THE DEMOCRAT-LEADER.

VOL. 4. NO. 35. PORT ANGELES, CLALLAM COUNTY, WASHINGTON, JANUARY 19, 1894. 8 PAGES.---PRICE FIVE CENTS

"CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE"

A Republican Journal Foreshadows The Results of the Wilson Tariff Bill.

The St. Paul (Minn.) Pioneer-Press, an ultra-Republican journal, speaks most encouragingly of the future. The outlook is radiant with promises of returning prosperity. It says:

The commercial reports this week are more distinctly encouraging than for eight or nine months past. It really does begin to look as if low water mark had been reached in the long-continued depression of trade and industries and as if the tide were really turning. The revival of the iron business, noted last week is marked by an increased output, which is a wholesome indication by reason of the wide collateral relations of the iron industries to the great majority of others. The exhaustion of nearly all kinds of stocks is leading to the slow and gradual starting up of many factories, at first with a limited number of hands, with a feeling-their-way sort of policy which is a safe guarantee that there is to be no rush of activity to be followed by another reaction. When the revival comes, as it is surely coming, for already in the distance can be heard the whistle of the advancing train—it will be upon a solid track, steel railed and stone ballasted and over bridges of approved masonry warranted safe for all the business that can be put upon it.

Etiquette at the White House.

A great many invitations come to the White House addressed to Mrs. Cleveland. She does not go anywhere without the President. The same rules govern all such communications sent to her. The chief executive and his wife are not obliged by etiquette to accept any invitation, their position in such matters being equivalent to that of royality. Mrs. Cleveland is not even obliged to make any social calls, though she does make a few on intimate friends. Mr. Cleveland is the hardest worker that ever occupied the White House and has little time for social pursuits. General Harrison did more in that way while both Grant and Arthur indulged to a considerable extent their fondness for society. In all affairs of this sort Mr. Cleveland is a radical, the newspapers constantly report him as having established a new precedent. The fact is that he recognizes no precedent, but does what he feels like. People frequently write to the president, saying: "your friend John Jones has died. It would be a great comfort to his widow if you would write a few lines to her about her husband-something complimentary.', Such requests are, as a rule, refused. The chief executive does not desire to write many letters, partly because the meaning of anything said in them is apt to be twisted if published.

FR GROWERS AND PURCHASERS OF NUR SERY STOCK.

The Lake Valley Nursery offers for the Fall of (1893) a complete stock of fruit, ornamental, nut and shade trees, also small fruit bushes, shrubs, vines, roses, etc. Prune trees a specialty. Large stock of "Italian" the king of prunes. Leading varieties of apple, pear, plum and cherry tress.

All stock warranted free from insect pests and disease.

Purchase home grown trees, cheaper and in every way preferable to those shipped from the East. Write for catologue and price list, free.

A. LINGHAM,
Port Angeles, Wash.

Sore Throat.

For sore throat there is nothing better than a flannel bandage dampened with Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It will nearly always effect a cure in one night's time. This remedy is also a favorite for rheumatism and has cured many severe cases. Fify cent bottles for sale at the Fisher Pharmacy.

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

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

Any person desiring to travel would do well to consult J. H. Young, Agent Canadian Pacific R. R., this city, before purchasing tickets elsewhere. Unrivaled accommodations. Quick time, and money saved by this route.

THE PROPERTY OWNERS

Want a Rebate on the Original Front and

FIRST STREET GRADE ASSESSMENTS.

The Council Elects Officers for the Ensuing Year—Petition for a Sidewalk—Resolutions Adopted Prescribing the Manner of Paying Accrued Interest on Outstanding Certificates of Indebtedness.

The council met in regular session last Wednesday evening with Mayor McGill and Councilmen Krueger, Beam, McGill, McLaughlin, Carver, Graybill and Crockett present.

A petition signed by a number of Front and First street property owners was read by the clerk, in which petitioners asked for a rebate on the original grade assessment as paid by them, which they claim due them, the city having excessively levied such assessment. A committee, comprising Councilmen Graybill, Crockett and M. McGill, was appointed to meet petitioners and inquire into the virtue of their demand, and report as soon as practicable.

A petition for a sidewalk on Fourth street between Jones and Race streets, was referred to the street committee.

The following resolution was introduced by Councilman Krueger:

Resolved That the city clerk be and is hereby authorized and directed to cancel all outstanding certificates of the city of Port Angeles in the following manner:

That accrued interest on said certificates up to and including the 17th day of January, 1894, shall be satisfied by issuing therefor warrants on the interest fund of said city; and

That the actual face vulue of such "certificates shall be paid by warrants on the general fund of said city. Each of said warrants to be issued of the date January 17th, 1894.

The city clerk is also hereby authorized and directed to make, in red ink, on such certificates so cancelled, the date of their cancellation, as also the number of the respective warrants by which they have been cancelled.

The city clerk is also authorized to issue said warrants to the respective holders of such certificates in the order presented.

All such certificates cancelled as above provided are to be returned by the city clerk until destroyed by order, and in the manner to be prescribed by the city council.

The resolution was adopted as read.

The following resolution was read and adopted as presented:

The city treasurer is hereby authorized to register all warrants issued for interest on certificates and warrants issued for face value of said certificates the date of their issue.

The council proceeded to elect the following officers: City engineer, E. A. FitzHenry; street commissioner, Chas. Gilmur; Manager Electric Light Plant, Clarence McLaughlin; janitor, A. D. Shartle; deputy marshal, C. W. Cook; police justice, Dan Campbell. The council adjourned.

A BRILLIANT RECEPTION.

Mrs. C. P. Brown Gives an Afternoon Reception—Beautiful Costumes.

One of the most brilliant social events in the history of Port Angeles was the afternoon reception given by Mrs. Clarence P. Brown at her beautiful home on Second street, Thursday afternoon, from three to five o'clock. The well arranged parlors of this delightful home were artistically decorated with ivy and myrtle. Mrs. Brown was ably and gracefully assisted in receiving her guests by Mrs. L. D. Stewart, Mrs. John W. Troy, Mrs. W. Brumfield, Mrs. Harry E. Lutz and Mrs. A. N. Taylor.

Mrs. Stewart, tastefully arranged in a costume of black satin, yellow silk and diamonds, received all the guests and conducted them to the parlor, where Mrs. Brown, in a dainty costume of blue silk and white lace net and diamonds, assisted by Mrs. Lutz, in white surah silk and diamonds, greeted them. From here Mrs, Stewart escorted them to a table where Mrs. Troy, in cream albatross, white lace and diamonds, and Mrs. Taylor in white albatross and rare old lace, distributed delicious ice cream and cake. From here the guests were ushered into an adjoining parlor to a table over which Mrs. Brumfield, tastily attired in a neat costume of maroon and white, with diamonds, gracefully presided.

During the afternoon the guests were delightfully entertained with a solo by Mrs. John W. Troy; a piano solo by Mrs. C. P. Brown; vocal duet by Mrs. A. N. Taylor and Mrs. C. P. Brown; an instrumental solo by Mrs Brown; a duet by Mrs Troy and Mrs Brown, and a novel entertainment by Mrs Harry E. Lutz.

The invited guests were: Mesdames L D Stewart, James G McClinton, J L Worthley, M J Carrigan, E H Foster, H C Miller, Chas E Mallette, Harry E Lutz, Geo D Michell, John W Troy, P J Williams, Willard Brumfield, R C Wilson, H B Crockett, E Davis, K Y Church Edward Metcalfe, D E Griswold, C S Stakemiller, Robert Shields, Elmer E Fisher, James F Meagher, A N Taylor, S P Carusi, Mrs Pritchard, Mrs Sherman, Mrs Edna A Lewis. The Misses Ruth Cook, Ruth Taylor, Elsie Clark, Susan Jefferies, Elaine Fitzsimons and Jennie Crockett.

SMITH-FORSBERG.

Marriage of Benjamin T. Smith and Annie L. Forsberg.

Last Saturday noon at the home of the groom's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John B. Cosser, near this city, Mr. Benjamin T. Smith and Miss Annie L. Forsberg, were united in marriage, the Rev. J. M. Baxter, officiating. Only the immediate friends of the contracting parties were present.

A most tempting and delicious wedding dinner was served and keenly relished by the wedding party.

The bride is a worthy young woman, whose graces of character are appreciated by a large circle of friends, associates and acquaintances whith whom friendly relations has extended a number of years, becoming more steadfast and enduring as time ripens and perpetuates these ties.

Mr. Smith has been connected with THE DEMOCRAT-LEADER from its establishment and has proved earnest, conscientious and reliable, enjoying the confidence of his business associates and the esteem of the business public.

THE DEMOCRAT-LEADER unites with the many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Smith in wishing them a long life of continued happiness and prosperty.

THE PUBLIC RECEPTION.

Tendered Capt. and Mrs. O'Toole, Receiver Lyon and Messrs. White, Shoals, Heilbron of the U. S. Land Office.

Last Monday evening a public reception was tendered Captain and Mrs. O'Toole, Receiver Lyon, and Messrs. White, Shoals and Heilbron, of the U. S. Land Office, Seattle, at the opera house by the G. A. R., W. R. C., S. of V., and citizens.

Doubtless, it was one of the largest social gatherings, of public character ever witnessed in this city.

The societies represented, together with the large contingent of citizens, filled the opera house to overflowing.

Not only the floor of the auditorium, but the stage as well was utilized for dancing and still the immense crowd of forced or unwilling spectators did not appear noticeably diminished.

A more eloquent testimonial of appreciation of the invaluable services rendered squatters, particularly minors, by the officials of the land office, it would have been difficult to extend.

In a large receiver placed on a center table on the stage were deposited several hundred cards with the names of persons present which will be preserved as a souvenir of the event.

Dancing continued until a late hour.

Supper was served at the New Arlington. The decided success of the reception is attributable to skillful management by the following gentlemen:

Managers—H. W. Doty, T. H. Bradley, R. R. Harding and H. M. Guptill.

Reception Committee—W. R. Hoole, D. P. Quinn, Judge McClinton and R. E. Mathews.

Floor Committee—Edwin Phelps, W. A. Gay, Frank Fisher and C. M. Buckaman.

Orchestra—John Brown: jr., F. A. Pinyerd, Fred Wilson, W. D. Parker and W. R. Starth.

A BRILLIANT EVENT.

The Reception Tendered Capt. and Mrs. O'Toole a Decided Social Success.

Last Saturday evening the reception tendered Capt. and Mrs. O'Toole at the New Arlington, by a number of their Democratic friends, was, indeed, a decided social success, and throughout a most enjoyable evening's pastime.

The parlors were brilliantly lighted, the company in the very best of spirits, uniting in contributing to each others pleasure in every way possible. And in this they succeeded admirably.

From 8:30 to 9:30 the company gathered and were received and presented in a most gracious manner to the guests of the evening, Capt. O'Toole and his charming and accomplished wife, by Mrs. Geo. W. Meagher, Mrs. Donald McInnes and Mrs. H. B. Willson.

During the evening vocal and instrumental music was produced, which contributed largely to the evening's pleasures. This was interspersed with card playing and dancing, and recitals from Shakspeare by Mr. Herman Linde, of Pittsburg, Pa., the gentleman evidencing an intelligent conception of some of England's greatest dramatist's productions. The solos by Miss Hall and Mrs. Jno. W. Troy were features of the musical program which were most heartily encored. Also the vocal selections by Geo. W. Meagher and F. O. Lamoreux were very acceptably produced.

In the dining hall a most delicious luncheon had been prepared, the appointment and the service of which were artistic and pleasing. At 11:30 the company repaired to the dining room and abundantly testified appreciation of the delictable luncheon served. Quite a number of toasts were proposed, imparting a most fragrant Democratic flavor, truly refreshing to the assembled followers of this political doctrine of equal rights.

The following with others were present:

Capt. and Mrs. O'Toole, and Messrs. and Mesdames H. B. Crockett, Wm. Ritchie, A. A. Richardson, F. O. Lamoreux, M. J. Clump, Jno. W. Troy, L. H. Smith, Wm. B. Gould, Donald McInnes, William Bell, D. P. Quinn, A. L. Johnson, D. W. Bryan, H. B. Willson, Geo. W. Meagher, Mrs. Edna Lewis, Mrs. Phillips, Mrs. Mason, Misses Elsie Clark, Luella Hall, Jennie Crockett, Maggie Fend, Julia Ferguson, Rose Pitts, Nellie Esworthy, and Messrs. George Shoals, W. W. Dedman, W. K. Clark, H. M. Fisher, Herman Linde, F. P. Fisher, C. K. Humphries, S. A. Hall, J. M. Bell, Malcolm McGill.

Tide Land Commissioners Meet.

The board of tide land commissioners of Clallam county are in session. They convened last Wednesday with Messrs, Geo. H. White, Wm. Smith and Wm. Ward, and Engineer Gillis of the state board of tide land commissioners, Olympia, present.

Engineer Gillis will examine the maps charts, profiles, etc., of the survey of the harbor and tide lands, for the purpose of reporting to the state board as to the accuracy of the same. It is not anticipated that any grave errors will be encountered, but such an examination is required before a final disposition can be made of the question. The engineer will require about a wee k to complet his report.

I. O. G. T.

Gate City Lodge No. 27, Independent Order of Good Templars, meets every Monday evening at 7:30 o'clock, over Y. M. C. A. rooms on Lincoln street wharf, visiting members cordially invited to attend. J. E. BANKS, C. T.

IVA COOLIDGE, Secretary.

A VILLAINOUS ATTACK.

Saunders the Subject of Malicious Misrepresentations.

THE WORK OF DISAPPOINTED

Office Seekers—The Collector's Friends Prove Beyond a Question of Doubt the Utter Falsity of Every Charge—A Few Democrats Designedly Become Dupes of an Unscrupulous Republican Politician

During the past week Port Townsend has been the scene of one of the most outrageous and disgusting political onslaughts which has ever been witnessed in that veritable hot-bed of political warfare.

A villianous attempt was made to compromise Collector Saunder's public reputation by a few disappointed office-seekers who imagined, as men of that character ever do, that the collector did not properly and adequately estimate and appreciate their importance and claims by satisfying their demands with a soft government position.

Townsend has a Young Men's Democratic Club, which has been in the past and will continue to be in the future, when not prostituted to the further the ends of designing men, a most potent agency in propogating the principles of Democracy. A few of its officers and members imagined they had grievances against Collector Saunders, which only could be satisfied by using their official position in a malicious and unwarranted attack upon the public reputation of the collector. A call was issued presumably by the president and secretary of the club announcing that a meeting would be held last Monday for the purpose of taking action denouncing the collector's undemocratic policy of retaining Republican subordinates in office, and charging deceit and false promises, and other overt acts in office. In the furtherance of this scheme the dissenters found a willing accomplice in a prominent Republican politician who, having access to the columns of the Post-Intelligencer, used them to publish these base charges.

The meeting was held pursuant to the call, but resulted most unhappily and unsatisfactorily to its promotors. The collector's friends and admirers outnumbered his enemies ten to one. Instead of substantiating the charges the members, with almost one accord, denounced the proceedings indecent and unwarranted, and an unjustifiable attack upon the official reputation of Mr. Saunders.

To give positive emphasis to its action the club almost unanimously voted to elect new officers and thereby remove those who had made themselves distasteful by their questionable action.

In Wednesday's Post-Intelligencer appears an apology to Collector Saunders for its having unwittingly been led into publishing a biased account of these proceedings, which unjustly reflected upon the official reputation of the collector.

Wrong in inception it is not surprising that this scheme should have terminated so disastrously to its authors.

Another Coal Proposition.

"It never rains but it pours," is quite applicable to the coal movement. The appearance of Mr. Linde in the city with a coal proposition, aroused and stimulated citizens to a keen sense of the possibilities of the mineral resources of the mountain regions of Clallam.

Now appear on this grand, illimitable field of activity, Messrs. D. C. Hibbard and D. E. Griswald, to drill for coal to a certain depth for a reasonable consideration.

The proposition of these gentlemen is doubtless as reasonable as could be expected, and even if the venture proves fruitless, it cannot be said the money is ill-spent, as hundreds of thousands of dollars possibly will be expended in the same way before coal in paying quantities is discovered.

Were it possible for the city and the county to appropriate a large sum of money to be expended in a mineral prospect, it would be a wise and judicious act to put its idle population at work under the superintendence of a competent, experienced and practical prospector. This would not, however, be within the jurisdiction of either the city or county, so it is simply waste of time to consider the question from such an untenable standpoint. But a determined, undaunted people can overcome any obstacle within the limit of physical possibility, and if citizens do not take advantage of the natural opportunities afforded them, they do not deserve and it is almost needless to add, will not be accorded, prosperity.

Remodeling the Court House.

A number of important changes are being made in the court house. In fact, the interior of the building is being quite generally remodeled.

The second floor will be finished and divided into apartments for the treasurer assessor, sheriff, surveyor, the commissioners' court, judge's chambers and the private office of the auditor, thus giving additional room which the crowded condition of the court house has demanded for some time past.

A new vault will also be built in the rooms occupied at present by the surveyor and sheriff. The county also needs a jury room, which will doubtless, be provided on the second floor.

DISTRICT LODGE I. O. G. T.

Comprising Jefferson and Clallam Counties Hold a Profitable Meeting.

The District Lodge I. O. G. T. met in Masonic Hall on Tuesday and Wednesday. Delegates Zant and Weir from Jefferson Lodge No. 12, were the only representatives from Jefferson county. The District Chief Templar sent in his resignation, and this necessitated an election to fill the unexpired term. J. M. Baxter of Gate City Lodge No. 27, was elected to fill the vacancy.

On Tuesday night an open meeting was held in the Congregational church, and the building was entirely filled with an interested crowd who listened to Rev. Jonus Bushell as he lectured on the evils of intemperance and how to cure them. An interesting program, consisting of a recitation by Miss Jesse Banks and a reading by Miss Iva Coolidge, intermingled with singing made the entertainment one of profit as well as enjoyment. The collection was very kindly responded to, and altogether the service was one long to be remembered. The District lodge will meet in Port Townsend in June to transact the annual business.

She Dances in a Cage of Lions.

The latest thing in the way of amusement novelties is the serpentine dance as present by Mille. Sandowa at the Olympic, Boulevard des Capucines, Paris. She enters a large gilded cage containing three lions and a lioness, and there under the watchful eye of Max Him goes through the steps and poses of her part with grace and intrepidity.

There is a sensational feature even about the appearance of the cage. It reposes on the floor below the hall until a fanfair of trumpets gives the cue for its "entrance." Then it is raised to the stage, elevator fashion, the electric lights blaze, the lions growl, Mille. Sandowa nods to the orchestra, smiles at the audience and the dangerous preformance begins. All the while M. Him keeps watch, an iron club in one hand, a whip in the other and in his hip pocket a loaded revolver.—Exchange.

A Cure for Croup.

When on a visit to Iowa, Mr. K. Dalton, of Luray, Russell county, Kansas, called at the laboratory of Chamberlain & Co., Des Moines, to show them his six year old boy, whose life had been saved by Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, it having cured him of a severe attack of croup. Mr. Dalton is certain that it saved his boy's life and is enthusiastic in his paaise of the remedy. For sale by the Fisher Pharmacy.

"During the epidemic of la grippe Chamberlain's Cough Remedy took the lead here and was much better liked than other cough medicine." H. M. Bangs, druggist, Chatsworth, Ill. The grip is much the same as a very severe cold and requires precisely the same treatment. This Remedy is prompt and effectual and and will prevent any tendency of the disease towards pneumonia. For sale by the Fisher Pharmacy.

A PUZZLE.

The serial's done, but, Great Cæsar,
I swear I've forgotten the plot!
What was it went wrong to displease her?
And did she believe him or not?

Now, what was the reason they parted?
Which was wrong? Who started the fight?
Was she the one so broken hearted?
And which of the rivals was right?

How did it all happen? Now, which one
Gained all of my sympathies first?
The poor man or else the old rich one?
And which of the two turned out worst?

That other girl in the beginning,
Who had such a basilisk eye,
The heiress who seemed to be winning—
Did she go abroad? Did she die?

That chapter I missed on vacation—
I reckon it introduced Fate,
Who, after a long explanation,
Proceeded to set matters straight.

Some girl married some man or other—
The epilogue makes that quite plain—
But which girl and which man—oh, bother,
Must I read that whole thing again?

—Godey's Magazine.

THE ISLE OF FEAR.

I was the only white man in Patuca, the chief town of the Honduras waikas.

Ever since my arrival at the Mosquito shore, the waikas had piqued my curiosity by wonderful tales of a mysterious island which stood in the midst of an inland lagoon and which, they said, was peopled by hideous demons who destroyed all who set foot on their terrible territory.

Years ago the Sukia had once ventured into the lagoon on a search for rare herbs and reptiles with which to work her spells and incantations.

As she neared the island huge monsters, having the shape of men and the eyes of devils, rushed to the water's edge, and, waving their long, hairy arms, uttered the most horrible yells, which so terrified the Sukia that she bent to her paddle and never ceased her frenzied strokes until the pitpan grated on the pebby beach of the village.

And, as though this were not in itself a potent enough sign of the island being consecrated to Lassa and his attendant evil spirits, a headstrong waika buckra, in a moment of bravado, had gone to Dankwarra to fight Lassa, and from that day to this had never been heard of.

Old Witatala, the chief of the waikas, swinging in his hammock within the semidarkness of his bamboo watta, told me all this and more.

"No, no, buckra," he repeated with a solemn shake of his gray, wooly head, "I tink me you s'pose old Witatala crazy; he no take you to Dankwarra, or he no tell you where Dankwarra is. Make me hunt de manatee instead. Dat plenty fun, an bimeby you forget Dankwarra."

Witatala was obdurate, and I was obliged to content myself with the prospect of a hunt after the manatee, or sea cow, that remarkable connecting link between quadrupeds and fishes, which is to tropical waters what the s[illegible] is to those of the frozen zone.

At "first sun up" we made our start—Witatala, Quila, his son, myself and a crew of four paddlers.

Eight long hours we paddled up stream until the river took a strange and unfamiliar aspect.

Then, steering for the bush covered bank, the crew with their sharp machetes lopped off a number of leafy branches, which were thrown lightly over the pitpan, until it resembled a floating tree.

Casting loose from the bank, we floated down the river with the current. One man stood in the stern to steer. Witatala crouched in the bow with harpoon and line, while the rest, keeping their long, keen lances clear of impediments, knelt on the bottom.

After an hour of drifting I was beginning to think that perhaps the manatee had found the tender shoots of river grass unpalatable to his taste, when suddenly Witatala launched his harpoon and at the same instant gave an ear splitting yell of triumph.

The yell was followed by a heavy plunge, and the pitpan started forward with a sudden jerk, which cost me a hard tumble into the bottom of the canoe.

Before I had recovered myself the boughs were all thrown overboard, and the waikas stood with their long lances poised for instant use.

The pitpan tore along at incredible speed, and small wonder, for at the other end of the rope fastened to the boat was an enormous creature, whose black body could be seen sliding beneath the water's surface like a long black cloud.

When the manatee rose for air, the remaining harpoons flashed into its black hippopotamuslike side.

The only effect the spears seemed to have on the maddened creature was to spur it on to fresh exertions, for, darting from one side of the river to the other, he whipped and jerked the frail craft after him as though it had been a switch of willow.

"The machetes!" cried Witatala.

Catching hold of the taut line which held us to the sea cow, he gradually drew the pitpan nearer to it.

The men stood with their swordlike machetes poised, waiting for a chance to hurl them, and when the manatee once more arose for air down flashed the machetes.

Some of them struck and stuck, but so thick was the monster's hide that a couple turned their points and glanced off into the river.

Still the manatee kept on in its mad zigzag flight, until suddenly it swerved and made for a thick clump of bushes overhanging the bank. At this new maneuver Witatala uttered a terrified shriek of dismay.

"Dankwarra! Dankwarra!" he screamed. "See, the manatee makes for the entrance to the lagoon of Dankwarra!"

The other waikas sprang to their feet and made an attempt to cast loose the ropes at the bow, but the tension rendered it impossible.

In vain they fumbled for their machetes and knives; every bladed instrument had already been hurled at the manatee.

By this time the monster had rushed us into the bush hidden mouth of a narrow creek, whose density of overhanging foliage seemed to turn day into night.

The dismayed waikas cast anxious glances at the pitchy waters, through which the canoe was plunging, as if to throw themselves in, but the sullen splashes at either bank showed where uneasy crocodiles had left their muddy lairs and decided them to risk the uncertain evil that lay ahead rather than the probable death that was close at hand.

A few seconds more and we emerged from the narrow passage into the spacious lagoon, whose calm surface was unbroken save by a large island which stood in its center.

Straight for this island tore the frantic manatee, while with every foot of lessened distance between us and the land the waikas' eyes seemed to bulge out bigger with terror.

When within about 60 yards of the island, a grating, tearing sound came from the pitpan's bow, and with a sudden wrench and crash the canoe turned over, a total wreck from a sharp, jagged rock the manatee in its wild flight had thrown us against.

Fortunately the shock was so great as to fling us clear of the hidden rock, and rising from beneath the water we struck out for the island, our speed not a little accelerated by the fear of sharks and crocodiles.

Reaching the sandy shore of the island, we crawled upon the beach, but farther than this the waikas, with chattering teeth, declared they would not go.

But it did not seem so terrible to me, this "Dankwarra, the Isle of Fear," for it was not unlike a hundred lagoon islands I had seen—a heavy tangle of tropical over and under growth, encircled by a shining strip of beach. Of its inhabitants, demons or otherwise, not a trace was to be seen.

In response to an exclamation from Witatala, I looked toward the lagoon, and there, on its surface, near the beach, I saw floating the dead body of the manatee, which, in its moment of victory, had succumbed to death.

The waikas waded out into the water, splashing as they went to frighten away the sharks and crocodiles, laid hold of the ropes attached to the harpoons and drew the sea cow up on the beach.

It was certainly a most remarkable animal, if animal it may be called. It weighed, I should say, between 1,600 and 1,800 pounds.

It had two forefeet, or flippers, but instead of hind feet there was a broad, flat tail which spread out horizontally like a fan. The skin was dark and corrugated, and the few scattered hairs upon it gave its body a general resemblance to that of a hippopotamus.

Witatala surveyed the dead creature with anger, but philosophically resolved to make it pay in part for our misfortune by serving as supper.

With the aid of a couple of dry sticks a fire was kindled, and the manatee was prepared for eating.

I did not wonder at the machetes' failure to penetrate its hide, for as the flesh was cut in strips for broiling I measured the skin and found it an inch and a half in thickness and as tough as whalebone.

The manatee steaks proved to be tender, well flavored, altogether delicious and far surpassed venison, to my palate.

After supper I determined to do a little exploring on my own account, in spite of the warnings of Witatala and his men.

An eighth of a mile down the beach I came upon an old cannon half buried in the sand. Scraping away the loose soil, it proved to be, in spite of its heavy crust of mold and rust, an ancient Spanish cannon closely resembling those the books picture to us as having been used by the daring Spanish freebooters in the days of Drake and Kidd.

Farther along I came upon other relics—an old flintlock, a dagger, several pistols and a piece of broken chain, all scattered about as though they had been left in some hasty flight.

As I walked back to the waikas I recalled the tales of the famous "Blackbeard," who made his name a terror along the Spanish main, and it seemed probable to me that the now deserted Dankwarra had been in those days a secret stronghold of "Blackbeard" and his piratical band.

Old Witatala evinced but little interest in the story of my discovery, his mind being chiefly exercised over our getting away from Dankwarra with all possible celerity.

This he determined to accomplish by means of a raft, which he intended to construct from the clumps of bamboo growing near the island's forest.

Night had descended with its tropical suddenness, but this did not deter Witatala from his preparations for making the raft.

Despatching Quila and a couple of waikas for tietie vine with which to bind the bamboo together, the rest of us secured the machetes from the unlucky manatee's hide and started for the bamboo clumps.

The waikas would not carry torches, for that they said would show our whereabouts to the wicked Lassa, but that we might not want for light they caught handfuls of fireflies, pulled off their wings and scattered them among the bamboo trees, where they gave radiance enough for us to perceive clearly the surrounding objects.

At the first stroke of the machetes on the bamboo the hitherto silent island seemed to break out into a pandemonium. I dropped my machete in dismay, but Witatala calmed my nerves by telling me that the sounds were made by the suddenly awakened animal and bird life of the island. But what a diabolical uproar it was!

There were unearthly groans and angry snarls and shrieks. At times the noises were blended and became sullen and distant, then so sharp and near they seemed at our very feet.

All the water birds and wild fowls roosting in the trees gave a sudden flutter and set up a series of croaks and screams which sent an adjacent troop of howling monkeys into spasms of delight.

At intervals the heavy bodies of prowling animals would be heard crushing through the jungle, and at these noises old Witatala would look anxiously around, in momentary dread of having Lassa and his demons swoop down upon him.

But nothing of the kind happened, and we were able to retreat in safety with our load of bamboo logs to the beach, where the construction of the raft began with great rapidity.

The great red moon was beginning to grow dim in the approaching dawn, however, before the raft was completed.

We had thrown ourselves down upon the beach for a brief rest before launching our rude craft, when suddenly Witatala grasped my arm like the teeth of a vise, and in a hollow whisper bade me look toward the jungle. I did so, and for a minute every drop of blood seemed to stand still in my veins.

There, peering at us from the half parted bushes, was a huge white face, terrible in its hideous ferocity. Beneath its low, slanting forehead blazed fierce eyes; its nose was broad and flat, and from its great mouth two fangs protruded.

The waikas seemed rooted to the ground with terrified amazement.

Suddenly another frightful face appeared beside the first, then another and another.

The spell of silence was broken, and the waikas began simultaneously their rapid screech of incantation against Lassa and all the other evil spirits, at the same time backing toward the lagoon, shoving the raft as they went.

The four faces in the edge of the thicket grinned and frowned, their jaws rapidly opening and shutting.

As the raft slid into the water, the bushes parted, and the faces appeared in the open.

They were no longer simply "faces." They were huge, towering, hairy forms that stood erect, with arms waving high above their heads. And now they came menacingly toward us.

The waikas—and perhaps I, too—gave one cry, and throwing ourselves on the raft with a shove we sent it gliding away from the island.

At this the monsters waved their arms yet more frantically, and advancing to the water's edge gave utterance to a succession of yells.

Just then the sun burst from above the woodland and fully revealed to my astonished eyes the forms of our pursuers. They were not men, not demons, but monkeys—and yet not monkeys, but huge gorillas!

The island faded away, and the roars of the gorillas were lost in the distance. Back through the black creek we paddled out into the broad, swiftly flowing waters of the Rio de la Patuca.

I tried to explain the identity of the creatures to Witatala, but he would receive none of it.

"No, buckra," he replied with a shake of his poor old head. "No, buckra," he repeated, "old Witatala know monkey when he see him—he eat many monkey. He know him well. He never see monkey so big like dat—talk like dat. Dat big one was Lassa—de rest he family."

Of course there was nothing more to be said.

As to a colony of gorillas living on an island in a Central American lagoon, I can offer but one explanation: "Blackbeard," the pirate, may have brought young gorillas with him on some slaving voyage from Africa and abandoned them with the rest of his effects on this island.

The climatic conditions being the same as those of Africa, the gorillas would naturally have thrived and brought up their flourishing progeny.

Whether or not in time they will escape to the mainland remains to be seen.

If they do not leave the island, there is little chance of their being heard of again, for the entrance to the lagoon creek is next to invisible, and after our experience neither gold nor rum would induce a waika to act as guide to Dankwarra, the isle of Fear!—Montreal Star.

Leprosy and Periwinkles.

"Airenedj" writes as follows to the Indian papers: "Permit me to invite attention to the fact that the districts of Bibhum, Burdwan, Bancoorah, etc., four or five of the districts of Bengal in which leprosy prevails to the greatest extent (vide statistics of the leprosy commission), are notorious for the quantities of periwinkles consumed in them by the inhabitants. In no part of India are there such dirty and filthy pools of water in which periwinkles (Bengalee, googlee) exist as in these districts, and the women fish them up by the hundredweight and eat them by the ton each year. Can it be that these shellfish contain the leper bacillus or microbe or germ, or other abomination that induces the system to hatch the disease, so to put it?"—St. James Gazette.

An Old Family.

Several years ago there was an old family in Pennsylvania named Roth. Indeed the long line of Roths was about all the family had to show by way of distinction, and so much did they make of the long branches of the family tree and the Niagara of blue blood that had in centuries past coursed through their veins that people of the more recent generations really began to think these Roths were of some account.

One evening there happened to be a party in the little town of M——, and beside the great Roth family the guests numbered among others young Dr. Sharp. He was a popular and rising physician and considered by matchmaking mammas a particularly desirable catch.

Mrs. Roth had four marriageable daughters, so at the first favorable opportunity she cornered the young doctor and sought to impress upon him the importance of her wonderful family.

"Why, doctor," she said, "we all came over on the Mayflower, so I know you will not think me bold in asserting that the Roths are really one of the first families."

"Pardon me," replied the young physician, "but I have no hesitation in saying that your family enjoys even a greater distinction."

"Oh, doctor," gushed the old woman, giving herself a congratulatory hug on her coming triumph. "Indeed you flatter us."

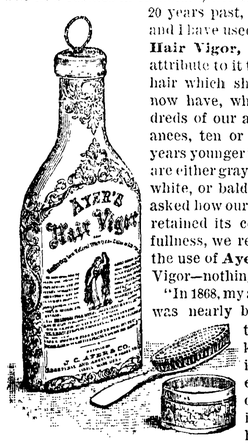
"Not at all," he replied, "for I know you are the first family."

"Who told you that, dear doctor?"

"The Bible," he replied reverently, "for it says the Lord was Roth."—

A Gentleman

Who formerly resided in Connecticut, but who now resides in Honolulu, writes: "For 20 years past, my wife and I have used **Ayer's Hair Vigor**, and we attribute to it the dark hair which she and I now have, while hundreds of our acquaintances, ten or a dozen years younger than we, are either gray-headed, white, or bald. When asked how our hair has retained its color and fullness, we reply, 'By the use of **Ayer's** Hair Vigor—nothing else.'"



"In 1868, my affianced was nearly bald, and the hair kept falling out every day. I induced her to use **Ayer's Hair Vigor**, and very soon, it not only checked any further loss of hair, but produced an entirely new growth, which has remained luxuriant and glossy to this day. I can recommend this preparation to all in need of a genuine hair-restorer. It is all that it is claimed to be."—Antonio Alarrun, Bastrop, Tex.

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buried with him. I have no more to do with it."

"How came you by it?"

"Call it a bequest. I always meant to return it to him," was her answer. "It meant a great deal once, but now that he is gone it means nothing. It is his."

"I have no curiosity to gratify, Sinfire," I said after a pause. "I have always accepted you and everything concerning you on your own representation and cared for nothing more. If you were compelled to answer any questions I put to you, I would ask none. Nothing that is past is any concern of mine or of ours, and this is no time to think of the future. Let that, too, take care of itself. But I may ask you why and how you came here. It seems strange to me and might seem stranger still to others if they knew."

"Oh, there's no mystery about it, Cousin Frank," replied she, looking at me with a half smile and speaking in much lighter tones than she had used before. "You know I asked to be allowed to stay, and though, to please your mother, I agreed to go to the lake I made up my mind from the first that I would come back. So when they were all asleep I saddled my horse and came. I was ready to do my part," she concluded, touching the derringer at her side.

"You rode 10 miles through the woods alone?"

"I feel at home in the woods. I can find my way anywhere."

"How long have you been here?"

"I don't know; not long. I left my horse a mile from here in the old barn and walked the rest of the way. A little while ago some one passed me—I think it was John—riding back. I thought something must have happened, and I saw a light here and found the door ajar, so I came in."

"I wish you had come at any other time," said I, for I could not help perceiving that her presence in the neighborhood so near the hour of the murder might prove an awkward circumstance hereafter. "It would be best that no one should know of it. Are you afraid to go back to where you left your horse?"

"That is what I am going to do," she replied. "It is almost sunrise."

"It will probably be at least two hours before the others are here," I went on. "I advise you to stay near the barn until you hear them coming. Then ride to meet them and give them to understand that you lost your way in the woods. They will be too much preoccupied to take any special notice, and the whole thing will probably be forgotten."

"Why should there be any concealment?" she demanded, drawing her brows together.

"Because," said I, "there has been a murder, and murders are followed by inquests. Everybody who can be supposed capable of giving any information will be examined. If you were put on the stand, you might be asked questions that you would not wish to answer. There are things which you have not told me, Sinfire. Would you wish to tell them to the world?"

"Nobody could make me say anything I did not wish to," replied she, but after a little thought she added: "I suppose your advice is good. I won't be imprudent. But nothing seems of much consequence compared with this." The last words were spoken in a lower voice and with a sort of momentary drooping of her whole figure. But she pulled herself together promptly and faced me with a smile. "Goodby," she said, holding out her hand.

I took her hand in mine. "I'm not myself now, Sinfire," I said. "I can't be for some time to come. There are hard things to be done yet, and I must keep myself hard so as to do them. But when it is all over I shall have something to say. Meanwhile goodby."

She went out, with her light, vigorous step, and I was alone again. It was now daylight. I put out my lamp and threw open the shutters. I went into the laboratory and drew aside the curtain of Saprani's cage. I tapped on the glass and called to her. She came out from beneath her blanket, glided forward and reared herself up. She knows me well now and will allow me to take any respectful liberties with her. For my part I feel an affection for the beautiful, deadly creature that would seem absurd to any one else.

This world is the heaven of animals. There is no past or future to them, no memory or hope, nothing but the fullness of the present. They are born into their sphere of life, and they fill it completely, whether it be mischievous or beneficent. But man, poor fellow! is little more than a striving, a regret, a folly and a disappointment. He never becomes what he is capable of being, and he is never satisfied with what he is. If it were not for this effortless self fulfillment that we see in animals, the world would be a grim place indeed!

And so it was a comfort to me to play with my queen of cobras, knowing that she was untroubled and content, and that no rumor of the grief and dread and evil that made the day hateful to the rest of us would ever pass the portals of her consciousness or alter the serenity of her demeanor. I could hold her in my arms and let her coil around my neck; but, though she could feel the beating of my heart, no knowledge of what stirred it could ever cross the bottomless spiritual gulf between animal and human. Were I the wickedest or the most faultless being that ever lived on earth her relation to me would remain unchanged, provided I treated her with the same attention. The denunciations of my bitterest enemy would leave her as unmoved as the eulogies of my dearest friend. No one but myself can disturb her confidence in me; the whole world would be powerless to shake it. Such an attitude has in it something of the sublime safety of eternity itself.

Presently I heard noises and voices without, and I left Saprani with a mind once more composed. Tom had returned, bringing the coroner and the village doctor with him. They made their examination and took my deposition, and by the time that was over the wagon with mother and the rest had arrived. Sinfire rode up to the door on her horse and gave me a look as she dismounted to say that all was well

CHAPTER XIV.

Death, as I have always believed, is no evil to those who die, but distress remains behind them. It seems as if one calamity had a tendency to breed others, and when the sufferer most needs peace and repose he is most certain to be confronted with fresh hostile influences. There is only one sure consolation to look forward to, and that is that the day will come when you, too, will die and in your turn leave all behind you.

Mother's condition gives me anxiety. John managed his mission clumsily and allowed her to discover too abruptly that her favorite son was murdered. A species of hysterics immediately seized upon her, accompanied by a tremor of the whole body that has remained ever since and yields to no treatment. She is old and for years has led an indolent and in some respects self indulgent life, and her vital energy is at a low ebb. She insisted upon seeing the body before it had been properly arranged, and this made her worse. Since then her memory seems partially impaired. She ever and anon forgets what has happened and then again remembers it, and her anguish begins anew. If she does not soon recover, there is a probability of her sinking into complete forgetfulness, and that perhaps would be easier for her than to continue in her present state. Sinfire is constant in attendance on her and has taken charge of the household routine, much to the benefit of us all.

Sinfire is constant in attendance on her.

The examinations and investigations are still proceeding in full vigor. John has engaged the best detectives that are to be had, and there is little reason to fear that the burglars, if they were the murderers, can escape. It is a singular circumstance, however, that as yet no traces of the gang, later than three days before the fatal night, have been discovered in this vicinity, nor do the detectives agree with our theory that the burglaries were the result of local enterprise. They think they were the work of experienced and scientific professionals and are apparently at a loss to understand why they should needlessly have compromised themselves by staining their trail with blood. Such men kill only in the last extremity.

John is restless and irritable and is constantly having speech with one or other of his detectives and making all sorts of crude and impracticable suggestions. He sleeps badly, he tells me, and has fearful dreams. He is looking haggard and ill and smokes from morning till night. He will accept no advice as to the care of his health. "If I can only catch the scoundrel that shot him," he says, "I don't care what becomes of me." He avoids Sinfire more than ever—I presume because he hates to remember that he and Henry were in the position of rivals for her favor. I don't know how he would feel if he knew as much about that matter as I do. I do all I can to keep up his spirits, but nothing appeases him. "The only medicine that will do me good is to see a hanging," he declares. But, though I do not tell him so, it begins to look as if that comfort would be indefinitely postponed.

* * * * * *

The burglars have proved an alibi. They were captured yesterday in Chicago. There are three of them, all known already to the police. They had in their possession some of the property stolen in this neighborhood and have confessed the robbery. But their movements since three days before the murder have been traced, and it is perfectly clear that they were all in Buffalo at the time it was committed. John is thunderstruck and bewildered, and I am greatly disappointed, though I must confess that I was not entirely unprepared for this turn of affairs.

There was a strong prima facie probability that the burglars were guilty; but, on the other hand, apart from their supposed presence in the neighborhood at the time, there was every reason why they should have abstained from any capital crime. If Henry had cornered them so that they could not escape, it would have paid them better to surrender than to get away by the sacrifice of his life, and the fact that Henry's pistol was found undischarged in his pocket is evidence the more that he could not have put them in peril of either life or liberty. He was attacked unawares, and so far as can be seen unprovoked—that is to say, by some enemy who had been cherishing a grudge against him and had improved this opportunity to satisfy it.

There was one circumstance, too, which struck me at the time, but which I mentioned to no one, that may have had something to do with his being surprised in the way he was. This circumstance was a flask of brandy, nearly empty, in a side pocket of his coat. I know that the flask was full just before he started for the lake, because he produced it in my room when he and John looked in to say goodby and took a pull at it. As he had already drunk a good deal, even for him, during the day, it is fair to surmise that he must have been somewhat overweighted by midnight.

John, it is true, does not seem to have noticed anything especially distraught in his behavior, but then John is a man who has room in his mind for but one thing at a time, and just then it was full of burglars. Moreover, he could have seen but little of Henry after they took up their allotted stations in ambush. Tom, the groom, would be a more expert witness if I chose to interrogate him, but I did hear him observe, as if recalling a consolatory circumstance, that "Master 'Enry was a-feelin mighty good the night it 'appened." It is even possible that he may have dropped asleep.

But these speculations are unimportant. Since it is proved that he was not killed "in the way of business," as the detectives put it, it follows that he was a victim to some enemy, and the next step is to find out who his enemies were. At first sight this would not seem difficult, for Henry was a man to make friends with everybody, and therefore his enemies should be few. But, upon second thought, no one can be said to know much about Henry's real life, and it is often the good natured, easy going men whose enemies, when they have any, are the bitterest and most unrelenting.

Who can say into how many desperate scrapes Henry's lax ways with women, for instance, may have led him? Some revengeful husband or brother may have been following him half way round the world, waiting his opportunity to strike his blow. Manifestly we could hope to apprehend such a person only by the merest chance. He might buy a house here and settle down tomorrow, and we should never recognize or even suspect him. A habit of secrecy and reticence may be all very well so long as a man lives or gets into no trouble, but then it is liable to react against him. Henry has prevented us from knowing how to avenge or help him.

Meanwhile the detectives, as their manner is, seem disposed to exhaust whatever material may be at hand before going on to the region of speculation. In other words, they are aiming to find out what Henry's relations were with the people with whom he was in contact here at home. This list would include practically no one besides John and myself, Tom, the groom, and Sinfire. We saw little company during his stay with us, and that only in the most formal way. No one expects, of course, that the inquiry will result in anything. None of the persons named is likely to be seriously suspected of any share in Henry's death, but it is no doubt right and proper that the form of investigation should be gone through with. It will leave the field clear for further investigation.

John agrees with me in this, and as soon as the idea was suggested to him he expressed himself as anxious to have it carried out. "If I shot him, I want to know it!" he said, with a touch of savage humor. "You're not in it, you know, Frank," he went on: "your gouty toe, that you found such fault with, served you that good turn at least. So it lies between Tom and me. And, upon my word," he added after a moment's thought, "either he or I might have done it, so far as opportunity goes! We can't prove an alibi like the burglars and you!"

I laughed, but the fact is I felt a little uncomfortable, not so much on John's or Tom's account as for another reason of which John as yet knows nothing. He thinks, as everybody else does, that Sinfire was miles away at the fatal moment. But in truth no one but she herself knows exactly where she was after 12 o'clock that night. Should this leak out it might lead to disagreeable complications. Something might be discovered of the reasons she had for hating Henry. Indeed were I to tell all that has come to my knowledge it might actually endanger her life. People have been hanged on circumstantial evidence no stronger than that. Of course I know as certainly as I know anything that I cannot prove that she is utterly incapable of such a deed, but of course also this certainty is based upon my intimate personal knowledge of her character, which would be of no value as evidence in a court of law. If my testimony is called for, I am resolved to profess ignorance of anything but the most external acquaintance with her movements or motives, and for the rest she is amply able to protect herself if she chooses.

I have just said that my knowledge of her character is intimate, and yet it is not, for I do not know whether or not she will choose to protect herself. It is impossible to foretell where a woman's notion of independence will begin or end. It is more than conceivable that Sinfire, out of mere wanton defiance or waywardness, might tell in the witness box the whole story of her previous life, which she has permitted even me only to guess at. A jury might see in that story motive enough to warrant a conviction.

Fear of that same waywardness withholds me from speaking to her on the subject. If I were to tell her that she is in danger, she would be as likely as not to go deliberately off and thrust her head into the lion's mouth. If, on the contrary, she discovers her danger herself, the instinct of self defense and of justice may prompt her to repel it. If hers were a nature that I could control, I would put forth my power without hesitation and give her a lesson to repeat by rote, only that if I could control her I should care nothing about her, and she might do what she liked.

Fortunately or unfortunately neither she nor I have any leisure to pass in each other's society. Her hands are full with household cares and nursing mother, and I am sufficiently employed upon other business. But in the evenings after the work is done I retreat to my library and write or play with Saprani. I have an idea that I should like to put on gypsy attire and wander off on foot through the world with Saprani and Sinfire. Saprani's performances would earn us a living, and Sinfire and I would make each other happy. It would be a truer and sweeter life than all the wealth and resources of civilization could give us, for we possess all we care for in ourselves. A few months ago I thought my highest happiness would consist in governing mankind; now I know that my only happiness is to be found in serving this mysterious girl. But shall I ever realize that happiness?

I say, yes. But I have my doubts for all that. I have never asked her, she has never promised, and all may turn out a dream.

CHAPTER XV.

They have not yet found out who murdered Henry Mainwaring.

The authorities—more out of consideration for us than for any other reason—undertook to focus their suspicions first upon poor Tom. The coroner's jury had come to the conclusion that "deceased came to his death by a bullet discharged from a pistol in the hands of a person or persons to this jury at present unknown." Now, Tom had been provided with a pistol on the night in question—a brand new Smith & Wesson revolver, with seven cartridges and various automatic and other improvements, and he had further been fitted out with a belt to sling it in, and all this apparatus he had faithfully borne from sunset till sunrise. This and his presence in the forest when Henry was shot were the damning facts against him.

Tom's English straightforwardness, combined with his evident affection for the dead man, his indignation at being supposed capable of working him injury and his consternation at being arraigned before the majesty of the law were both comical and pathetic. When the revolver was produced, moreover, all the seven cartridges were still in it, and there was no sign of its ever having been discharged. No one of the witnesses called to testify as to his character could find a word to say against him, nor could it be shown that he had ever had any misunderstanding with the deceased or had anything to hope from his death. And when he was put up to answer for himself his testimony was as convincing as it was involved.

"'Twas this way, please yer honor," he began. "We was to drive to the lake for to spend the night. There was me, an the young gentlemen—barrin Master Frank, as was laid up with a bad foot, sir—an the mistress, an the young lady. So, when we got there, Master John,

To be Continued.

FIFTEENTH YEAR.

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JOHN W. TROY.....Editor

THE APPRAISEMENT.

It may be that the board of appraisers are correct and know whereof they speak, when they say that the Republican administration of the interior department is at fault and not themselves for the high appraisement of the reservation. While a careful reading of the instructions to the board does not reveal that fact, the report of the appraisers certainly indicates an apology to the department for low valuations. There is no room to doubt but that the appraisers fully understood the disposition of ex-Secretary Noble, as they claimed to in their report.

However, this does not alter the fact that the appraisement of the reservation was two or three times too nigh. It does but show that the interior department of the United States government is in far better hands now than when General Noble was in charge.

Never, except during the dark days when the United States was straining every nerve to raise the sinews of war, has it been the policy of the United States to speculate in public lands. The revenues for the running of the government are raised by other methods. The policy has been to hold the public domain for homes for the landless. Therefore, it seems out of keeping with the eternal fitness of things, for the United States, in times of perfect peace, to fix values on public lands, based not on what the property is worth for useful purposes, but admittedly on speculation.

We got a Democratic government none too soon.

THE COUNTY PRINTING.

Beaver Leader.

Our able correspondent from Forks taps the nail squarely on the head in his article on the county printing. County printing should be regarded the same as any other legal advertising, and not used to fill up with, in case of a shortage of matter, nor slid on the galley to "lay over" in consequence of a rush of news items. Whether the fault lies with the paper that does the county printing, or the county auditor, we are not prepared to say. We believe it is the duty of the auditor to record the commissioner's proceedings in the journal and furnish the official paper a copy of the same. At any rate the commissioners should inquire into the matter at once.

Tribune-Times.

For the information of the Beaver Leader and its correspondent, we state that all official county publications are made in the official paper as soon as such matter can be put in type after the copy is furnished by the proper official. We cannot publish official notices or proceedings until we receive the official copy of the same.

For the information of all concerned we will say that the Tribune-Times misstates the facts. That paper has taken three issues to publish the commissioners proceedings ere now, when all were delivered within the fifteen days allowed the county auditor by law in which to publish the proceedings.

UNFAIR, UNJUST, UNTRUE.

The covert attack in the Port Angeles dispatches in Tuesday's Post-Intelligencer on Captain John Carmichael, special inspector of the general land office, the genial gentleman who was sent out here by the secretary of the interior, to investigate the matter of the appraisement of the Port Angeles reservation is not only unjust, but its main features are untrue, and misleading. It was stated that there was not a single family in Port Angeles receiving aid from the city or county, and that the citizens of this county have paid Receiver Lyons some $50,000, for lots since November 1st. The first of these statements is absolutely false, as the county commissioners only last week audited over $1,000 of claims against the county for the support of the poor and sick.

It is true, some $700 of this was for road work, but this work was given by Commissioner O'Brien for the express purpose of avoiding the necessity of maintaining those employed as sick as well as poor. For the remaining $300, there were no returns, whatever.

It is also true that hundreds of mortgages were given by squatters, bearing 8 per cent. per month interest, to raise the $50,000.

This statement of well known facts is made only in simple justice to a gentleman whom the people of this city had learned to look upon as their friend, and one whom the Post-Intelligencer has never treated fairly.

A BLACK GUARD.

The contempt with which respectable people have learned to entertain for the Post-Intelligencer, as a newspaper, on account of its indecent prostitution of its columns for personal aggrandizement, political and private, has been intensified an hundred fold by its latest performance, in libeling Collector James C. Saunders. It not only permitted its Townsend correspondent to attempt to manufacture a sentiment against a high federal official based on what it knew to be false, but it then when it knew positively that the wires were down printed the advance "copy," written at least four hours before the meeting of the Democratic Club, which its machinations had provided, took place. But this was not all. "At this point, the wires went down," said the Post-Intelligencer, after running the "address" of the "cool and collected" president the club, and the resolutions previously prepared by its own correspondent. Never was such prostitution of a newspaper's columns witnessed in this state. It even surpassed all former efforts of the Post-Intelligencer itself. Not even the humiliating abject apology, written to save itself from the damages sure to follow a libel suit, contained in its Tuesday's issue, is sufficient to palliate for its blackguardly attack.

It is to the credit of Port Townsend people, irrespective of party, that from present appearances the Post-Intelligencer will suffer for its action.

THE many compliments heard on every side for Captain Wm. D. O'Toole cannot fail to be gratifying to that deservedly popular official, even though the true, old Democrat may say in his true, old Democratic way that he is not entitled to any credit for honestly performing what he conceives to be his official duty. Captain O'Toole is a worthy appointee of a worthy president, and he has a true conception of that true motto, "a public office is a public trust."

The New York Times, Herald, Sun and Evening Post all say an income tax will kill the Democratic party in the East.—Post-Intelligencer.

Let it die then. A man who will refuse to vote the Democratic ticket that he might shirk his proper share of the burden of government ought to vote the Republican ticket. Besides, there is a whole lot of voters west of the Allegheny mountains.

THE Olympian refers to Hon. Louis K. Church, the Democratic war horse, in the following complimentary terms:

It is reported that Gov. Church, of Everett, wants to be collector of internal revenue for the district comprising Washington and Oregon. The administration can find no more honest, competent and conscientious man for that or any other position.

APPRAISER M. J. Carrigan makes a pretty strong case—against ex-Secretary Noble.

"JUDGE" Campbell, if you please. Congratulations, Daniel.

PERSONAL MENTION

Mrs. F. S. Macinktosh of Gettysburgh, is in the city.

S. O. Rood, of this city left for Little Turkey, Iowa, the latter part of this week.

Mr. W. E. Miller, with H.N. Richmond & Co., Seattle wholesale stationers, is in the city.

Mrs. Geo. Michell of Fairholme is a guest of Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Carrigan of this city.

Messrs. William Ward of Dungeness and Wm. Smith of Sequim, members of the county board of tide land commissioners, are in the city.

Messrs. Frank Zent and William Wier of Townsend were delegates to the district lodge I. O. G. T. which was held in this city Tuesday evening and Wednesday.

Two lots on the reservation No. 1 and 2, block 292, sold at the public sale this forenoon for $300. They were purchased by a woman from Victoria, and are situated on 9th street.

Mr. Hermann Linde, who was in the city over a week last past left Sunday for his home in Pittsburg, Pa. Mr. Linde evidenced his faith in Angeles by purchasing a number of lots.

Mr. Julius I. Kirschberg of the New York Clothing House, left Sunday for an extended visit to New York City. While in that city he will purchase a stock of spring and summer goods.

The following persons were elected members of the Minerva Literary Society at the regular meeting last Monday evening:

Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Carrigan, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Willson, Rev. E. Davis and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. C. Hatch, Miss Esworthy, Miss Pitts, Mrs. M. Taylor, Messrs. B. C. Keller, Leander Butts, and W. J. Dick.

Messrs. C. E. and Ed. Bell, accompanied by their mother Mrs. J. L. Bell left last Sunday for their new home in Texas. It is understood that Mr. Bell who preceded his family has a lucrative position with a wholesale firm in one of the large cities of that state. The many friends of these excellent people regretted exceedingly that they deemed it to their advantage to remove to other and more promising fields, but they carry with them their well-wishes for future prosperity.

Costumes at an Idaho "Rag" Party.

Boise, Idaho, had a "rag" party recently. The Boise Democrat describes the scene and costumes as follows:

There was a hushed stillness fell upon the assemblage of fair women and brave men when White Opal Jim came gallantly in with the Lilly of the Charcoal Gulch slung on his left arm. Jim was dressed to kill. He was flashily attired in a fire opal solitare, big as an arc light with the globe off, Oregon John boots and dukes encased in alligator hide gauntlets and startout range five west township four east section seven Boise meridian, and vest cut hell west and crooked, ornamented with mountain lion claws. Solomon in all his glory wouldn't have dared to ask him the time of day. But the Lilly? She was a poem, a symphony and celestial vision. She wore a Grecian costume of blue mosquito bar with a balance on the corner frill, flounces of Mozembique cobweb looped here and there with rupes of sand, tosselated with shell of ocean raveled silk and crinoline underals. Her bodice was serrated with sunflower edging on top, cut sideways with eurelean zephpr stitched with swan down yarn at the bottom and mother of pearl buttons. She also wore a swing and coquette look and wouldn't have traded slippers with the queen of the Sandwich Islands.

Baptist Church Services.

There will be services at the First Baptist church Sunday morning Jan. 21st at 11 a. m. Sunday school 12 m. Y. P. S. C. E. meeting 6:30 p. m. Evening service, 7:30 p. m. All are cordially invited.

M. U. Squire, Pastor.

A UNIQUE PROPOSITION.

Lewis Levy Crowns the Coal Proposition With One Reasonably Acceptable.

The public interest in prospecting for coal continues to wax with earnestness and fervor suggesting citizens are breaking from the speculative trance or spell under the seductive and benign influence of which they have these years been useless and aimless victims.

The awakening interest in the development of the natural resources of the county is indeed one of the most favorable signs of the hour. When men conclude a community cannot prosper without a pay roll and labor to that end they are on the broad highway leading to permanent prosperty. Nothing so completely demoralizes humanity as a period of speculation affording the opportunity to accumulate money rapidly without intelligent effort or systematic application. If any man can demonstrate sufficient strength of character to withstand the temptations and rise above the attending disappointments where the per cent. of uncertainty is as great, he evidences courage to overcome an experience which has ruined some of the country's most brilliant men.

The fact that citizens have finally determined to utilize the natural opportunities at their command, will inspire confidence abroad, stimulate, arouse and awaken an interest at home that will bring the reward long cherished and at last intelligently sought.

The proposition which will be submitted by Mr. Levy to citizens at a meeting which will be held pursuant to call in D. P. Quinn's office this afternoon, is as follows:

I, Lewis Levy, of Port Angeles, county of Clallam, state of Washington, make to the citizens of Port Angeles and Clallam county the following proposition: "I will agree to sink a shaft, five feet by nine feet, for the purpose of developing coal in marketable quantities in not less than tons lots between the Elwah river and Morse's creek (known as Chamber's creek), and between the north boundaries of sections 25, 26, 27, 28, 29 and 30, township 30 north, range 6 west, and the water front of Port Angeles bay. Work to begin within fifteen days from the completion of the bonus, and coal to be delivered in marketable quantities not less than ton lots within six months from the commencement of work, and work to be continued except for reasons over which Levy, or assigns shall have no control. *Provided*, a bonus of $20,000 is given by the citizens of Port Angeles or other property owners, either in cash or land at a reasonable value to be fixed by a committee of five from the donators of land.

"Said cash or land to be placed in escrow with party agreed upon by donators, and not to be delivered until the coal has been actually found (in said area heretofore described), developed and placed in marketable quantities in not less than ten ton lots, at any one of the wharves, in the city of Port Angeles. And when the above conditions have been complied with, then the said bonus of cash or land or both shall be delivered to the said Lewis Levy.

A committee of five shall be selected by the donators to see the conditions are properly and satisfactorily carried out according to this agreement. Should the said Lewis Levy fail to comply with the above conditions, then the said bonus shall be returned to the respective donators. [Signed.]

LEWIS LEVY."

The foregoing proposition has evidence of genuineness which will, doubtless, meet with universal public favor.

Public Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, attorney for Benjamin F. Schwartz, will twenty days from date, Friday, Feb. 2, 1894, at 10 a. m, or as soon thereafter as can be heard, petition his excellency, the Hon. John H. McGraw, governor of the state of Washington, at Olympia, capital of said state, for a pardon for the said Benjamin F. Schwartz.

MELVIN G. WINSTOCK,
Attorney for petitioner.
Port Angeles, Wash., January 12, 1894

CITY SCRIP AT PAR.

For a short time the Port Angeles Steam Laundry will take city scrip at its face value.

Albert Goldwater,

* Merchant Tailor. *

CLEANING AND REPAIRING.

Front Street, Port Angeles, Wash.

REMEMBER,

WE ARE TAKING

CITY CERTIFICATES

—:AND:—

COUNTY WARRANTS

—:FOR:—

Clot g, Gents' Furnishings, Hats, Caps, Valises, Trunks Boots and Boots and Shoes.

To help our many customers tide over these hard times.

J. I. KIRSCHBERG & CO.,

Corner Front and Laurel Sts.

Our Mr. Julius I. Kirschberg is now on his way east to purchase a large and varied stock of clothing, gents furnishings, boots and shoes, the latest novelties in these lines.

A great reduction of prices will now reign in all lines of our large stock in order to make room for holiday goods. Take advantage.

The Weather.

Highest wind and direction for the week, 18 miles W. Date, 14th.

Average rainfall since January 1, 28.67 inches for nine years.

Total amount of rainfall since January 1, 35.22 inches.

Total excess since January 1, 6.55 inches.

WM. BELL, U. S. Observer.

Water Proof Shoes.

Messrs. J. I. Kirschberg & Co. will receive a large stock of Cahn, Nickelsburg & Co's., water proof shoes next week per steamship City of Puebla. Reserve your orders, and examine these excellent goods.

Notice to Taxpayers.

Notice is hereby given to the taxpayers of the county of Clallam and the city of Port Angeles, same county, that the city and county taxes for 1893 are due from this date. Prompt payment of the same will save additional costs.

M. J. CLUMP,
County Treasurer and Ex-officio City Tax Collector.
Dated Monday, January 8, 1894.

For Rent.

One of the most centrally located business houses in the city, next the Clark block. Apply at THE DEMOCRAT-LEADER Office.

A LOT IN GALE'S ADDITION FOR $75.

All cleared and fenced, also small house on lot. Improvement worth double the money. Inquire at this office.

FRANK ZANOT.

THE TURF

The Best Brands of Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

Private Rooms in Connection for Family Use.

FRANK MEERWALDT, PROP'R.

Corner Front and Laurel Sts.

CALIFORNIA WINE COMPANY.

WM. BANKS - - - - - Manager

Front St. Bet. Cherry and Valley Sts.

Families Supplied by Gallon, Bottle or Dozen.

W. T. STROTHER, M. D.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
OFFICE:—OPERA HOUSE BUILDING.
Night Calls at the Office.
Free consultationand prescriptions every Friday to those not able to pay.

Miss H. C. DRAPER,

Millinery

—and—

Fancy Goods

Front Street. PORT ANGELES

JOHNSON and BORK,

House, Sign and Decorative Painters

—DEALERS IN—

WALL PAPER, PAINTS, OILS AND BRUSHES.

Front St., between Oak and Laurel, Port Angeles

The Angeles Restaurant

—AND—

OYSTER HOUSE.

Front Street, near Oak.

Fresh Eastern and Olympia Oysters Always on Hand.

PORT ANGELES, - - - WASH.

PORT ANGELES

UNDERTAKING PARLORS.

H. W. BROWN, Proprietor.

Undertaker and Funeral Director.

EVERYTHING required for first class funerals on short notice and at moderate prices. Embalming for shipment a specialty. No extra charge for tending funerals in the neighboring towns. Parlors open day and night.

COR, FRONT AND OAK STREETS,
PORT ANGELES.

AT **BALDWELL'S CIGAR STORE**

Can always be found a complete line of Tobaccos, Cigars and Smoker's Articles.

THE BUREAU

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

THE POPULAR RESORT FOR BUSINESS MEN.

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

H. C. STRONG

Successor to

L. B. HASTINGS & CO.

THE MOST COMPLETE STOCK OF

HARDWARE, STOVES AND AMMUNITION IN CLALLAM COUNTY, AND AT LOWEST PRICES.

COLONY BUILDING. PORT ANGELES, WASH.

The Democrat-Leader.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 12, 1894.

L. P. FISHER NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING Agent, 21 Merchants' Exchange, San Francisco is our authorized agent. This paper is kept on file in his office.

LEANDER BUTT,

WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER

Cooper Bldg., Front Street.

Fine Watch Repairing a Specialty.

LOCAL PARAGRAPHS.

Tickets for the grand ball to be given by the Port Angeles Orchestra are now for sale at all the leading business houses

The firemen will give a masquerade ball in the opera house on the evening of Washington's birthday, Thursday, February 22, 1894.

The steamship Puebla arrived from San Francisco Wednesday evening. She brought a general cargo of 22 tons for local merchants.

G. F. Bogue, late Principal Examiner of Contests, has returned to Seattle. His office is on the fourth floor of the Occidental block, rooms 228 and 229.

Mrs. J. C. Stone, a noted temperance lecturer will deliver a series of lectures in the M E church ot this city on the evenings of the 25th, 26th and 27th.

The recent heavy rains have caused heavy land slides on the Front street grade. A number of teams and men were engaged Tuesday removing the earth from the street.

The revival services which were held in the First Congregational church during last week, under the leadership of the Rev. Richard Bushell, were well attended and proved productive of much good.

Divine worship is held evrey Sunday in the first Methodist Episcopal church on First street, near Peabody. Morning service at 10:30. Sabbath school, 10. Evening service, 7:30. Communion service on Sunday morning, January 7.

The commission of E. C. Gibert, who was recently appointed postmaster of Dungeness, arrived yesterday. Mr. Gibert has been acting postmaster for several weeks past. The office is in the store of the Farmers' Mercantile Company.

The Hastings Steamboat company has changed the schedule of the arrival and departure of the steamer Garland, which is a decided improvement over the old one. The Garland now arrives here every Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday and Sunday at noon, leaving at 1 p. m.

In the last issue of THE DEMOCRAT-LEADER appeared a mistake in a local paragraph, announcing the time of the approaching masquerade ball which will be given by the Princes of the Orient. The paragraph read "February 14th, next," which should have been the 1st of February.

An interesting program has been prepared for the next meeting of the Minerva Literary Society, which will meet, as usual, in the Masonic hall. The principal feature of the evening will be a debate on the vexed Hawaiian question, an address, an essay and quotations from Shakspeare.

The following vessels were in the harbor during the week: Ship Two Brothers, coal laden, from Tacoma for San Francisco; five-masted schooner Governor Ames, lumber laden, Port Blakely for San Francisco; bark Kate Davenport, coal laden, from Tacoma for San Francisco; ship Arkwright, lumber laden, outward bound.

The steamship Puebla experienced a terrific storm outside Cape Flattery last Wednesday morning. During the storm three of the passengers were severely injured. One breaking an arm, another his rib and the third his leg. The captain reports it the roughest experience ever encountered during his seafaring life.

The Princes of the Orient's masquerade on the evening of the first of February promises to be one of the social events of the season. Three prizes have been offered by business men as follows: Best sustained lady character, a pair of ladies' Oxford tie shoes, J. I. Kirschberg; best lady waltzer, fruit knife, P. J. Williams; best gentleman waltzer, pair kid gloves, Geo. W. Meagher.

A Thing of the Past.

The Port Angeles reserve is a thing of the past says the Beaver Leader. The proofs of the squatters were completed last Saturday and the register of the Seattle land office came to Port Angeles on Sunday and adjourned the sale from Monday till Tuesday when the receiver also arrived and the sale began. This will add a large amount of taxable property to the county duplicate and thereby afford a general benefit. Besides many squatters on the reserve are seeking homesteads and the advantages of the Quillayute will strike them favorably, if everyone does what he can to induce settlers to come into the valley.

Wheat, oats, peas and barley are bought and sold by the Farmer's Mercantile Co., Dungeness.

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

COUNTY NEWS.

Interesting Paragraphs Gathered From the County Press.

East Clallam Record.]

A schooner is on the way here from San Francisco for a cargo of lumber. She will carry about 500,000 feet.

Four horses were delivered here by the Willapa for the mill company, last Monday.

The suit of Micheal Earles vs I. N. Bigelow which was last year decided in favor of Earles by the Superior court of King county and which on appeal was taken to the Supreme court has been won by Earles in a late decision.

Wednesday evening James Keltner shipped from here a sack of hemlock bark to David Kellogg at Seattle. The bark is to be tested by several interested capitalists who have in view the formation of a company to manufacture tanning extract on the bay.

Beaver Leader.]

The year eighteen hundred and ninety four has begun. The new year starts out with brighter prospects in many ways and it is to be hoped that the end of '94 will witness a great change over that of the year just past, we are confident of one thing, it can not be much worse.

Mr. W. R. Hoole and wife came down from Angeles Tuesday and spent a few days on their ranch three miles east of here. They returned to the Gate City Friday. Mr Hoole proved up on his ranch while here before Commissioner Lamoreux.

Mr. Foster Sawyer stopped in to chat with us awhile to-day. He has been circulating a paper in behalf of Mrs. D. D. Vail this week. We are pleased to announce that he has had excellent success, having had $89.25 subscribed for her benefit. $31.25 have been collected. The names and amounts of donators will appear next week.

Uncalled for Letters.

Letters remaining uncalled for in the post-office at Port Angeles, 12, '94.

Jos Venable	Holm Peterson
Jack Lambert	W H Lamberson
Axel Lunn	Geo. Johnson
Arthur Coleman 3	Man Ashbaugh
Geo T Toun	J A Moarin
Della Totterdeli	J L Wilson
A S Davison	J B Anderson
John Stalker	A G Simmer
Hoyle Collier	Wm S Chandler
A B Jacobs	Mrs Helen Holland

In calling for the above letters please say advertised.

J. S. FENN, P. M.

Out in a Blizzard.

Mr. J. P. Blaize, an extensive real estate dealer in Des Moines, Iowa, narrowly escaped one of the severest attacks of phenmonia while in the northern part of that state during a recent blizzard, says the Saturday Review. Mr. Blaize had occasion to drive several miles during the storm and was so thoroughly chilled that he was unable to get warm, and inside of an hour after his return ha was threatened with a severe case of pneumonia or lung fever. Mr. Blaize sent to the nearest drug store and got a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy of which he had often heard, and took a number of large doses.. He says the effect was wonderful and in a short time he was breathing quite easily He kept on taking the mediciue and the next day he was able to came to Des Moines. Mr. Blaize regards his cure as simyle wonderful. For sale by J. C. Hansen, the Fisher Pharmacy.

Notice of Dissolution.

Notice is hereby given that the copartnership existing between Dr. E. H. Stanley and E. George, in the practice of dentistry, has this day been dissolved by mutual consent, Dr. George retiring. The business of the old firm will be conducted by Dr. Stanley, who solicits a continuance of the liberal patronage extended the old firm at greatly reduced prices.

E. H. STANLEY,
E. GEORGE.

Dated Dec. 8, '93.

Throw away your rubbers and pur- a pair of Cahn, Neckelsbury & Co's water proof shoes from J. I. Kirschberg & Co.

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

P. O'Shaughnessy, architect and builder, residence corner of Fifth and B streets.

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

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

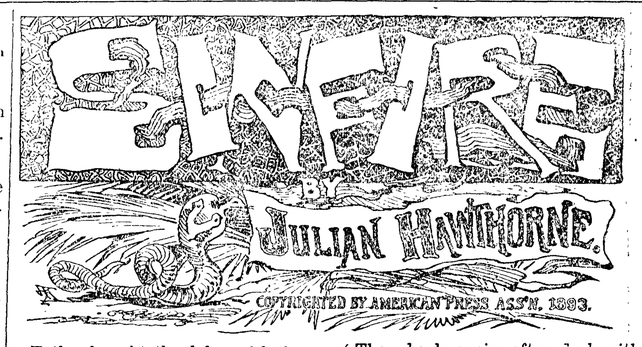
Prescriptions prepared with the greatest care at the Hall Drug store.

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

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

See that your butter has the famous "Farmer's Mercantile Co." brand. Buy no other.

The Fisher Pharmacy is the old reliable.



Father bought the lake, with the surrounding woodland, at the time of our first settlement here. Perhaps he intended it for a fishing preserve, or possibly his motive was merely æsthetic. At any rate, there it is, and there is not a prettier sheet of water within 100 miles. It is about 200 acres in extent and remarkably deep at one end, where Mount Sachem descends, rocky and precipitous, sheer into the water. At the other end it is comparatively shallow, and the shore slopes gradually. Pebble brook enters it at this point, and on its banks the log cabin stands, commanding a view of the whole stretch of the lake and of Mount Sachem reflected in it. The fishing is very good, for the place is so secluded that few people find their way there. I have caught pickerel there 3 feet long. f perch and bream there is no end, and ere are very good trout to be found in ble brook. The shooting is also excellent in the season. Only last year John actually bagged a deer.

Well, we had been discussing the feasibility of going out there this summer before the burglars were heard from, and John had been looking forward to it with particular good will; but, as he remarked a night or two ago at the dinner table: "No use thinking of that now. Those fellows would be sure to hear of it, and they'd have the house gutted before we could get back."

"Maybe we can catch them before the summer's over," remarked Henry. "And after all it would be as good fun hunting them as stalking deer."

"I'm sure I hope you will let the police attend to that," said mother.

"Let us pretend to go, and then come back and surprise them," exclaimed Sinfire.

"By George, a good idea!" cried John. "The only trouble would be to make sure they heard we were going. We'd be certain of them then."

"That's easy enough," rejoined Henry. "We are all agreed that they are native here and to the manner born. I'll tell you how to do it. Drive into the village and go about in the shops, buying a whole lot of things and letting everybody know that we are going out to camp at the lake on a certain day. Give the news time to spread, then load up a couple of wagons and drive off just before sunset, singing and blowing horns, so as to leave no doubt in the minds of their spies if they're on the lookout. Then back again after dark with our shooting irons, and it'll go hard, but we'll see some fun!"

"But what do you expect Sinfire and me to do?" demanded mother in some consternation. "Spend the night in the woods in a wagon?"

"We can arrange to have you go quietly and put up at one of the neighbors'," said I.

"I want to be here!" exclaimed Sinfire. "Let me stay in the house."

"My dear, you would be murdered in your bed!" mother said.

"I shouldn't go to bed," she returned. "I should be perfectly safe, and I might be of some use."

"The house doesn't need ventilation, or you might shoot holes through the doors with your derringer," said Henry, laughing.

"I should open the door before shooting," said she, laughing back at him. "Otherwise I might happen to hit John or you!"

"I wish you wouldn't all talk in this way," put in mother seriously; "it makes me feel very uncomfortable. Of course it's out of the question that you should stay here alone, my dear. And none of the servants would dare stay with you, or would do any good if they did. But really, John, I don't approve of the plan in any way."

"Don't worry, mother," he returned, good naturedly; "nobody's going to get hurt. We shall use our revolvers just to make them stand quiet and be handcuffed, that's all. I don't suppose there are more than two of them, or three at the outside. And we shall be a match for any three men in this county—eh, Frank?"

"Who shall go and lay the bait in the village?" I inquired.

"Henry has the best gift of the gab," replied John, "and I can go with him, in case any loud talking should be necessary. We can give them a good dose between us."

"It is my opinion that there ought to be no untruth," mother declared. "We should not do wrong that good may come of it. Nothing can justify falsehood, and to deceive even a burglar is to bring yourself down to his level."

"Bless your dear soul!" chuckled Henry. "I should like to be the one rascal in a world made up of people like you! But you needn't be anxious, mother. We are going to camp out, sure enough, as soon as we have provided our burglars with a safe lodging. There may creep in some trifling ambiguity about the date, but 'tis not in mortal man to avoid all error, even in a burglar hunt!"

We chatted over the matter till late in the evening, examining it from all points of view and perfecting the details of the scheme. Mother dropped asleep after awhile in the midst of formulating some moral criticism, but Sinfire was as wide awake as an angel, and her eyes had a gleam in them which if not angelic was at least demonic, and she was more fertile in ideas than any of us. She seemed to hold the whole scene in all its complexities before her, noting any imperfections in the plan and immediately providing remedies for them. My experience, certainly, has never brought me in contact with a woman's mind so brilliant, original and replete with resources. It was strange to think of us three sitting there with her, each of us regarding her so differently and yet all united in one thing.

Only she and I, however, commanded the entire situation—only we knew the inner secrets—but the talk never touched on or turned toward the hidden things. We spoke on the surface and of it. I confess, too, that I do not altogether comprehend why her interest in this affair should be so intense. What bearing can she suppose it to have on her fate? Probably it merely relieves the strain of other thoughts. Indeed I cannot otherwise account for my own absorption in it. As for Henry, it amuses him, and he may have other motives; there is no telling. He may intend to captivate Sinfire by some deed of valor. John is the only unimpeachably sincere one among us. He wants to capture the burglars, and that is all. It will be a clever thing to do, and he has the temperament to enjoy it.

The next day we began to put our scheme in operation. Tom drove John and Henry in the farm wagon. I had intended going with them, but some singular twinges in my right leg from the knee to the foot prevented me. I thought I must have rheumatism and deemed it best, in view of the coming adventure, to run no risks. Tom has not yet been admitted to a knowledge of the whole of the mystery. He believes that we are actually going to the lake on Friday evening, and this persuasion of his will greatly increase the spread of the delusion among those whom we wish to reach and will also obviate any possible indiscretion on Tom's part, for there is no telling but the one particular and confidential crony to whom alone he would venture to confide the great secret might turn out to be the very individual to whom it would be of the utmost possible use. In times like these your nearest friend may be your deadliest enemy So it behooves to keep your eyes open.

Off they went and in due time came back, having fully succeeded in their object, at least so far as filling the neighborhood with news of our proposed expedition was concerned. They had also loaded themselves down with sardines, bologna sausage, smoked beef, canned soup, hardtack and all other such miscellany as amateur pioneers are supposed to want. We could have fared sumptuously in the wilderness for a month on the supplies laid in for a single 24 hours. To be sure, most of the things would be as good next year as they were now, and this was probably not their first year either.

"The army's stores are ample," said Henry at last after we had all been talking and laughing together for awhile, "but how about the armory and the drill? Which of the warriors here present can perforate a green turtle soup can at 20 paces?"

The challenge was received with acclamations. We all went out on the grass plot at the side of the house toward the knoll, and Henry drove two forked stakes into the ground at the foot of the acclivity and close together, laid the soup can in their crotch in such a way that its circular end was presented toward us at a height of 5 feet above the ground, then measured off 20 paces, and we all took our places, Sinfire standing by to adjudge and award the prize—an oriental dagger, with a jeweled hilt, which Henry had brought from Damascus. Then John shot first and nicked one of the stakes just below the crotch. It was a good liner, but a miss all the same. Henry came next, and his bullet grazed the top of the can, cutting a swath in the paper label posted upon it and scratching the surface of the tin. The dagger was his unless I could "get into the soup," as he expressed it. I aimed carefully, but I must have been in bad form. My shot flew wide by several inches. We had all used 32-caliber revolvers of the best make.

"Well, Harry, you're the lucky man," said John. And if my honest brother were capable of a double meaning I should have looked for it in that speech.

But Sinfire said: "I am the judge. I say none of you can have the prize, for none of you have hit the mark. I could shoot better than that myself."

"If it were a human heart, I could believe you, but a soup can—no!" said Henry, glancing at her, with a laugh.

She met his look, and a retort seemed on her lips, but she closed them and drew from the pocket of her dress her little derringer. Extending her arm and scarcely seeming to take aim, she pulled the trigger. The small weapon went off with a loud bang, the soup can vibrated as with a mortal blow, and, behold! there was a round hole in the center of the tin disk, out of which welled the essence of the green turtle. The dagger was Sinfire's.

But she waywardly refused to take it. "I was not in the match," she said.

"But you drew the first soup," argued Henry.

"I don't care for daggers. I prefer derringers," she returned.

"So I suppose. But have you no regard for your friends?"

"Well, I'll compromise with you," she said at last. "I will accept the dagger as a legacy. You may bequeath it to me in your will."

"So be it. Only that codicil must contain a stipulation that the bequest shall not be carried out in case the testator dies of a derringer."

Extending her arm and scarcely seeming to take aim, she pulled the trigger.

"If the bullet passes through his heart, I agree," said Sinfire. But whether she meant that his heart was too small to be thus penetrated or too hard, or what else she meant or did not mean, is probably not of much consequence. We returned to the house in a hilarious mood, and that evening my supposed rheumatism declared itself as an acute case of gout.

CHAPTER XI.

Considering that my regimen of life has been the least self indulgent of any of my father's sons, this seems hardly fair. But there is nothing fair in heredity, whether its gifts be good or bad. It is arrant theft or bribery, as the case may be. Father himself came of a line of free livers, and yet he suffered scarcely at all from the hereditary ailment, and it has cropped out in me in pure wantonness direct from my grandfather, who suffered terribly, by all accounts, while my two elder brothers go free and drink their fill. However, it so happens that I have made a special study of the disease and shall be able to doctor myself without calling in my worthy friend, Drysdale, my popular and successful rival in the local field. Gout is confoundedly painful, especially when you cannot solace yourself with reminiscences of Anacreontic nights of compensation.

Continued on Page Seven.

FINE JOB PRINTING

IF YOU DESIRE to be pleased, leave your orders for

LETTER HEADS,
NOTE HEADS,
BILL HEADS,
ENVELOPES
STATEMENTS,
LEGAL BLANKS,
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Princes of the Orient Will Entertain

At a meeting of the Princes of the Orient, Wednesday evening it was decided to give a grand masquerade ball on the evening of Feb. 1st, at the opera house for the benefit of the Knights of Pythias lodge. F. P. Fisher, Geo. W. Meagher and W. W. Dedman were appointed a committee on arrangements, and all Princes were requested to act on the committee of invitation.

Admission 50c., gallery 25c.

It would be useless for me to think of leaving my rooms for the next three or four days at least, and inasmuch as the burglar hunt comes off tomorrow night it is plain that in this, as in other things of life, my part is to be still that of an onlooker. Certainly, if any one attempts to burgle my precious Saprani, for instance, I shall—well, on second thought I would as well allow Saprani to act for herself. She has arguments as effective as ever proceeded from a feminine mouth. Seriously, I shall be as secure as a robber baron in his castle and as comfortable as the gout permits, and since no one will know but that I am away with the rest I might chance to pick off an unsuspecting Jack Sheppard from my bedroom window.

It has been finally arranged that the party shall really drive down to the cabin on the lake, arriving there soon after sunset, and that when the ladies have been settled there they shall be left under the protection of the old Scotch gardener and his boy, while John, Henry and Tom, the groom, shall ride back to Cedarcliffe and lie in wait in certain favorable spots for what may turn up. The house is to be locked up and left absolutely empty—except for me. Mother was very anxious that somebody should be left to attend upon me, but I explained to her that that would be enough to give me St. Vitus' dance in addition to my other troubles. In fact, I have rather a genius for solitude, and this affair will give me a brief opportunity of indulging it.

* * * * * *

They started an hour or more ago and by this time are nearly at the lake, and I am here alone, with books, paper and pens, a box of cigars and my foot bandaged up in flannel and resting on a stool. A pair of crutches lean against the table at my side, with which, when necessary, I can make shift to hobble about. My bed is made up on the sofa close by. I

I am here alone, with books, paper and pen.

decided to put up in the library instead of in the bedroom up stairs, partly because it is more cheerful and partly because I can have access to Saprani in the laboratory adjoining. The gout, like everything else in the universe, comes in waves. It has crises and intermissions. During the intermissions it is probably not more trying than some pleasures are, and except for the inactivity it enforces I believe I should rather like it.

Another phenomenon worth noting is that I have never felt in such extraordinarily good spirits as I do now. I remember several weeks ago lamenting my depressed and torpid state and pining for some torch to kindle me into a blaze. The torch seems to have been applied. This very night is my apogee. It was no delusion. I can be great, as the future will show. All is well with me. And, standing where I do now, I can understand all the obscurities and mistakes and disappointments of the past. I can see the path I should have taken and the points where I strayed from it. How strange and laughable is the human race, voluntarily blinding, gagging and fettering itself in the name of liberty and civilization! The air I breathe is not the sluggish vapor of the earth, but the free and mighty atmosphere of space.

We call men fools and liars, but it is their cowardice that has most harmed them. Who has been free from cowardice of one kind or another? To be fearless at all points, yet without rashness, is the beginning of wisdom and of power. Dare to know what you are and to be it: to know what you want and to do it. Surely this is not much, and yet what more is there?

Women have been at the bottom of most of the mischief. In that way they have taken a full revenge for the outward tyranny of men. They have stolen courage and fortitude from the hearts of their masters. Without them we could not exist, yet by them we lose the noblest spirit of life. But if woman be placed where she belongs she will strengthen us where now she makes us weak. And Sinfire shall be placed where she belongs! The security I shall find in her will be the keystone in my arch of strength.

* * * * * *

I have lighted my lamp and closed the shutters. It is a dark night, but fair and dry, and for a summer night unusually still. The crickets and tree toads are almost silent. Ever and anon I hear the cry of a whippoorwill. It is 9 o'clock. The burglar hunters are probably back by this time, and perhaps the game is not far off. Deuce take this foot of mine! I would give more than I can tell to be under the trees at this moment, or at least for a few hours' clairvoyance to see through distance and darkness and know all that is going on. Well, unless all signs fail the storm will have come and gone before long. Word is to be brought to me as soon as anything happens.

What is Sinfire thinking of now? And what is she doing? She does not seem far off. The sympathy between us is no fancy. We live one life. In time perhaps we shall be aware of each other's thoughts and movements even at a distance.

What a gulf night is between one day and another. Sometimes it may mark a transition as great as between this life and the next. The night that separates the maiden from the woman, the wife from the mother, innocence from guilt—is the distance between the body and the spirit wider than these?

What will the morning bring forth? Will it find me as I am now? Hardly. Nothing will be as it is now—not even the Creator of all. The veil of the future is not so impenetrable as has been maintained. Again and again has it become transparent to certain eyes at certain seasons. Sickness and health, calamity and joy, life and death, have been foreseen and foretold, but one thing has never been foretold, and that is the effect of a new experience upon a human soul.

* * * * * *

Have I been asleep? I fancy so, and I have had a strange dream. But it was only a dream. Everything around me is unchanged—my paper, my books, my chair, my stool with my foot upon it. But it is near morning. Was it a dream? Has anything happened outside while I slept?

Some one is knocking at the door.

CHAPTER XII.

Henry, my brother, forgive the hard things I have thought of you! Everything dwindles into insignificance in the presence of a calamity such as this. How futile and insincere all my speculations seem now! And now repentance is as futile, however sincere it may be. But we must not think of our sorrow yet. The first thing to be done is to discover and to punish.

I shall never forget that knocking at my door. I can hear it now. I shall hear it in my dreams. It seemed to carry its message with it before a word was spoken. And yet, when the words were spoken, I could not understand them. They fell like meaningless sounds on my ear. And I cannot help thinking that, had I been well and about that night, this would not have happened. He must have exposed himself needlessly. He was always heedless, confident and fearless. I remember his saying once that he bore a charmed life. A curse on all superstitions! And be those juggling fiends no more believed who palter with us in a double sense!

It could not have happened earlier than 2 o'clock in the morning. I must have slept more than three hours when I was aroused, and when I last looked at my watch it was between 11 and 12. It was 3 when Tom knocked on my door, and he had just come from him. He found him still warm, and he could hardly have been dead more than half an hour. But he was dead, and he must have died instantly. The bullet, fired from behind, struck him below the left shoulder and went through his heart.

The body lay at the foot of the cliff, and from its appearance Henry must have been standing near its verge when he was struck and have fallen or been pushed over. The fall was upward of 20 feet. There were bruises on the body, and some dirt and a small fragment of rock had fallen with him from above. He must have been standing there looking down into the wood below when the villain crept up behind him and fired. The shot was at close range—not more than 8 or 10 feet away. It seems strange that he heard no footstep. Yet if he had he would surely have turned round, and then the bullet would have struck him in front.

These points will probably be elucidated at the trial, when we know whom to try. Of course there is no doubt that the murderer was one of the burglars. Thus far, however, no trace of any burglars has been seen. Neither John nor Tom discovered any signs of them, either before or after the shooting. This is the more strange because the murder proves that they must have been there. They had made no attempt upon the house, however, though they must have known that it was empty, and if they got wind of our intention to capture them, or if on arriving on the ground they discovered our ambush, why did they not retire at once instead of putting their necks in a noose by a wanton assassination? Had there been signs that Henry had attempted to arrest one of them and that a struggle had taken place we might suppose that they had shot him self defense, but the indications are that he was approached unawares. The evidence on this point will have to be carefully sifted. At present it is perplexing.

The dominion of mind over matter can seldom have been more conclusively illustrated than it was in my case when I was made to comprehend what had happened. A moment before I was as helpless as any cripple can be and suffering acute pain. Five minutes afterward I was beside my brother's dead body, a quarter of a mile away. I have been conscious of no pain since, and now even the traces of inflammation are gone. I have no distinct recollection of what I did, but I must have sprung from my chair and run at full speed, all bandaged as I was, to the place where he lay. This indeed is Tom's account of the matter.

He says that toward 2 in the morning he heard a report as of a pistol, but it was at some distance, and he was at first disposed to think he had been mistaken. He had for more than an hour past given up all expectation of the success of the ambush and was beginning to feel somewhat sleepy. However, he went along in the direction from which the sound had seemed to come, stopping every now and then to look and listen, but detecting nothing, and he was just on the point of abandoning the search when he saw something dark lying near the foot of the cliff. He took it for a small rock or fallen bowlder, but as he did not remember having before noticed anything of the kind in the place he came nearer to examine.

Until he stood within a yard of it no suspicion as to what it really was entered his mind. Then in a moment he knew it was a man's body, but even then he thought of a tramp fallen asleep and not of Henry or of any one he knew. But when he noticed how the body lay—face downward, with one arm doubled under it—he recognized death, and bending down he saw the curly hair that could only be Henry's. With that a fit of the horrors took possession of him. He does not know what he did, but thinks he shouted in the dead man's ears as if to awaken him from that irrevocable sleep, and he felt for his heart and got his hand smeared with blood. He was thoroughly unmanned and ran hither and thither, not knowing what to do, but probably hoping to meet John. At length he reflected that I was in my rooms, and without further delay he made a straight line for my door.

He was a ghastly looking object when, the door being unfastened, I bade him come in. My first idea was that he had himself been attacked and had barely escaped with his life. He was white in the face, hatless, his dress disordered and his hand bloody. He was shaking all over like a man chilled to the marrow, and he could not command his tongue to speak clearly. I asked him several questions before getting any coherent or comprehensible reply. At last he said:

"It's a murder—that's what it is! And somebody's got to swing for it."

He was white in the face, hatless, his dress disordered and his hand bloody.

"Who?" I asked.

"Ah, if I knowed that, wouldn't I tell?"

"Who's murdered, I mean?"

"Lord 'ave mercy on us. Your brother, sir."

"My brother? John?"

"No, sir, not 'im. Master 'Enry, sir!"

"Henry!" I cried out. I jumped up and caught the man by the breast of his coat. "Henry? Murdered?"

"As sure as there's a God in 'eaven, Mr. Frank, and 'e's lyin under the cliff on 'is face."

That was the way the news came to me. So far as I can recollect, my first feeling was one of violent anger against poor Tom, who, as I imagined, was telling some hideous falsehood. That Henry could be dead was not possible. Anybody else might be dead, but not Henry. Henry, my playmate in boyhood, from whom I had parted only that afternoon, alive and well—Henry dead? I was almost ready to kill Tom for saying so, as if that would bring my brother back to life.

But after a few moments of dizzy incredulity I steadied myself and confronted the truth, and with it came a wonderful glow and buoyancy of strength, so that I became entirely unconscious of my body and seemed to be all will and power. I motioned Tom to lead the way, and he went off at a run with me at his heels. We crossed the lawn and plunged down the slope into the wood. Just as we turned to the right to reach the cliff we met some one. It was John. At sight of me he uttered a cry of astonishment. I did not then know why, forgetting that I had been a cripple five minutes before.

"Come! come!" was all I said, and he turned and ran beside me. He asked some questions, but I only shook my head. Tom, before us, dodged along between the trunks and beneath the boughs of the trees. It was dark, but I saw all his movements distinctly and could describe every one of them at this moment. Every sense was dilated and intensified almost to the point of suffering. And when we drew near the fatal place I believe I pushed on in advance of the others and was actually the first to reach the body.

With the touch of my hand upon it came a change. The frantic, unconscious energy which brought me to him was transformed into a no less unnatural serenity and self possession; it might almost be called coldness. My nerves were steady, my perception clear, my voice calm and authoritative. The others followed my directions and waited upon my movements with involuntary submission. After carefully noting the position of the body and assuring myself that no life was left, I asked for a knife, which Tom handed me, and cut off the coat and underclothing, laying bare the wound. It was small and dark where the bullet had entered, but in the breast was a ragged hole half as large as the palm of my hand. The effusion of blood, however, had not been great—death had been too sudden.

The left side of the skull was slightly crushed, evidently from the fall, and the left arm was fractured at the elbow. The face, when the leaves and clay which adhered to it had been removed, appeared calm in its expression. I lit a wax match from a box that John carried and scrutinized it closely. The match burned without flickering in the still air. It was a handsome face—never handsomer than then—and a dignity invested it which was seldom seen in life. Tom shrank, appalled at the aspect of those quiet features, and John broke down and cried like a child. I felt neither appalled nor inclined to weep. I was conscious only of a stern determination to see justice done upon his assassin.

Some trees had been felled near by a few days before. We selected some stout stakes cut from their boughs, placed the body on them and carried it slowly and with difficulty up the hill to the house and laid it on the sofa in my library. Then I sent Tom for the coroner and wrote a note to mother, which John carried. It told her that Henry had had a bad fall and bade her return at once. When he had gone, I was left alone with my dead brother. It was about 4 o'clock, and the dawn was already in the east.

That strange serenity of mind did not abandon me, though I was fully aware of its strangeness. During the past week or two I had thought of this man as an enemy. I believed he had done a great wrong, and circumstances had brought the wrong home to me to be shared with his immediate victim. I had even admitted the thought that his presence, if not his very existence, was hostile to my happiness, and now, like a swift answer to that unspoken thought, he was dead, and his body lay upon the same sofa where he had lounged and smoked so short a while ago. But I felt as little fear as animosity. All passions, both good and evil, were absolutely still in me. I stood and looked down at him for a long time. It was to be, and I, like him, was the creature of destiny.

I stood with my back toward the door. I heard no sound, but I was suddenly aware that I was not alone. I turned, and there stood Sinfire.

CHAPTER XIII.

There was nothing miraculous in her appearing at that moment, but it is certain that I was never more startled in my life. So far as I have noticed genuine surprises are not nearly so common as they are popularly supposed to be. For my own part at any rate I have generally found myself in an attitude to accept whatever happens as something to be more or less expected. It is not a conscious premonition, but a kind of instant and instinctive accommodation of one's self to circumstances. It simply means that the man and his environment are essentially in harmony. But now and then there is an abrupt exception to this rule, and then everything seems to break away, and there is chaos.

The news of Henry's death, profoundly though it affected me and amazed me, too, did not startle me at all. Perhaps it struck too deep for that; perhaps the dream from which I had just awakened had been a dream of foreboding. Be that as it may, it steadied even while it appalled me. But this sudden apparition of Sinfire at my elbow unmanned me completely. I had not been thinking of her directly at all; she had formed in my mind no more than a feature of the general circumstances; I was not prepared to consider her separate relation to the event; she was 10 miles away, as I supposed, and hours would pass before any hint of what had occurred would reach her. Yet here she was mysteriously on the spot—almost before the corpse of the man she had loved and hated had stiffened into its final rigidity.

I stared at her in silence, striving to prepare myself for I knew not what other shock. Had she witnessed the murder? Had she any purpose to fulfill? A score of wild conjectures flew through my head. I loved her; she was the great and only passion of my life; she had transfigured me—almost created me; whatever I might do or be hereafter would be due to her, but there are a time and a mood for all things, and I was in no mood, standing where I did, to think of anything tender and sacred. My nerves and faculties were tuned to something different, and I could not divest myself of the idea that she was about to connect herself in some way with the omnipresent horror.

She was dressed in her scarlet riding habit, which she had taken with her to the lake, intending, as she said, to ride back the next day. In the darkness of the night it would have been indistinguishable from any other color, but with the rays of the lamplight falling upon it its vivid hue gleamed out with a striking intensity. Her derringer hung in a sling from her belt on the right side. Her lips were compressed, her eyes brilliant with concentrated light. Her glance seemed to question or challenge me, but after a few silent moments she turned her face slowly toward the couch, which she approached lingeringly. Within a few feet of it she paused and gazed down upon the dead.

"How came this?" she asked at length, not altering her attitude.

"He was murdered in the wood. We brought him here."

"Murdered in the wood! Murdered!" she repeated in a murmur. "I thought you were ill," she added, glancing up, and then before I could reply, "Who did it?" she inquired.

"Who did it?" she inquired.

"The murderer alone knows," said I.

"It seems cruel. He loved to be alive, and he didn't expect it," was the next remark. She fetched a long sigh. "I would have spared his life."

"Would you have him alive again?" I demanded.

"How can I tell?" she returned. "It is done!"

Those words, "It is done!" had a sadness and solemnity in them that pierced through my resentment and sternness and made me feel, as I had not done before, that the horror was not only a horror, but that it was irrevocable forever. I could not speak. I turned and walked down the room. Life is all possibility. There are few riddles that time cannot answer, few wrongs that years will not remedy, but death has no cure. Everything must stop there and begin afresh. The life that has gone out is no longer an element in the problem. The Gordian knot is cut, and the severed strands are intractable and meaningless. Then we see, what was invisible till then, how much might have been saved by the strong magic of patience. But it is done—it is no dream or imagination—it is done!

I turned again. She had stepped nearer to the body, and stooping forward took something from the breast of her riding habit and laid it on the dead man's heart. As I came toward her I saw that it was a gold ring set with an opal.

"What does that mean?" I asked.

"It is his," she replied. "Let it be

PATENTS

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If you have an invention on hand send a sketch or photograph thereof, together with a brief description of the important features, and you will be at once advised as to the best course to pursue. Models are seldom necessary. If others are infringing on your rights, or if you are charged with infringement by others, submit the matter to us for a reliable OPINION before acting on the matter.

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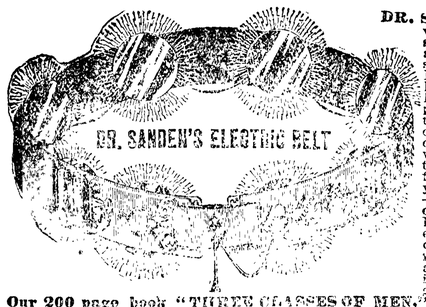

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San Francisco, Cal., April 14, 1892.

Dr. A. T. Sanden, Dear Sir:—Enclosed are [illegible] I was troubled with lost vigor, [illegible] almost a complete loss of power. I would [illegible] a very tired feeling, bones aching, etc. [illegible] your belt I have had a new lease of life. I now [illegible] life better than I have for ten years past. I have the utmost confidence in your treatment. You can [illegible] lish this statement, also have others write [illegible] me. Truly yours, H. A. BOWEN, 2nd and Tyler Sts.

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Tacoma, Wash., October 2, 1892.

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ROAD NOTICE-NO. 732.

Hearing Petition and Report of Road Viewers.

In the Superior Court of the State of ashington for Clall m County.

Harvey Lesure,
Principal Petitioner.
vs.
Clallam County.

Notice is hereby given that on Tuesday, the 19th day of December, 1893, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, in the Superior Court room at the court house of said county, the said Superior court will hear and consider the petition and report of the road viewers heretofore appointed, and the award of damages made by such viewers herein, when and where any and all parties interested herein may appear and be heard touching the matters contained in such petition and report.

JAS. G. MCCLINTON,
Judge of said Court.

Attest:
A. A. RICHARDSON,
Clerk of said Court.

ROAD NOTICE-NO. 772.

Hearing Petition and Report of Road Viewers.

In the Superior Court of the State of Washington for Clallam County.

Edward Christopherson,
Principal Petitioner.
vs.
Clallam County.

Notice is hereby given that on Monday the 18th day of December, 1893, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., of said day, in the Superior Court room at the Court House of Said county, the said Superior Court will hear and consider the petition and report of the road viewers heretofore appointed, and the award of damages made by such viewers herein, when and where any and all parties interested herein may appear and be heard touching the matters contained in such petition and report.

JAS. G. MCCLINTON,
Judge of said Court.

Attest:
A. A. RICHARDSON.
Clerk of said Court.

ROAD NOTICE NO. 694.

Hearing Petition and Report of Road Viewers.

In the Superior Court of the State of Washington for Clallam County.

Herman Culver,
Principal Petitioner,
vs
Clallam County.

Notice is hereby given that on Monday the 18th day of December, 1893, at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m. of said day, in the Superior Court Room at the Court House of said county, the said Superior Court will hear and consider the petition and report of the road viewers heretofore appointed, and the award of damages made by such viewers herein, when and where any and all parties interested herein may appear and be heard touching the matters contained in such petition and report.

JAS. G. MCCLINTON,
Judge of said Court.

Attest:
A. A. Richardson,
Judge of said court.

NOTICE.

U. S. LAND OFFICE SEATTLE, WASH.,
November, 22nd, 1893.

Complaint having been entered at this office by Lawrence Thysen against the heirs and legal representatives of Soren Simonson, deceased, for abandoning his Homestead entry No. 12341, dated Oct. 16, 1889, upon the N E 1-4, Sec. 21, Tp. 28, N Range 14 West, in Clallam county, Washington. with a view to the cancellation of said entry, the said parties are hereby summoned to appear at Seattle, Washington, on the 22nd day of January, 1894 at 10 o'clock, A. M., to respond and furnish testimony concerning said alleged abandonment, and it further appearing to my satisfaction that personal services cannot be had it is hereby ordered by publication, posting and mailing according to rules 13 and 14 of Practice.

Wm. D. O'Toole, Reg.

NOTICE.

All city tax rolls have been turned over to the undersigned, who is duly authorized to collect all taxes due the city delinquent and otherwise. Taxpayers are hereby warned against paying taxes to any other person as the undersigned is the only responsible collector.

M. J. CLUMP,
County treasurer and ex-officio tax-collector of the city of Port Angeles.
Dated Nov. 10, 1893.

Treasury Department.

OFFICE OF THE COMPTROLLER OF THE CURRENCY,
WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 5, 1893.

Notice is hereby given to all persons who may have claims against "The First National Bank of Port Angeles," Port Angeles, Washington, that the same must be presented to Charles A. Dyer, Receiver, with the legal proof thereof within three months from this date, or they may be disallowed.

JAMES H. ECKELS,
Comptroller of the Currency.

Summons by Publication.

State of Washington } ss
County of Clallam. }

In the Superior Court of the State of Washington, for the County of Clallam.

A. R. Johnson. Plaintiff, vs. W.S.Chandler, Fred Ward, Trustee; L. E. Taft, G, G, Guy, Richard Nevins, Ella F. Harding, William Hartshorne, F. G. Haddocks. A. R. Davis, F. S. Berry, H. M. Shaw, Joseph Green, David Boyd, W. A. Hasbrouck, Howard Tilton, Lansing & Brayman, Ernest C. Keniston, Wm. Nugent, R. A. Beard, Grant Molar, J. C. Durlam, R. A. Chisholm, S. W. King, A. Graham, V. O. Bakkelen, W. E. Caraway, F. N. Smith, F. M. Jordan, W. H. Routledge and B. L. Routledge. Defendants.

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 26th day of October, 1893.

To the above named defendants:

You are hereby notified that A. R. Johnson, 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 10th day of November, 1893, and unless you appear and answer the same on or before the 9th day of January, 1894, the same will be taken as confessed and the prayer of said complaint granted.

The object and prayer of said complaint is the foreclosure of a mortgage given to secure a note of date of April 17, 1890, for $10,900.00, due six months after date, with interest thereon at seven per cent per annum on the following described real property: Lot numbered three (3), of section eleven (11), and lot numbered two (2), of section fourteen (14), in township thirty (30) north, range six (6) west of the Willamette meridian, containing forty-three and thirty-five one-hundredths acres more or less.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Superior Court, affixed this 3rd day of November, A. D. 1893.

A. A. RICHARDSON,
County Clerk and Clerk of the Superior Court.
By R. V. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.
Hays & Humphrey, Atty for Plft.

SUMMONS.

In the Superior court of the state of Washington in and for Clallam county.

Frank Aylwin,
Plaintiff,
vs.
Benjamin H. Burgess,
Charles Measor and
A. L. Marshall,
Defendants.
No. 820.

The state of Washington, to the said Benjamin H. Burgess, Charles Measor and A L Marshall, defendants:

You are hereby summoned to appear within twenty days after the service of this summons, exclusive of the day of service, and defend the above entitled action in the court aforesaid and answer the complaint herein, and serve a copy of your answer on the attorneys whose names are subscribed to this summons, at the place specified below; and in case of your failure so to do, judgment will be rendered against you, according to the demand of the complaint, which will be filed with the clerk of said court, a copy of which is herewith served upon you.

WICKERSHAM & REID,
Attorneys for the Plaintiff.
P. O. Address: 23 and 24 Mason Block.
Tacoma, Pierce county, Washington.
Date of 1st publication, Dec. 15, 1893.

Notice for Publication.

Land Office at Seattle, Wash., Dec. 4th, 1893.—Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of intention to make final proof in suppart of his claim, and that said proof will be made before Clerk of the Superior Court at Port Angeles, Wash. on Feb. 12th, 1894, viz:

LOUIS E. DAVICK,

Pre. D. S. No. 17119, for the N W ¼ S W ¼ Sec. 14, and S. ½ N. E. ¼: N E ¼ S. E. ¼ Sec. 15, Tp. 30 N. R. 9 W.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of, said land viz:

Alex Lilliedal, John Harding, and Ben Lewis of Port Crescent, and Geo. E. Michell of Fairholme.

Wm D O'Toole, Reg.

Notice for Publication.

Land Office at Seattle, wash. November 29th, 1893.—Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before clerk of Superior court at Port Angeles, wash, on February 12th, 1894, viz:

FRANK S. MACKINTOSH,

Pre. D. S. No. 17,124, for the Lots 5, 16 21 and 32, sec, 6, tp 30 n, r 9 w.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of, said land, viz:

william w Dedman, James C Foster, Henry C Miller and Frank Gestring, all of Gettysburg, wash.

Wm D O'Toole, Reg.

Notice for Publication,

Land Office, at Seattle, Wash., November 29th, 1893.—Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before A. A. Richardson, clerk of the Superior Court at Port Angeles, Wash., on February 21st, 1894, viz:

WILLIAM W. DEDMAN,

Hd. App. No. 15718, for the S E ¼ S W ¼ S W ¼ S E ¼ Sec. 4 and N W ¼ N E ¼: N E ¼ N W ¼ Sec. 9 Tp. 30 N of R 9 W.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of, said land viz:

Frank Gestring, Gettysburg, Wash.; Harry C. Miller, Gettysburg. Wash.: Joseph Eglar, Gettysburg, Wash: R. A. Grimes, Port Angeles, Wash.

Wm D O'Toole, Reg.

Notice for Publication.

U. S. Land office, Seattle, Wash., Nov. 16, 1893. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before Harry E. Lutz, commissioner U. S. circuit court at Port Angeles, wash., on January 2nd, 1894, viz:

JULIUS FREYHUBE,

Hd. 10867 for the S. W. ¼ S E. ¼, S. E. ¼ S. W. ¼ Sec. 12, N. E. ¼ N. W. ¼ N. w. ¼ N. E. ¼ Sec. 13. Tp. 30, N. R. 8 west.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of, said land viz:

John Hallahan, Herbert H. Beach, R. H. Deming and Bernord Papendick all of Port Angeles, wash.

Wm D O'Toole, Reg.

Notice for Publication.

Land Office at Seattle, wash., Nov. 10, 1893.—Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before Harry E Lutz, commissioner United States Circuit Court at Port Angeles, wash., on Monday, February 12th, 1894, viz:

JAMES CLARK FOSTER,

Pre. D. S. No. 17,121, for the lots 7-14-23 and 30, sec. 6, tp 30 n r 9 w.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of, said land, viz:

Alvin A Bray, Frank S Mackintosh, Robert N Getty and Michael Minnihan, all of Gettysburg, wash.

Wm. D. O'Toole, Register.

Notice for Publication.

Lnnd Office at Seattlef Wash., Dec. 11th, 1893.—Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before Harry E, Lutl, commisssioner U S Circuit court at Port Angeles, Wash., on Tuesday, February 13, 1894, viz:

JONAS FJŒRTOFT,

Pre-emption, D S No. 17125, for the N E ¼ of N W ¼ S ½ of N W ¼ and N W ¼ of SW ¼ Sec 15, Tp 30, N R 9 W.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of, said land, viz:

Luther Einarson, Aqel Liljedahl, John Harding and Panl Barnes all of Port Crescent Wash.

Wm D O'Toole, Reg.

Notice for Publication.

Land Office, Seattle, wash., December 14th, 1893—Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim and that said proof will be made before clerk of the Superior Court at Port Angeles, wash., on Monday, February 12th, 1894, viz:

PAUL BARNES,

Pre. D. S., No. 17,123, for lots 5, 6 and 7, sec. 26, and lot 1 and nw ¼ of ne ¼ sec. 35, tp. 30 n., r. 9 w.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of, said land, viz:

Albert Blackwood and Eugene Tower, of Port Angeles, wash., and Ben Lewis and Ernest Bœhrig, of Fairholme, wash.

Wm D O'Toole, Reg.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that Sec. 3136, Hill's annotated Statutes and Codes provides as follows:

"The County Auditor of each county shall be the sealer of weights and measures, for the county, and shall have the care and custody of the county standards."

Sec. 3138: "The several county sealers shall try and prove all weights and measures, scales and beams, when requested to do so, and when the same are found or made to confirm to the legal standards, they shall seal and mark such weights and measures with a seal to be kept by them for that purpose."

Notice is further given, that, the county auditor of Clallam county is prepared and ready to perform his duties according to the provisions hereinbefore set forth.

The statutes provides that any person in this state who shall, after thirty days subsequent to the publication of this notice, be found using any false or fraudulent beam, scale, weight or measure and who shall fail or neglect, on written notice of the same from any person aggrieved, or in any way cognizant thereof, to have said imperfect beam, scale, weight or measure duly inspected, and by the proper authority adjusted and sealed or who shall use the same scale, weight or measure subsequent to said notice without correction or adjustment, as provided in this act, any person so offending shall be liable to an action in law and penalty of twenty dollars for each and every offense, to be paid into the county fund.

Witness my hand and seal of office this 8th day of January, 1894.

[SEAL.] JOHN W. TROY,
County Auditor and Ex-officio Sealer of weights and measures, Clallam County, Wash.

SUMMONS.

In the Superior Court of Clallam County State of Washington.

James D. Stryker,
Plaintiff,
vs.
Arthur S. Kirkpatrick and Lizzie M. Kirkpatrick,
Defendants.

The State of Washington to the said Arthur S. Kirkpatrick and Lizzie M. Kirkpatrick, defendants:

You are hereby summoned and required to appear within twenty days after the service of this summons, exclusive of the day of service, which service will be complete on the sixteenth day of February, 1894, (the first publication of this summons being on the 5th day of January, 1894, and the seventh and last publication thereof being on the sixteenth day of February, 1894) answer the complaint in the above entitled action, and serve a copy of your answer on Benton Embree, the attorney whose name is subscribed to this summons, at the place specified below, that is to say, at Port Angeles, Clallam county, state of Washington, in which said place there is a postoffice, and defend the above entitled action in the above entitled court; and in case of your failure so to do, judgment will be rendered against you according to the demand of the complaint in said action which is now on file with the clerk of said court. The said action is brought by the said plaintiff against you to recover of and from you judgment for the sum of $149.40 with interest thereon from the 18th day of November, 1892, at the rate of two per cent. per month, and the further sum of $50.00 as attorney's fees, being the balance due on that certain promissory note date November, 18th, 1891, made by you for the sum of $248.00, payable to the order of the plaintiff one year after said date; and to foreclose that certain mortgage executed by you to the said plaintiff, on said 18th day of November, 1891, to secure the payment of said note, upon the following described lands situate in Clallam county, state of Washington, to-wit: Lot number three (3) and the west half of the southeast quarter and the southeast quarter of the southwest quarter, of section 33 in township 31 north of range 7 west of Willamette meridian; and for the sale of said lands to satisfy such judgment so sought to be recovered.

BENTON EMBREE,
Plaintiff's Attorney.
Postoffice address: Port Angeles, Clallam County, State of Washington.
Date of first publication, January 5th, 1894.

MERCHANT TAILOR Establishment.

I have graduated from one of the best cutting establishments in New York City, therefore can guarantee a perfect fit in gentleman's clothing.

CUTTING AND FITTING OVERCOATS A SPECIALTY.

All work is finished in a thorough and tasteful manner before it leaves my tailor-shop.

A complete stock of suitings of the latest patterns always on hand. I have in stock some of the latest patterns from the fashionable centers of the East.

THE TRADE OF THE GENERAL PUBLIC IS SOLICITED.

Adam Zerenner,

First Street, - - Near Laur

STEAMER
MONTICELLO
—ON—
Port Angeles, Port Townsend, Seattle and Dungeness Route.

TIME CARD:

Going West, Daily, Except Monday

Leaves	SEATTLE	7:00 A. M
"	PORT TOWNSEND	10:30 A. M
"	DUNGENESS	12 Noon
Arrives	PORT ANGELES	2:00 P. M

Going East, Daily, Except Monday

Leaves	PORT ANGELES	3 P. M
"	DUNGENESS	4:30 P. M
"	PORT TOWNSEND	6:30 P. M
Arrives	SEATTLE	10 P. M

MEALS : ON : BOARD.

Str. Multtmonat for Tacoma and Olympia.

VAN LEHN BROS., Agents.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

The Scenic Route of America.

Lowest Rates
—AND—
BEST ACCOMMODATIONS OF ANY TRANS-CONTINENTAL LINE.

The only line running

Upholstered Tourist Sleepers Without Change

—TO—

St. Paul, Minneapolis, Montreal, Toronto and Boston.

Through Tickets

To all points in the

United - States, - Canada and Europe.

For Further Information Address
I. H. YONNG, Agent,
Port Angeles.

GEO. Mc. L. BROWN, D. P. A.
Vancouver B. C.

THE FARMERS' MERCANTILE COMPANY at Dungeness have made a great cut in prices, which have been put down to stay. Produce of all kinds will be taken in exchange on a cash basis.

Sell no produce until you have consulted this Company.

THOS. MALONY,
Manager.

LUMBER!

The Filion Mill and Lumber Co.

ROUGH AND DRESSED LUMBER AND

CEDAR SHINGLES ALWAYS ON HAN D.

MILL ON TUMWATER HILL.

CORNER B AND C ON ELEVENTH STREET.

THE STEAMER

WILLAPA

Leaves Seattle—Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 1 A. M. Townsend—8 A. M. for Port Angeles, Neah Bay and way ports. Garland or Willapa leaves Angeles every morning at 6 A. M. for Townsend and Seattle. Str. Garland leaves Townsend at 2 P. M. unday, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday for Angeles.

—LOTS IN THE—

GYRENBAD -:- CEMETERY.

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

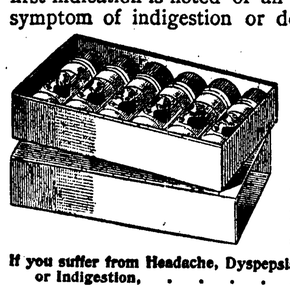
—:JOHN M. MARTIN, :—
FUNERAL DIRECTOR.

Or at the residence of

CHARLES PETERS
On Tumwater Hill, opposite Mynatt's Store.

R·I·P·A·N·S
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.

PRICE LIST.

January 1. **COOPER & LEVY** Seattle, Wash

HAPPY NEW YEAR—We mean a year that will bring prosperity and a return of confidence which will set the wheels of industry in motion and circulate millions of dollars that are held tightly waiting for times to improve. It is too early to make predictions, but we think the turning point has arrived. We firmly believe that 1894 will be a foreruuner of better times.

A WORD ABOUT OURSELVES—During the past two years our business has grown so rapidly that our old quarters have proven entirely too small. We kept adding until we had all the available room we could procure. This was not enough. We were compelled to seek more room, and now occupy the building 104 and 106 Commercial street, one door south of Yesler avenue—the most central location in Seattle—a building that is as near fireproof as possible, with a floor space sufficient to handle over two hundred car loads of groceries.

START THE NEW YEAR RIGHT—No use telling you about the thousands of customers we have all over the state. If you are one of them you know how we conduct business. If you are not one, we want you to lay aside all sentiment; compare our goods and prices and if you are a prudent buyer looking after your own interest you should investigate at once. Delay means money out of your pocket—all the saving and scraping trying to be economical amounts to nothing. It's a case of penny wise pound foolish—this continually losing fifteen to twenty-five cents on the dollar, which you would save trading with us.

IT CAN BE DONE, AND IT IS DONE—You can make up your bill from our list. You can send us any amount you desire from one dollar up to a thousand. We are perfectly responsible. We fill your order conscientiously, giving you the best goods, honest weights and prompt shipments. We mail you bill and shipping receipt and account for every cent.

WE HAVE NO TRAVELING AGENTS, LOOK OUT FOR TRAMPS—We have heard of several fellows prowling about the country showing our lists, claiming they could do just as well and better. We also heard about several collecting money and skipping the country. Whenever any of these chaps show up and tell you they can dance around us and knock our prices silly, look at them coolly and tell them they are talking through their hat; that we sell more goods in one week than some of these so-called competitors sell in three months; that we are the largest concern in the state and issue a price list every month, for which all these fellows wait and then try to imitate; that we sell direct to the consumer for less money than the ordinary dealer pays. No, we have no use for traveling agents. If we had, our prices would be higher in order to make up for traveling expenses, cigars, gambling, buggy rides and lots of other things.

Should you come to Seattle we would consider it a favor to have you call, whether you want anything or not, just to show you how we run the grocery business.

TERMS—All orders must be accompanied by cash. Remittances can be made by express, money order, postal note or registered mail.

☞ N.B.—Send no checks on interior banks. We can only use checks on Seattle banks and cannot end out goods unless these terms are complied with.

SPECIAL NOTICE—Send your full name and address with proper shipping instructions. Send all remiitances direct to the house, as we have no traveling agents. WE MAKE NO CHARGE FOR PACKING OR DELIVERY TO RAILROAD STATION OR WHARVES.

We quote only a few articles, and will cheerfully furnish prices on anything in the grocery line. Reference, Dexter, Horton & Co., bankers, Seattle, and Scandinavian-American Bank, Seattle.

115 W. Marion St., Bet. Front and West Seattle, Wash. **Tel. No. 568. P. O. Box. 1456.** **COOPER & LEVY**

PRICE LIST.

The following quotations will be adhered to as nearly as possible until the next issue. The markets are continually fluctuating and when sharp advances arise we reserve the right of following the market. Our customers always receive the benefit of a decline, and goods will be billed at prices ruling day of shipment.

APPLE BUTTER—2 lb cans.....3 for	.50
" " .....per doz	1.75
APPLES—Choice varieties, cooking and eating, per box.....from 80 to	1.10

AMMONIA.

Extra strength, per bottle.....	.10

AXLE GREASE.

Mica, 3 doz to case, 2.90 per case, 3 cans..	.25

BAKING POWDER.

Royal, 8 oz cans, per can.....	.23
" 12 " " "	.35
" 16 " " " "	.45
" 2½ lb " " "	1.15
" 3 lb " " "	1 30
" 5 lb " " "	2.00

Our Best—This is the name of a brand of Baking Powder put up expressly for us—It is the very best baking powder that money and brains can manufacture. We claim it equal to the "Royal" or "Prices" and offer it for much less money. In place of spending thousands of dollars in advertising, and adding this cost to the price of the Powder, we have decided to introduce it among our customers. Royal and Prices baking powder are first-class, still these people spend hundreds of thousands of dollars in keeping their names before the people. Who do you suppose pays for all this? You and everybody who buys their powder. Try a can of OUR BEST POWDER in your next order; if it is not fully as represented return it and we will cheerfully refund your money. Compare these prices with Royal and recollect what we say regarding the quality of OUR BEST BAKING POWDERS. Full weight—guaranteed.

Our Best, 16 oz can.....	.40
" " 2½ lb can.....	.85
" " 5 lb can.....	1.65

Nearly every order contains a call for Our Best Baking Powder. Why? Because it is better than anything in the market and a whole lot cheaper. Try a can; if it is not as we represent, return it and we will refund your money.

Price's, 8 oz can, per can.....	.22
" 12 oz " " "	.32
" 16 oz " " "	.42
" 2½ lb " " "	1.00
" 5 lb " " "	1.90
Dolphin 5 lb " " "	.75
Griffin 1 lb " " "	.25
BUTTER—Choice Dairy.....per brick	.45
" Choice Dairy 5lb tubs..per tub	1.50
" " " 10 lb tubs " "	2.90
" " " 20 " " "	5.60
" Finest Creamery (Gilt Edge) per brick.....	55
" Fine Creamery, 5 lb tubs..per tub	1.85
" " " 10 " " "	3.60
" " " 20 " " "	7.00
BLUEING—Ball ½ lb boxes.....4 boxes	25
" Gilletts pepper bxs 8c. 7 bxs.	.50
" Liquid per bot., pints, 8...4 for	.25
" Bath, Brick.....3 for	.25

BEANS.

Small white California, No. 1, ...per lb.	.03
Per 100 lbs.....per lb	2.65
Lima.....	.03
Lima, per 100 lbs	2.80
Bayo, per lb 03, per 100 lbs.....	2.60
Pink, per lb 3½c...per sack 70 to 75 lbs	.03¼

BORAX.

Per lb	.13½

CRACKERS.

when you order Crackers from us you are sure to get them fresh—we receive them from the cracker factory just as wanted.

Soda, 10 lb boxes.....per box	.55
" boxes of 20 to 22 lbs.....per lb	.06
Oyster " " " ..... "	.07
Meal, boxes of 10 lbs.....per box	.90
" " 20 to 22 lbs..... "	.07

Having had numerous calls for fancy crackers in small boxes we quote various kinds—they are put up in strong wooden boxes and weigh about 10 lbs each

Animals.....per box	1.20
Assorted Cakes..... "	1.20
Assorted cakes, fancy..... "	1.35
Butter crackers..... "	.85
Brandy snaps..... "	1.30
Cocoanut taffy..... "	1.35
" cookies ..... "	1.35
" jumbles..... "	1.35
" snaps..... "	1.35
Cracker meal .....per box	.90
Coffee cakes ..... "	1.20
Chocolate wafers ..... "	1.50
Egg jumbles..... "	1.40
Fruit biscuit ..... "	1.30
Frosted jelly cake..... "	1.65
Ginger snaps ..... "	1.10
Gingerbread..... "	1.10
Graham crackers..... "	1.00
Graham wafers ..... "	1.30
Ice cream cake..... "	3.85
Jenny Lind ..... "	1.10
Lemon snaps ..... "	1.10
Lady fingers ..... "	1.35
Maccaroons ..... "	3.85
Oatmeal wafers..... "	1.20
Oatmeal crackers..... "	1.20
Oyster ..... "	.70
Pretzel..... "	1.40
Pilot bread (hard tack), 20 lb boxes "	.90
" " 100 " per pound	.04
" "saloon" 2 " "	05½
Sugar cookies .....per box	1.10
Tea biscuit ..... "	1.20
Vanilla snaps ..... "	1.10
Wine biscuit (sweet) ..... "	1.25
Sea foam wafers.....3 lb tins, each	.50

COTTOLENE.

The most pure, perfect and popular cooking material for all frying and shortening purposes.

5 lb tubs.....each	.60
10 lb tubs.....	1.10
20 "	2.10
50 "	5.05

CREAM TARTAR.

1 lb cans .....per can	.25
5 lb cans..... "	1.10

CANDIES.

Stick candy.....per lb	.10
Mixed " ..... "	.10
Mixed fancy..... "	.20
French Mixed, very fine..... "	.25

CHEWING GUM.

Spruce Gum.....perbx	.60@1.10
Adams rubber..... "	.55
Adams sweet fern, Barley Malt, black jack and red rose, per box	.75
Adams ass't Tutti Frutti ..... "	1.15
Lime Fruit ..... "	.75
California Fruit..... "	1.10
Adams Pepsin ..... "	.75
Orange Blossom..... "	1.10

CIDER.

Pure apple, 4½ gal kegs .....per keg	1.75
" 10 gal kegs .....per keg	3.50
" ½ bbl, 25 gals..... each	7.50

CATSUP.

Eastern, finest qual., ½ pt., doz. 1.65; bot.	.15
" " " pts., doz. 2.75; per bot	.25
" " quarts, per doz., 4.25; bot.	.40
California small..... per keg	1.40
" large..... "	1.75
worcestershire sauce, Lea & Perrins small	.25
" " " medium	.45
" " " large	.90
" " California per keg..	2.00
Chili Sauce.....per bottle	.25
Curry Powder ..... "	.20
Celery Salt 4 oz. bottles ..... each	.20
Chow Chow 2 sizes....per bottle, .20 and	.30
" Cresse & Blackwells's qts. each	.65
" " " pts. "	.40
Cavier—Russian (genuine).....per doz.	3.25
" " " ..... per can	.30

COFFEE.

By special arrangement we receive fresh roasted coffees. If you want a treat for breakfast try our Mocha and Java blend at 35c. and 40 c. This is the choicest you can procure.

Broken Mocha and Java, roasted, just the thing for hotels and restaurants per pound.....	.22
Broken Mocha and Java ground ...per lb	.22
Roasted 1 lb pkgs, Big Four, equal to best .....per lb	.26
Roasted Mocha and Java choice.... "	.35
" " " extra.... .. "	.40
Ground " " very fine.. "	.35
" " " extra..... "	.40
Green, Costa Rica, good grade ..... "	.24
" " choice grade .... "	.27
" Old Government Java ..... "	.28
" Mocha, very choice ..... "	.30
" Mocha and Java, mixed very fine	.29
Ground 1 lb tins.....per tin	.25
" 2 " ..... "	.48
" 3 " ..... "	.70
" 5 " ..... "	1.15
Chicory.....3 lbs for	.25
Coffee extract .....6 pkgs. for	.25

CHOCOLATE.

Sweetened, ground, 1 lb cans.....per lb	.28
" " 3 " ..per can	.75
Unsweetened.....per lb	.38
Star, sweetenened..... "	.23
Eagle, Sweetened..... "	.25
COCOA—½ lb tins.....per tin	.25
Cocoa shells.....per lb	.07½
COCOANUT—½ lb.....per package	.20
" 1 lb ..... "	.35
" in bulk..... "	.26
" 25 lb buckets, per bucket	4.00
CAPERS.....per bottle	.20
Large bottles.....each	.30
CHEESE—Full cream, 7 to 9 lbs each per lb.....	.14

CANDLES.

Adamantine, 6 to set .....per set	.10
" 120 in box.....per box	1.50
COAL OIL—Pratt's Astral, per case (2.5 gal tins $2.00).....per can	1.00

☞ Look out for inferior oil which is offered for less money. It is filled in old cans from tanks, is a poor grade and short measure.

To avoid trouble and disappointment in not finding oil with other goods be particular about the following: The railroad companies receive oil on following days only: Northern Pacific, Tuesdays and Fridays; Seattle, Lake Shore & Eastern, Tuesdays and Fridays; Columbia & Puget Sound, Wednesday. Order your goods to be shipped on above days, otherwise it may cause delay.

CONDENSED MILK.

Standard, sweetened, per case 4 doz, 5.50, per doz 1.50.....6 cans for	.75
winner, sweetened, per case 4 doz 5.40, per doz 1.40..... per can	.12½
Elgin, sweetened, per case 4 doz, 6.50 per doz 1.75.....per can	.15
Highland cream, evaporated, per case 4 doz. 6.75, per doz. 1.75..... ....per can	.15
Favorite, unsweetened, per case 4 doz., 3.75, per doz., .95..... 3 cans for	.25
Highland Milk, unsweetened, per case, 4 doz, $6.75, per doz $1.75; per can.....	.15
Economy, per case 4 doz, 5.00, per doz 1.30.....per can	.12½
St Charles Cream, unsweetened..... ..... 6 cans for	1.00
Eagle Brand..... "	1.00

DRIED FRUITS.

We have purchased about 50,000 lbs assorted dried fruits—the very best quality and all new crop. We are offering extra good values.

Apricots, evaporated.... .....per lb	.12½
Currents, extra large..... "	.08
Prunes, California, ... "	.06
Prunes, California, large ..... "	.08
Prunes, Italian, extra large, 50 lb boxes, per box 4.75 .....per lb	.10
Peaches, very large and fine ..... "	.09
Apples, evaporated, bleached, choice.... ..... per lb	.10
Apples, sliced, sun dried ..... "	.07
Raisins, good grade ..... "	.04½
Raisins, fine Muscatele.....720 lbs for	.90
Raisins, seedless .....20 lbs for	.95
" .....per lb	.05
Raisins, London Layers box 1.65, per lb	.10
Grapes, fine quality.....per lb	.03½
Citron.....per lb	.15
Lemon or Orange Peel..... ...per lb	.20
Assorted peel, consisting of citron, lemon and orange peel mixed.....per lb	.20

EXTRACTS.

Lemon & Vanilla, equal to best, 4 oz bot, ...each	.20
Lemon & Vanilla, equal to best, 8 oz bot .....each	.35
Lemon & Vanilla, equal to best, 16 oz bot.....each	.60
Lemon or Vanilla, 32 oz..... "	1.00

FARINACEOUS GOODS.

Corn meal, yellow.....10 lb sacks	.20
" white..... "	.22
Corn meal, yellow,.....50 "	.95
" white..... "	1.00
Rolled oats, 9 lb pound sacks....per sack	.33
" 90 " "	2.75
Oat meal 10 lb sacks.....	.35
Hominy 10 lb sacks.....	.30
Rolled Wheat, 24 lbs. for 1.00.....per lb.	.05
Grits 10 lb sacks.....	.35
Cracked wheat 10 lb sacks.....	.20
Cracked wheat 50 lb sacks ..... "	.90
Germea, 4 lb pkgs.....per pkge	.20
Quaker Oats, 2 lb package ..... 2 for	.25
Split Peas..... "	.05
whole peas, dried, choice..... "	.03½
whole peas, 50 lb lots,.....per lb	.03
Pearl Barley ..... "	.04
Lentils..... "	.05
Tapioca, pearl..... "	.05
Sago ..... "	.05
Farina, 1 lb package..... "	.10
Pop corn..... "	.06
10 pounds for.....	.55
FIGS—10 lb boxes.....per box	1.15
" California.....per lb	.04

FLOUR.

Our best California flour, per bbl., 3.75, ...per sack	.95

The market is flooded with cheap grades of flour. These we prefer not to handle. Flour is the staff of life and should be the very best. If our customers want cheap flour we can procure it as low as $2.60 a barrel, but do not guarantee it.

Dement's best, in 5 bbl lots,.....per bbl	3.30
Dement's Best walla walla, best flour manufactured in washington . per bbl	3.40
Dement's Best..... per sack	.90

We carry other grades, but for an A 1 family flour, confidently recommended above brands.

Buckwheat, 10 lb sacks.....per sack	.40
" 50 "	1.70
Rye, 10 lb sacks ....per sack	.25
" 50 "	1.05
Rye Flour.....per bbl	4.10
Rye Meal, 50 lb sacks.....each	.90
Rye Meal ..... per bbl	3.50
Rye Meal, 10 lb sacks...	.25
Graham 10 lb sacks.....each	.18
" 50 " .....each	.75
" .....per bbl	2.75
whole wheat, 10 lb sacks .....each	.20
" 50 "	.80
" flour..... per bbl	3.00

FISH.

Anchovies, 15 lb buckets.....each	1.50
Herring, smoked, 50 to 60 in box per box	.30
" Holland kits,.... .....per kit	1.50
" " " best..... "	1 75
" Spiced very choice, 50 fish in keg	1.75
" Norwegian .....per keg	.85
Mackeral, No 3, per kit. 1,35; No 2, per kit, 1.50; No 1; 1.75; choice grade, ½ bbl..... each	10.50
Salmon I lb tins, per can, 10.....per doz	1.15
Salmon, Smoked.....per lb	.12½
Salmon bellies, 20 lb kits..... per kit	1.40
Salmon bellies very choice 50 lb kits	8.50
Codfish, 2 lb bricks, best quality....per lb	.08½
" strips, best quality..... "	.08½
Codfish whole..... .....per lb	.07½
Lobster, very fine, per doz 2.75....per can	.25
Shrimp, very fine, per doz 3.25 ... "	.30
Sardines, ¼s. American, per doz .55, can	.05
Sardines French, ¼s finest brand in the market per doz 1.75 per can	.15
Sardines, French, ½s finest brand in market, per doz 2.75, per can.....	25
Sardines in mustard, large cans, 1.40 per can.....	.12½
Tongues and Sounds ..... per kit	1.50

FRUITS—CANNED.

we handle only the very best grades. Please bear this in mind.

Pie Apples ...gals, per doz 2.65, per can				.25
Pie Blackberries "		4.25,	"	.40
" Apricots "		3.50,	"	.30
" Assorted "		3·45,	"	.30
" Goosberries "		4.60,	"	.40
" Grapes "		3.20,	"	.30
" Peaches "		3.45,	"	.35
Pie Currants "		5.00	"	.50
" Cherries "		4.25,	"	.40
" Plums "		3.15	"	.30
" Pears "		3.50	"	.30
" Pumkins "		2.70	"	.25
" Blackberries, 2½lb cans, 16c; per doz				1.65
" Apples, 2½lb cans, 10c; per doz				1.15
" Apricots, "		.12½;	"	1.35
" Assorted, "		.12½;	"	1.40
" Goosberries, "		.15;	"	1.50
" Peaches, "		.12;	"	1.35
" Plums, "		.10;	"	1.10
Table Blackberries, 2½ lb cans .18; per				
" Apricots "		.15 per doz		1.45
" Assorted "		.15 "		1.70
" Cherries, white 2½lb can .20			"	2.15
" " black or red "		.20	"	2.00
" Currents "		.20	"	2.00
" Goosberries "		.20	"	2.00
" Grapes "		.12	"	1.25
" Peaches "		.18	"	1.85
" Strawberries "		.18	"	2.10
" Pears, Bartlett "		.18	"	1.90
" Plums "		.12	"	1.35
" Pineapple "		.20	"	2.25

GELATINE.....per package	.15

HONEY.

Best California, strained, one gal cans, per can .90, ½ gal cans	.50
Best California, 5 gal tins, 63 to 65 lbs ..... per lb	.08½

HOPS.

Half lb packages..... ....per pkg	.12
One lb package..... per pkg	.20

HORSERADISH.

Per bottle ..... 10, 20 and	.25
One-half gal glass bottles... .....each	.65
One gal earthen jars ..... "	1.25

JAMAICA GINGER.

2-oz bottles, 15c; 4 oz. .....each	.20

JELLIES.

Apricot, Blackberry, Strawberry, Currant, Peach and Plum 20 lb pails each..	.70
Assorted, 2 lb cans.....3 cans for	.50
Jams, very fine, best brand, glass jars Raspberry, Strawberry Apricot, Raspberry and Current mixed, Peach Blackberry, Cherry and Pineapple, each 15..... .....per doz	1.75

LEMONS.

Choice..... per doz	.20

LEMON SUGAR.

Per doz 2.25.....per can	.20

LYE.

Best made.....per doz 1.00, "	.10
Powdered, per doz .65..... "	.07

LARD.

Compound, 5 lb pail..... per pail	.45
" 10 "	.85
" 20 "	1.65
" 50 "	4.00

Certain parties are selling what they call home-made lard, which is put up in attractive cans, but is packed in the east and sold as a second grade.

Pure in 5 lb pails .....per pail	.60
" 10 "	1.15
" 20 "	2.20
" 50 "	5.40

MATCHES.

California.. ..... 10 packages for	.25
Per tin of 60 packages	1.15
Per case of 120 packages.....	2.15
Parlor, per package of 12 boxes.....	06
Per dozen packages	.65

MUSTARD.

French per bottle 8, per doz.....	.85
German per bottle 8, per doz.....	.85
Dusseldroffer, 5 gal keg .....per keg	3.00
" 3 " ..... "	2.25
French, 5 " ..... "	2.50
" 3 " ..... "	1.75

MACARONI.

½ boxes.....per box	.45
Large boxes..... "	1.75
1 lb package.....per package	.10

MINCE MEAT.

Compressed, very fine, 1 lb packages, per doz 1.15 .....per pkg	.10
Anderson's, very choice, 2 lb tins..each	.25
" " 3 " .. "	.30
" " 5 " .. "	.45

MEATS.

we now smoke our own Bacon and Hams and have as fine an article as can be produced. Our price for the very choicest is lower than inferior grades are quoted at. Call for "Our Best;" we know it will please you.

Hams "Our Best" home smoked, very choice, large, from 16 to 22 lbs.....	.12
Hams, "Our Best" home smoked, medium, from 12 to 16 lbs.....per lb.	.12½
Hams, Picnic, 6 to 8 lbs .....per lb	.10
Bacon Medium ..... "	.12½
Bacon, fine breakfast ..... "	.15
Dry Salt Sides ..... "	.10
Smoked Beef, per lb..... "	.13

Meats are constantly fluctuating in price. If there should be a decline our customers will receive the benefit.

Corned Beef, 2lb cans, doz .200, 3 cans.....50	
" ½ barrels .....per ½ bbl	8.00
Pork, ½ bbls (prices fluctuating-billed at lowest market price date of shipment.	
Roast Beef, 2 lb cans, per doz cans 2.00; per can.....	.18
Chip Beef, 1 lb cans per doz, 2.25, per can	.20
Pigs' Feet, 2 lb cans, per doz 2.85 "	.25
Pig's Feet, in kits.....per kit	1.35
Pig's Feet, in ¼ bbls.....each	3.25
Pig's feet, in ½ " .....each	5.75
Lunch Tongue, 1 lb cans, per doz 3.50, ...per can	.35
Devilled Ham, ¼ lb cans, per doz 1.60, ...per can	.15
Roast Chicken, per doz cans 3.00.per can	.30
" Turkey, " 3.00. "	.30

MOLASSES.

We have the verychoicest grade of New Orleans Molasses—Every can guaranteed,

New Orleans ½ gal 35c.....one gal tins	.60
5 gal jackets.....each	2.40

NUTS.

walnuts, fresh.....per lb	.10
Almonds, fresh..... "	.18
Peanuts, fresh..... "	.10
Filberts, fresh..... "	.14
Pecans, genuine texan.....per lb	.10
Mixed Nuts.....per lb	.15

OIL.

Olive, small bottle.....	.10
" pints	.15
" quarts.....	.25
Olive, gal tins..... .....per tin	1.00

OLIVES.

Choice Cal.....per bottle, .15, .25, .40	.60

ONIONS.

Pickled, Crosse & Blackwell's..... .....qts, per bottle	.65
" " pts, "	.40

OYSTERS.

Choice Eastern, 1 lb cans, per doz, 1.00.. ....per can	.10
Choice Eastern, 2 lb cans, per doz, 1.85.. .....per can	.18
Extra select, F brand, 1lb cans 15, per doz	1.25
" " " 2lb cans 20, per doz	2.25

PIE FRUIT—Crystalized, put up in boxes like New England mince meat and of following fruits: Plum, Raspberry, Apricot, Peach, Blackberry, Huckleberry, Apple and Raisin. This is a fine preparation and makes elegant pies, per dozen boxes, $1.15.....per box .10

PLUM PUDDING—1 lb cans 18c ea, 3 for	.50

PEPPER SAUCE.

Red, per doz 1.10 ....per bot	.10
Green, per doz 1.25.....per bot	.12½

PICKLES.

Mixed or plain..... per keg	.85
" pints, in bottles,.....each	.10
" qts, in bottles.....each	.15
" ½ gals..... "	.25
Old Kentucky..... "	.10
Mixed or plain, qts, in bottles, extra, "	.35
Crosse & Blackwell's, qts..... "	.65
" " pts..... "	.40

POTATOES AND ONIONS.

Market price, ruling on day of shipment.

RICE.

Extra fine grade, 100 lbs. 4.25.....per lb	.04½

ROSIN.

.....per lb	.05

ROOT BEER.

Hires', per doz, 2.25.....per bottle	.20

SODA AND SALERATUS.

Full weight, 1 lb packages.....each	.06½

SOUP.

Oxtail and Consomme.....per can	.25

SOAP.

Our toilet soaps are manufactured at Philadelphia and are as fine as can be procured, Pure ingredients and delicately scented. If you appreciate something real choice in the soap line, try a few cakes. our price is about one-half of the regular drug store quotations.

white Cocoa Castile per box, 12 cakes...	.50
Toilet, mottled, castile, large bars, per bar	.25
" " " per box of 12 cakes	.40
" Oatmeal, ¼ doz cakes . .per box	.20
" Brown Windsor, ¼ doz cakes "	.20
" Honey, ¼ doz cakes ..... "	.20
" Glycerine, ¼ doz cakes..... "	.20
" Medal, box 12 cakes "	.50

" Milk and honey, something new, ¼ doz cakes in box.....per box .25

" " Scented, ¼ doz box "	.25
" " (transparent) medium sized bars.....ea'	.10
" " (transparent) large bars '	.25

A good piece of Glycerine Soap is a luxury—Try ours.

Toilet, Elder Flower, ¼ doz cakes, per box	.20
" Farina Boquet, 1 " "	.50
" Royal Seal, 1 " "	.40
.....6 for	.25
" Imported Castile (pure white)..lb	.20
Shaving—(Hold Fast), doz, 50c, per cake	.05
" Stick, per doz, 1.60.....each	.15

Our shaving soaps make an excellent lather and are very popular.

Borax—for laundry or toilet, 20 bar boxes for 1.25 or..... .....3 bars for	.25
Laundry, Babbitts, 20 bars in box..... .....per box	1.65
" Babbitts, 100 bars in box..... .....per box	5.00
" Lenox.....20 bars for	.95
" Lenox.....100 bars in box for	4.50
" Savon, 20 bars in box, best value ever offered.....per box	.60
" Savon, 100 bars in box..per box	2.85
Laundry soap, unwrapped, 100 bars in box..... .....per box	2.60
Laundry Soap, **Olive Queen,** 20 bar bxs	.45
" " 100 "	2.20

SALAD DRESSING.

Durkees.....per bottle	.30

SALT.

Look at these prices on Salt—they cannot be matched.

Liverpool, 50 lb sacks.....per sack	.45
" 100 lb sacks..... "	.85
½ ground, 50 lb sacks..... "	.23
½ ground, 100 " ..... "	.42
Liverpool, 50 " .....per ton	17.00
Liverpool, 100 " ..... "	16.50
½ ground, 50 " ..... "	8.85
½ ground, 100 " ..... "	8.25
Table salt, 5 lb sacks .....5 sacks for	.25
" 10 lb sacks.....per sack	.08
" R S V P, 5 lb packages....each	.20
" R S V P, 3 lb packages.... "	.15
" Angel, 3 lb packages..... "	.10

SALTPETRE.

.....per lb	.15

SAUER KRAUT

30 lb kegs.....per keg	1.00

SEGARS.

Fine assortment, choice goods.

Key west Special, boxes of 50....per box				1.00
El Venicia		50....	"	.75
Tom & Jerry	"	50....	"	1.25
Pride of Key west	"	50....	"	1.50
Cracker Jack	"	50....	"	1.50
Homestead	"	50....	"	1.75
Silk Velvet	"	50....	"	1.90
Trixy	"	50....	"	2.00
Maid of Orleans	"	50....	"	2.00
Royal Bouquet	"	25....	"	1.15
Royal Bouquet	"	50....	"	2.25
Pearl of Cuba	"	50....	"	2.25
Puffinos	"	50....	"	2.50

Bear in mind—Segars are sold by us on the same close margin as other goods. This means a saving of from 50 to 75 per cent.

SYRUPS.

Do you want first-class syrup? If so try our PARAGON DRIPS. Our maple is pure—there are cheaper grades—we do not carry them.

Paragon Drips, gal cans, very five article .....per can	.50
Paragon Drips, 4½ gal kegs.....per keg	1.88
Amber Drips..... .....per keg	1.25
Maple Sap, very fine, 4 gal jackets...each	2.50
Pure Maple ½ gal cans.....each	.65
Pure Maple, 1 gal cans.....per can	1.25

SUGAR.

Granulated, fine.....per sack of 100 lbs	5.00
Light Brown ..... "	4.50
Powdered, fine white.....per lb	.10
Bar sugar 40 lb tins,.....per tin	3.65
Cube. 13 lbs, 1.00; per keg, 90 to 100 lbs .....per lb	.06¾

SPICES.

We wish to call your attention to the packing of our Spices. They are put up in the very best tin cans and weigh one-half pound and pound as listed. Our grades are the choicest obtainable and the prices we quote for ½ pounds are the same as most dealers charge for ¼ pound tins.

Choice quality, selected for family use.

Ground, Mustard,		½ lb cans....per can		.15
" "		1 " .... "		.25
" "		5 " .... "		1.00
" "		Colman's' ½ lb can		.35
" "		" 1 "		.60
" Allspice		½ lb cans....per can		.15
" "		1 " .... "		.25
" "		5 " .... "		1.00
" Nutmeg		½ " .... "		.35
" "		1 " .... "		.60
" Cinnamon		½ " .... "		.20
" Cinnamon		1 " .... "		.35
" "		5 " .... "		1.25
" Cayenne		½ " .... "		.20
" "		1 " .... "		.35
" "		2½ " .... "		.75
Black peper		½ " .... "		.15
"		1 " .... "		.25
"		5 " .... "		1.00
white pepper		½ " .... "		.20
"		1 " .... "		.35
"		5 " .... "		1.50
Cloves		½ " .... "		.20
Cloves		1 " .... "		.35
Ginger		½ " .... "		.15
Ginger		1 " .... "		.25
Ginger		5 " .... "		1.00
Sage		½ " .... "		.20
Sage		1 " .... "		.35
Thyme		½ " .... "		.20
Thyme		1 " .... "		.35
Mace		½ " .... "		.35
Mace		1 " .... "		.65
whole, Nutmeg.....per lb				.80
whole, Nutmeg 12 for.....			"	.10
" Cloves.....			"	.20
" Black pepper.....			"	.15
" Cinnamon			"	.15
" Allspice			"	.15

STARCH.

Corn 1 lb papers.....3 papers for	.25
Gloss 1 lb papers.....3 papers for	.25
Laundry 6 lb boxes.....per box	.45

SEED.

Our seeds are the choicest grades grown. Owing to buying them in very large quantities we are prepared to quote extra low prices.

Timothy, lots of 50 to 100 lbs,.....per lb		.06½
" " less than above.....	"	.07
Red Clover, lots 50 to 100 lbs.....	"	.14
" " less than above...	"	.15
Rye lots of 50 to 100 lbs.....	"	.01¼
" " less than above.....	"	.01¾
white Clover.....	"	.25
Alsyke.....	"	.17
Red Top.....	"	.07
Orchard Grass.....	"	.13
Alfalfa.....	"	.12½
Caraway Seed .....per lb		.15
Canary Seed.....3 lbs for		.25
Canary Seed with cuttle bone 3 boxes for		.25

STOVE POLISH.

Dixon's, per pkg.....05.....per doz		.55
Rising Sun, 10c per pkg.....8 for		.25
Enameline, 10c each, 3 for 25;