. Reserve at Port Angeles said county and lots 27 and 28, block 18 of Rogarty and Dolan's addition to Port Angeles said county and costs and disbursements herein.

{SEAL} WITNESS my hand and the seal of said Superior Court, affixed this 15th day of May, A. D. 1893.

A. A. RICHARDSON,
County Clerk and Clerk of the Superior Court.
GEO. C. HATCH, Plaintiff's att'y.

SUMMONS BY PUBLICATION.

STATE OF WASHINGTON, } ss
COUNTY OF CLALLAM.

In the Superior Court of the State of Washington, for the County of Clallam, holding terms at Port Angeles.

William J. Morrissey, Plaintiff, vs. John G. Rollins, Defendant. } No. 677.

Action brought in the Superior Court for the County of Clallam, holding terms at Port Angeles, and complaint filed in the office of the Clerk of said Court on the 7th day of April, 1893.

To the above-named Defendant:

YOU ARE HEREBY notified that William J. Morrissey, Plaintiff, has filed a complaint against you in the Superior Court of the State of Washington, for the County of Clallam, holding terms at Port Angeles, which will come on to be heard sixty days after the first publication of this Summons, to-wit: Sixty days after the 7th day of April, 1893, and unless you appear and answer the same on or before the 10th day of June, 1893, the same will be be taken as confessed and the prayer of said Complaint granted.

The object and prayer of said Complaint is to obtain judgment on a promissory note of date January 11th, 1892, due one year from date for sum of $250, with interest thereon at ten per cent. per annum from date and attorney's fee of $50, as provided for in mortgage herein named, and to foreclose a certain mortgage, given by said defendant to secure payment of said note, on SW ¼ of SE ¼ and S ½ of SW ¼ of Sec. 9, Tp. 30 N., R. 7 W., Clallam county, Washington.

SEAL WITNESS my hand and the seal of said Superior Court, affixed this 7th day of April, A. D. 1893.

A. A. RICHARDSON,
County Clerk and Clerk of the Superior Court.
H. B. WILLSON, Attorney.
Date of first publication, April 7th, 1893.

SUMMONS.

STATE OF WASHINGTON, } ss.
COUNTY OF CLALLAM.

IN the Superior Court of the state of Washington, for the County, of Clallam, holding terms at Port Angeles.

Isabella Jennings, Plaintiff, vs. Alfred C. Jennings, Defendant. } No. 686.

Action brought in the superior court for the county of Clallam holding terms at Port Angeles and complaint filed in the office of the clerk of said court on the 14th day of April, 1893.

To the Above Named Defendant.

You are hereby notified that Isabella Jennings plaintiff, has filed a complaint against you in the Superior court of the State of Washington for the county of Clallam, holding terms at Port Angeles, which will come on to be heard sixty days after the first publication of this summons, to wit; sixty days after the 21st day of April, 1893, and unless you appear and answer the same on or before the 22d day of June, 1893, the same will be taken as confessed and the prayer of said complaint granted.

The object and prayer of said complaint is that the plaintiff and defendant be forever divorced, that plaintiff be awarded custody of minor child [illegible] parties hereto, be restored to her maiden name, Isabella Overlin, and have judgment for her costs and disbursments herein.

M. B. SACHS, Plaintiff Attorney.

SUMMONS.

STATE OF WASHINGTON, } ss.
COUNTY OF CLALLAM.

In the Superior Court of the State of Washington, for the County of Clallam, holding terms at Port Angeles.

Benjamin R. Brierly, Plaintiff, vs. Jane Conklin, Emma Jane Bailey, Belle Miller, Louisa Conklin, Thomas Conklin and William G. Conklin, Defendants. } No. 712.

Action brought in the Superior Court for the County of Clallam holding terms at Port Angeles, and complaint filed in the office of the Clerk of said Court on the 24th day of May, 1893.

To the Above Named Defendant:

You are hereby notified that Benjamin R. Brierly, Plantiff, has filed acomplaint against you in the Superior Court of the State of Washington, for the County of Clallam, holding terms at Port Angeles, which will come on to be heard sixty days after the first publication of this summons, to-wit: Sixty days after the 2d day of June, 1893, and unless you appear and answer the same on or before the 15th day of August, 1893, the same will be taken as confessed and the prayer of said complaint granted.

This action is brought by the plaintiff as owner in fee of lot one [1], in block fourteen [14], of the original townsite of Port Angeles in Clallam county, State of Washington to quiet the title thereto. Plaintiff claims that Wm. G. Conklin died intestate and without leaving any debts, and that at the time of his death Wm. G. Conklin was the owner of said lot one [1], and left as his only heirs at law the defendants and one Clara Conklin, now deceased. That after the death of said Wm. G. Conklin, to-wit: on the 15th day of January, 1890, the defendants and Clara Conklin, by deed of that date, conveyed said lot to one Silas Goodwin, and that said Silas Goodwin conveyed said lot to plaintiff, and that plaintiff conveyed the same to one M. A. Longfellow, and that said Longfellow has reconveyed the same to plaintiff. That no administration was ever had upon the estate of said Wm. G. Conklin, and that administration thereon was wholly unnecessay. That defendants and each of them claim an interest in said property adverse to plaintiff. That defendants setforth their interest or claim to said lot in this action or be forever barred from asserting any claim thereto, and plaintiff prays judgment for such relief as he may be entitled to in the premises.

{SEAL} Witness my hand and seal of said Superior Court, affixed this second day of June A. D., 1893.

A. A. RICHARDSON,
County Clerk and Clerk of the Superior Court.
Date of first publication June 2, 1893.

PROBATE NOTICE.

In the Superior Court of the state of Washington for the county of Clallam.

In the matter of the estate of Algernon S. Jones, deceased.

Notice of settlement of final account.

Notice is hereby given that Smith Troy, executor of the last will and testament of Algernon S. Jones, deceased, has filed in the office of the Clerk of the above named Court his final account as executor of said estate, and that Saturday, the first day of July, 1893, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the court room of said court has been appointed as the time and place for the settlement of said final account, at which time and place any person interested in said estate may appear and file his exceptions in writing to said account and contest the same.

Witness the Hon. James G. McClinton, judge of the said Superior Court, and the seal of said Court affixed this 31st day of May, 1893. {SEAL} A. A. RICHARDSON, County Clerk and Clerk of said Superior Court.

R. C. WILSON, Attorney for Executor.

PROBATE NOTICE.

In the Superior court of the State of Washington for the county of Clallam.

In the matter of the estate of Algernon S Jones, deceased } No. 75, Probate.

Order to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made.

Smith Troy, the executor of the last will and testament of Algernon S. Jones, deceased, having filed in this court his petition praying for an order distributing to him, as the sole assignee and grantee of all the devisees and legatees named in the last will and testament of said deceased, all the residue of said estate.

It is ordered that Saturday, the first day of July, 1893 at eleven clock in the fornoon of said day, at the court room of this court, be and the same are appointed as the time and place for the hearing of said petition, and that all persons interested in said estate be and appear at said time and place, then and there to show cause why such order of distribution should not be made.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks in the DEMOCRAT-LEADER, a newspaper printed and published, and of general circulation in said Clallam county.

JAMES G. MCCLINTON, Judge.

Dated May 31, 1893.

State of Washington } ss.
County of Clallam. }

I, A. A. Richardson, county clerk and clerk of the superior court of the State of Washington, for the county of Clallam holding terms at Port Angeles, hereby certify that the above is a true copy of the original Order of said court as the same appears of record in my office.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Superior court, affixed this thirty-first day of May, A. D. 1893. {SEAL}

A. A. RICHARDSON,
County clerk, and clerk of the superior court.

R. C. Wilson, Atty. for Executor.

Notice of Sheriff's Sale.

G. H. WILCOX, Plaintiff, vs JOEL H. ALBRIGHT AND ANNIE A. ALBRIGHT, Defendants.

STATE OF WASHINGTON, } ss
COUNTY OF CLALLAM.

By virtue of an execution issued out of the Superior Court in and for Clallam County, Washington, dated the 15th day of June, 1893, in a certain action wherein, G. H. Wilcox, plaintiff, in said action recovered judgment against Joel H. Albright and Annie A. Albright, defendants therein for seven hundred dollars, principal, one hundred and eighty-nine dollars, interest, attorneys fees in the sum of fifty dollars, and thirty-six and 55-100 dollars, costs of suit and accruing costs on the 9th day of June, 1893, I have levied upon the following described property, as property of said defendants, to wit; The north half (N½) of the southwest quarter (SW¼) of section number four (4), in township number thirty (30) north of range number eight (8) west, containing eighty (80) acres, more or less, according to the Government survey.

Notice is hereby given that on 15th day of July, A. D., 1893, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day at the north door of the court house, in the County of Clallam, State of Washington, I will sell all the right title and interest of the said Joel H. Albright and Annie A. Albright, defendants, in and to the above described property, at public auction, to the highest bidder, for cash, to satisfy said judgment, costs and accruing costs.

Dated this 15th day of June, 1893.

S. G. MORSE
Sheriff of Clallam County, Wash.
W. E. BURNSIDE
Deputy.

Lamoreux & Gay attorneys for plaintiff. 24-5t

Notice Sheriff's Sale.

In the Superior court of Clallam county, State of Washington.

CHAS. L. WILSON, Plaintiff, vs. R. N. WILSON and E. E. HOPKINS, Defendants. No. 205.

Under and by virtue of a writ of execution issued out of the above entitled Court under the hand of the Clerk and seal, thereof, dated the 23rd day of June, 1893, upon a certain judgment rendered and entered in said Court on the 22nd day of May 1893, wherein the said plaintiff Chas. L. Wilson, recovered judgment against the said defendants, R. N. Wilson and E. E. Hopkins, for the sum of $174, and the further sum of 41.90 costs of suit, and to me the under signed as the Sheriff of said County directed and delivered, I have this day levied upon in the manner prescribed by law, all of the following described real estate situate in said Clallam county, as the property of said defendant, E. E Hopkins, to-wit: The east half of the north east quarter, and the east half of the south east quarter, of section twenty-two, in township thirty, north of range eight, west of Willamette meridian.

NOW, THEREFORE, Notice is hereby given, that on Saturday, the 22d day of July, 1893, at the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the North Front door of the Court House in the City of Port Angeles in said Clallam County, I will sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, all of the above described real estate or so much thereof as may be necessary, to satisfy said writ of execution and accruing costs.

Dated at Port Angeles, this 23rd day of June 1893.

S. G. MORSE,
By Sheriff of Clallam County.
W. E. BURNSIDE,
Deputy Sheriff.

BENTON EMBREE, Attorney for Plaintiff.
Date of First Publication June 23rd, 1893.

Sheriff's Sale.

AUGUST LARSON, Plaintiff, vs. BENJAMIN H. BURGESS, Defendant, } No. 652.

STATE OF WASHINGTON, } ss.
COUNTY OF CLALLAM

By virtue of an order of sale issued out of the Superior Court in and for Clallam County, Washington dated the 12th day of June, 1893, in a certain action wherein August Larson, Plaintiff in said action, recovered judgment against Benjamin H. Burgess, Defendant therein, for eleven-hundred forty-six and 20-100 ($1146.20) dollars, and thirty three and 60-100 ($33.60) dollars, costs of suit, and accruing costs, on the 6th day of May, 1893, I have levied upon the following described property of said defendant, to wit: The east half (E½) of the southeast quarter (SE¼) of section six (6) township thirty (30) north of range eight (8) west Willamette Meridian Clallam County, State of Washington.

Notice is hereby given that on Monday the 17th day of July, A. D., 1893, at the hour of 10o'clock in the fore-noon of said day, at the north front door of the Court House in the City of Port Angeles in said Clallam County, I will sell all of the right, title and interest of the said Benjamin H. Burgess defendant, in and to the above described property, at public auction, to the highest bidder, for cash, to satisfy said judgment, costs and accruing costs.

Dated the 13th day of June, 1893.

S. G. MORSE,
24-5t Sheriff of Clallam County, Wash.

Someting Wrong.

The Republican National Committee recently held a meeting at Louisville, Ky. They talked over the situation but didn't say much about tariff. The speeches made on the occasion developed the fact that they don't know yet what hit them in the last election. The most remarkable thing however, that didn't occur was, that among a number of resolutions passed they omitted, for the first time in a period of twenty-five years to "point with pride" to their past record. There is something wrong—a screw loose somewhere. It is a cold day when the average Republican politician will neglect such a golden opportunity to "point with pride" to the glorious record of his party. It is true the cold chills of defeat were still creeping up their spinal columns, but they should not have omitted that part of their past record. There are many other things to which they might have called the attention of a public that is altogether too prone to forget. It might, for instance, have called attention to the fact that it provided payment for the soldier who fought for the Union, in depreciated paper money, while it paid the bond holder in gold.

It might have mentioned the fact that it was the father of the national banking system.

It might have taken upon itself the glory of contracting the currency and bringing ruin, poverty and misery to thousands of honest citizens of the republic.

It might have patted itself on the back for the part it played in strengthening the public credit by giving the bondholders six hundred million dollars more value than the contract called for.

It might have said "we point with pride" at the demonetization of silver.

It should have "pointed with pride" at the back salary grab.

At the Pacific Railroad subsidies.

At the Credit Mobilier swindle.

At the wholesale squandering of public lands.

At the whisky frauds;

At the Star Route mail stealings.

At the infamous Resumption Act and its distressing results;

At the low prices of the products of labor.

At the 9,000,000 mortgaged homes;

At the 10,000 millionaires;

At the 2,000,000 tramps;

At the increased number of tenant farmers;

At the increase of landlords;

At the increase debts;

At the increase of bankruptcies;

At the increase of crime;

At the increase of lunacy;

At the increase of suicides;

At the increase of corruption;

At the increase of usury!

At the increase of trusts;

At the increase of pauperism;

At the increase of palaces:

At the increase of hovels;

At the increase of prostitution;

At the increase of stealing;

At the increase of poverty;

At the increase of suffering;

What a glorious record!

The legacy left by the Republican party for the Democratic party to foster.—New Whatcom Champion.

Financial Problems.

Whatever increases the demand for gold increases the value of gold. Nothing will stop the rise of gold and the fall of prices but more gold, or make silver do the work of gold, as before its fraudulent demonetization in 1873. More gold we cannot have, it does not exist. Silver, then, must be made to take its place.

Not more bonds, not more debts and taxes to pay, but more standard money to pay debts and taxes with, is what is wanted now. Gold and silver cannot be kept at a parity by increasing the demand for gold by making it the only money of final redemption. The opposite course is the true one. Lessen the demand for gold by making silver do the same work as gold, as before 1873. Pay out silver coin equally with gold coin. Bimetallism, not gold monometallism is the remedy.

Gold that does not come to us in the course of trade will not stay when bought with bonds; it will flow away as fast as brought in in that way unless kept locked up where it will do nobody any good, but on the contrary, make it scarcer and tend to increase its value. There is no end to the stream of gold that might be kept flowing in and out by buying it over and over with bonds; but that policy, if followed long enough, would bankrupt any nation on the earth. We might as well try to stop the course of the Niagara by pumping the water back into Lake Erie. The more gold bought with bonds the larger the outflow will be to be bought back with more bonds. More standard money to pay bonds with, is what the world needs, and not more bonds to pay.

It is admitted on all sides that gold has risen in valuie at least 50 per cent. since the demonetization of silver in 1873, and that it is still risng and must, under existing conditions, continue to rise indefinitely. In the same degree that gold has risen prices have fallen, and must continue to fall as gold rises, and as prices fall the burden of debts and taxes increases. Is such a money standard an honest one? On the contrary, it is the most covert and effective engine of robbery possible to devise. By this means billions, in the last twenty years, have been filched from producers, tax-payers and debtors and gathered into the coffers of money lenders, and the robbery still goes on, and will go on as long as gold is kept the sole money standard. How long will the people of the United States submit to the injustice of the single gold standard?

During all the period in which money has been in use in the world the money in circulation has itself constituted the standard of value, and such a thing as a money standard apart from the money in circulation has been heretofore unknown. We are, however, now confronted with the condition of a gold standard without a gold currency; that is, with a money standard composed of a medal of which there is not a supply for currency, and which can be controlled by a comparatively few men. A few hundred men control more than two-thirds of all the gold outside of Asian hoards, and a comparatively few more people control the bulk of the rest.

In a few years the gold that was formerly scattered widely over the world has been gathered into a few great treasuries and its ownership is becoming more restricted every year, and more and more subject to arbitrary control.

Thus is the money standard controlled and manipulated in the interest of great creditors. The debts of the world go on increasing, while the means of payment become more and more restricted. A gold standard without a gold currency is a dangerous experiment. Bimetallism would make the control of the measure of values by a few men impossible.

The nominal amount of greenbacks is $346,000,000, no allowance being made for loss. But the greenbacks have been in circulation since 1862, and it would probably be an inside estimate to say that $46,000,000 never would come in.

Take then, the greenbacks that might be presented for redemption at $300,000,000, and notes issued under the act of 1890 at $128,000,000, and we have a total of $428,000,000 redeemable in gold or silver coin, at the option of the government, and $311,000,000 of gold and silver, coin bullion that may be coined, available for their redemption, with a monthly accumulation of the difference between the market price and coinage value of 4,500,000 ounces of silver. And yet, with all this silver in the Treasury, and coming in, it is proposed to sell bonds and buy more gold, ostensibly for the purpose of redeeming these notes, but really to furnish bonds for investors and aid exporters to get the gold they want for Austria and other countries.

Under the laws of the United States, every dollar of this coin, or bullion that may be coined, is available, not only for the redemption of greenbacks, but for the payment of all debts of the Government.

The question then is: Shall the Secretary of the Treasury exercise the option the law gives him, to pay in either gold or silver, and coin and pay out this silver, or shall a new debt be created, in order that the holders of notes and bonds may have gold at their option?

How long can a policy of issuing bonds and buying gold last? Nothing is plainer than that such a policy, if entered upon, must sooner or later come to an end, and the longer it is pursued the worse the ending will be. Moreover, unless the silver purchased under the act of 1890 is coined and used as money, it cannot be used at all; it cannot be sold, it is not even collateral security for the notes issued to purchase it. It can be used in no way except by coining it.

The issue is plain. Shall the silver in the Treasury be used for the redemption of outstanding notes and the payment of bonds, the same as gold, or shall a new debt be created, new bonds be issued to buy gold?

The force of legal-tender is to give to one who has money to pay the option of paying in the kind of legal-tender money which is most convenient or advantageous to him. The option always rest with the payor. If the payee had the option, the force of legal-tender would be at once annulled. The payee, in that case, would of course choose the dearer kind of money, and if everybody exercised that right there would in the end be but one kind of money and that the dearest.

In the payment of public debts the option, by law, rests with the Government, and the Secretary of the Treasury has no right to surrender the option to pay Government obligations in either gold or silver. But this right has been given up, with the consequence that gold is always demanded by the note holder when presenting the note for payment.

But the option legally belongs to the Government and should be recovered to it and exercised in the interest of all the people, and not solely for the benefit of speculators in gold. The way to relieve the strain on gold is to pay out silver.

The chief value of gold comes from the demand for it by everybody for money When silver was subjected to the same monetary demand its value was equal to that of gold on the ratio of 15½ to 1 When silver was demonetized in 1873 and the demand for this metal for money was shut off, the entire demand for money fell upon gold, with the result that gold has greatly increased in value not only as compared with silver, but with everything else.

The only way the metals can be brought together is to subject them both again to the same monetary demand by giving them the same monetary rights; that is, by restoring to both metals the right to free and unlimited coinage. It is impossible that the two metals can have the same value while one is subjected to unlmited demand for money and the demand for the other limited to the arts and for subsidiary money; or, to state the same thing another way, four-fifths, if not nine-tenths, of the value of gold comes from its use as money. Admit silver again to the same use and its value would at once be restored; if not it would be time enough then to talk of a change of ratio.

How foolish, to one who understands the source of value of these metals, is the prattle about "putting a dollar's worth of silver in a dollar," when it is the money use that gives to either metal its chief value.—American Bimetallic League.

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.

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For fine Job Printing go to THE DEMOCRAT-LEADER.

The Fisher Pharmacy is the old reliable.

R. C. WILSON.

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

PORT ANGELES, WASH.

G. K. ESTES.

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

PORT ANGELES, WASH.

BENTON EMBREE.

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

PORT ANGELES, WASH.

Office in Opera House Block.

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PORT ANGELES, - - - WASH.

MERCHANTS BANK

OF PORT TOWNSEND, WASH.

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Farmers, merchants and the public generally are invited to transact their business with us.

The Democrat-Leader,

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THE DEMOCRAT PUBLISHING CO.

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Sample copies sent to any address free.

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JOHN W. TROY.....Editor

AN ANNOUNCEMENT.

The Democrat Printing and Publishing Company, publishers of THE DEMOCRAT-LEADER, have purchased the Beacon plant, its circulation, advertising contracts and good will. The Beacon will be no more, but all of its subscribers will receive THE DEMOCRAT-LEADER in its stead. Those who have paid up subscription for both papers for a period in advance, will receive credit on THE DEMOCRAT-LEADER books for the additional time to which they are entitled. The increased circulation will benefit all of the advertisers in, not only the Beacon, but in THE DEMOCRAT-LEADER as well.

This purchase leaves THE DEMOCRAT-LEADER, without question, the largest circulation in Clallam county of any paper or periodical published anywhere. It visits more homes in the county than any other paper, consequently it is the best advertising medium published, for Clallam county readers.

Mr. G. K. Estes, who so ably conducted the Beacon, will enter upon the practice of his profession, the law, in Port Angeles. Being a man of splendid ability and great industry, he will, without doubt, succeed. In him the legal fraternity will gain what journalism has lost—a faithful, diligent and able member.

This is but one of the many and long strides onward made by THE DEMOCRAT-LEADER under its present management. More will follow in rapid succession. Despite hard times and all the drawbacks of journalism under such conditions THE DEMOCRAT-LEADER has been permitted to prosper and to advance. For this, the managers do not take all credit, though it is a matter for self congratulation. The people of Clallam county are the real architects, the proprietors only being able to advance as the patronage permits. For the generous patronage and appreciation exhibited by them, THE DEMOCRAT-LEADER extends its thanks and renews the promise that it will be as good a paper as the managers know how to make with the favor it receives.

ABOUT CONFIDENCE.

What right has the P.-I. to talk for "the people" of the United States? Especially by what authority does it say the people lack confidence in the administration? Which people; or what? If our memory serves us "the people of the United States have thrice spoken in as many years on this subject. The P.-I. shouldn't forget that only last November, by nearly 1,500,000 majority the people retired the Republican party, and by a large and substantial vote, indicating an abundant confidence, elected the present Democratic administration.

The "lack of confidence" chestnut has become so old and musty that it is distinguishable from the rankness of its order. It is claptrap demagogy. No sane man actually believes such slush. Every scintilla of fact disapproves and condemns such political nonsense.

The main cause for the present hard times is the vicious and pernicious legislation and policies of the Republican party, for which it forfeited, as the facts prove, the confidence of a large majority of the American people, and which the Democratic party has not had opportunity to remedy.

The robber McKinley bill and the destructive Sherman act have done more than any two things to cause hard times throughout the country.

Congress will be called in extra session in September. when the Sherman law will, without much doubt, be repealed at once. This done and war will be at once declared upon the tariff, which will be followed by the necessary legislation to increase the circulation and to raise proper revenue, with less taxes.

In the meantime, if the P.-I. will permit, THE DEMOCAAT-LEADER will suggest that the people of the United States be taken at their word. They have spoken on the "confidence" question, and, if our form of government is worth anything, they are at least entitled to this much respect.

THE DUTY OF THE HOUR.

The failure of the First National Bank, of this city, to continue cash payments was one of the consequences of the times for which no one in particular is responsible. The managers have done everything that was possible for a conservative management to do. At any other time there would have been no trouble in securing the necessary specie to honor every check that could be presented. The bank had the best of credit. It has been regarded as one of the safest and most solid banking institutions in the state. The president, cashier and directors of the First National Bank, as far as known, are blameless. Neither can the blame rest with the citizens of Port Angeles, nor can it be said that times are harder here in Angeles than elsewhere. While, if the depositors had had the confidence in the bank that its managers were entitled to, the failure would never have occurred, they are not to blame, for the timidity that seized them is epidemic.

But there is nothing gained by "crying over spilt milk." "It is a condition, not a theory" that confronts the citizens of Port Angeles. This condition can be turned to best account by the business men lending every effort possible to the bank that it may resume at the earliest possible date. Everyone, whether he favors the the national banking system or opposes it, owes this much to the city of Port Angeles, his neighbors and himself. The consequences cannot fail to be other than disastrous if this is not done. Every dollar in Clallam county should be in circulation. There is not enough money in the country to meet the demands of business, even were it all in circulation, therefore the need is great that all there is should be available for use. Under the system, of doubtful merit though it is, in vogue, the only manner in which this can be done is through a bank.

The duty of the hour is to assist in every way possible in the reopening for business of the First National Bank.

THE COUNTY FUNDS.

One of the results of the kanb suspension was the tying up of the funds of Clallam county. The law of the state makes the county treasurer the custodian of all the county money, but, following the custom of the times, Treasurer Clump had the county funds in the First National Bank, the only banking institution in Clallam county. For this, he is not to be blamed, although he is responsible. In fact, the $40,000, thereabouts, in the county treasury was needed by the business men of the county. It would have been all but criminal had the treasurer locked it up in the county vaults, and kept it out of circulation. The only feasible manner of keeping it in circulation, was to deposit in it the county bank.

Now this condition, like the suspension itself, imposes a duty on county authorities. The duty is to assist, by every means at command, the county treasurer, and to make this burden as light as possible.

PERSONAL MENTION

Captain W. D. Owen, of Victoria, was in the city Sunday.

W. C. Williams, of Port Williams, was in Angeles, Tuesday.

S. M. Bugge, of Port Williams, was a visitor here Monday.

W. K. Clark went to Dungeness Sunday, returning Monday.

Thomas Maloney returned from a business trip to Seattle, Sunday.

Lewis Levy came over from Victoria Sunday on the Isabel, returning in the evening.

The Misses Scott, recently of Denver, Colo., are guests of their brother, Mr. George H. Scott, of this city.

R. S. Dimmick returned to his home at East Clallam Monday, after a weeks' visit with friends in this city.

R. L. Sebastain, of Forks, who was a witness in the Baxter-Pullen case returned home on the Willapa Monday.

The Misses Elsie Clark and Anna Dick returned to their homes at Dungeness, Saturday, after a brief visit in this city.

Douglas Young, the expert accountant, who had been in the city during the trial of the Baxter-Pullen case, returned to his home in Seattle, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Fishback, of Seattle, are in the city. Mr. Fishback is a prominent attorney of that city, who has been retained to assist the prosecution in the Ackles case.

Professor R. C. Kerr, who several years ago was principal of the Townsend public schools, but at present fills a similar position in the public schools of Walla Walla, was in this city Sunday. Mr. Kerr will visit Chicago and other cities of the east during his summer vacation.

F. P. Loftus, who was recently appointed customs inspector by Collector Saunders, was in Angeles Sunday on official business. In this appointment Collector Saunders made an excellent selection, as Mr. Loftus is peculiarly qualified, both by natural ability and education, for the position.

Items from Forks.

Pigeons are plentiful and sportsmen are happy.

Mrs. Nelson and her daughter Miria have gone to Tacoma to spend a few weeks visiting friends.

Henry Cotter, of Bogachiel, is on the Prairie.

The annual school meeting was held at the school house on the 12th inst, J. E. Crawford was elected clerk and W. D. Hodges, director.

We have not heard of any hops reaching the "top round" of the ladder, but have seen a few that have reached the "top end" of the poles. No hop lice have appeared yet.

People here are preparing to celebrate the Fourth. Horse races, foot races, potato sack race, baseball and catching a greased pig will be a part of the amusements. There will be a dance in the evening.

There was a large crowd at the ball ground last Sunday. The boys had a good game.

Merrill Whittier will aucton off a fine band of young horses on the Fourth.

The Odd Fellows have organized a lodge here with twenty-two charter members.

Mr. Hitchman, road supervisor of this district, is doing some good substantial work, which is much needed.

These fine sunshiny days are welcomed by every body, and all are busy. Hop growers are kept busy training their hops. J. S.A.

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

ANOTHER UNFORTUNATE

An Innocent, Trusting Young Woman

IS HEARTLESSLY BETRAYED BY HIM

In Whom She Had Reposed Abiding Confidence, and the Betrayer Flees From the Scene of His Wrong to a Harbor of Refuge, But Again Crime Proves Its Own Detecter.

Angeles is again the scene of a sensation, in nature somewhat startling and severe, as developments, if true, unfold the ruin of an innocent, trusting young woman by a designing, unprincipled villian, who, doubtless, through glittering promises and pledges, accomplished his villainous purpose.

Last month Chief of Police Harry J. McGregor, received a communication from the chief of police of Portland, as follows:

PORTLAND, May 24, 1893.

To the Chief of Police:

Dear Sir—Is there in your city a man named A. J. Adams. He is a surveyor. Was in your city on the 14th of the present month, as he mailed a letter at that time from there. I would like to have him located. Have warrant for him for seduction. Will send for him after you locate him. Respectfully,

CHARLES H. HUNT, Chief of Police.

Chief McGregor at once begun a systematic, and what proved successful, search for Adams. Inquiries were made of surveyors if they knew a man here of that name and of that profession, which elicted the information that a new firm of surveyors had recently located here with office apartments in the Clark building. Further inquiries disclosed the name of the firm to be Adams & Dick, and later information that Adams was presumably the man wanted in Portland. The marshal immediately wired Chief Hunt at Portland as follows:

PORT ANGELES, May 26, 1893.

CHARLES A. HUNT, Chief of Police, Portland:

A. J. Adams is here. Wire description if you desire me to arrest. H. J. MCGREGOR, City Marshal.

On June the 1st the marshal sent the following description of Adams to the chief of police at Portland:

PORT ANGELES, Wash., June 1, 1893.

CHIEF OF POLICE, Portland:

Dear Sir—In answer to your letter of May 24 will say that I wired you that there was a man here by the name of A. J. Adams, but having received no description from you I was unable to tell whether the man Adams was the person you wanted or not, I send you description of the A. J. Adams who is here, and if he is the right man on receipt of answer from you will keep track of him.

Adams is a man 5 feet 10 inches, weight about 180 pounds, has light hair and short sandy moustache, light blue eyes, high cheek bones and full face, rather course features, walks very erect, actions are quick, has a habit of keeping his left hand in his pants pocket while walking and talking. He is a surveyor by profession, and came here from Portland about the time you mentioned in your letter. Hoping this will be a satisfactory reply, I remain yours truly,

H. J. MCGREGOR, City Marshal.

The marshal did not again hear from the matter until the 9th inst, when the following letters were received:

PORTLAND, June 9, 1893.

H. J. MCGREGOR, City Marshal, Port Angeles:

Dear Sir—The man A. J, Adams is the man I wrote you about. The parties interested in the case would have to advance the money to defray expenses in bringing him here, which they have not done as yet.

If he should leave the city I would like to know his whereabouts, as they may get the money for expenses. Yours truly,

CHARLES H. HUNT, Chief of Police.

The following letter from the same source and under the same date explains itself:

H. J. MCGREGOR, City Marshal, Port Angeles:

Dear Sir—In answer to your favor of the 1st inst., we shall not send for party, A. J. Adams at present, as the parties interested in the case here have failed to furnish the money necessary to pay expenses. Will let you know what to do if they conclude to furnish the funds.

Respectfully,

CHARLES W. HUNT, Chief of Police.

Last Monday Sheriff Morse received a letter from the sheriff of Multnomah county requesting that he learn from Marshal McGregor the whereabouts of A, J. Adams, and notify him by wire without unnecessary delay. Sheriff Morse immediately complied with the request.

The matter rested until Wednesday afternoon, when Sheriff Morgan, of Multnomah county arrived on the Monticello with warrants for the arrest of Adams.

The sheriff had no difficulty in finding, identifying and arresting his man, who was apparently completely overcome with surprise and embarrassment.

Adams most emphatically avows innocence of the crime with which he is charged, and positively claims his ability to prove the charges malicious, unjustified and an attempt at blackmailing.

During Mr. Adams short residence in this city he had succeeded in establishing a good business reputation, and had proved himself thoroughly competent and efficient in his profession.

Sheriff Morgan and prisoner left on the Monticello Tuesday afternoon for Portland.

Nothing of a definite nature concerning the young woman who accused Adams with accomplishing her ruin could be gathered, other than she is a prepossessing young Norwegian woman, who up to the time of her supposed misfortune had been on very intimate terms with Adams.

Later developments are certainly absolute to establish the innocence or guilt of the accused, until which an impartial public opinion must be held suspended.

"MEG'S DIVERSION"

Will be Produced by the Port Angeles Dramatic Club.

The Angeles Dramatic Club will produce the interesting drama, "Meg's Diversion," at the opera house Saturday evening July 1st.

This will make the second play this club, with a slight change in the cast of characters, has produced the first, it will be remembered, having been the "Ticket of Leave Man," the performance of which was most creditable throughout. The following is the cast of characters:

Jeremy Crow	L H Smith
Ashley Morton	E E Seevers
Jasper Pidgeon	Wm Turkington
Poland Pidgeon	W H Smythe
Eytem	E J Burns
Cornelia Crow	Mrs C Foss
Margaret Crow	Miss Rosa Burns
Mrs Netwell	Mrs E Burns

"THE ARLINGTONS."

Angeles' Newly Organized Base Ball Team.

Angeles has a base ball club.

It has been designated "The Arlington," a name significant, it is hoped, of success.

The club was organized last Monday evening, at which time officers were elected and arrangements perfected to play a match game at Dungeness on the Fourth with the Hadlock team, which is, by the way, one of the champion amateur clubs of the lower sound.

The officers and members of the club are as follows: H. M. Fisher, president; D. E. Campbell, treasurer and secretary; D. Hays, captain and manager; F. Sullivan, catcher; D. E. Campbell, pitcher; D. Hays, first base; C. E. Bell, second base; W. J. Dyke, third base; H. M. Fisher, short stop; Harry O'Brien, left field; Ed Bell, center field; J. A. Wilson, right field, and W. Crockett, sub.

Most of the members have had not a little experience, and will doubtless prove skillful players, the nine as a whole are very evenly balanced, and if the boys practice thoroughly should play a strong and an interesting game.

The Ackles Trial.

The trial of the State of Washington vs. Moses Ackles occupied the attention of the court from Monday until Thursday evening, when it went to the jury. As it will be remembered Ackles was charged by the prosecuting witness, M. Franklin, with assault with a deadly weapon with intent to kill. The affray took place in the Quillayute country last winter, being the logical result of a feud of long standing between these parties. The state was represented by County Attorney Bryan, Chas. S. Fishback, of Seattle and F. O. Lamoreux of this city and the defense by Will R. Gay and Geo. C. Hatch of this city.

The jury brought in a verdict this noon, finding Ackles guilty of assault with intent to commit severe bodily injury.

The maximum penalty is two years in penitentiary or $5000 fine or both in option of judge.

The defendant will be given [illegible] p. m., July 5th in which to file [illegible] for new trial, during which time he will be in charge of the sheriff.

The Bank Suspends.

Last Monday morning the [illegible] tional Bank of this city temporarily suspended. The cause assigned for the suspension was the severe monetary depression throughout the country and consequent difficulty to realize on securities. The assets of the bank are amply sufficient to meet its liabilities.

The general opinion is that as soon as the affairs of the bank will have been properly adjusted it will resume business.

The management of the bank has been able and conservative, and the general public have confidence in its ability to overcome the present financial troubles.

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.

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

THOS. MALONY.

Subscribe for THE DEMOCRAT-LEADER.

E. A. FITZ HENRY,
County Surveyor.
City Engineer. [illegible] or.

FITZ HENRY [illegible]

SURVEYO[illegible]

Blue Printing and Draughting a [illegible]

A. A. SMITH

W. W. DEDMAN

Brokers.

* * * * *

**

REAL ESTATE

INSURANCE

LOANS

**

$8 PER ACRE WILL BUY SIXTY ACRES of good land in section 35, Tp. 30 N, R 5.

$10 PER ACRE WILL BUY FORTY acres in section 15, Tp. 30 N, R 7 W.

$15 PER ACRE WILL BUY A FORTY acre tract in section 33, Tp. 31 N, R 7 W. Ten acres cleared, with a good house.

$20 PER ACRE WILL BUY FORTY aces in section 21, Tp. 30 N, R 5 W.

$30 PER ACRE WILL BUY A FORTY acre tract in same section as above.

$50 PER ACRE. TWENTY ACRES IN north half of section 26, Tp. 30 N, R 6.

$20 TO $100 WILL BUY GOOD ADDITION lots according to size and location.

$250 WILL BUY A 25-FOOT CORNER lot with small house, at Second and Vine streets.

$500 A 50-FOOT LOT WITH GOOD house, fence, etc., in Block 37, N. E Smith's Sub., Georgiana and Francis streets.

$500 A 50-FOOT LOT IN BLOCK Original Townsite, Third street, between Valley and Cherry.

$600 TO $1200. BUSINESS LOTS ON Front, First and Second streets, according to location.

$1500 FIVE LOTS IN BLK. 75 ORIGinal townsite. Third, between Cedar and Tumwater.

WE HAVE A BLOCK OF 100 LOTS IN A good addition which will be sold at a great sacrifice for cash.

A LOT ON LAKE UNION, SEATTLE. TO trade for a few acres near Angeles.

A GOOD RESIDENCE FOR RENT CORNER second and Cherry Streets.

A LONG LIST OF BARGAINS NOT ENUMerated above. Call or write and inquire about them.

FRONT STREET,

PORT ANGELES.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of the transfers for the week ending June 29th, as furnished by the Clallam County Abstract and Trust Company:

Kellogg Land Co to Otto Bitters, lots 243 and 244 blk 14, Kellogg Land Co plat of Clallam	$ 200
C E Mallette to Thomas Rice, lot 13 blk 4, subdiv of S W ¼ of N E ¼ 15-30-6	70
W H Whitlesey and wife to J A Campbell, S W ¼ of N E ¼ 3-30-4	300
Daniel Pullen and wife to O W Smith, lot 10 Sec 20 and lots 2, 6 and eleven Sec 29, T 28, R 14, and lots 1 and 2 N E ¼ of N W ¼ Sec 34, and lots 6 and 7 N W ¼ of N E ¼ of N W qr Sec 26, Tp 28, R 15	1000
W E Miller and wife to John E Lutz, urban lots 3 to 18, blk 75, in the city of Port Angeles	10
John E Lutz and wife to [illegible] I Kirsch- [illegible] blk 75, in [illegible]	1,500
E[illegible] ickel and [illegible] blk 1, [illegible]	120
John M Bell to Frederick K[illegible] of S E qr, N W qr of N W qr, of sec [illegible] 30, R 6	400
Jacob Huffman to John Mich[illegible] 20, blk 9, Gales add, lots 2 an[illegible] and lots 8 and 9, 12 and 13, blk [illegible] C., 1st add	[illegible]000
Phil A Dolan to Fred A Bliss, lots [illegible] 6, blk 10, of Fogarty & Dolan's ad[illegible]	[illegible]
Chas Peters and wife to City of Port [illegible] geles, 2 acres in N W qr of S E qr of sec 2 tp 30, R 7	1000
P S C C to C P Brown, trustee blks 33 and 34, lots 8, 9 and 11, blk 35, lots 1, 2, 4, and 9, blk 36, lots 10, 12, 13, 14 and 16, blk 35 and lots 3, 5, 6, and 7, blk 36, N R Smith's subdivision of townsite Pt Angeles	1
W S McLaughlin and wife to S R White, lots 15, blk 8, of P S C C subdivision of townsite of Port Angeles	200
W S McLaughlin to Sarah A McLaughlin, undivided one half interest in lot 10 and W hf lot 11, blk 24 of N R Smith subdiv. of townsite and lots 67 and 8, blk 19, P S C C 2nd add	225

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

The best is the cheapest. Call on Keller & Randall, in the Opera House Block, when you want drugs, toilet articles, perfumery, etc. Prescriptions honestly and carefully compounded.

Wall Paper of the latest styles and designs can be seen at Keller & Randall's Drug Store in the Opera House Block.

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

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

If you want the very best of everything, go to Fisher's Pharmacy

The best assortment of perfumery at the Hall Drug Company in the city.

The Democrat-Leader.

[illegible]AY, JUNE 30, 1893.

L[illegible] PARAGRAPHS.

[illegible]h next Tuesday.

[illegible]rge number of citizens will sp[illegible]ourth at the lakes.

[illegible] number of Victorians were in town Sunday, having come over on the Isabel.

Preparations are being made for quite an interesting celebration at the lakes on the Fourth.

Assistant Bank Examiner Charles A. Dyer, was in the city Wednesday on official business.

Most of the witnesses in the Baxter-Pullen case have returned to their homes in the Quillayute country.

A social dance will be given in the opera house next Monday evening under the auspices of the Gate city band.

Messrs. R. T. Williams, Wise, Bogg and Lewis Levy, came over from Victoria on the Steamer Isabel, Wednesday.

The steamer Willapa will take an excursion party to Dungeness from this city on the morning of the Fourth. The Gate City band will accompany the excursionist.

Three Indian boys from the Neah Bay reservation, who have been under instruction at the Oregon training school, passed through on the Willapa, Monday to spend their vacation at the bay,

It is not unlikely a large excursion will come over from Victoria on the Fourth. As soon as it is definitely settled th[illegible] that the excursionists will come over, some effort should be made for the entertainment of the city's guests.

One of the interesting features of the Dungeness celebration will be a sparring match which will take place between Robert Foster, champion of British Columbia and William Fitzhenry, of Port Angeles, on the evening of the Fourth. The contest will consist of ten rounds, ample to afford an exciting exhibition of the manly art.

A HORRIBLE DEATH.

The Head Sawyer of the Dry Creek Mill Meets With a Fatal Accident.

James T. Camp, head sawyer of the Dry Creek mill met with a horrible death last Tuesday evening.

It appears he was examining the machinery which was in motion when his clothes was caught by the friction wheel which runs the carriage and his body was carried around the shaft 30 or 35 times before the mill was stopped. As the ponderous machinery was brought to a stand still the mangled remains of the unfortunate man, from whose body the clothes had almost completely been torn by the tremondous force of the wheel as it carried him round the shaft, each revolution his feet and arms striking the floor as it carried on to certain destruction, fell a shapeless mass on the floor life being nearly extinct.

From the first revolution it is supposed he received a blow on the head, from the effects of which, doubtless, he never regained consciousness. His arms and legs were broken in several places and his body showed severe bruises and internal injuries.

Deceased leaves a wife and three children to mourn his sad and untimely end, who live on a [illegible] Bay.

The fu[illegible] afternoon [illegible] of the I. O. O. F. of wh[illegible]ganization he was a member.

Mrs. C[illegible] up from Clallam Bay yeste[illegible] to pay the last sad rites t[illegible]ed husband.

[illegible]he Weather.

H[illegible]nd and direction for the week, 23 miles W. Date, 23.

Average rainfall since January 1, 15.30 inches for nine years.

Total amount of rainfall since January 1, 19.64 inches.

Total excess since January 1, 4.34 inches. WM. BELL, U. S. Observer.

Uncalled for Letters.

Letters remaining uncalled for in Port Angeles postoffice, June 30, 1893.

Miss B J Johnson,	A D Periland
C W Young,	James Randall
C M King,	Ida Hakansson
G A Van Alstiner	M Sliver
Claus Skarndal	Otto Saundell
Magn[illegible] Nelson	

In calling for the above letters please say advertised.

J. S. FENN, P. M.

VOTE BONDS, YES!

And Declare in Favor of Progress and Improvement.

THE SPECIAL MUNICIPAL ELECTION

To Vote on the Proposition to Adopt a System of Electric Lighting Works for this City, and to Create an Indebtedness for the Purchase of the Plant, Will be Held Saturday, July 8th.

As the time is fast approaching for submitting to the voters of this city the proposition for their adoption or rejection of a plan of electric lighting works for this city, every citizen interested must soon decide whether or not he will favor or oppose the proposition.

The plan submitted is one adopted after months of the most thorough and exhaustive consideration of the question on the part of the council. It not only provides for the purchase of the electric lighting plant, but the development and the utilization of water power with which to operate the same. They also wisely sought the advice of a thoroughly competent engineer, who has had years of experience in this particular branch of engineering, who is responsible for the plan adopted for the development of water power.

The plan has been examined by quite a number of experts, all of whom agree that it is admirably calculated to produce the result sought for the least outlay. And that the system will [illegible] not only be simple, but desirable and serviceable.

The fact, doubtless, is quite generally understood that under the present conditions, operating and maintaining the the electric light plant has been a source of expense to the city, the expenditures each month considerably exceeding the income.

This is accounted for in the cost of fuel, which is the principal and greatest item of expense. Then the labor under the present management is necessarily a large item of expense.

With the purchase of the plant the city would save $3000 per annum, which it now is obliged to pay in compliance with the conditions of its lease; then the utilization of water power would save another $3000 per annum in fuel and labor. These items alone aggregate a saving of $6000, an amount more than sufficient to pay the interest which would accrue on the bonds the city proposes to float for that purpose.

There is also another matter of more than passing importance in the consideration of this question. The leasee is not protected by any provision in the lease for improvements and extensions made to the plant during the life of the lease, such improvements accruing to the owner at the expiration of the lease. During a period of five years to meet the demands of the natural growth of the town, would necessitate the expenditure of thousands of dollars to extend the system as required. This would be a complete loss to the leasee or to the city.

The calm, dispassionate and unprejudiced consideration of this question from its various points of view certainly cannot fail to convince the reasonable, thinking voter that it will be infinitely better for al linterests concerned to support and vote for the electric lighting plan and the bonds.

That there may be no misunderstand[illegible] as to the manner of voting, there be[illegible] two propositions, upon which the [illegible] casts two separate ballots, one for or against proposition No. 1, and for or against proposition No. 2, the following sections from the bonding ordinance relating to the manner of voting, are published for the instruction of voters. We refer them to to the ordinance on page 8.

The ratification of this proposition means not only employment for idle workingmen, but the circulation of large sums of money with business men of the city, and consequent improvement throughout the local avenues of commerce and trade.

If you fully comprehend your best interest, voter, you will cast one ballot, "For Ratification and Adoption, Yes," and the other ballot, "Bonds, Yes."

Sommers-Souther Marriage.

Last Wednesday Mr. Ernest Sommers and Miss Mary Margerite Souther, both of this city were married by Judge Brewster. Mr. and Mrs. Sommers have been receiving congratulations from a host of friends.

Born.

In this city, Tuesday, June 27, 1893, to the wife of Thos. Banks, a daughter.

More About the Reservation.

The report of the appraisers of the townsite reservation is certainly well along the broad highway to the final point of destination, as will be readily seen from the following telegram sent yesterday from M. J. Carrigan, who is in Washington to Col. Coolican, president of the board of trade:

WASHINGTON, D. C. June 28, '93.

Jas. S. Coolican, President Board of Trade:

Appraisement all right. Report will go to Secretary Hote Smith tomorrow for signature.

M. J. CARRIGAN.

First Class Dining Room.

Miss A. D. Richart will open to the general public in the Frank Link building on Front street, a first class dining room, on Saturday, July 1st, at 5 p. m. The patronage of the general public respectfully solicited, and every effort will be made to merit a share of the trade. Special attention given to dinner parties and suppers for social gatherings.

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.

PROBATE NOTICE.

In the Superior court of the State of Washington for the county of Chiliam.

In the matter of the estate of Marquis D. Pullen, deceased. No. 4, Probate.

Order to show cause why order of sale of real estate should not be made.

It appearing to the court by the petition this day presented and filed by Jesse S. Maxfield and Ephraim D. Pullen, administrators of the estate of Marquis D. Pullen, deceased, that there is not sufficient personal estate in the hands of said administrators to pay the debts outstanding against said deceased and the expenses of administration, and that it is necessary to sell some portion of the real estate belonging to said estate to pay said debts and expenses, it is ordered that all persons in[illegible]terested appear at the court room of this court on Saturday, the fifth day of August, 1893, at ten o'clock a. m., of said day, to show cause why an order should not be granted to said administrators to sell so much of the real estate of said deceased as shall be necessary to pay said debts and expenses, and it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in the DEMOCRAT-LEADER, a weekly newspaper printed and published in said Clallam county, Washington before said fifth day of August, 1893.

Dated June 30, 1893.

JAMES G. MCCLINTON, Judge.

State of Washington, } ss
County of Clallam. }

I, A. A. Richardson, county clerk and clerk of the Superior Court of the State of Washington, for the county of Clallam, holding terms at Port Angeles, hereby certify that the above is a true copy of the original order of the Superior court as the same appears of record in my office.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Superior Court affixed this 30th day of June, 1893.

A. A. RICHARDSON,
County Clerk and Clerk of the Superior court.

Date of first publication June 30, 1893.

R. C. WILSON, Atty for Admrs.

The New York Bank Wreckers.

In view of the recent release by pardon of George H. Pell and James A. Simmons, the alleged "wreckers" of the Sixth National, Lenox Hill and Equitable banks, I made inquiries yesterday to ascertain if there was any reason why executive clemency should not as well be extended to General Peter J. Claassen.

United States District Attorney Mitchell was asked, among other questions, if there was, in his opinion, any reason why Simmons, convicted upon Claassen's testimony as an accessory to an embezzlement, was any more entitled to mercy than Claassen, the alleged principal in the transaction. Mr. Mitchell said that in the eyes of the law the accessory was as guilty as the principal. He excused himself from expressing an opinion as to the merits of Simmons' pardon or the likelihood of one being obtained for General Claassen.

It is understood that Mr. Mitchell was not favorably inclined to the pardon of Simmons. The jury, however, made a recommendation of mercy, which led Judge Benedict to impose a sentence of but six years for an offense the penalty of which is a minimum of five and a maximum of ten years. So far as this goes, it only brings into stronger relief the injustice of retaining Claassen in jail while pardoning the other.

Claassen was always regarded by business and financial men as the least guilty of the trio. He so testified, and his friends and many others believed that he was entirely innocent of any knowledge of the "check kiting" operations carried on by Pell and Simmons.—New York Herald.

A Disconsolate Governor.

The infant phenomenon of the Bay State justly feels that he has been playing in very tough luck. He was elected governor of Massachusetts the other day by a plurality of 2,700 votes, and has been feeling so good over his remarkable success that he began to think himself almost a "bigger man than old" Grover. Now it turns out that if the the wide awake and highly cultured Republican voters of Massachusetts had only known how to mark their Australian ballots Mr. Haile, the Republican candidate, would have been elected by about 12,000 plurality, and young Mr. Russell, who was pluming his wings for even the loftiest flight, is left disconsolate, standing around on one leg like a rooster in a rainstorm.

He may continue to draw the salary and play governor, but all the roseate dreams that lately flushed his sweet young life with opalescent waves of indescribable brightness have fled, and he is left to plod wearily along in the gray mists, breasting the piercing east winds of the man who is rejected by the people, and wins by a blunder. "This is 'ard," as old Eccles would say.—New York Advertiser.

The Inaugural Ball.

An interesting feature has arisen with respect to the inauguration of President Cleveland. March 4 next year occurs on Saturday. The discovery of this fact has led to some discussion regarding the propriety of holding the inaugural ball on Saturday night, when Sunday morning must necessarily be ushered in with the first stroke of 12. Inquiry of those who have been prominently identified with the inauguration ceremonies of previous years shows that this question need not occasion concern.

In the first place, the event known as the inaugural "ball" is in reality a reception merely. The throng in attendance is always so great as to prevent dancing. In the second place, it has, with rare exceptions, been brought to a conclusion by midnight, even when no considerations of respect for Sunday entered into the case. A ball on Friday night would be inappropriate, and a postponement to Monday night would be an injustice to the thousands of visitors who would be compelled to leave the city before that time. There is no likelihood, therefore, that the time honored precedent of an inauguration ball on the evening of inauguration day will be departed from when Mr. Cleveland is inducted into office.—Washington Post.

Caught Two Whales and a Wife.

One of the whaleman on the schooner La Ninia has a little romance. His name is William Stevens, and he has been a sailor on coasting vessels for several years. Ten months ago he fell in love with a pretty and estimable young lady at Yaquina bay. Stevens wanted to get married, but his funds were low, so it was arranged between the two lovers that William should go on a whaling cruise and on his return the nuptial knot should be tied.

William came down on the next steamer, but found that sailors who had never been on a whaling voyage were regarded as green hands, and that when old timers were clamoring for a chance to ship a new man had very little show. However, Stevens persevered, and persuaded Captain Worth to take him on Whitelaw's whaler, the schooner La Ninia. The green hand proved the mascot of the trip, and he killed the only two whales taken on the voyage. They were big fellows and produced 3,500 pounds of bone.

Stevens has consequently come into funds, and more funds than usually fall to the lay of a whaleman.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Cruel Workmen.

An iron bridge was being erected for a railroad in the outskirts of the city of Paris when one of the workmen dropped a piece of iron heated to white heat. At the moment a boy of fourteen passed the place and the workman called out to him that he had accidentally dropped the piece and that the boy should hand it back to him. The poor boy, not perceiving the danger, grasped the iron with both hands and immediately dropped it again, uttering a fearful cry of pain. He was answered by loud laughter from the workmen, as cruel as they were stupid. The perpetrator of the feat, miscalled a joke, has been arrested, the poor victim of his cruel folly having his right hand burned so severely that he will never recover the full use of it.—Chicago Journal.

The Great Horse Show.

Recall the horse show. Fairly now, as between man and man, which was really on exhibition, the Veneer family or the horses? What did the boys about town pay a dollar to see, women and dudes or horses and ponies? Why were $600, $700 paid for the use of a box in the horse show six consecutive nights? Was it for love of horses, was it for interest in breeding, was it because of any knowledge of thoroughbreds? It would be nonsense to say so. Everybody, including the Veneers themselves, knows very well that the people in the boxes went to show themselves; and the people on the promenade went to look at the social exhibits.—Howard in New York Recorder.

Got His Fifty Dollars.

I was traveling in Kansas in the early part of the seventies and was at Topeka a night or two after the big Chicago fire. Among the boys at the hotel was a fellow who had lived in the district on the North Side that had been completely swept away by the flames. He was waiting for money to get home when he got the news and was so excited that he could not eat or sleep. The money hadn't come, and he was worked up to the highest pitch. I had just got a remittance from my house, and while I was counting it he came up and told me his "tale of woe." I had never seen the man before, but I let him have fifty dollars, which was half I had.

Time passed, and as I never heard from him I concluded my money was gone, and after a time I forgot it and also the man's name. When in Minneapolis about three years ago some one came to me in the hotel and asked if my name was Wetmore. Said he, "I owe you fifty dollars," and recalled the Topeka incident. It might have been the same man and it might not, for all I remember, but I took the fifty dollars just the same.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Annual Slaughter of Pheasants.

It has been estimated that in the United Kingdom over 400,000 pheasants are killed every season, of which about half find their way into the London market, a supply that could never have been approached by the old system of wild pheasant shooting, or any other than that of careful preservation and rearing for large shooting parties. Of course it is only at the height of the country house season that plump pheasants are procurable at the poulterers' at the ordinary price of chickens, but nevertheless while the luxurious supply lasts townspeople during the greater part of November and December are enabled to dine off roast pheasant at something less than a fourth of its first cost to the producer.—London Tit-Bits.

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

RAYMOND & STEWART,

—: IMPORTERS OF :—

GROCERIES

CANNED FRUITS.

The Best Butter and Fresh Ranch Eggs in the Market.

Produce Bought and Sold.

Goods Delivered to any Part of the City.

Clark Building.

LUMBER!

The Filion Mill and Lumber Co.

ROUGH AND DRESSED LUMBES AND CEDAR SHINGLES ALWAYS ON HAND.

MILL ON TUMWATER HILL.

CORNER B AND C ON ELEVENTH STREET.

Farmers' Mercantile Company

—DEALERS IN—

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

of Every Description.

Dry Goods, Groceries, Flour and Feed, Boots and Shoes, Clothing, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Hardware and Machinery, of all kinds.

We are agents for Mitchell and Lewis Staver Co. for Clallam county and will keep constantly on hand

CHAMPION MOWERS & REAPERS

THE MITCHELL WAGON

All Kinds of Hay Tools.

We pay the highest prices for produce of all kinds, and are headquarters for

FRESH MEAT, BUTTER AND FRESH EGGS.

We will not be undersold, and if you have cash to spend we can give you bargains.

Dungeness, - - - - - Wash

J. C. CAIE,

LAWYER.

COLLECTIONS MADE,

CLAIMS ADJUSTED,

Dealer in Real Estate

LOTS or Acreage Property in Clallam County placed in my hands for Sale will receive immediate attention. CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED Especially of Nonresidents.

PORT ANGELES, - - - - WASHINGTON

Port Angeles Mill and Lumber Co.

CUTS ALL KINDS OF LUMBER.

THE BEST OF

Cedar Lumber a Specialty.

T. H. BRADSHAW, :: :: :: :: Manager

Port Angeles Traffic and Transfer Company.

Freight and Baggage Transfered to all Parts of the City.

HAY AND FEED FOR SALE.

Wood Delivered at Reasonable Prices.

PORT ANGELES, - - - WASHINGTON

—LOTS IN THE—

GYRENBAD -:- CEMETERY.

Are now ready for sale. Plat can be seen at the store of

—: JOHN M. MARTIM, :—

FUNERAL DIRECTOR,

Or at the residence of

CHARLES PETERS,

On Tumwater Hill, opposite Mynatt's Store.

E. H. FOSTER

Has Some Fine Investments.

STATE OFFICERS.

Governor - - - - John H. McGraw
Lieutenant Governor - - - J. H. Luce
Secretary of State - - - - James Price
Treasurer - - - - - - O. A. Bowen
Auditor - - - - - - - - L. R. Grimes
Attorney General - - - - - W. C. Jones
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. Hastlug
Judges Supreme Court { R. O. Dunbar, T. C. Stiles, J. P. Hoyt, T. J. Anders, E. Scott.
Land Office—Seattle Dist. { T. M. Reed Jr., Register. G. G. Lyons, Receiver.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Representative - - - - - W. R. Hoole
Superior Judge - - - - - J. G. McClinton
Auditor - - - - - - - John W. Troy
Clerk - - - - - - - A. A. Richardson
Sheriff - - - - - - - S. G. Morse
Treasurer - - - - - - - M. J. Clump
Attorney - - - - - - - D. W. Bryan
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. Burnside, S. P. Carusi
Constables (Port Angeles Precinct) { A. H. Nottage, Ben Chambers

CITY OFFICERS.

COUNCILMEN:

E. Metcalfe, J. Ristine.
J. E. Krueger, Tom Moore
John Rose, J. E. Beam
H. D. Carver

Mayor - - - - - - N. R. Smith
Clerk - - - - - - C. K. Humphries
Treasurer - - - - - - E. E. Seevers
Marshal - - - - - - H. J. McGregor
Attorney - - - - - - Geo. C. Hatch
Engineer - - - - - E. A. FitzHenry
Police Judge - - - - - A. H. Howells
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 & Camp bell'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.
A. R. PEINGLE, Recorder. D. W. BRYAN, M. W.

HAMMITT B. WILLSON.

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

PORT ANGELES, WASH

DR. E. GEORGE.

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PORT ANGELES, WASH.

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PORT ANGELES, WASH

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INSTRUCTIONS IN FIRST-CLASS tailoring establishments, and years of experience in the business justifies me in guaranteeing a perfect fit.

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Arrives PORT ANGELES	2:00 P. M

Going East, Daily, Except Monday

Leaves PORT ANGELES	3:30 P. M
" DUNGENESS	5:00 P. M
" PORT TOWNSEND	7:00 P. M
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Fancy Goods.

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—AND—

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IN THE WORLD.

The Davis Vertical Feed Sewing Machine.

The following accessories and attachments are furnished with each machine: Five hemmers, braider, quilter, gauge, and self-sewer braider screw, gauge-screw, oil can (filled), two screwdrivers, six bobbins, twelve needles, thread cutter, ruffler, tucker and binder, and a very complete and fully illustrated book of directions, by which the nse of the machine, in all varieties of work, can readily be understood and learned without the aid of an instructor.

SIMPLE, DURABLE, THOROUGH RAPID AND EASY TO OPERATE.

Sold on Monthly Instalments

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R. EACRETT, Sr.,
Front Street, Port Angeles

The First National Bank

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Capital - - - - $50 000

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RECLINING CHAIR CARS
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It runs THROUGH VESTIBULED TRAINS every day in the year to

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Composed of Dining Cars unsurpassed,
Pullman Drawing Room Sleepers
Of Latest Equipment.
TOURIST SLEEPING CARS,

Best that can be constructed and in which accommodations are both FREE and furnished for holders of first or second class tickets and
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Port Angeles and Neah Bay Route.

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Leaves Port Townsend from Tyler St. Dock for

PORT ANGELES, PORT CRESCENT AND NEAH BAY,

AND WAY PORTS, MONDAY, WEDNESDAY AND FRIDAY, at 8:30 A. M. Returning, arrives at Port Townsend Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 9:30 A. M. Calling both ways at Port Williams, Dungeness, Port Angeles, Port Crescent, Lyle River, Pysht and Clallam Bay. Leaves Port Townsend FOR PORT ANGELES every Tuesday, Thursday and Sunday at 11 A. M. Returning, leaves Port Angeles every Tuesday and Thursday at 4 P. M., and on Sunday at 4 P. M. For Passage or Freight, apply on board.

ASTHMA CURED BY DR. TAFT'S ASTHMALENE

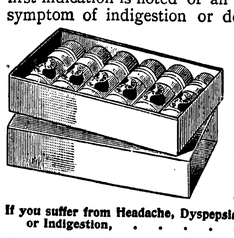
Instead of flying to the door gasping for breath, seeming as if each one would be your last, you have only to take **a few doses Asthmalene** when the spasm is broken, the breathing becomes easy and you feel as if an angel of mercy had unloosed the iron grasp of the fingers of death. The happiest moment of your life will be when you have used **a few bottles of Dr. Taft's ASTHMALENE** and it has cured you of Asthma. *We mail to any Asthma sufferer a trial bottle* Sold by druggists, **Dr. Taft Bros. M. Co., Rochester, N.Y**

FREE and prove that it does Cure Asthma

R·I·P·A·N·S TABULES

RIPANS TABULES

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
If you are Bilious, Constipated, or have a Disordered Liver,	TAKE RIPANS TABULES
If your Complexion is Sallow, or you suffer Distress after Eating,	TAKE RIPANS TABULES
For Offensive Breath and all Disorders of the Stomach,	TAKE RIPANS TABULES

Ripans Tabules Regulate the System and Preserve the Health.

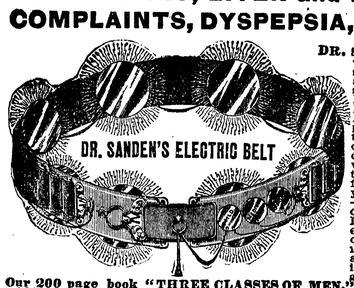
ONE GIVES RELIEF

EASY TO TAKE, QUICK TO ACT.
SAVE MANY A DOCTOR'S BILL.
MAY BE OBTAINED BY APPLICATION TO NEAREST DRUGGIST.

HAVE YOU TRIED DRUGS AND FAILED

TO FIND A CURE FOR

RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA, KIDNEY, LIVER and BLADDER COMPLAINTS, DYSPEPSIA, LAME-BACK, &c.



DR. SANDEN'S ELECTRIC BELT with Electro Magnetic Suspensory will cure without medicine all of the above troubles. Those who suffer from **Nervous Debility, Losses, Drains, Lost Manhood, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Poor Memory, all Female Complaints,** and **general ill health,** the effects of abuses, excesses, worry or exposure, will find relief and prompt cure in our marvelous invention, which requires but a trial to convince the most skeptical. In ignorance of effects you may have unduly drained your system of nerve force and vitality—which is electricity—and thus caused your weakness or lack of force. If you replace into your system the elements thus drained, which are required for vigorous strength, you will remove the cause and health, strength and vigor will follow at once. This is our plan and treatment, and we guarantee a cure or refund money. **Our 200 page book "THREE CLASSES OF MEN,"** should be read by every young, middle-aged and old man, sent sealed, free. **Dr. Sanden's Electric Belt** is no experiment, as we have restored thousands to robust health and vigor, after all other treatments failed, as can be shown by hundreds of cases throughout this and other States, who would gladly testify, and from many of whom we have strong letters bearing testimony to their recovery after using our **Belt.**

WE HAVE CURED THESE—WE CAN CURE YOU!

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 15 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 28, 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 BURREL, Engineer Hotel Portland.

LOST VITALITY AND STRENGTH.

Everett, Wash, June 15, 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.

THE DR. SANDEN ELECTRIC BELT

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 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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CUT RATES

For This Week Only We Offer You A Chance To Get

$10 A FINE BUSINES SUIT FOR $10

The regular prices of these suits are $12.50, $13.50 and $15, and they are well worth those prices, being of the finest finish, and are made from fashionable summer goods, see them in our window and take your choice for $10.00.

BUY YOUR SHOES BEFORE THE 4th.

We are selling fine Footwear worth 2.50, 2.75, 3.00 and 3.50, Take Your Choice.

SHOES -:- $2.00 -:- SHOES.

AT THE

U. S. CLOTHING HOUSE.

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 of 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 on 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 Angelgs, 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 suen 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 6th Publication, June 30, 1893.

Notice for Bids for City Printing.

Sealed bids will be received at the office of the City Clerk up to 12 o'clock noon on Tuesday, June 27th, 1893, for doing the city printing of all kinds, for the city of Port Angeles, for the current year, beginning July 1st, 1893. Bids will be considered by the city council at their meeting to be held June 28, 1893.

Such printing comprises all publications required by law, or that may be ordered by the city council or other official of said city, and all printed matter used or paid for by said city:

Each bid shall be accompanied by a certified check for fifty dollars ($50), as a guarantee that the party or parties proposing to do the city printing will comply with the provisions of the ordinance relating to such printing, in case the same shall be awarded to them.

The successful bidder shall enter into a penal bond with the city in the sum of One Thousand Dollars for the faithful performance of his contract.

The city council reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

C. K. HUMPHRIES,
City Clerk.

Dated Port Angeles, June 15, 1893.
Date of first publication, June 16, 1893.

Notice of Sale of Real Estate.

Notice is hereby given that pursuant to an order of the Superior court of the State of Washington for the county of Clallam, made on the 26th day of June, 1893, the undersigned, as administrator with the will annexed, of the estate of Jim Quimmyak, alias James Webster, deceased, will offer at public auction at the court house of said Clallam county, at Port Angeles, in said county, on Saturday, July 22d, 1893, at 11 o'clock, a. m., the following described real estate situated in said Clallam county, to-wit;

All the right, title, interest and estate of said Jim Quimmyak, alias James Webster, deceased, of, in and to lots one (1), two (2), three (3) and four (4), and the northeast quarter of the south west quarter of section twenty-one (21), in township thirty-two (32), north of range twelve (12) west, containing 154 acres, more or less, including the following described lands, to-wit: Beginning at a point 57.3 rods west of the south east corner of the above described tract of land and running thence north to the shore line of Clallam bay; thence south 43 degrees west 7.5 rods; thence south 51 degrees 10 minutes west 16.5 rods; thence south to the southern boundary line of the above described tract of land, and thence east 18.9 rods to the place of beginning, containing 18 acres, the estate and interest so to be sold, including any and all community interest of Fanny Etiat Quimmyak, alias Yatsquso Quimmyak, alias Jim Quimmyak, alias Mrs. James Webster, now deceased, in and to said lands.

Terms of sale—Cash, gold coin of the United States.

JOHN D. HICKOK,
Administrator, with the will annexed, of the estate of Jim Quimmyak, alias James Webster, deceased.

Date of first publication, June 23, 1893.
R. C. Wilson, Atty for admr.

County Road Notice.

We, the undersigned, twelve freeholders, residing in the vicinity through which the following proposed change of county road will pass, hereby give notice to all person concerned, that at the next term of the board of county commissioners of Clallam county we will petition said board for a change in the county road in said county, having its points of beginning and ending and course as follows:

Commencing at a point where the Joel Veasey road crosses the section line between sections 9 and 10, in township 29 north, range 13 west, Willamette meridian, thence running south on said section line between said sections 9 and 10, in said township and range to a point where the said Joel Veasey road intersects the said section line on Maxfield Prairie, end ending at a point where the said Joel Veasey road intersects the said section on Maxfield's prairie.

PRINCIPAL PETITIONERS.

Joel veasey ..... Shuwah
Clarence E. Doyle ..... Shuwah
M. V. B. Lamoreux ..... Beaver
S. B. Laughlin ..... Beaver
Charles Kelley ..... Shuwah
M. Beegler ..... Shuwah
Josiah Myers ..... Shuwah
L. C. Remington ..... Shuwah
Thomas O'Neil ..... Shuwah
Jacob Fasel ..... Shuwah
D. Colomb ..... Shuwah
J. P. Austin ..... Shuwah

NOTICE TO ELECTORS.

Poll books for registration of the qualified electors of the city of Port Angeles, will be closed from June 26th, 1893, and until after the Special Election to be held in said city on Saturday July 8th, 1893.

C. K. HUMPHRIES,
City Clerk.

SEAL

Dated Port Angeles, June 15, 1893.
Date of first publication June 16, 1893.

HARRY E. LUTZ,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
U. S. COMMISSIONER.
U. S. LAND FILINGS AND PROOFS,
OFFICE OVER FIRST NATIONAL BANK
FRONT STREET, PORT ANGELES, WASH

Farewell.

Of all the words of grief and woe where misery doth dwell
The saddest intonation lies within that one—farewell.
It serves to sever souls for aye, for who is there can tell
If hearts will ever meet again when once they say farewell?
It carries not a tone unkind; no wrath does it compel;
'Tis breathed from out the bosom's depth, that deep, that long farewell.
The aching heart is rent in twain and lies a shattered shell;
Then, with a longing, anguished cry, it says its last farewell.

—Sir Walter Scott.

AN INDENTURE.

Tom Barrett and I had been chums almost as long as we had been cousins, which I must confess was nearly twenty-four years. Tom was six months younger than I, and I ruled him with a rod of iron. But one day—the day when I became twenty-four years old—the worm turned. He told me that he loved me.

"Of course," I remarked coolly. "I'm your relation, I guess. You've got to."

And then he burst out with a lot of stuff about his not loving me as a relation, but as a wife.

"Tom Barrett," I said sternly, "do you think I would ever marry a man six months younger than myself? I have brought you up, and you know it. If I ever marry anybody it will be a mature, ready made man, who will guide and control and make me respect him! Don't you ever say another word to me about this as long as you live."

And I went up stairs and cried because my old Tom was gone.

One of my birthday presents had been a check for twenty-five dollars with which "to take a little trip," my blessed old uncle said, and I decided just to run down to Ann Arbor on that excuse and stay as long as I wanted to with my old friend, Orpha Reynolds. I might join some classes or do some reading and be contented there for a long time—until Tom had forgotten. And with a telegram to Orpha the next afternoon I was off.

Orpha was delighted to see me.

"I am so glad you came just now," she said as we sat together in the half dark after supper. "I shall need you to help me manage Ed."

"Ed who?" I inquired with some surprise, wondering if Orpha had been adopting an infant. My friend seemed a trifle embarrassed.

"Why, Ed Rice," she answered slowly. "I guess I haven't told you about him, have I?" No. I guessed she had not.

"He is a young boy in the law department," she went on with a conscious air, "and rooms next door. His eyes have given out temporarily, so that Dr. Carrow has forbidden all college work, and I have just been trying to amuse him and keep him out of mischief." All this was certainly very nice and philanthropic and quite like Orpha, but what on earth was she blushing about? I waited for her next words. She spoke very fast and would not look at me.

"I wish you would take him off my hands for awhile—you won't have much else to do. I hate to be with him much myself, he has been acting so for a week or two. I'm afraid he is beginning to think he cares for me—especially, you know. He doesn't of course—such a kid!" with scornful emphasis and an altogether unprecedented lapse into slang.

"How old?" I inquired concisely, with mental visions of a big headed, owl eyed infant prodigy bearing a law folio under each arm.

"Oh, twenty-two, or maybe twenty-three," she returned nonchalantly. "But that for a man is mere infancy. Now a woman"——

But this valuable philosophical disquisition was abruptly cut short. A subdued stamping and shaking was heard outside—it had been snowing all day—and we sat listening until some one opened the street door behind him and started up stairs three steps at a time, whistling under his breath. "That's Ed," said Orpha and rose to light the lamp, but she had only just scratched the match when there was a faint knock. The sitting room door was slowly pushed open, and a clear, boyish voice exclaimed:

"Just lighting up? You're late, aren't you?"

"Yes," said Orpha, turning up the wick. "Just wait till we have some light on the subject and I'll introduce you to an old friend of mine who came this afternoon from Grand Rapids. Miss Barrett, Mr. Rice," she concluded.

He bowed stiffly and murmured the conventional happiness; then, with a sudden, frank impulse, walked over and shook hands heartily, showing as he smiled two unmistakable dimples in a sensitive, extremely attractive face.

He had been there an hour, though it did not seem half that, when Orpha sent him home. She had to bone out a French grammar lesson for an eight and a quarter the next morning, so I went to bed and left her swearing at Dupy in a pious sort of a way.

Really I did not mean to relieve Orpha of her young mission, but how could I help it. Under Orpha's orders he cheerfully pointed out to me the professional residences, the frathouses and all the other inevitables; conducted me over the museum, the library, the art gallery and the laboratories; dragged me around the boulevard to Cascade and School-girls' glen, to Lovers' retreat, and finally even to the sable fortune teller's on the Observatory road. In return I imparted to him all my little botanical lore and allowed him to join my daily constitutionals, so that every day, wet or dry—generally wet in Ann Arbor, you know—we sallied forth together in search of "specimens" and exercise.

I got acquainted with Ed very fast those days, and as I came to know him better I grew infinitely disgusted and enraged with Orpha for failing so entirely to appreciate him, but I dared not say a word for fear of ruining what little chance Ed might still have with her.

Before a month had passed Ann Arbor had laid her spell upon me. I determined to stay out the year anyhow, doing full college work, and it might be that I would even complete a regular course. So at the beginning of the second semester I entered as a "special." Ed was now allowed, conditionally, to attend lectures, and so on both sides our time for walking and scientific investigation was much curtailed. We still found time, however, for a short daily tramp, and as spring came on for frequent longer excursions. The beauty of May days was wholly irresistible, so that even our sober minded and church going Orpha was induced to spend one perfect Sunday morning with us in a quiet wood strewn thick with spring beauties and adder tongue. She confessed afterward that at first she thought it was wicked, but when we got there she knew it wasn't.

Well, with botanizing and tennis and examinations the last days of this blessed year slipped past.

The Saturday before commencement Ed and I went up the river for orchids. We found only a few yellow ones, but could not feel much disappointed. The sky and the river would have made up for a much greater loss. We drifted back almost in silence, listening to the soft plash of the water against the boat, the dreary whispering of the trees on the bank and at intervals the faroff cry of a hawk.

Presently Ed interrupted it all.

"I want to give you something before you go," he announced suddenly. "May I?"

"Why, yes, if it isn't too valuable," I answered priggishly in a desperate attempt to be proper.

"I assure you it is absolutely worthless unless you care for it," and he dexterously tossed a long, folded paper into my lap. Another of the legal jokes he was always laboriously perpetrating! Yes—a deed this time, carefully filled out, except a short blank space near the top:

This indenture, made this 20th day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-one, between Edward Mills Rice, party of the first part, and —— ——, of the second part, witnesseth that the said party of the first part, for and in consideration of love and affection to him in hand paid by the said party of the second part, the receipt whereof is hereby confessed and acknowledged, does by these presents grant, bargain, sell, remise, release, alien and confirm unto the said party of the second part and to her heirs and assigns forever all that certain piece or parcel of humanity situate and being at present in the city of Ann Arbor, county of Washtenaw and state of Michigan, and described as follows, to wit: An ordinary enough piece of goods, reasonably well educated and moderately well fixed; twenty-three years old and quite alone in the world, with no eyes to speak of, and at least two years of grinding yet ahead, together with all and singular, the hereditaments and appurtenances belonging or in anywise appertaining, to have and to hold the said ——

I read no further.

"Ed, why don't you give this to Orpha?"

"Orpha!" he echoed. "She wouldn't have it; you know she wouldn't. And besides" added the audacious youth, "she hasn't paid me the 'consideration' mentioned therein."

"Well, goodness knows I didn't suppose I had, either, Ed. But—what shall I do with this?"

"You might just write your name in the space I left for it," he suggested.

I didn't quite dare to.

I leaned my chin upon my hand, looked into the water and thought. But Ed's face floated persistently between me and all prudential considerations. "He is a year younger than you. What about the mature 'ready made man' whom you assured Tom you should marry? What will Tom say? And how supremely ridiculous and inconsistent! Refuse Tom because he wasn't old enough and marry a man six months younger than he and twice as boyish looking! But, if I choose to be inconsistent, whose business is it anyhow." I would not reason. I would not "consider." I shot a swift smile up into Ed's anxious face and then with my fountain pen traced in round deliberate characters across the space he had left—Kate Marion Barrett.

I have the old deed yet. Since our marriage it has lain in state, the sole occupant of a convenient pigeonhole in my writing desk. Here I often run across it and smile as I wonder whether in dear old Ann Arbor, fragrant with the memory of countless student romances, the momentous question was ever before or since asked and answered in such unpoetic fashion. But Ed and I don't care. We have had our poetry since.—Kitty Carew in Detroit News.

Spiders' Webs for Telescopes.

The astronomers of the naval observatory have looked all over the world for spiders' webs. Such gossamer filaments spun by industrious arachnids are utilized in telescopes for cross lines extended at right angles with each other across the field of view, so as to divide the latter into mathematical spaces. Threads of cobweb are employed for the purpose because they are wonderfully strong for their exceeding fineness, and also for the reason that they are not affected by moisture or temperature, neither expanding nor contracting under any conditions.

Specimens were obtained from China because it was imagined that the large spiders of that country would perhaps produce a particularly excellent quality of web. However, it was found that the best web is spun by spiders of the United States, such as are plentiful in the neighborhood of Washington. Accordingly expeditions are made early in June each year to get from the fences and barns hereabouts the cocoons of the big "turtle back" spiders. Each cocoons is composed of a single silken filament wound round and round, though there are apt to be some breaks in it where Mistress Spider left off work for a time.

Attempts have been made to use the cocoons of spiders like those of silkworms, and exquisite fabrics have been manufactured from them. Unfortunately it was found impossible to make the industry a commercial success, owing to the combative inclination of these creatures. When kept together they will always gobble each other up in a short time, the final result being a single very large and fat spider and one cocoon.—Washington Cor. Boston Transcript.

Two Men in a Car.

Two men entered a Sixth avenue train at the Fourteenth street station. One was a man of fifty years or more, stalwart of frame, but with gray hair, and dressed in a manner becoming a man of means. He was a man of means—a man whose name throughout the civilized world is one that carries with it thoughts of millions of dollars. Yet once upon a time, in the days when the gold and the silver mines of America remained to be discovered and developed, that man worked with a pick and shovel as a day laborer. In the discovery and development of those mines he acquired his fortune and his fame.

The man who entered the train with this gold and silver king was a fine appearing young fellow of about twenty-one years—a clerk perhaps. There was a seat for neither of them. One was vacated by its occupant at Eighth street. In a manner that indicated his good breeding, the young man touched the gold and silver king on the arm and pointed out to him the vacant seat in such a way as to indicate that it was his desire that the elder should take it.

His well meant proffer did not meet with the "thank you" that it merited. Instead the gold and silver king first stared in a most insolent and scornful manner at the young man who had dared to attract his attention, and then seeing the vacant seat he jumped for and into it as though his salvation depended on getting it.

"You cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear."—New York Times.

Amusement and Recreation.

Amusements of a proper sort are conducive to health. The sports of childhood not only toughen the muscles and invigorate the system, but prevent too much cerebral activity. At the same time they develop agility, alertness, daring, and not a few of the qualities essential to success in life.

It is largely the same with the sports of youth, especially among students and all who are engaged in sedentary pursuits. For some persons all that is feasible is simple diversion—a change in the line of thought, feeling and care, not an enforced change, with "this for my health" behind it, but a natural and pleasant one, which for the time alters the currents of nervous force.

For others something more stirring and stimulating is desirable, but all such should remember that there is a limit beyond which excitement is not a benefit, but a harm.

Excitements may be injurious physically, mentally and morally. There are the morally ruinous excitements of the modern bull fights and of the ancient gladiatorial shows. When women, made for tenderness, sympathy and love, can find their highest enjoyment in such exhibitions, it is plain that the moral nature itself has become thoroughly atrophied.

To young men particularly the excitement of the theater often becomes so controlling that it checks all their better intellectual tendencies, and leads to reckless expenditure, and even to pilfering.—Youth's Companion.

The Work of a Chinese Emperor.

Shuntsing, the last emperor of the Mongol race, described as an effeminate prince, with the physiognomy of a monkey, was a man of great mechanical skill, and amused himself with making models of automata and timepieces.

His chief work was a machine contained in a box 7 feet high and 3½ feet wide, with three small temples on top. In the middle temple were fairies holding characters signifying the hours, one of which made her appearance each hour. Time was struck by a couple of gods, and it is said that they kept it very excellently.

In the side temples were representations of the sun and moon respectively, and from these places genii issued, crossing a bridge to the middle temple, and after seemingly ascertaining the time of the day from the fairies returned again to their quarters. It is thought that the motions were affected by strings.—Boston Globe.

Destruction of Ants.

The ant is such an instructive creature, so industrious and so intelligent, that it seems almost an act of cruelty to suggest methods for their wholesale destruction, yet their interference with the cultivator is sometimes so unbearable that a correspondent is compelled to write to inquire how to get rid of them. Undoubtedly the best method, if it is not deemed too cruel, is to cut up meat into very small particles, saturate with deadly poison, and put it in their tracks, entirely secure from the reach of other creatures. There is no way so effective as this.—Meehan's Monthly.

An Enthusiastic Audience.

Bishop Talbot "let himself go" one evening when he was invited to address 300 Baltimore newsboys. He gave the boys a glorious talk, and when he finished there was not a gamin in the hall who would not have fought for him, Marquis of Queensberry rules or otherwise. "You've got to fight against evil, boys," he said, "and don't forget it. We must fight against what is bad, just like Sullivan and—who was the other fellow?" And the way in which the whole 300 yelled "Corbett" was alone worth going a long distance to hear.—New York Tribune.

The Richest Man in the World.

The Chinese banker, Han Quay, is stated to be worth the almost inconceivable sum of £350,000,000. A great number of the largest banks in the Chinese empire are believed to be under his control, and if his stated wealth be a fact (the truth there is no means of testing) he is unquestionably the richest man in the world.—London Tit-Bits.

A Mad Cat.

Little Dot—Oh, mamma, I'm afraid the cat's got hydrophobia.

Mamma—Mercy me! Why?

Little Dot—I threw some water on her, an she gave a awful yowl.—Exchange.

A LOST CHORD FOUND.

We stood alone in the choir loft,
By the organ tall and grim,
While over the keys her fingers
Followed their own sweet whim;
I spoke of the coming parting,
And plead for one farewell kiss,
But her modest wish forbade me
Lest the sexton old might list.
Then I struck on the organ a strong, full chord,
And ere its echoes died
In the twilight dim of the old gray church
I kissed my promised bride.

We stood again by the organ
When many years had fled,
But she thought me grown cold and heartless,
And I thought her old love dead.
I spoke of our last fond parting,
Of the chord and its tender tide,
And how like the sound of that music
Our love had throbbed and died.
Then my heart leaped up with a great, glad bound
And forgot its recent pain,
For she blushed, and drooping her lashes said,
"Could you find me that chord again?"

—Willard Holcomb in New York Advertiser.

THE MEDAL.

For five minutes the early morning storm had raged, and the cold rain was making great bubbles where it fell into the gutter. Thus the street had been suddenly abandoned, and down the side of the square in which stood one of the largest shops, the small cab horses, motionless and glistening under the shower, looked like the painted animals of a toy box. Nevertheless, the bus which runs from the principal street to the Northern railway station had just turned the corner: the two dapple gray horses, giving a good shake to their collars as they trotted through the puddles of water, and like the platoons of a Roman legion sheltered by their shields, the passengers came out from the waiting room and advanced to besiege the heavy coach under their rain drenched umbrellas.

"Come on, the north!" shouted the conductor, never suspecting the audacity of his ellipsis. "Only three places left inside; one, two, three; no one answers; four, five."

"Here, four and five," said a sweet voice from the depth of the great white cap of a sister of charity.

"Tickets."

And after having closed their tremendously large, old, blue cotton umbrellas—such umbrellas are never seen anywhere nowadays except on the country roads—the two nuns climbed up into the bus.

"One more seat," called the conductor. "hurry up, six."

And still another woman came out of the crowd and gave her number—a woman of the lower class, with her linen cap. She was twenty-five years old, and was sheltering as well as she could under an old torn sunshade a little hollow eyed, sickly looking boy, whom she carried on her arm and who clung tightly about her neck.

"Come now, mamma," said the conductor, rustling in his rubber coat, "that urchin is too old. You must buy a ticket for him."

"What, sir," quickly replied the woman, seeking to retain her self possession, "he is three years and a half."

"And a little more; well, well, it is very bad weather; climb up lively, now."

The poor woman, with a shame faced air, took the only vacant seat, near the bus door and opposite the two nuns, placing her little boy on her knees, and then, "Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling-a-ling," the full bus went jogging away with an exasperating noise, just like iron bars jolting over the pavements or like cracking glass.

Although seated side by side and dressed exactly alike the two sisters of charity did not resemble each other. The elder was perhaps fifty, with the strong physique and ruddy color of a farmer's wife. As soon as she had given the conductor six great pennies wrapped up in a bit of paper (it was all the money that the poor nuns had and the mother superior had but just given it to them as they were setting forth on an errand to the hospital) the stouter sister in a countrified manner put her big basket on her knees and crossed her hands upon the handle. She was a true, good, religious woman, but a woman who must assume the lowliest duties and do the hardest work.

Her companion, on the other hand, was still quite young, possibly twenty-three or twenty-four years old, and her whole appearance bore the strongest testimony to her refined and aristocratic origin; in a word, she came of a good family. Only that soul painter, Philippe de Champagne, would have had the necessary genius capable of putting on canvas that pale, distinguished looking face, a face already emaciated and with two light shadows under its great hazel eyes. Worthy of an archduchess were those transparent hands with their tapering fingers, which the young sister of charity supported upon her old horn handled umbrella.

Meanwhile this woman of the lower class—oh, these worthy people, they are like great children, full of confidence and heedlessness; how excited they become, how badly they are deceived by false and foolish flattery, but then how good natured they are!—this poor working woman suddenly entered into conversation with the conductor, who was a little, lean, gray bearded old soldier, wearing upon his vest the faded ribbon of the Crimean medal, and who had found time, while collecting the poor woman's fare, to bestow a smile and a pleasant word or so upon her sickly boy.

"Yes, it is true enough," she said; "he has been quite sick, poor little fellow, and I have been to bring him away from the hospital, where he has remained for the last six weeks. He has still his little papier mache image, for he went to the Hospital of the Infant Jesus. The old doctor, who speaks to you as if you were a dog, but has a good heart all the same, has just this minute said to me, 'Six months of cod liver oil and he will be well.' Is it not so, Popol? His name is Leopold. And you will not make up a face when you have to take it, will you? And you will swallow your cod liver oil—you know you promised mother you would." Then, quickly altering her tone, she said to the conductor in a sympathetic manner, "You have no children, have you?"

"Oh, yes, three," replied the old soldier, "but they are much larger than your boy. I have three daughters. My eldest has been married about a year, and the youngest has just entered upon her apprenticeship."

"Then you know just how it is. When we began to be worried about our boy's health it was at the worst season of the year, in July, when so many young children die. My husband is a bookbinder, if you please; he makes book covers. He works at home and has customers among the middle class, but during the summer every one goes away either to the country or to the seashore.

"Oh, yes, you see I know all about it. That was when our boy became sick—the night before the celebration on the 14th. He was first feverish and then he had a chill; then he began to cry and to complain of choking, and his crazy father all the time was entertaining himself by putting up his flags, his little red balloons and his plaster images on our windows; it quite set my teeth on edge. Oh, these men, they must always be thinking of politics; it is their plaything, or whatever you have a mind to call it.

"But the next day, I can tell you, he thought no more of his decorations or his illuminations. The doctor came, looked alarmed and put on the poor child's back a plaster as large as my hand. Pleurisy. Do you understand how a child no older than he is could have such a sickness? We were in straitened circumstances. I am not ashamed to acknowledge it. My husband went out to try to collect two or three bills, but it was of no use; every one had gone away. And then it almost seemed as if we could not make our boy well again, our dear little fellow.

"We live, you see, at 32 Vinaigries street. We have only two rooms, and the bedroom has no window except one that looks out upon a wall. Then the doctor said: 'You must take him to the hospital. I will give you a line to the house surgeon, who is one of my friends.' Oh, but that was hard. We carried him there in a cab, although I had to take a pair of sheets to the pawnshop to pay the fare. But at the hospital door my husband embraced our little boy, whom I was carrying wrapped up in a woolen blanket, and said to me abruptly, 'You go in alone; I haven't the courage.'

"I went in—mothers are strong; they have to be—but when the house surgeon took Leopold from my arms it seemed as if my heart would break. Then I went out of doors to find his father, who was smoking while he waited for me. When he saw me come out alone with my blanket over my arm, he threw his pipe down on the sidewalk, where it broke into twenty pieces, and then we walked home side by side without saying a word. I shall never forget those six weeks that Leopold staid at the hospital. It was summer, and I believe that the weather was beautiful, but all that time it seemed to me as if the sun never shone.

"Yes, I could see him Sundays and Thursdays, and in spite of the rules I carried him sweets, toys, like this, concealed under my shawl, and they told me that he was getting better, that he would certainly get well. But when I would once get out into the street on my way home it seemed as if I could never stop crying. Still I had to force back my tears and not return home with red eyes, on account of my husband, who could not go with me, for he had found work again.

"He suffered as much as I during our boy's absence, you understand, though all the time he tried to put on a brave face; but once when I returned from the hospital I surprised my poor husband, who was weeping before one of Leopold's old photographs, which he had placed on his work bench. Now it is all over, and happily over, all the sorrow," said the poor woman, half devouring her child with kisses, "and you will see your father again; he is even now getting breakfast for you, and you will get well, my darling, and you will grow large and strong. He has good plump checks already. And you will take your cod liver oil to please your mother, will you not, my boy?"

While the poor woman was thus pouring out the fullness of her heart the bus conductor (he was a father) and the elder sister of charity (she was a good woman) listened to her with encouraging smiles. But what was the other nun thinking about, the young sister, so pale, with the aristocratic looking hands, who had lowered her velvety eyelashes as if absorbed in deep thought? She thought to herself as she sat there, "Here are two people who are bound together for better or for worse, who love each other and who have a little child." She thought to herself that once—oh, it was a very, very long time ago, long before her kindly hands had ministered to suffering humanity—she had had a dream, a pure and noble dream, which came back to her like a vague remembrance, revived by the simple remarks of the unworldly working woman. She is dreaming of the past she remembers.

Her name then was Annette de Cardaillan. She graduated from the Convent of the Sacred Heart, and in the duke's (her father's) house the high windows of the young girl's room looked out into the large garden. It was springtime, and she gazed into the midst of a blossoming chestnut tree, all alive with the songs of birds. Then her uncle, the archduke, arranged with the help of her parents her marriage to Lord Cavendale, of the oldest nobility of Ireland. And she hears again the sad theme in a minor key of the Hungarian mazurka, which the orchestra, concealed behind large palms, played at her coming out ball.

How embarrassed she had felt at the first glance of that young man, who was so correctly dressed, with his hair so smoothly brushed, with his short reddish beard, and whose black eyes, diamond bright, gave him the fatally royal look of a Valois. Douglas—his name was Douglas, and for six months she had often, very often, whispered his name to herself with a smile of tenderness. She did not love him yet, but suddenly his fearless look—his strange smile—awoke in her [illegible] quite abruptly her father, ta[illegible] with him, left for one of his [illegible] the depths of Auvergne.

At last she summoned up her [illegible] and asked for news of her be[illegible] and the old duke, purple with r[illegible] sternly ordered her never to spea[illegible] his name before him. She had [illegible] grief stricken, understanding n[illegible] until one day when by chance sh[illegible] newspaper and then first learne[illegible] horrible duel fought by Lord Cavendale, in which he had killed his man; of the shameful trial, and then the dates, the frightful dates.

After that she remembers a long illness and the name of Douglas repeated in her delirium, and the troubled star of the night lamp twinkling faintly out from the midst of clouds of insomnia; then she recalls the heartrending walks taken during convalescence in autumn on the castle terrace, looking out toward the grand mountain panorama, while the plane trees sadly strewed the ground with their great yellow leaves, and how melancholy she felt while following with her eyes the flight of the clouds chased by the northwest wind, which raged even to the summits.

Then she took the great step of her life, and in spite of her father's grief, in spite of the advice of her uncle, Mgr. de Cardaillan, who came with all possible haste from his diocese, she took the veil of a sister of charity, and for six years she had dressed wounds that seemed to her less incurable than that one inflicted upon her own heart. She had watched with the dying, whom she almost envied because they could leave this world before herself. But suddenly she remembers that if dead to the world, as she believes herself to be, she still preserves and yet wears around her neck the little medal, blessed by the pope, which Lord Cavendale had brought back to her on his return from a short visit to Italy.

The weakness of a woman who has once been in love! Just at this moment her companion softly touched her arm, believing her to be asleep.

"Wake up, sister; we have just reached the place."

Mlle. Annette de Cardaillan, in her religious life Sister St. Ursula, opens her eyes and sees just in front of her that poor woman with her little boy on her knees, who had been the involuntary cause of her dream.

Quickly putting her hand to her throat, after some difficulty she succeeded in inserting two of her fingers under the stiff starched calico of her stomacher and drawing out a small gold medal held in place by a fine cord, which she hurriedly snapped. She placed it, yet warm with the heat of her body, in the working woman's hand, saying: "Won't you please accept, madame, this remembrance and hang it around your little sick boy's neck? It is a medal which our good father, the pope, blessed at Rome six years ago."

And disengaging herself from the excited mother's half stammered thanks the sister of charity followed her stout companion, who had already got down from the bus and was walking bravely along through the mud.

The conductor had a great desire to say a word or two, but he was an old infantry corporal who had had part of his ear cut off by a Russian bullet at Balaklava and who felt the deepest respect for women. Besides, the poor mother was looking at the blessed medal with a very serious and moved expression. "French and a soldier," so runs the song, and the conductor contented himself with smiling behind his gray mustache while he muttered to himself, "Oh, these women—these women!"—Translated for Boston Transcript from the French of Francois Coppee.

Genuine Attar of Roses.

When you see "genuine attar of roses" offered on the "bargain counter" for twenty-five cents a half pint you are justified in suspecting that article. The real "attar" comes in copper canteens, which [illegible] ounces. They are valued at $100 apiece. The [illegible] supply of attar is chiefly [illegible] small tract of country on [illegible] side of the Balkan mountains in the Turkish province of Roumania. The principal seat of the trade is in the [illegible] of Kizanlik, and the damask rose [illegible] flower grown.

The peasants plant it in rows [illegible] dens and fields. During the month of May the flowers are gathered by boys and girls in sacks and clothes baskets. The flowers are daily distilled that they may lose none of their odor by delay. It is said that about 7,500 pounds of flowers are required to produce 2½ pounds of pure attar.—Buffalo Commercial.

The Professor in a Fix.

The herr professor has entered the lecture room and taken off his overcoat. Now he takes his seat at the desk, when he becomes aware that he has left his manuscript behind. He is greatly perplexed, for without manuscript it is impossible for him to proceed with the lecture. Apologizing to the students and saying he will be back immediately, he hurries home, as he remembers having left the papers in his other coat. He runs up to his room in breathless haste. His coat hangs there on the peg, and sure enough the manuscript is in one of the pockets. He takes it out and transfers it to the pocket of the coat he is wearing. He then takes off this coat and puts on the other, and hurries off to the college to find when he gets there that he is again minus his manuscript.—Fliegende Blatter.

A Costly Conquest.

The conquest of France in 1871 was a dear bargain for Germany after all. The £200,000,000 indemnity was mainly spent on fortresses, and since the war Germany has spent £600,000,000 on her army alone. If the loss of the labor of 400,000 men perpetually withdrawn from industries and kept locked up in barracks is calculated, some faint conception may be formed of the costliness of militarism.—London Tit-Bits.