THE DEMOCRAT-LEADER.

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Clallam's Spruce Timber.

The schooner Laura Madsen is at East Clallam loading spruce lumber for San Francisco and will sail Saturday with 500,000 feet. The schooner J. B. Leeds is on the way from San Francisco to take a cargo of spruce also. These cargoes are part of an order which the Earles & Donohue Mill Company is now cutting for Hobbs, Wall & Co., of San Francisco. It is for 5,000,000 feet of spruce boards and will be used for making boxes, furniture and inside finishing of houses. The shipment of spruce from this port may be said to be a growing trade, and the East Clallam mill is the only one that makes a specialty of sawing and shipping spruce. The mill was recently enlarged and its capacity increased from 20,000 to 40,000 feet per day. At the present time a re-saw machine is berng put in which will bring the cutting capacity up to 60,000 feet and will keep a line of four schooners steadily employed carrying lumber to San Francisco.

The Great Battle for Economy.

The article in last week's Standard on the cause of high taxes has set the people to thinking. When this is secured it is easy to observe how the taxpayers are suffering from the doings of impractical legislators. The remedy rests with the people and if they expect to obtain relief they must needs see that proper men are elected to the legislature. There are in every county men amply competent to do good legislative work, bnt they are not working primaries in their own interests. The situation demands that taxpayers arouse themselves and send to the next legislature men of intellect and of plain common sense.—Olympia Standard.

Fireman's Masquerade.

A large attendance of spectators as well as participants greeted the firemen's masquerade ball at the opera house last Thursday evening. The masquerade proved a decided success. The following persons were awarded prizes:

Mr. Baker, best gentleman waltzer, a box of cigars; Mrs. Courtney, best lady waltzer, a shawl, "Bim" Garfield, best sustained lady character, pair slippers; Mr. Watt, best sustained gentleman character, a pipe; Mr. Barnard, best clog dancer, pair of slippers; Oscar Morse, second best clog dancer, pair gloves; Mrs. W. R. Hoole, best dressed lady, pair of kid gloves; Gracie Sherwood, best lady step dancer.

For the Use of Editors.

Edward Bok's successful article in the January "Cosmopolitan" on "The Young Man in Business" has been reprinted in a tasteful and handy booklet form at 10 cents by The Curtis Publishing Company of Philadelphia. To this reprint Mr. Bok has added some 14 pages of editorial matter auswering "Three Uncertain Young Men."

FRUIT GROWERS AND PURCHASERS OF NURSERY 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.

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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 LYCEUM LEAGUERS

Give a Meritorious Entertainment in the Opera House.

CAUSE OF THE RECENT STORM

Given By State Weather Bureau Director—Will Prospect for Coal In Western Clallam—A Delightful Surprise Party—Interesting Notes From the Midwinter Fair.

The entertainment given by the Lyceum-League of America at the opera house last Wednesday evening was not as largely attended as its meritorious character deserved.

The number of the program, plainly indicated that the young men of the league possessed in an eminent degree literary, oratorical and elocutionary ability.

A poem of local authorship and local application was read eliciting warm approval.

The opening address by Mr. W. E. Graham was, indeed, very praiseworthy, evidencing that the young man possessed marked ability as a speaker, a rare talent which he should cultivate.

The following is the program produced:

America.....Chorus
Opening address.....W. E. Graham
Presentation .....A. S. McCormick
Reply to presentation speech by Profs. A. N. Taylor and O. A. Tiffany.
Local song.....League Quartette
Reading.....H. A. Yarnell
Song.....Geo. Raymond
Recitation.....C. W. Fields
Star Spangled Banner .....Chorus
Recitation.....E. J. McCormick
Tenting Tonight.....Chorus
Monologue.....W. E. Graham
"A Midnight Episode."
Farce.....League
"Joe Simpson's Double."

CAUSE OF THE STORM.

Director of the State Weather Service Gives Reasons for the Storm.

"Mr. H. F. Alciatore, director of the state weather service, gives this explanation of the present storm, to the Seattle Press-Times, in its issue of the 19th inst.:

"A storm of unusual severity and immense proportions struck the Oregon coast some time Sunday afternoon with characteristic suddenness. This morning its center was near the mouth of the Columbia river, with the barometer way down to 29.48 inches. Its influence has been felt over the entire Pacific slope from the British Northwest clear down to Central California and from the coast line east as far as Wyoming. The snowfall though not very heavy, has been general throughout Washington, Oregon and Idaho.

"A remarkable feature is the unusually low latitude of the center of the storm and to this must be attributed the fact that the precipitation has been greater in California than in either Oregon or Washington. At 5 o'clock this morning it was still snowing in Washington, Northwestern and Eastern Oregon and in Idaho, while heavy rains were falling in Southern Oregon and throughout California. This time, for a change, the high south and southwest winds are re from Colifornia and Nevada points. From Winnemucca, Nevada, news was wired that the weather man took his morning observation with a howling 44-mile an hour southwester blowing through his whiskers.

"The weather has grown very much colder in Oregon, Washington and Montana, where the temperature is between 10 and 15 degrees below zero. Elsewhere the temperatures are about normal.

"This storm is in many respects similar to that of January, 1893, when several feet of snow fell. This storm, like all other storms, would cross the mountains by to-night on its way eastward along the usual pathway. But from the presence of the 'high' barometer now over Montana, and as long as this 'high' remains where it is, the 'low' can make no progress eastward and hence we may look for more snow in Washington, however, should our 'high' leave Montana the 'low' would then move inland and in another twenty-four hours we would be in the northwest quadrant of the storm area, where clearing and colder weather, with stiff northwest to west winds are usually found."

"How do you account for so much stormy weather with northerly winds?"

"Simply because, contrary to the general rule, the storm center is passing to the south of Seattle; hence the wind is blowing from Seattle toward the storm center."

A Surprise Party.

Last Tuesday evening, Mrs. Caroline Lee and her daughter Miss Ida Lee were the recipients of a surprise party at their home east of the city. The merry party arrived in a sleigh at eight o'clock and were most cordially received.

The evening was very pleasantly spent with cards, dancing and games which, was followed with a delicious luncheon.

The following were present: Mrs. Sarah Agnew, the Misses Lizzie Thompson, Marjory Fowler, Kate Campbell, Mary O'Leary, Fannie and Emma Draper and Minnie Stewart, Messrs. Charles Buchanan, Chas. Morse, J. O. Morse, Lew Van Lehn, Albert Draper, Cliff Thompson and John Gordon.

NOTES FROM THE FAIR.

Eastern Visitors Impressed With the Pacific Coast.

The attendance at the Midwinter Exposition continues to average between 8,000 and 10,000 per day, and everybody is correspondingly encouraged in the belief that this fair will realize the most sanguine expectation in regard to its financial success. In proportion to the amount of money invested, the attendance thus far has greatly surpassed that accorded the Columbian Exposition during the first month of its existence, and at the same ratio of increase which was noticeable at Chicago there will be an attendance at the Midwinter Exposition before its close which will surpass the fondest dreams of its most enthusiastic boomers.

The number of Eastern visitors to the exposition is increasing day by day, and it is with a sigh of great relief that they come out of the snows and blizzards of the East and the middle West, over the mountains into the midwinter splendor of the Pacific Coast. It has been what is called a "hard winter" in California, but that means only that it has rained a little more than usual, and that the warm midwinter days have not been so continucus as is generally the rule.

One enthusiastic traveler came into the office of the department of publicity and promotion the other day and told the following story: "I could hardly get to the railway station in my town for the snow drifts. The street cars were not running, and the horses of a hack on wheels could scarcely plunge along fast enough for me to make my train.

This has been the experience of many west-bound travelers during the present midwinter season, and every effort is being made on the part of the exposition management to impress the Eastern visitors with the fact that, aside from the climatic advantages, it is good for them to be here. During the past week there has been a succession of interesting thing at the fair. First came the unveiling of Harriet Hosmer statute of Isabella, in which a host of ladies well known in social and literary circles on the Pacific Coast took an interesting part, and in which the Palace of Art was dedicated. The formal opening of the Vienna Prater introduced to San Francisco the Imperial Vienna orchestra, one of the finest musical organizations of the world.

There is to be a general "Orphans' Day" before long, when every child from the charitable institutions in San Francisco and vicinity will be given the run of the exposition. There is also to be a public school childrens' day, for which the people of San Francisco are now making great preparations, and such a day the school children of San Francisco have never seen before. This school children's day has been set for February 23, and coming as it does between the national holiday and Saturday it is a school holiday of itself, but it will be made in this connection an exposition holiday in which every person connected with the management or with the exposition in any way will vie with every other amusement maker to add to the children's pleasure.

The Transmississippi Congress has been in session in San Francisco during the present week, and on Wednesday evening its delegates were made the guests of the exposition. There was a grand display of fireworks and a general illumination of the buildings. Even the electric tower was illuminated, though this great structure is not quite complete, and there were band concerts at the fireworks and on the grand central court as well. The arrangements for Washington's birthday include more fireworks, more illuminations, the opening of the electric tower and the inauguration of the electric prismatic fountain.

COAL IN WESTERN CLALLAM.

A Thorough Prospect for Coal Will Soon be Commenced.

While the systematic search for coal in Clallam county is apparently lagging again in most quarters, the Leader has information that the matter will receive a new and important impetus in the west end of the county. It must not be forgotten at any time that all the coal that has ever been mined for actual use within our county's limits was done in the western part of the county and this same division may yet give the balance of the county reason to look to its laurels. The west end of the county believes in its future. It believe that its wealth of soil and timber will make it a great country and it believes also that it has coal in quantities sufficiently extensive to hasten the general development by opening up an industry which will give life to coastwise shipping.

Outcroppings of veins of coal have been found in many different valleys in the western part of the county, and little doubt can exist that a more careful search will throw new light on the subject. The quality of the coal that has been found has been uniformly good and the only difficulty has been to locate sufficient quantity to justify its commercial development.

The intention now is to make a thorough search with a full equipment of modern appliances of the latest and largest pattern under the supervision of specialists trained in such work. Few who have seen the surface indications in the western part of the county can cherish any doubt that a scientific investigation will reveal the existence of coal in several places in the west end of the county in sufficient quantities to make an immediate change in the condition of things.—Beaver Leader.

The Minerva Society.

The following program will be produced at the Minerva Literary Society at the next regular meeting Wednesday evening:

Dr. Strother, address; Frank Semon, address on Longfellow; George Raymond, recitation; general discussion on Longfellow; quotations from Julius Cæsar. The subject for special discussion was carried over until the next meeting.

No househould which is blessed with children, should be without Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. In the treatment of croup and whooping cough, the Pectoral has an almost magical effect. It allays inflammation, frees the obstructed air passages, and controls the desire to cough.

WANT TO BE RELEASED

The Bondsmen on Williams' Bond Dissatisfied.

EXPERT BROWN SUBMITS HIS REPORT

Franchises Again Referred Which Have Been Pending For Some Time Past—The Fire at Neah Bay Indian Reservation—Other Local and General Items.

A large volume of business came up before the council at its regular meeting last Wednesday evening.

The bondsmen of the Port Angeles Constructing company, the latter having the contract to build the city's electric lighting pipe line and water power, submitted a petition to the council, praying that they be released as surities of that company, for the reason that the city had not secured the right-of-way for its pipe line, and the contractors could not therefore proceed with the work.

Upon the advice of City Attorney Lamoreux the council refused to release the bondsmen.

Residents of C street submitted a petition in which they request that the council create that street an improvement district. The petition was filed.

The franchise of the Associated Improvement Company and Messrs. Levy and Hooker was again referred.

Expert Brown submitted his report, having completed the examination of the city's accounts. From it the interesting facts are gleamed that the city's liabilities are $191,702, and its resources $105,400.

One of the items of the city's resources is $41,000 in delinquent taxes. Only a few small deficits were discovered.

A glowing compliment was paid City Clerk Humphries, in the fact that the examination of his books only disclosed one important error. The accounts of former city officials did not, however, evidence such thorough condition. In fact, some were so mixed up that nothing intelligible could be made out of them.

The Taxpayers' Union is battling in real earnest for retrenchment. In a communication from it, read by the clerk, the requests are made that the city clerk furnish the Union with a statement of the city's condition, reduce the salaries of the officials, and examine the accounts of ex-City Attorney Hatch. The communication was laid on the table.

The council favored retrenchment, but Councilman Krueger thought the Union should be explicit and outline a plan for curtailing expenses. The council adjourned.

Fire at Neah Bay.

The tug Pioneer brought the news from Neah Bay this morning of the burning of the residence of the Indian agent at the reservation. It is not definitely known whether or not the contents of the house were destroyed, or what caused the fire.

COUNTY NEWS.

Interesting Paragraphs Gathered From the County Press.

East Clallam Record.]

Surveyor Hermans, who has the contract to survey township 31 north, range 12 west. is expected here within a week or two to do the work.

H. L. Brown. of Beaver, was in town last week on his way up-Sound. Mr. Brown has completed his road work between this place and Beaver.

The schooner Laura Madsen, Captain Rasmassen, arrived on Monday 11 days from San Francisco, and is now loading spruce lumber. She carries half a million feet.

The sawmill will be shut down for about a week for the purpose of putting in a re-saw machine. A bulk head is to be built in front of the mill for which piles are now being hauled from the woods.

John Walkey, of Seattle, has been a visitor here for a week past. He lately purchased ten acres of land from David Kellogg, situated about half way between town and the extract works. Mr. Walkey is looking over township 31-12 for a claim.

J. H. Marlette, William Smith and their witnesses in the contest proceedings at the Seattle land office last week, returned home on Friday. The taking of the testimony occupied several days and it will be a month or more before a decision will be announced. The land office is rushed with business at the present time.

W. W. Ulin last week received a special appointment as deputy sheriff to summon jurors, of which about ten have been drawn from this vicinity. The jurors have been summoned. The deputy is required to furnish a bond for $5000 which appears to be out of all proportion to the emoluments. Such a heavy bond will probably not be furnished.

With the beginning of next month logging operations at Gettysburgh will again be quite active. At the present time only one camp is in operation, that of A H Gould's. Messrs. Hall and Bishop are making preparations for quite an extensive season's work, and will have everything in readiness to begin logging by the first of the month.

The Neah Bay Indians are said to be one of the most thrifty tribes under the government charge. They have a fleet of ten schooners and are engaged in a profitable business of sealing, whaling and other fishing. Most of the fleet is now being fitted out for the season's work and as seals are said to be unusually plentiful off the cape this year the Indians will probably make a good deal of money. So far this year the weather has been so stormy that only two days sealing was tried by three vessels and 140 seals taken in all.

Jefferson county commissioners have ordered a trail made from Discovery bay to Sequim bay, to join the Clallam county road. Jefferson county agreed to build a road, some years ago, but have thought better of it and will establish a trail.

Beaver Leader.

J. E. Higgins, of Tyee, went to Clallam Wednesday and expects to bring a sled load of goods for F. W. David and others. A man accompanying him, whose name we did not learn, came up from Forks with one of Whittier's horses but it took the epidemic prevailing, and had to be laid off at Beaver.

Timber land is growing in favor with capitalists as a staple and secure form of investment. The timber itself is something that is constantly enhancing in value and the soil after the timber is removed will even more valuable. It is safe to say that those who put in the dull season in acquiring title to valuable homestead claims in the Quillayute country will have no reason to repent their action when the times improve and investors look closer into the question of timber land which has also agricultural possibilites.

For the past six months or more the Leader has endeavored to bring to the notice of the lumbermen of the coast, the superiority of the Quillayute timber over that of other sections of the state, and we are confident that we have to a considerable extent, succeeded in our undertaking. The Quillayute country has been settled for twenty or thirty years but until quite recently the country was comparatively unknown to the outside world. Our excellent location for the driving of logs; the superior quality of timber and our quantum of agricultural land has but in the last year or two been brought to the attention of the lumbering and agricultural fraternities. As soon as a harbor is made at the mouth of the Quillayute river, we may reasonably expect sawmills to be erected and the logging of our timber to begin.

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FOR INVENTIONS.

Equal with the interest of those having claims against the government is that of INVENTORS, who often lose the benefit of valuable inventions because of the incompetency or inattention of the attorneys employed to obtain their patents. Too much care cannot be exercised in employing competent and reliable solicitors to procure patents, for the value of a patent depends greatly, if not entirely, upon the care and skill of the attorney.

With the view of protecting inventors from worthless or careless attorneys, and of seeing that inventions are well protected by valid patents, we have retained counsel expert in patent practice, and therefore are prepared to

Obtain Patents in the United States and all Foreign Countries, Conduct Interferences, Make Special Examinations, Prosecute Rejected Cases, Register Trade-Marks and Copyrights, Render Opinions as to Scope and Validity of Patents, Prosecute and Defend Infringement Suits, Etc., Etc.

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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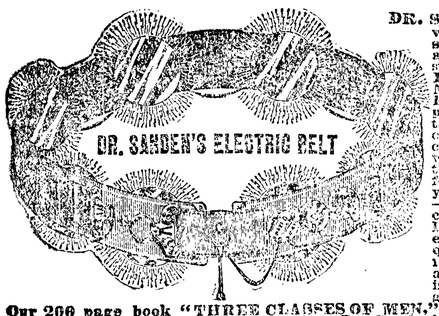

DR. SANDEN'S ELECTRIC BELT with Electro Magnetic Suspensory will cure **without medicine** all of the above troubles. Those who suffer from **Nervous Debility, Losses, Drains, Lost Manhood, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Poor Memory, all Female Complaints,** and **general ill health,** the effects of abuse, excesses, worry or exposure, will find relief and prompt cure in our marvelous invention, which requires but a trial to convince the most skeptical. Ignorance of effects you may have unduly drained your system of nerve force and vitality—which is electricity—and thus caused your weakness or lack of force. If you replace into your system the elements thus drained, which are required for vigorous strength, you will remove the cause and health, strength and vigor will follow at once. This is our plan and treatment, and we guarantee a cure or refund money.

Our 200 page book "THREE CLASSES OF MEN," should be read by **every young, middle-aged and old man,** sent sealed, free. **Dr. Sanden's Electric Belt** is no experiment as we have restored thousands to robust health and vigor, after all other treatments failed, as can be shown by hundreds of cases throughout this and other States, who would gladly testify, and from many of whom we have strong letters bearing testimony to their recovery after using our **Belt.**

WE HAVE CURED THESE—WE CAN CURE YOU!

GENERAL DEBILITY CURED.

San Francisco, Cal., August 14, 1892.

Dr. A. T. Sanden, Dear Sir:—Before I used your belt I was troubled with lost vigor, vital weakness, and almost a complete loss of power. I would get up with a very tired feeling, bones aching, etc.; since using your belt I have had a new lease of life. I now enjoy life better than I have for ten years past. I have the utmost confidence in your treatment. You can publish this statement, also have others write or call on me. Truly yours, H. A. BOWEN, 26 and 28 Turk St.

RHEUMATISM AND LAMENESS CURED.

Portland, Oregon, April 18 1892.

Dr. A. T. Sanden, Dear Sir:—I got one of your belts two weeks ago for rheumatism, from which I suffered for several years. For the past six months I had not been able to work. Your belt has placed me in almost perfect health in the two weeks I have used it. I can walk comfortably, and feel like a new man generally. M. E. HUGHES, Proprietor International Hotel.

NERVOUS DEBILITY—LOSS OF VIGOR.

Tacoma, Wash., October 24, 1892.

Dr. A. T. Sanden, Dear Sir:—I have been using your Electric belt for general nervous debility, and to-day feel better than I have for five years. I have gained in vigor daily, and am strong in every part. Yours gratefully, CHAS. LUETKA.

LAME BACK AND RHEUMATISM.

Portland, Oregon, September 26, 1892.

Dr. A. T. Sanden, Dear Sir:—Years of exposure and hard work, combined with the strain coming from the jar of an engine, gave me a severe case of lame back, from which I suffered for seven years. I was so bad that I could not bend my back. Was all doubled up with it. I bought one of your belts. It helped me inside of two days, and I continued to wear it for four months, being perfectly cured. That was two years ago, and I am as well to-day as I ever was in my life. I know your belt well, and I know lots of people who have been cured by it. Many others need it, and if they would try it they would find it the same as I did—the best remedy in the world. I am located here permanently, and will be glad to talk with any one who wants to inquire about it. ROBERT BURREL, Engineer Hotel Portland.

LOST VITALITY AND STRENGTH.

Everett, Wash, June 13, 1892.

Dr. A. T. Sanden, Dear Sir:—Since wearing your belt I have been greatly benefited. I feel my old energy fast returning; and after a month's use of the belt I find myself twice as vigorous as before. My memory is now nearly perfect, and each day shows for the better. I feel much stronger than before using the belt. Yours truly, HENRY SCHULTZ.

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Newspaper in Clallam County

Transferred Identity

BY EDITH SESSIONS TUPPER

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This story commenced February 16, 1894.

The room oppressed me quite as much as Portia. Dismal forebodings seized me as I looked at the somber hangings of the bed and windows. Tired and unnerved from my long, tedious night ride, as well

I saw the reflection of a face.

as from my disappointment, I was on the point of giving way. However, I managed to control myself and receive my hostess' frigid good night kiss.

I listened to the sound of her retreating footsteps as they died along the corridor.

I heard a distant door open and shut.

At last I was alone.

Conscious of my relief, I yet experienced half defined sensations of terror quite new to me. I had always been a singularly self reliant and courageous woman. But for the first time in my life I felt the presence of mystery. Mystery seemed written on the doors of this gloomy room and on the icy face of the woman who had just left me.

"Well," I said aloud, and my voice sounded thin and strange in the lonely room, "well, I don't know what it means. Never did a human being change as she has changed. I was an idiot to come, and I'll go as soon as I can make an excuse."

The air of the room was oppressive and musty, and I opened the shutters to allow the fresh night wind to creep in. I then unpacked my bag and proceeded to make myself as comfortable as possible for the night. Back and forth across the room I walked, each time passing the tall cheval glass.

It was during one of these turns that, chancing to glance in the mirror, I saw something which caused my heart to stop beating and my blood to freeze.

I have already said that the glass stood opposite the windows. In its glittering depths I saw the reflection of a face.

But what a face! Malignant, crafty and yet with a lurking trace of terror, it surveyed me through the window—Portia's face!

It was but a momentary glimpse, and then as my heart slowly beat once more I heard a soft, catlike tread on the balcony. She was gone!

CHAPTER III.

PORTIA'S CHILD.

Frozen with terror, I listened for a return of those velvet footsteps, but no sound was heard.

I threw myself dressed as I was on the bed. I did not dare sleep. The candles in their vast gilt sticks burned lower and lower. I watched them with straining eyes, shuddering as I thought of the darkness which would come. At last they went out. I was alone in the profound and awful silence of night.

Toward morning I slept from utter exhaustion, and when I wakened the sun was shining full in my eyes. I turned drowsily. Then, sitting upright, I looked at my dusty, travel stained gown in which I had slept. Suddenly the occurrence of the night before returned to me.

What did it mean? Why was Portia spying upon me? What possible explanation could there be of that stealthy survey through the window?

"She must be mad," I said as I wearily rose. "Yes, that must be it. She has had poor health, and possibly her brain may be turned a trifle. Dear me, I don't relish the idea of being watched like that. Well, I must get away as soon as possible. I wonder if it would do to go today?"

There was a knock at the door, and a trim quadroon maid entered with hot water. She explained that her mistress had delegated her to wait upon me during my stay.

"W'y, you all dressed already?" she cried in surprise.

Without thinking, I carelessly answered, "Yes, I slept in my clothes."

The girl gave me a quick glance.

"I was so tired," I said, "that I must have dropped to sleep before knowing it."

"Yes'm," she glibly replied, but there was a queer expression on her face. Presently she went over to the window as if to open it wider.

"Wy, you slep wid you'ah shuttahs open!" she exclaimed. "Wouldn't do dat ef I wuz you, miss."

"Why?" I demanded.

"Waal," she answered in some confusion, "I doan' no, but sometimes folks gits kinder skeery. Wouldn't sleep wid my shuttahs open, 'deed I wouldn't. I'd like to keep my winders shet, but den I'm on de swamp side—dat's worse."

"Why is it worse?" I asked.

"Waal, miss, we ain't 'lowed to speak 'bout it—missus dat mad w'en she hyahs us sayin anythin. But I tell ye sometimes de goin's on in dat swamp just orfel."

"Look here," I said, with a considerable show of asperity. "What do you mean by 'goin's on?'"

"Waal," she hesitated, "screams an hollerin an de debble's own noise sometimes. Dey say dat whah de voodoos go!"

"Why doesn't Colonel Marchmont put a stop to it?"

"Lord bless ye, miss, he doan' care nuffin 'bout it. A lot ob drunken niggahs, he says. He jest gives ordahs none ob de niggahs off his plantation go dah. An dey doan' dast go. But we hyahs de awfulest noises, an Sue Some seen lights, an ole Pete tole me las' night he wah down by de marsh, an he declah he done see somepin comin out de swamp, wid horns an tail an pitchfork."

"Nonsense," I said severely; "don't let me hear any more of such superstitious stuff."

"All right, miss," Lizzie said meekly, and as my toilet was now completed I told her she might go. I laughed heartily when I was alone.

"I am tasting some of the delights of southern life," I said. "Portia used to tell me about these superstitious slaves, but I don't remember that she said anything about voodooism. I must speak to her about it. It should be quite an interesting study. Of course that hideous scream I heard last night must have come from some of their horrid orgies."

Musing thus, I wended my way down the corridor and stairs into the lower hall. The great front doors were opened wide, and a flood of glorious sunshine was pouring across the tessellated floor. The sunlight cheered me. I banished all care and forgot my uneasiness of the night.

"I must have been mistaken," I urged. "It was only my tired nerves and disordered fancy. Of course Portia would never stoop to spying in that fashion. Absurd!"

I stood in the door and looked down the noble avenue before the house. The grounds of Swamplands were extensive and beautifully cared for. Great beds of brilliant blossoms, splashing fountains, parterres of closely clipped box and spruce and winding paths combined to make the picture most attractive. Far in the distance I could see the cotton fields, yonder stretched Dead Man's swamp, and here on the piazza, with her back turned to me and evidently quite unaware of my presence, sat Portia.

She was dressed in a filmy white gown. Her massive coils of hair revealed the shapely neck. Her head was bent. She was reading.

Before I could speak a side door opened and a little girl about 6 years of age came out upon the piazza. She held a bunch of scarlet blossoms in her hand and approached Portia with a timid air which troubled me.

She was a beautiful child, a miniature reproduction of the Portia I remembered. Long black curls fell over her shoulders. Her eyes were large and dark, but had an appealing, frightened expression pitiful to see in one so young. She was daintily dressed in white.

"Mamma," she murmured.

Portia paid no attention.

"Mamma," she said a little louder.

Portia lifted her head and turned her face toward the child. I could see the mother's profile. She was frowning ominously.

"Here are some beautiful flowers I picked for you, mamma," said the little girl, still with that air of timidity. She appeared to desire to placate her mother.

I expected to see Portia take the flowers, fasten them in her bodice and kiss the child for her sweet attention. Judge

She held a bunch of scarlet blossoms in her hand.

then of my dismay, when snatching the verbenas from her hand with an angry gesture she cried:

"How dare you, you little imp? How often have I told you not to pick the flowers? And these scarlet verbenas, too, which I am saving to wear to Mrs. Redmond's ball tomorrow night. You deserve a good beating," and she suddenly boxed the child's ear.

"Portia," I cried involuntarily.

She turned and saw me. Yes, there was no longer any doubt of it—the woman was mad. Her face was like that of a fiend, but it suddenly changed, and an almost humble look took the place of her expression of fury.

The poor, grieved little child was sobbing quietly. I held out my arms to her. With a baby's instinct she came to me and crept close to my heart. She did not cry out as most children would under the circumstances, but moaned sadly, almost under her breath, "Oh. mamma, mamma!"

"How could you, Portia?" I asked.

"Well, she is such a torment. Come, now, Daphne, stop crying. You know I am sorry I boxed your ears. I always am."

"I always am!" So then this treatment of her lovely little daughter was not unusual. Decidedly my friend was mad.

I held the grieving little creature in my arms until her sobs had ceased, and then, still clinging to my hand as to some protecting power, she went into breakfast with me.

There was a pile of letters at Portia's plate. She glanced over them hurriedly and paused at one.

"Here is a letter from Colonel Marchmont," she said. "Now I shall know when he is coming."

As she read, her face became transfigured. The hard, stern lines softened; a flush crept to her cheek. She looked more like the old Portia than at any previous time.

"He is coming," she cried, "coming tomorrow. Thank God! I haven't lived since he went. I have simply existed. Prudence, you will see him—my husband, my love, my god."

Her passionate tones amazed and delighted me.

"She has at least kept her love for her husband pure and fresh," I said to myself. "That is a good sign. But if she loves him so intensely, why is she so irritable to his child?"

"He will be in time for the ball," she rattled on, "and you, Prudence, must go with us. It's a ball at the next plantation. We have so little gayety in this forsaken country that we appreciate every opportunity for pleasure."

"Oh, you will excuse me," I said. "I would cut a sorry figure at a ball. Let me stay at home with Daphne."

The little one's hand stole into my lap. I pressed the tiny fingers warmly.

"As you please," cried Portia. "What's this?"

A shadow crossed her face. She bit her lip and stared desperately at the letter she still held in her hand.

"What shall I do?" I heard her mutter. "What shall I do?"

Then without one word of apology Mrs. Marchmont abruptly rose from the table and left the room.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CLOSED GATE.

When Portia rejoined me, two hours later, her eyes were heavy and swollen from weeping.

"Pardon me, my friend," she said sadly, "for leaving you so unceremoniously, but I had received a terrible blow. I felt I must get away by myself. Come, Prudence," she concluded, "come, let us walk. I cannot remain quiet."

Puzzled by her looks and manner, I complied with her request. We left the house and entered one of the broad, densely shaded and winding paths. For some time we walked in silence. When I stole occasional glances at my companion, I could see she was far from composed. The anxiety lurking in her eyes, the hard, despairing lines about the lips, betokened the inward conflict. At last I spoke:

"I am really grieved, Portia, to see you suffering so. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"No, nothing," she broke out wildly. "No, there is nothing you can do, or, for that matter, that any one can do. I tell you, Prudence," and stopping short at a turn in the path she seized my arm in a convulsive grasp, "God himself could not help me. I am in awful danger."

"Danger!" I cried.

"Hush!" she exclaimed, looking apprehensively about. "Hush! Yes, in danger."

"My dear, my dear," I said soothingly, patting her arm as I might a child's, "your nerves are in a bad state. You need rest. Why, Portia, what danger can there be to you in your own home and with your husband's protecting love to guard you? Why, these are the idlest fancies. Dismiss them at once."

"My husband!" she cried in agonized tones. "Ah! it is through him that danger threatens me. But what am I saying? Oh, Prudence! Sometimes I fear I am going mad," and she bowed her head upon my shoulder and wept.

My distrust, my dislike, faded instantly. This cold, harsh woman I had been condemning was my Portia after all—racked by disease perhaps, crazed by fancied terrors. Poor, suffering girl! I put my arms about her and comforted her as best I could.

When she had grown calmer, we walked on, and reaching a rustic arbor sat down. Portia still sighed mournfully and wiped the straggling tears from her cheeks.

"A charming visit you will have," she said, with a forced attempt at gayety. "I am ashamed of my weakness, but when these frightful fits of depression seize me I cannot possibly control myself."

"Are you subject to these moods, Portia?"

"Oh, yes," she sighed. "For two years I have either been torn with feverish panics or plunged into the depths of foreboding. But today—today"——

"There, there, never mind. Don't think of it," I murmured; "think of something pleasant. Look at the glorious sky, the sunlight, the trees, the flowers. Think of some happy event of your life. Think, Portia, of those dear, peaceful days of long ago—our schooldays—when life had not a care"——

I stopped abruptly. Portia's face had once again assumed that inexplicable expression—a lock of mingled cunning and alarm; the same awful glance I had seen through the window the night before I received now. But I floundered on.

"Do you remember, dear girl, what Sister Agatha said to you the morning of our graduation? I can see her now, as she laid her hand upon your shoulder"——

"Oh, yes!" interrupted Portia. "Dear Sister Agatha, she was always so lovely and gentle, and her precepts so sound and wise."

I stared at her in amazement.

"Why, Portia, you must be dreaming. Sister Agatha was anything but gentle. She was the terror of the school. No one was so feared and dreaded next to Mother Patricia."

"Why, of course," laughed Portia—that same sinister, mocking laugh of last night—"how stupid of me! I must have been thinking of some other sister."

"Doubtless you were thinking of Sister Madeline."

"Yes—Sister Madeline. It was she."

"Sister Agatha said, if I recall it aright, 'Portia, you have every prospect of happiness. Wealth, youth, beauty, are yours. See to it, my child, that the avenue along which the beacons of this life are placed leads to the heavenly city.' Portia, I have never forgotten that scene. The nun, with her white, ascetic face glowing with spiritual fervor, one hand lifted as in benediction; you in the flush of beauty and expectancy listening to the farewell of that good woman. What a picture it would have made!"

"I cannot remember it very well," Portia said, with a curious air of impatience as if the subject bored her, "at all events I am convinced that I am not in spirit very near the pearly gates. I really think I am in the neighborhood of the bottomless pit. But come, Prudence, how much longer are you going to dawdle here?" and springing up she hastily walked on, leaving me to follow in a more perplexed state of mind than ever.

I had hoped to touch Portia with the remembrance of that convent goodby, but had only succeeded in annoying her. She appeared vexed when I spoke of our school days, and now that I gave the subject some reflection I recollected that the night before when I had once or twice referred to our convent life she had quickly changed the conversation. She had not asked once after any of our former associates and appeared absolutely to have no interest in the old life.

We pursued our way slowly and silently. The drip of the fountains, the rustle of the leaves and the shrill, sweet notes of the mocking birds broke the stillness. Occasionally Portia would bend over a bed of flowers, examine them intently, pick one or two, then aimlessly wander on.

We came at last to a little slope which descended abruptly toward Dead Man's swamp. Here the tangles of thicket and vine grew closer and denser. Birds rose in frightened flight at our coming. Once I saw a snake wriggle quickly across our path.

"This is a gloomy part of the grounds," I returned. "It is near the swamp, is it not?"

"Yes," said Portia, almost sullenly. "Yes. I hate it. I never walk here. I don't know why I have come today. Is it an omen, I wonder?"

"An omen of what?" I asked lightly. "You surely do not expect to be voodooed."

Again I paused abruptly at sight of my friend's face.

"Voodooed!" she cried angrily. "What do you mean? What do you know of voodooism?"

"Only what I have read and heard," I retorted.

"Oh!" she returned, as if relieved. "I didn't know but some of the servants had been chattering their abominable stuff to you. I don't allow it to be talked if I know it."

"Well, is there nothing in it, Portia?" I asked carelessly. "My driver was telling me that it was a common rumor in these parts that unholy rites are practiced in that swamp, and as we came by it last night I heard"——

"What did you hear?" she demanded, with distended eyes and quivering nostrils.

"I heard an awful cry—a fearful

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scream. Do you know I could only think of one thing."

"And that?"

"Murder!" I scarcely breathed

Portia turned so pale I was alarmed.

"Oh, my dear girl, forgive me for speaking of these things when you are already so unstrung. But why did we come to this desolate spot? The very surroundings suggest all sorts of ghastly topics. Let us return."

But Portia went on down the slope as if impelled by some unseen power. Straight toward the swamp she went.

"Come back, dear," I urged; "come."

"Come away," she hissed.

A sudden quick turn in the path brought us up against a high wall completely overrun with creepers and other vines.

"See!" whispered Portia. "See, beyond that wall lies the swamp. Yes, it is a gruesome place. I hate it! I fear it!"

My eyes running along the wall caught the outlines of a door or gate half hidden under the luxuriant growth of tangled and running vines.

"Why, Portia!" I cried, "here is a gate. Let us open it and have a peep into this land of terror."

As I pushed the vines away a cold hand—the hand of a corpse—was laid on mine. I turned in terror to see Portia's maddened eyes burning like hot coals in her livid face.

"Come away," she hissed in my ear; "come. Don't dare to try to open it. Come, come."

CHAPTER V.

PORTIA'S HUSBAND.

It is useless to attempt to analyze the emotions which possessed me during our return to the house. I was now confident that I was in the company of a madwoman and was deliberating upon ways and means for a speedy departure northward. And yet, when Portia's excitement had subsided, when we were back once more amid the flowers and fountains, she looked perfectly self contained and sane. Her eyes had lost their unearthly glitter, and when she again touched my hand her flesh was warm.

Alone in my room I pondered upon the events of the day; Portia's fury when Daphne brought her the flowers and her evident dislike of her child; her alarm at something contained in her husband's letter; her intimation that danger threatened her through her husband, whom she so evidently idolized, and her rage when I attempted to open the closed gate in that dreary out of the way corner of the grounds.

What did it all mean?

"Shall I stay or go?" I asked myself. "Shall I see this mystery to the end, or shall I fly from it? If trouble is hanging over Portia, ought I not to stand by and give her all the aid in my power?"

Then there was Colonel Marchmont. I owned to a woman's curiosity concerning him. I was anxious to see the man whom Portia loved and as palpably feared danger through him, she had said.

Again she had acknowledged that often she felt she were going mad. Possibly that was it; possibly she was alarmed lest her husband should put her in a madhouse.

All these vagrant thoughts drifted through my mind, vexing, tormenting and questioning me, until wornout I fell asleep. My dreams were confused and ever circled round that closed gate, covered with low hanging vines curling and twisting like green serpents over its hinges and locks.

Sometimes strange lights burned over its top and again darkness veiled it, though I felt it was there, and once I dreamed I stood before it and heard three awful and measured knocks, and on crying out "Who is there?" received answer, "Portia."

I wakened, wearied and languid from my feverish sleep.

When I descended to breakfast, I found Portia laughing and romping gayly with Daphne. This unexpected sight filled me with delight. The mother and daughter pelted each other with flowers, ran races and danced together. Suddenly Portia cried out pettishly that she was wearied of such nonsense and relapsed into a gloomy mood, during which I caught her eyes more than once fixed on me with an expression of distrust.

"Why do you regard me so intently, Portia?" I suddenly asked her.

"I was wondering, you little gray mouse, what you would do if you should hear unkind things said of me—yes, more than unkind—dreadful, wicked, cruel deeds charged against me."

"Absurd!" I said laughingly.

"What would you say, for example, if some one were to come in that door and tell you that I had betrayed faith and honor; that I was a thief"——

"Nonsense!"

"That I was a murderer"——

"Oh, hush, hush, Portia!" I cried, going over to her and taking her by the shoulders. "Why do you suggest such hateful thoughts? Put them away and come out upon the piazza."

"Yes," she said, with that strange air of proud humility I had noticed before, "yes, I will come."

As we passed into the hall a servant approached us with the tidings that a carriage had just turned into the long avenue leading to the mansion.

"It is papa," shouted Daphne, dancing like a firefly.

Portia said nothing, but I felt her body sway as if about to fail. I caught her in my arms. She was trembling, pale and cold.

"Compose yourself, dear," I urged. "Why, Portia, I don't believe you are anxious to see him after all."

"Oh, yes," she murmured faintly. "Yes, I thirst for a sight of his face. My love—my love—Prudence," suddenly clinging to me, "remember that always—whatever comes—remember, I loved him as few women love."

The carriage dashed up to the steps, and a tall, well built, athletic man sprang to the ground. As he came up the steps I saw a broad, low brow, with heavy masses of dark hair, threaded with silver, eyes dark and full of sorrow, a soldierly mustache, a strong chin and straight nose.

Daphne flung herself into his arms. He pressed the child with a tender, caressing grace to his heart and kissed her little face again and again. "Papa's own baby," I heard him murmur.

During this meeting Portia stood back, white, trembling, and with eyes fixed upon the ground. When Colonel Marchmont put the child down, she moved forward and mechanically held out her hand. She seemed like a person in a trance.

I saw Colonel Marchmont start, then taking the outstretched hand he barely touched it with his lips, saying, "I hope you are well, Portia."

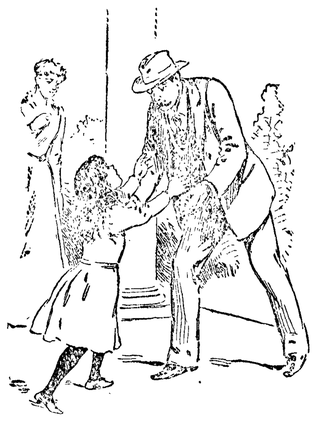
"Very well. And you?"

"Never better."

"Let me introduce an old school friend, Prudence Mason, of whom you have heard me speak. Prudence, my husband."

Colonel Marchmont shook hands in hospitable fashion and greeted me with a friendly little speech. I was vaguely conscious that my unexpected presence appeared to be a relief to him.

He soon went in to breakfast. Daphne ran after him. The child had lost all her



Daphne flung herself into his arms.

timidity and seemed to me to look defiantly at Portia. Her mother, on the other hand, wore the air of humility and melancholy I had before observed.

Never had I witnessed so cold a greeting between husband and wife. While Colonel Marchmont treated Portia with courtesy, he unmistakably held her at arm's length. Nor was I surprised when an hour later, coming from my room, I saw him enter a suite of rooms in quite the opposite location from those of Portia. I at once realized one source of my friend's grief. Loving her husband with the fiery intensity of a warm, southern nature, she yet was an unloved wife.

Still Colonel Marchmont was a man of kindness, amiability and affection. He showed it in his treatment of his child—yes, of his servants and even his dogs, but toward his wife he was as icy and flinty as marble.

"Danger through him," she had said. My heart ached for my friend. Yes, the danger of being cast off, deserted, put away—that was the evil which threatened this tempest tossed soul.

Ah, poor Portia! I saw my duty clearly now—to stay with her, comfort and solace her all in my power, and if it were possible bring this husband and wife, drifting so dangerously apart, together once more.

CHAPTER VI.

IN THE ARBOR.

The evening of Colonel Marchmont's return was given over to the ball of which mention has already been made. Portia was a picture in her white satin gown, the laces of which were caught here and there with clusters of scarlet verbenas. When she was dressed and stood intently regarding herself in the mirror, she sighed heavily.

"Why do you sigh, Portia?" I asked as I pinned the last knot of flowers in the folds of her gown.

"Those red blossoms," she answered dreamily. "I have a curious fancy about them, Prudence. Do you know that they look like drops of blood?" Then catching my reproving expression she laughed gayly, caught up her scarlet fan and hastened to join her husband in the drawing room.

I watched Colonel Marchmont curiously to see what effect his wife's beauty had upon him, but he regarded her as coldly as ever. I began to be furious with this calm, self contained man, who showed so plainly his utter indifference to the beautiful woman he possessed.

He had taken her white cloak from her and thrown it over his arm as he stood waiting while she buttoned her gloves. Suddenly he spoke:

"Did I write you that I met Maurice in Atlanta?" he asked.

I was standing near Portia, indeed had just stretched out my hands to assist her with the troublesome glove. I saw her shiver as if a cold wind had struck across her white shoulders.

"Yes," she said in a low voice.

"And that he is coming here next week to stay a few days with us?" Colonel Marchmont continued.

"Yes," she breathed rather than spoke.

Her husband looked intently at her through narrowing eyelids.

"Well, I must say that you do not show much interest in the cousin who was like a brother to you and whom you have not seen since you were boy and girl together. Now, Maurice could not end his catechism about you. How

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ing in pretended fright, from her nurse Sophie, who wished to put her to bed, I took her in my arms and kissed her.

"Good night, darling."

"Don't want to go to bed," she announced in shrill, childish treble; "wants to sit up with you."

"Laws now, Miss Daphne, come on," urged Sophie.

"No, no," cried the child; "no, won't go to bed till Auntie Prudence takes me for a walk."

"A walk now at 9 o'clock!" I said. "This is no time to take a walk."

"Yes," cried Daphne, dancing and clapping her hands, "yes, you and Sophie and me—down to the arbor and back. Then I'll be good and go to bed."

I could not resist the child's pleading and told Sophie we would go for a short turn in the garden.

"Only as far as the arbor and back," I admitted.

"Yes, yes," laughed the delighted child.

We threw on our light wraps and set out. The moon was full and sent down a flood of light, turning every leaf and twig and branch into shimmering silver. The fountains were splashing softly, and the birds faintly twittered in their nests. It was a scene of enchantment—a veritable midsummer night's dream.

"No wonder the child hated to go to bed," I said to Sophie as the little one went dancing down the walk before us.

"Laws, yes, miss," responded Sophie, "dat pore chile did tease powahful hahd."

We came to the arbor, and entering it sat down for a moment.

I can see it all now as I write. The arbor overhung with dangling, perfume laden honeysuckles; the little girl capering about, her black eyes flashing in the moonlight; Sophie's ebon face, white apron and snowy cap, and even the little wooden doll which Daphne had lugged along, stating that Dolly must walk too.

Suddenly out of the moonlight came a face—a face which peered in through the honeysuckles at us with sinister eyes. Long white straggling hair fell around it, and the toothless gums mouthed in a bloodcurdling and evil grin.

I saw it first, then Sophie, then the child.

A scream broke the stillness of the night. It was Sophie who threw her apron over her head and shrieked in terror.

Daphne did not scream, but buried her head in my lap.

"Who are you?" I demanded.

There was no answer. The hideous face disappeared. There was a rustle in

Suddenly out of the moonlight came a face.

the shrubbery and a sound of hastily withdrawing steps. The intruder had gone.

I snatched Daphne up in my arms, and followed by the moaning, gasping Sophie hurried to the house. There was speedily a group of frightened servants about us, to whom, with much muttering and many groans, Sophie related the occurrence.

I went to the nursery with Daphne and did not leave her until she was sound asleep. Then, with my nerves still considerably shaken, I went down to the piazza. Tom, the old white headed butler, was standing near the dining room window, and upon seeing me came forward.

"Sorry you got such a scah, miss," he said, "an de little lady too. Dat's too bad. But dat fool Sophie—wot she want to tell all de niggahs foh? De all obah de plantation befo' midnight, an ebery niggah on de place 'll be moh scahed dan ebber."

"Scared of what, Tom?" I asked.

"Waal," said he, scratching his woolly head, "I shouldn't ought fer to say anythin, for nuffin riles missus moh, but I'll depend upon you sayin nuffin, miss"——

"Go on," I said hastily.

"Waal, miss," his voice sunk to a whisper, "wat you saw in de arboh was a voodoo from Dead Man's swamp."

I shivered involuntarily. "Nonsense!" I cried.

"Yes, miss, 'deed it was. An dey is sayin now down in de kitchen dat it was aftah little missy's heart."

"Tom, I'm ashamed of you," I said as I went in the hall, took my candle and prepared to go up stairs.

Tom followed and said mysteriously. "Please, miss, don't let missus know nuffin 'bout wat happened tonight."

"I'll think about it, Tom," I answered as I slowly went up the stairs.

CHAPTER VII.

OLD JEZEBEL.

It was a serious question with me whether I should speak of the startling experience of the evening. At first I decided to hold my peace. The excitement would soon pass, and Portia and her husband would be none the wiser.

But I reflected that they might catch a whisper from the tattling negroes and demand the story of the occurrence. Then they would blame me for not having told them. I decided that it would be better to tell the father and mother at the first opportunity.

Breakfast next morning was late. I rose at an early hour, but chose to wait and eat with Portia and the colonel. After they had come down and I had received a glowing description of the revels of the night before, as quietly and briefly as possible I told of the fright we had received in the arbor.

"The most awful face I ever saw," I was saying when Portia's glass fell from her hand and shivered on the table. I thought she was going to faint and sprang to her assistance.

"No, no," she said weakly, "it is nothing—never mind—only the alarm one would naturally feel."

"She does love her child, after all," I said exultantly to myself.

As for the colonel—he swore roundly.

"That devilish old hag!" he cried, bringing his shapely brown fist down on the table, "I'll have her chained up. She shan't go round my plantation frightening people out of their senses."

"Oh, you know who it was then?" I eagerly cried.

"Yes, from your description it could have been no other than old Jezebel, a nigger at least 100 years old. She belonged to my father. She has never had her freedom, but carries on as if she had. She won't stay on the plantation—has built herself a wretched little hut off in the swamp and lives there, doing God

Portia's glass fell from her hand.

knows what—muttering incantations, weaving spells, gathering herbs and brewing witches' broth, I reckon. The

Continued on Page Six.

The Democrat-Leader,

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THE DEMOCRAT PUBLISHING CO.

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Sample copies sent to any address free.

Entered as second-class matter, in the Post office at Port Angeles, Washington.

JOHN W. TROY.....Editor

CUT EXPENSES.

Nearly every community in the state of Washington is at the present time over burdened with taxation. This is one thing above all others that acts to drive away would-be investors. Port Angeles and Clallam county are no exception to this rule. Here, as elsewhere, the cruel hand of the tax-gatherer has bourne down hard.

There is but one thing to do and but one way to do. Taxes must be reduced, but to do this permanently requires that expenditures which have made high taxation necessary should be done away with. It is a false economy that would decrease taxes but to increase the indebtedness.

Provide for the outstanding indebtedness, and then keep the expenses within the income, should be the object of every town and county in the state.

IT took Senator Morgan, chairman of the foreign affairs committee, a long time to decide whether he would be consistent with his hastily expressed views of the Hawaiian question, or whether he would be true to his real conclusions, as it was rumored he would, and report a resolution endorsing the administration's policy. The result was a compromise that suited Republicans better than Democrats, but that really suited neither. There will probably be two or three reports from the committee, all of which will be tabled and the Turpie resolution, which resembles the McCreary resolution adopted by the House, will be adopted.

GOOD TIMES GROWS APACE.

The New York Herald, the Springfield Republican the Courier-Journal and the Kansas City Times all give glowing accounts of the active preparation of manufacturies to commence work with renewed vigor, depending on the reduction in the price of goods, the anticipated result of the Wilson bill becoming law, to create an increased demand for their product.

The St. Paul and Minneapolis paper announce that thousands have been added to the pay rolls of the twin cities' factories. There are 12,000 more employes in Boston now than on January 1st and in Pittsburgh 3,000 men who were out of work six months ago are at work.

Thus it goes, and this is only in anticipation of a desired result.

AMERICAN GOODS ABROAD.

The following from the Kansas City Times hits the tariff question squarely on the head:

A branch of the tariff discussion caused the Republicans in Congress no little annoyance. It was the submission of the unimpeachable testimony that our protected manufacturers in America are selling goods to foreigners at lower rates than to the Americans, thus showing that the protective tariff operated simply as a protection to pools and trusts, and under the operation of this law the American people are made the victims of conspiracies by means of which they are annually fleeced out of millions of dollars which go directly into the pockets of trusts, and benefit neither the government, nor the laboring man, nor the body politic.

THE appointment of Senator Edward Douglas White, of Louisana, as associate justice of the United States Supreme court is one of the very best selections that could have been made. Senator White is one of the best lawyers in the United States, besides, his character is above reproach. Justice White is not yet fifty years of age, and is of fine physic and a long lived family. He is good for a long time on the bench.

THE Democratic Central Club of Clallam county is called to meet at the council chamber Saturday evening. This should be the first step toward a perfect and harmonious organization of the Democratic party of Clallam county, that will lead a successful issue at the fall election.

THE speedy recovery of Hon. William L. Wilson, who has been suffering from nervous prostration, the result of his months' of anxious and unceasing toil, will be gratifying to all true friends of genuine reform.

GOVERNOR McGRAW has thus far failed to answer the statement made by Hon. John McReavy and it is probable that he will maintain his golden silence to the end.

JAMES HAMILTON LEWIS and Charles Stewart Voorhees would make a winning congressional team.

THE most pleasing hearing on the tariff bill in the senate to the people would be the roll call.

EVERY Democrat who can, should attend the meeting of the club Saturday night.

PENNSYLVANIA never was much of a place for Democrats, anyhow.

GOOD, IF TRUE.

A political purprise which will at the proper time take the breath of the state will be the announcement to be publicly made, that Col. James Hamilton Lewis has placed himself in the hands of his friends for the nomination to succeed Hon. W. H. Doolittle, of Tacoma, as congressman. The truth of this statement may be challenged and it will probably be most vigorously denied. Yet there is no doubt of its authenticity.

Colonel Lewis was two years ago implored to run for Congress, and had he done so, nearly all the Democratic leaders from this county, who assisted in nipping in the bud his gubernatorial aspirations, would have supported him. This year he wants the nomination. and will probably get it.—Press-Times

The recent report that a citizen of the United States has discovered among the mountains of the Mexican state of Sinaloa a long forgotten city tallies with a curious local tradition of that region. Adjoining the state of Sinaloa on the south is the state of Jalisco, and of this state Guadalajara is the capital. Living in the mountains of Jalisco, part of the same great Sierra Madre or "Mother Range" that extends through Sinaloa and thence nortaward, are the unconquered Yaquis. a brown haired people with light eyes, and almost fair complexions. Guadalajara is the only civilized town that these Yaquis visit, and it has long been believed there that the Yaqui fastnesses of the Sierra Madre range conceal not only rich mines of silver, but as well the lost city of the Aztec race. No one has hitherto pierced the mountain wilderness, because the naked Payuis have an effective system of passive resistance that has hitherto successfully closed the sole line of approach. The only human beings other than the Yaquis themselves admitted to the mountains of Jalisco are a few renegade Apaches, murderous wretches, vastly more dangerous to would-be explorers than the peaceful but presistent Yaquis.

Nineteen Hundred and Ten.

We'll sing you a song of things that will be,
In Nineteen hundred and ten.
Of the changes to come, if we live to see,
In Nineteen hundred and ten.
Our city will then be western New York,
And no man will want for an honest day's work,
And clams will give way to roast beef and pork,
In Nineteen hundred and ten.

There will be a fine dock at the end of each street,
In Nineteen hundred and ten.
And great clipper ships will there load with wheat
In Nineteen hundred and ten.
The railroads will all terminate at our bay,
And dozens of steamers will come every day,
And prosperity will be here to stay,
In Nineteen hundred and ten.

We'll give San Francisco a very close call,
In Nineteen hundred and ten.
Port Townsend will not be "in it" at all,
In Nineteen hundred and ten.
Tacoma will only a way station be,
And travel and freight will pass by toward the sea,
And thereby obey wise Nature's decree,
In Nineteen hundred and ten.

Our council will be composed of wise men,
In Nineteen hundred and ten.
And the city be governed with common sense then
In Nineteen hundred and ten.
There'll be no old wheezing electric light plant,
Nor warrants going begging at thirty per cent,
Nor people unable to pay their house rent,
In Nineteen hundred and ten.

Our girls will be sweeter than ever before,
In Nineteen hundred and ten.
Our boys will be honest and true to the core,
In Nineteen hundred and ten.
Our wives will be happy and handsomely dressed,
Our men all with honor and wealth will be blest,
O, we'll be the envy of all the Northwest,
In Nineteen hundred and ten.

Coolican's wharf will be finished perhaps (?)
Perhaps, perhaps, perhaps.
And Nightwatchman Cook will wake up between [naps.
'Tween naps, 'tween naps, 'tween naps.
Judge McClinton will play in a circus as clown,
And Doyle will be Superior Judge in the town,
George Hatch will sell clams at a nickle a pound,
In Nineteen hundred and ten.

"Ben Hur."

"Ben Hur," illustrated by stereoptican views, will be given by J. W. Fairbanks, secretary of the Chatauqua circle of the state of Washington, at the opera house on Wednesday evening, February 28, 1894. This entertainment has been given to crowded houses in Victoria, Seattle and Tacoma. Admission 25 cents, children 15 cents.

WEATHER REPORT.

United States Department of Agriculture —Monthly Meteorological Report.

The chief of the weather bureau directs the publication of the following data, compiled from the record of observations for the month of March, taken at this station during a period of nine years.

It is believed that the facts thus set forth will prove of interest to the public, as well as the special student, showing as they do the average and extreme conditions of the more important meteorological elements and the range within which such variations may be expected to keep during any corresponding month.

TEMPERATURE.

Mean or normal temperature 48. degrees.

The warmest March was that of 1889, with an average of 46. degrees.

The coldest March was that of 1884, with an average of 40. degrees.

The highest temperature during any March was 59. degrees on the 27th 1889.

The lowest temperature during any March was 20. degrees on the 7th, 1884.

Average date on which first "killing" frost occurred (in autumn) October 25th.

Average date on which last "killing" frost occurred (in spring) April 15th.

PRECIPITATION. (RAIN AND MELTED SNOW.)

Average for the month, 2.14 inches.

Average number of days with .01 of an inch or more, 14.

The greatest monthly precipitation was 3.65 inches in 1887.

The least monthly precipitation was .42 inches in 1884.

The greatest amount of precipitation recorded in any 24 consecutive hours was 1.45 inches on March 11th, 12th, 1888.

The greatest amount of snowfall recorded in 24 consecutive hours [record extending to winter of 1884-5 only] was 0.00 inches on March. 18.

CLOUDS AND WEATHER.

Average number of cloudless days, 6.

Average number of partly cloudy days 10.

Average number of cloudy days, 15.

WIND.

The prevailing winds have been from the south.

The highest velocity of the wind during any March was w 35 miles on the 30th, 1893.

WILLIAM BELL, Observer.

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.

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

Notice for Publication.

U. S. Land office, Seattle, Wash., Feb. 17, 1894. 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 Wednesday, April 4th, 1894, viz:

BENJAMIN F. DEAN,

Hd. No 15,410, for the ne ¼ of sw ¼, sw ¼ of nw ¼ and lots 4 and 5, Sec. 12, Tp. 29, N. R. 3 west.

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

Samuel Fernie and William Blake, of Blyn, wash., and Donald McInnes and M V Albright, of Port Angeles, wash.

Wm D O'Toole, Reg.

Notice for Publication.

Land Office at Seattle, wash., Feb. 17, 1894.—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 Wednesday, April 4th, 1894, viz:

JAMES CURTIS DEAN,

Hd. No. 15,689, for the w ½ of sw ¼; se ¼ of sw ¼, sec. 12; ne ¼ of nw ¼, sec. 13, tp. 29 n, r 3 w.

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

Samuel Fernie and William Blake, of Blyn, wash., and Donald McInnes and M V Albright, of Port Angeles, wash.

Wm. D. O'Toole, Register.

An Editor's Recommendation.

Mr. C. F. Davis, editor of the Bloomfield, (Iowa) Farmer, says: "I can recommend Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to all sufferers with colds and croup. I have used it in my family for the past two years and have found it the best I ever used for the purposes for which it is intended. 50 cent bottles for sale by J. C. Hansen, The Fisher Pharmacy.

False Syntax For Economy.

Buffalo Express.]

The telegraph operators were telling ing stories again last night. The tall man, who has held a key all over the country, had the floor.

"You see a good many jokes in the in the papers," said he, "about the culture of Boston and the habit people living there have of using big words and correct grammer and all that. Most of you think that these jokes have no foundation in fact. Now I know better. I was receiving clerk in the Western Union office a good many years ago, and some of the messages handed into me were corkers.

"One summer I had the cable window. One day two women dressed in black and greatly agitated came in and inquired the rate per word to London. I told them 28 cents. They consulted for a minute and then one of them asked for a blank. I told them where the blanks were and one of them wrote a message. The other took it and read it two or three times.

"Then she came over to the window and asked again how much it was a word to London. 'Twenty-eight cents.' I told her. She looked at the message dubiously. The other woman came up to her and said: "Don't you like it?"

"No,' she said, 'I don't like it. That form is improper. You say that Charles suicided this morning, when it should be said that Charles committed sucided this morning.'

"But,' said the other, 'if we put it in that way we will save 28 cents.'

"The woman who objected turned this proposition over in her mind for a long time. Finally she said: 'I dont think that such syntax is excusable.'

"The other took the blank and read the message a few dozen times. 'We're poor,' she said, decisivaly, after study it in all its phases, 'and we can't save 28 cents any easier.'

"This partially convinced the woman who objected, But what will our friends think?' she asked dubiously.

" 'I suppose they will notice it, but we can't help that.' Then the two women retired to one corner of the room and had a consultation. After talking earnestly for ten minutes they wrote another message. So help me, this is the way I got it: 'Charles suicided this morning. False syntax used because it is cheaper.'

"And they paid me 28 cents a word for it. All of which," continued the tall operator, "illustrates one of the curions ways in which a woman's mind work."

The Weather.

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

Average rainfall since January 1, 8.22 inches for ten years.

Total amount of rainfall since January 1, 7.76 inches.

Total excess since January 1, .46 inches.

WM. BELL, U. S. Observer.

REMEMBER,

WE ARE TAKING

CITY CERTIFICATES

:AND:

COUNTY WARRANTS

:FOR:

Clothing, 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.

AT

CALDWELL'S CIGAR STORE

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

A Kansas Man's Experience.

Mr. Albert Favorite, of Arkansas City, Kansas, wishes to give our readers the benefit of his experience with colds. He says: "I contracted a cold early last spring that settled on my lungs, and had hardly recovered from it when I caught another that hung on all summer and left me with a hacking cough which I thought I never would get rid of. I had used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy some fourteen years ago with much success, and concluded to try it again. when I had got through with one bottle my cough had left me, and I have not suffered with a cough or cold since. I have recommended it to others, and all speak well of it." 50 cent bottles for sale by J. C. Hansen, the Fisher Pharmacy.

Taxpayers' Union at Work.

The Taxpayers Union is laboring arduously to stimulate a sentiment of economy in the management of the affairs of city and county.

They have had a neat circular letter printed, which will be mailed to non-resident property owners, requesting that they associate themselves with the movement in as far as to contribute in defraying the incidental expenses of the Union.

The Taxpayers' Union appears to be demonstrating that its labors will be productive of good results.

If the care of the hair were made a part of a lady's education, we should not see so many gray heads, and the use of Hall's Hair Renewer would be unnecessary.

For Rent.

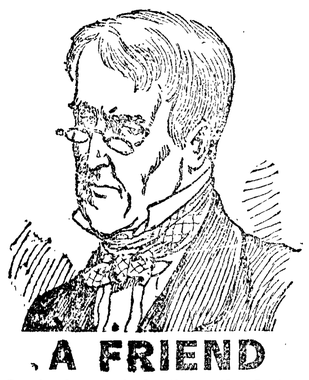
One of the most centrally located business houses in the city, next the Clark block. Apply at THE DEMOCRAT-LEADER Office.

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.

In spite of the snow the services on Pine Hill are as successful as ever, the seating capacity has been greatly increased so none need stay away. Everyone in the vicinity is cordially invited to attend all the services. Sunday school at 2 p. m. Preaching by the pastor at 3 p. m., and prayer meeting every Tuesday at 7 p. m. Subject, the next Sunday School lesson.



A FRIEND

Speaks through the Boothbay (Me.) *Register*, of the beneficial results he has received from a regular use of Ayer's Pills. He says: "I was feeling sick and tired and my stomach seemed all out of order. I tried a number of remedies, but none seemed to give me relief until I was induced to try the old reliable Ayer's Pills. I have taken only one box, but I feel like a new man. I think they are the most pleasant and easy to take of anything I ever used, being so finely sugar-coated that even a child will take them. I urge upon all who are in need of a laxative to try Ayer's Pills. They will do good."

For all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, and Bowels, take

AYER'S PILLS

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Every Dose Effective

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, FEBRUARY 23, 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.

Delightful sleighing several days this week.

The county commissioners are in session.

"Ben Hur," February 28th, at the opera house.

Dr. Willison, of Townsend, was in the city Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. E. Mallette were in Seattle during the week.

Attorney Trumbull, of Townsend, has been in the city several days this week.

Heavy seas prevailed on the straits several days during the early part of his week.

Mr. J. C. Caie left for San Francisco yesterday where he will remain for several months.

At last the mild influence of the Chinook prevails, and the snow is melting very rapidly.

Mr. D. P. Quinn, of this city, was recently appointed notary public by Govvenor McGraw.

Mr. W. E. Miller with H. N. Richmond & Co., wholesale paper dealers, Seattle, was in the city, Tuesday.

The Rev. E. Davis will hold a service in the Episcopal church on Sunday at 11 a. m. All cordially invited to attend.

Tickets for "Ben Hur" for sale by Geo. W. Meagher, B. C. Keller and Chas. Raymond. Prices 25 cents for adults.

The Taxpayers' Union will occupy the frame building next the council chamber which has now been refitted and overhauled.

LOST—A ladies' chain with charm—flower basket. Finder will be liberally reward by leaving same at the DEMOCRAT-LEADER.

A stereoptican exhibition of the principal scenes in Lew Wallace's famous book, "Ben Hur," at the opera house, February 28th inst.

There will be the usual services by the Rev. E. Davis in the school house on Lincoln Heights on Sunday at 3 p. m. All invited to attend.

Cut-rates to jurymen and witnesses during the next term of the superior court at the New Arlington. For rates apply to the proprietor.

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.

Until further notice a Lenten service will be held in the Episcopal church on the Wednesday and Friday of each week at 3:30 in the afternoon. All cordially invited.

The prayer meeting at the First Congregational church is held on every Thursday evening at 7:30. The public as well as the members are cordially invited to attend.

Jurymen and witnesses in attendance at the next term of the superior court should bear in mind that they can secure cut-rates at the New Arlington by applying to the proprietor.

An exchange says: "Look out for Chinook winds." The injunction was obeyed, but a chilling blast from the north embraced the opportunity offered and the land now wears a crown of the beautiful.

The New Arlington is the only first-class hotel in the city. The proprietor has decided, owing to the dull times, to give jurymen and witnesses in attendance at the next term of the superior court, the advantage of cut rates.

Mr. John Cook, who accidentally shot himself through the hand and shoulder a short time since, has been removed into the city and was taken to Townsend Wednesday where he can receive better surgical treatment in the Sisters' hospital.

Weather prophets are again dismayed. It was to have been an open winter, with a slight snowfall. They are now confronted with the condition, and it is not a theory, but sixteen inches of pure, white drifted snow. Away with weather prophets, they are failures.

Salvation army, Front and Oak streets, Lieut. A. L. Flock in charge. Services every evening at 8 o'clock (at Port Angeles) except Wednesday night. Service held on Tumwater hill every Wednesday at 8 p. m. Sunday services 9 a. m., Knee Drill Holliness meeting, 11 a. m., regular services at 3 and 8 p. m. All welcome.

The winter of 1884 was quite similar to the present in meteorological conditions. Late in February quite a severe snow storm prevailed, the duration of which was but a few days, the weather modifying, rain set in and the snow melted very rapidily, causing heavy freshets in the mountain streams. A mild, delightful spring followed, however, which fully repaid for the brief severe cold period.

FLOWERS—YARNELL.

Married at the Home of the Bride's Parents Wednesday Evening.

Last Wednesday evening the marraige of Louis R. Flowers and Miss Kate Yarnell was solemnized at the home of the bride's parents, the Rev. Jonas Bushell, officiating.

The wedding was a quiet one, only the relatives of the bride and a few intimate friends being present.

Miss Marjory Fowler acted as bridesmaid and Mr. S A. Hall as best man.

The bride is well known in this city having been engaged as a teacher in the public schools of this city for some time, and is held in high esteem by a large circle of friends, who have learned to admire her many admirable traits of character.

The groom has been connected with THE DEMOCRAT-LEADER for the past two years, and has been engaged in the newspaper business on the Sound for the past ten years, and has established a reputation, best known to those with whom he has come in contact in business relations and in the affairs of life.

A Quiet Wedding.

A quiet wedding took place on Tuesday evening last, at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Andre Gamble on Pine hill. The contracting parties were Mr. Mathew H. Burns and Miss Carrie Gamble, both well and favorably known and universally respected. They departed for their new home in Kamloops, B. C., on Wednesday. The DEMOCRAT-LEADER joins with their many friends in wishing them long life and much happiness. Only a few friends of the bride and groom were present and a very pleasant evening was spent. The Rev. Jonas Bushell performed the ceremony.

Lecture on "Ben Hur."

The storm of last Sunday caused a slim attendance at the various churches, at the First Congregational less than half the usual large congregation being present in the evening to listen to the first part of "Ben Hur;" they expressed themselves well repaid for their attendance. The second and most interesting part of "Ben Hur" will be rendered by the pastor on next Sunday evening. We predict a large attendance.

At the Congregational Church.

The usual services will be held in the Congregational church next Sunday.

At 11 a. m. preaching by the pastor, subject: "A Thirsty Soul." Sunday school at 12:15.

At 6.30 p. m. Y. P. S. C. E.

At 7:30 preaching by the pastor, subject "Ben Hur."

Everybody invited.

Card of Thanks.

Through the columns of the press I wish to heartily thank our neighbors who so nobly and heroically defended our little daughter when she was in trouble and alone at the Sturgess reception, also the kind friends who sincerely sympathized with her.

MRS. A. C. HATFIELD

Will Begin Work.

Manager Williams, of the Port Angeles Constructing Company, said to a representative of THE DEMOCRAT-LEADER yesterday, that he purposed first to arrange a few preliminaries, then he would proceed at once to fulfill his contract with the city, i. e., the building of the electric lighting pipe line and water power works.

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

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of the transfers for the week ending Feb. 21st, as furnished by the Clallam County Abstract and Trust Company:

Groveland Imp Co to E Cays, lot 11 blk 28, Dungeness	1 00
L Miller to J McDonald, lot 18 blk 316, reserve	50 00
C Redervoldsund to C Skaval, n ½ of s w ¼ 34-31-7	600 00
G M Lauridsen to F Bryant, lots 15 and 16 blk 100, reserve	175 00
S Bruer to W D Anderson, lots 25, 26 and 27 blk 2, Scott's add	1 00
J Pearson to H L Mitchel, lot 7, blk 17, Syndicate 1st add	1 00
T Gaffney to T Doran, lots 17 and 18 blk 239, reserve	75 00
J O Overly to S O Overly, lot 15 blk 169, reserve	200 00
Same to E M Overly, lot 16 blk blk 169, reserve	1 00
D Rushworth to A Erickson, lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 48, 49 and 50 blk 3, Star add	350 00
W H Bush to V J Hagen, lots 1 and 2 blk 199, Cahlin's add	1 00
J M Bell to J Compbell, lots 43 and 44 blk 3, Bell's add	100 00
E Christopherson to A H Johnson, lots 14 to 23 blk 2, Beatrice add	
A L Johnson to A H Johnson, lots 1 and 2 blk 199, reserve	1 0
C Montmayeur to J H Settlemier, lots 17 and 18 blk 182, reserve	200 00
A R Chitwood to F Esbenshade, lot 14 blk 177, reserve	12 00
G W Watts to M Dick, s ½ of s e ¼ and s ½ of s w ¼ 28-30-3	1,250 00

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining uncalled for in the Port Angeles postoffice February, 15th, 1894:

Fred Parker,	A J Patterson
J P Koch	Walter Meyers
Mrs. Ida McWilliams,	J H Helmer,
W H Jones,	W H Jones,
W Hullen,	Jos. Venable,
Walter WcWilliams,	J McKinley,
A D Strucheomb,	Carl Lemortran,
Mrs. Emma Wilkins,	Arthur Coleman,
Charley Wilson,	E G Wheeler
Cudia Johnson	W R Ton Johnson,
Geo. Johnson,	A Iranson.

Anyone calling for the aboved named letters please say advertised and give the date advertised.

J. S. FENN, P. M.

A New Cure for Rheumatism.

Joseph V. Dory, of Warsaw, Ill., was troubled with Rheumatism and tried a number of different remedies, but says none of them seemed to do him any good; but finally he got hold of one that speedily cured him. He was much pleased with it, and felt sure that others similarly afflicted would like to know what the remedy was that cured him. He states for the benefit of the public that it is called Chamberlain's Pain Balm. For sale by J. C. Hansen. The Fisher Pharmacy.

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

Commander of the Monitor.

On pleasant afternoons there may be seen walking on the streets in the northwestern section of the national capita an elderly gentlemen. He moves slowly and his step is feeble; his shoulders are bent and his hair is thin and gray. About his eyes and on his cheeks are blue marks that look as if they had been tattooed into the skin. He is seventy-six years of age. This man is the hero of one of the most important naval engagements of all time. It was an engagement which produced larger results in naval warfare than any ever fought. The old gentleman is Rear Admiral John L. Worden, U. S. N., now on the retired list. He commanded the Monitor, which whipped the confederate ironclad ram, the Merri mac, in Hampton Roads, Virginia, on March 9, 1862.

Time to Intrude.

Mother: Is Mr. Kissem in the parlor yet?

Little son: Yes.

What are they doing?

They are sitting a good ways apart and talking; but sister has taken off her Elizabeth ruff.

Very well; I'll go down at once.

Of Interest to Sportsmen.

Mr. W. H. Hurlburt, A. G. P. A., Union Pacific System, Portland, Oregon, has just received a supply of books called "Gun Club Rules and Revised Game Laws." This publication contains a digest of the laws relating to game in the western states and territories. Mr Hurlburt will be glad to mail you one of the books upon receipt of two stamps to cover postage.

W. H. HURLBURT,
A. G. P. A.

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

The Fisher Pharmacy is the old reliable.

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

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

A GOLDEN SHOWER.

The Discoverer of the Big Horn Mine Leaves a Fortune to a Shoemaker.

Patrick Ryan of this town, a shoemaker, single, 50 years of age, has received notice of the death of his brother in Chicago. By his death he is the only heir.

It was early in 1849 that James Ryan, then a young man, left Milford in company with Richard Quinlan and with hundreds of others went to the golden gate to seek their fortune in the gold-fields of California.

They remained there for several years, but the mine they worked in, although rich in ore, was far from healthy and was particularly bad for the eyes, so much so that young Ryan's eyes were affected and he was forced to come east to have them attended to, for he was almost blind.

Young Ryan recovered his sight after a few years, but the east was rather tame for him, and again he went west. His second trip was to Colorado. The silver fever had just broken out, and Leadville was not known. Denver was a town of few houses when James Ryan arrived there with a companion. They were not long prospecting before they struck a mine that proved a great find. They sold it for $20,000. This was the first big money that Ryan ever made, although it was but a small amount as compared with what he afterward made in the mining world.

He remained but a short time in Denver, when, in company with his partner, they went to Utah, where they prospected for nearly a year, but were only successful in getting small finds. They were all about to bid Utah goodby when they struck traces of silver, the ore proving the finest they ever met with.

The seam was followed and proved better than they ever dreamed they would see. This was no other than the Big Horn silver mine that they sold for $1,000,000.

The money was equally divided between the partners. The money market always had a charm for Ryan, and he lost a great deal among the bulls and bears in Chicago. More than once he was tightly squeezed by old man Hatchinson, who was in his prime in those days.

But the hidden treasure beyond the Rockies had charms also for him that he could not overcome, and after losing what to many a man would be called a good sized fortune he returned to his old love of adventure and prospecting.

Again he proved successful and became the owner of several mines that brought him immense wealth.

Mr. Ryan does not know the exact amount of his brother's wealth, nor will he for a few days to come. Mr. Percy Shea of Denver is to have charge of settling up the estate.—Milford Cor. Boston Globe.

ARISTOCRATIC NURSES.

Fashionable English Dames Learning to Be Practical In the Sickroom.

Two or three years ago the Prince and Princess of Wales distributed badges and prizes to a large number of professional nurses and afterward entertained them royally at Marlborough House. It was expected that fashionable dames would show their appreciation of the royal example by taking up nursing as a recreation, but little was done until a few months ago, when the National Health society opened classes for the benefit of the aristocracy, at which something more is taught than a coquettish arrangement of caps and aprons. The idea is to teach ladies the value of good nursing and enable them to learn something about fit food for invalids and how to give first assistance to the injured, in all of which, it seems, duchesses, countesses and the like are lamentably deficient.

The Duchess of Bedford is particularly active in the work. She has placed her fine house in Belgrave square at the disposal of the society's lectures on every Wednesday during the winter season, and, as the course includes an afternoon tea, the attendance is expected to be large. The proceedings should certainly be interesting, as it is announced that each lecture "will be practically illustrated with a patient, bedding, etc."

The pioneer among the aristocracy of nursing and sanitation was Lady Brooke, who, with her husband, enjoys the particular friendship of the Prince of Wales. Her ladyship has for years been accustomed to keep a sharp eye on the water supply and sanitary arrangements of the villages on her estates in the counties of Warwick and Essex, often to the deep disgust of the cottagers, who claimed the inherent right of a Briton to please himself in such matters, and who objected strongly to being coerced into cleanliness on pain of eviction. Puritanical people have sometimes said hard things of Lady Brooke. It is right that credit should be given her in this matter.—London Letter.

Burning Soil.

A special in the New York World from Fort Dodge, Ia., says: Several hundred acres in Humboldt county, which this summer raised the biggest hay crop in Iowa, are burning away to ashes, the soil itself being consumed by fire to a depth of 15 feet. Two years ago the land was several feet under water and was known as Owl lake. It was drained by a big ditch and dried up, leaving a very rich soil. A few days ago, when a prairie fire swept over it, the soil itself took fire, burning like turf. The fire eats down to a hard clay that will be of no use for farming purposes. Any number of interesting fossil remains are exposed to view where the fire has burned out.

The Kaiser and Bismarck.

It is generally believed in Germany that the emperor's real object in making advances to Prince Bismarck was to induce the ex-chancellor to give up a number of letters which he wrote to him during the illness of the Emperor Frederick. The present emperor then treated Prince Bismarck with unbounded confidence, and it is supposed that he

DIRECTORY.

State Officials.

Governor	John H McGraw
Lieutenant-Governor	F H Luce
Secretary of State	James Price
Treasurer	O A Bowen
Auditor	L R Grimes
Attorney-General	W C Jones
Supt. Public Instruction	C W Bean
Commissioner of Public Lands	W T Forrest
State Printer	O C White
Surveyor-General	T H Cavanaugh
U S Senators	Watson C Squire; John B Allen
Representatives in Congress	W H Doolittle; J L Wilson

Clallam County Officials.

Judge of Superior Court	James G McClinton
Auditor	John W Troy
Treasurer	M J Clump
Clerk	A A Richardson
Sheriff	S G Morse
Assesser	Geo H White
Surveyor	E A Fitzhenry
COMM'SIONERS	ADDRESS
George Lamb	Clallam Bay
A O'Brien	Port Angeles
George Kaupmann	Dungeness

City Officials.

Mayor	Frank McGill
Clerk	C K Humphries
Treasurer	E E Seevers
Engineer	E A Fitzhenry
Marshall	H J McGregor
Health Officer	Dr. A B Lull
Electric Light Manager	Clarence McLaughlin
Street Commissioner	Charles Gilmor
COUNCILMEN.	
J E Beam	Councilman-at-Large
J E Kreuger	First Ward
H B Crockett	Second Ward
Oscar McLaughlin	Third Ward
T M Graybill	Fourth Ward
Malcom McGill	Fifth Ward
T C Carver	Sixth Ward

SOCIETIES.

A. F. & A. M.

Meets every second and fourth Tuesday of each month in Masonic hall. Visiting brethren are cordially invited. STEPHEN LAND, W.M. P. W. GALLUP, Sec.

Carpenter's Union, No. 260.

Meets every Thursday at L. Henderson's, Second and Vine streets, at 7:30 p. m.
L. HENDERSON, Pres.
D. R. CALLEN, Sec.

Caledonian Club.

Meets every Wednesday evening at 7:30, in McInnes & Campbell's office, over First National Bank.
WM. RITCHIE, Chief
D. CAMPBELL, Sec

Gen. John W. Noble Camp, No. 28. S of V

Meets every Thursday at 8 o'clock in the G A R hall. Visitors in good standing cordially invited.
J. M. FOWLER, Captain
WALTER A. GAY, Sargent

Improving on Nature.

One of the cases in which the work of man is superior to that of nature is in the material now being employed by the builders of the walls of the elaborate batteries at Portland headlight. This is a combination of stone, broken fine by the steam crusher, and cement. The compound is blocked out in molds, and the slabs thus formed, 3 feet in length by 1 in width, are laid in the walls like bricks. This is expected to withstand any shot, and by actual tests is immeasurably superior for this purpose to the natural stone.

Every stone (nature's) fort throughout the country has been condemned. It is proposed to erect besides a battery of heavy guns at White Head, Cushing's island, a mortar battery of 16 pieces at the southerly point of the island. It will have the new breech loading mortars, which have great accuracy as well as remarkable range. It is evident that the government regards this harbor as one of the most important—a great strategic point—and as such to be strongly fortified.—Bangor Commercial.

Twenty-five Cent Naps.

It was on the 2 o'clock up town elevated train on the Sixth avenue road yesterday morning. A fat, drowsy man stumbled into the car. He beckoned to the guard and handed him a quarter.

"Seventy-second street," he said.

"Right," said the guard.

When the train reached Seventy-second street, the guard woke the fat man, and the latter sleepily left the train.

"Do you get many such patrons?" was asked the guard.

"Oh, yes," was the reply. "Some nights I make as much as $2. Other nights I fall as low as a quarter. But I have regular customers, so I can count on about $1 that comes to me on account of the drowsiness of mankind."—New York Sun.

Leathery Winged Bats.

Most curious in origin of all nocturnal insect hunters are the leathery winged bats, which may be regarded, practically speaking, as very tiny monkeys, highly specialized for the task of catching nocturnal flies and midges. Few people know how nearly they are related to us. They belong to the self same division of the higher mammals as man and the apes. Their skeleton answers to ours, bone for bone and joint for joint, in an extraordinary manner. Only the unessential fact that they have very long fingers with a web between as an organ of flight prevents us from instantly and instinctively recognizing them as remote cousins, once removed from the gorilla.—Cornhill Magazine.

A Wrong Start.

Toddles—Papa, which are the bestest, ladies or men?

Papa—Ladies, my dear,

Toddles—Then don't you fink you an mama ought to be patienter wif us boys 'cause we got a wrong start—don't you see?—New York Recorder.

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.

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

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.

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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.

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.
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Families Supplied by Gallon, Bottle or Dozen.

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Free consultationand prescriptions every Friday to those not able to pay.

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TELEPHONE No. 500 SEATTLE, WASH

Continued from Page 7.

niggers are as afraid of her as they are of the evil one. They won't even pronounce her name if they can avoid it, and as for venturing in the swamp, why, Miss Prudence, all the overseers in Georgia couldn't drive any of my people there. And yet I have heard in many quarters of darkies who go there at dead of night for unholy orgies. The popular tradition is that it is a meeting place for voodoos. I believe I'll break up that nest. I'll tell you what I will do. When Maurice comes, some night I'll take Jake and one or two stout niggers, and we'll go over there and see what's going on. As for old Jezebel, I'll burn her alive if she touches a hair of Daphne's head."

During the colonel's long speech Portia's eyes blazed with defiance and anger. Once or twice she seemed on the point of speaking, but bit her lips as if to restrain the impetuous speech that trembled behind them. But when her husband spoke of visiting the swamp with her cousin the absolute terror which froze her features was awful to see. She half staggered to her feet.

"No, Jermyn, no!" she cried wildly. "Do not go in the swamp! Keep away from it, I beg, I implore you! Don't go near them. They will tear out your heart."

"Tear out my heart!" cried the colonel contemptuously. "I'd like to see one of that crew tear any part of my anatomy. Silly girl, your terror of the voodoos is something I cannot comprehend. Did you ever hear anything so ridiculous, Miss Prudence? But it is always so. I can't mention the swamp or repeat the rumors of what is supposed to go on there but my wife straightway falls to groaning and shivering. Portia, you used to have more sense."

Though Colonel Marchmont did not speak unkindly, his impatience with his frightened wife was scarcely veiled. He rose, put on his hat and stalked moodily out of the house.

Later, when Daphne ran about the grounds, she was closely followed by Jake, one of the brawny overseers, and an enormous bloodhound. With Sophie they formed quite an imposing guard of honor.

Portia shut herself up in her rooms, and I did not see her again until evening. Colonel Marchmont spent the day going about the plantation examining the quarters and consulting with his overseers.

It was just at sunset that, coming along one of the winding garden paths, I saw the colonel through a row of shrubbery on my right. He was walking slowly, his head bent in reflection, his hands behind him. Unconsciously he was talking aloud. I caught a snatch or two of his conversation with himself as he came on.

"How I hate her!" he was saying. "How I loathe her! Suffer! Good God, did ever a man suffer so?" Then suddenly he raised his arms and cried out in tones of bitter anguish:

"Oh, Portia! Oh, my wife—my wife!"

CHAPTER VIII.

THE AUDACIOUS DANCE.

I drew back, startled and amazed. After his despairing outburst Colonel Marchmont resumed his walk, head bent and hands clasped behind him.

I watched him pass out of sight at a turn of the shrubbery.

"Well," I said aloud to myself, "that certainly is about the most astonishing feature yet of this remarkable business. In one instant the colonel declares with an emphasis which leaves little doubt of his earnestness that he hates and loathes Portia, and in the next cries out to her in accents imploring enough to melt a heart of stone. My private opinion is that the entire Marchmont family is voodooed."

At dinner that evening I particularly remarked Portia's beauty. Never had she been so radiant. Her eyes glittered as if she had been drinking champagne, and her cheeks glowed like roses. I could not keep my eyes from her fascinating face and grew more and more incensed at the cold, silent man who regarded her so indifferently.

After we had gone into the drawing room I bethought me of a book in which I was greatly interested, and excusing myself went into the library to find it. Returning a few minutes later, I was the forced witness of a most painful scene.

The door between the rooms was open, and as I approached I saw Portia steal up behind her husband with a look of longing on her face. The colonel was intent upon his newspaper and did not perceive her until she put both white arms about his throat and tenderly laid her cheek upon his head.

He sprang from his chair as if a serpent had stung him. Turning, he confronted her with an awful face, white, stern, contemptuous.

"How dare you?" he said in a low voice, vibrant with hatred.

"Oh, Jermyn, forgive me! Love me after all. I am your wife," begged Portia.

"Yes, I have not forgotten that intolerable fact," replied Colonel Marchmont, with studied coldness. Then he hurried from the room.

Portia came flying toward me like a whirlwind. Her eyes blazed. With one clinched hand she struck at her heart. "Prudence," she cried, "he will kill me. But first"——

She broke off and burst into demoniacal laughter. Then, calming a bit, she continued: "No, I will not tell you, you soft little morse, what I will do. Jermyn Marchmont shall know one day what he has accomplished tonight."

"Portia, what is it?" I asked. "What is this mystery which surrounds you"——

Instantly I saw that look of cunning spring to her face.

"Mystery!" she repeated almost gaily. "Absurd! There is no mystery. My husband has simply wearied of me. Nothing very mysterious about that, is there?" and seizing me around the waist she waltzed me up and down the hall.

As soon as I could disengage myself from her embrace I stepped back. But Portia went on dancing. She looked a veritable Mænad as she whirled and waved her white arms and tossed back her disheveled hair. She was the most graceful creature imaginable, but at the same time there was something both grotesque and frightful about the wild dance in which she indulged. Her face grew wicked, her postures audacious. All I could think of was La Carmagnole or the mad tarantella of one writhing in a death agony.

"For heaven's sake, Portia, stop!" I cried at last.

She only laughed mockingly and whirled faster than ever.

The door at the upper end of the hall opened suddenly, and her husband appeared. The look of disgust that crossed his face sobered her. She stopped in confusion and began nervously twisting up her hair and arranging her draperies.

"Really, Portia," Colonel Marchmont said disdainfully, "I cannot admire your method of entertaining Miss Prudence. Your dance is more suitable to the orgies of Dead Man's swamp than to a gentleman's house."

It was a brutal speech, and it told. Portia stared gloomily after her husband as he went out upon the piazza, and then, turning to me, said in an undertone:

"You heard what he said? Well, since he sends me to the swamp, I'll go. I have work there, Prudence."

"What do you mean?" I cried as she fled up the stairs. But she made no answer. Only her taunting laughter floated down. I heard her slam the door of her room and knew that in all probability we should not see her again that evening, as it was the custom to take her nightly leave in some such unceremonious fashion.

Nor did Colonel Marchmont return. I read an hour or so, then went to my room. I heard his heavy tread later as he went to his apartments, then silence settled down over the great house.

I did not feel like sleeping. Some strange influence oppressed me. At times I was conscious of a premonition of impending trouble. Something was surely about to happen. What was it?

It was nearly midnight when I distinctly heard a distant door open and shut. While I stood intently listening I heard soft footsteps gliding along the corridor, and an object brushed against my door. Although I had not disrobed, I had put out the lights in my room, for which now I was devoutly thankful, as they would have been visible to any one prowling outside in the hall.

"Is it a burglar?" I asked myself, "or a belated servant?" With every nerve quivering like a violin string I listened. The footsteps went toward the stairway—yes—down it. Then I heard the great hall floor softly open and close.

I opened my window and stepped out upon the balcony. I followed it to the corner of the house, whence I could command a view of the hall door, broad portico and garden.

A figure was flitting down the winding path. I knew the graceful, sinuous gait. It was Portia.

"Why, where can she be going at this hour of night?" I said. Then suddenly her words of the evening returned: "He has sent me to the swamp, and I'll go, for I have work there, Prudence."

I hastened back to my room, threw a shawl over my shoulders, unlocked my door, stole down the dark hall and stair-

She only laughed mockingly and whirled faster than ever.

way and out into the garden. Following the path I had seen Portia taking, I soon discovered I was going toward the swamp.

The moon, which had been partially obscured by a mass of drifting clouds, now emerged and sent a flood of mellow light down upon the broad path before me.

Suddenly I saw Portia. She was standing with her back toward me, as fixed and motionless as a granite figure. One hand was extended toward the moon. I saw something sparkling in her clinched fingers. It was a knife!

For fully 10 minutes she stood there in the same position absolutely as rigid as marble. Suddenly her arm relaxed and fell by her side. Then she moved on. I followed.

I was presently aware that we were in that corner of the grounds where the closed gate was located. When we came to it, I saw Portia stoop and take something from her pocket. Then she tore away the long green vines and thrust this object into the keyhole. I heard the creaking of a lock and then of rusty hinges. The mysterious gate slowly opened. Portia vanished. I heard the key click on the opposite side. I was alone.

CHAPTER IX.

THE RETURN.

Crouched by the gate, I waited. Waited for what?

I was at a loss to know what course to take. Ought I to return to the house, rouse Colonel Marchmont and tell him of this strange midnight visit of his wife to that terrible and uncanny place? Would it not increase his evident antipathy for her? I feared so, and as I was sincerely anxious to bring the two together instead of seeing them more widely separated I decided against that suggestion.

No, I would wait Portia's return, join her, beg her to confide all to me—to explain what possible connection there could be between the wife of a proud planter and southern gentleman and a set of the lowest and most debased of human beings.

For little by little had the appalling theory crept in my mind that Portia Marchmont, beautiful, refined and educated woman, was a victim of some unholy spell; that she was in sympathy with those mysterious and inexplicable rites of Dead Man's swamp. Her fury whenever the subject of voodooism was mentioned; her anxiety lest her husband should visit the haunt of these night birds; her evident anger when Colonel Marchmont threatened to punish the old negress, past mistress of these awful ceremonies, all strengthened my opinion. Yes, I firmly believed my old friend to be a disciple of this ghastly school.

This was what had nearly wrecked her reason, alienated her husband's affection and caused her to dislike her child.

Was she to be blamed? "No," my heart cried out. No more than if she had by some chance become a victim of morphine or some other insidious drug. In some fashion old Jezebel had obtained control of and enslaved her mistress. I was determined to break the spell and save my friends.

But the knife—the knife! What was she doing with that glittering weapon with the keen, wicked blade? Oh, my poor Portia! Had she sought that grewsome spot to kill herself? I remembered her threat, "Jermyn Marchmont shall remember one day what he has accomplished tonight." Oh, perhaps then, then, while I was standing idly and helplessly beside that carefully locked gate, somewhere away in the dim and awful recesses of Dead Man's swamp there was fearful work going on. I must save her. I would.

In desperation I shook the gate and beat upon it. I called—I moaned aloud in fear and agony and then sank down exhausted in the thick tangles of creeping vines.

Suddenly I heard voices and a sound of hurried footsteps on the other side of the wall. Who was coming?

I started to my feet and crowded back out of sight among the vines. The key clicked in the lock, the gate swung open and Portia stepped hurriedly through and stopped, looking about. Behind her in the moonlight I saw the awful face which had looked in the arbor a night or two before. Some instinct sounded a danger signal, and I repressed my inclination to spring forward and speak to Portia.

"I was sure I heard something," she murmured.

The old hag listened with bent head.

"It was de wind, honey, an yet by de way de palms ob my hands prick I know dah's danger lurkin somewhah. But go home—leab de chile to me, I'll tend to her. Everyting goin' on all right. 'Twon't be long now foh ye's safe. I saw a black bat fly treo times cross de doah las' night, and de moon was streaked blood red—dem's good signs. Go home—go home."

"Listen," said Portia, grasping the old woman's arm. "I've heard your wretched prophecies long enough. I do not see that we are any nearer the end than we were months ago. I want it finished—do you hear?—finished. If you don't act, I shall," and she shook the knife in old Jezebel's face.

"All right," muttered the other, "but dah's dangeh comin, honey. Dangeh

Portia stepped hurriedly through and stopped, looking about.

from the norf." She turned that way and then suddenly wheeled about. "An dangeh from the sout—awful."

"Stop your maunderings and do something," said Portia as she pushed the old woman back through the gate, shut and locked it and hurried away.

I did not stop her. Cold and rigid I stood, watching her fly up the path like a bird of prey. In those few minutes an entire revolution surged through my nature. When I heard Portia plotting the destruction of her child—that dainty little being to whom my lonely heart had gone out in love and sympathy—I felt like an avenging angel. The pity I had known for Portia vanished, and there was born in its stead an emotion of righteous fury.

This creature scheming at midnight to deliver an innocent child into the hands of human devils as a sacrifice perhaps to their evil and unknown god was no longer to be regarded as a mother, as a woman, but as a fiend to be conquered, crushed—destroyed, if necessary.

I would no longer hesitate. I saw my duty. At the first opportunity I would tell Colonel Marchmont that he was dealing with a mad woman, and that if he wished to protect little Daphne, his idol, his baby, from an awful fate he must imprison her crazy mother.

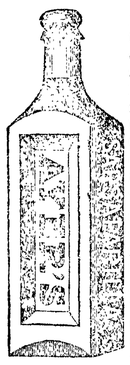
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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

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

Only the Scars Remain.

"Among the many testimonials which I see in regard to certain medicines performing cures, cleansing the blood, etc.," writes HENRY HUDSON, of the James Smith Woolen Machinery Co., Philadelphia, Pa., "none impress me more than **my own case.** Twenty years ago, at the age of 18 years, I had swellings come on my legs, which broke and became **running sores.** Our family physician could do me no good, and it was feared that the bones would be affected. At last, my good old **mother urged me** to try **Ayer's** Sarsaparilla. I took three bottles, the sores healed, and I have not been troubled since. **Only the scars remain, and the memory of the past, to remind me of the good Ayer's Sarsaparilla has done me.** I now weigh two hundred and twenty pounds, and am in the best of health. I have been on the road for the past twelve years, have noticed **Ayer's** Sarsaparilla advertised in all parts of the United States, and always take pleasure in telling what good it did for me."



For the cure of all diseases originating in impure blood, the best remedy is

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Cures others, will cure you

The sower has no second chance. If you would at first succeed, be sure and start with

FERRY'S SEEDS.

Ferry's Seed Annual for 1894 contains the sum and substance of the latest farming knowledge. Every planter should have it. Sent free.

D. M. Ferry & Co., Detroit, Mich.

The New York Weekly Tribune

...AND...

THE DEMOCRAT-LEADER,

ONE YEAR.

$2.25.

Address all orders to The Democrat-Leader.

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.

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.

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.

JOHNSON and BORK,

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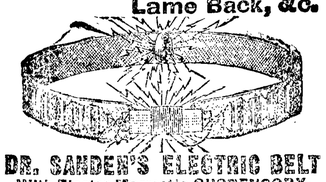

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PORTLAND, MAINE.

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.
y R. V. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.
BHays & 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, Was'; Harry C. Miller, Gettysburg. Wash.: Joseph Eglar, Gettysburg, Wash: R. A. Grimes, Port Angeles, Wash.

Wm D O'Toole, Reg.

Notice for Publication.

Land Office at Seattle, 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 Lutz, 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, Axel Liljedahl, John Harding and Paul 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. 3186, 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. 3188: "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.

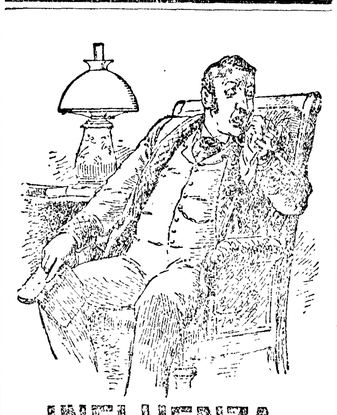
The State of Washington to the said Arthur S. Kirkpatrick and Lizzie M. Kirkpatrick, defendants:

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.



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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

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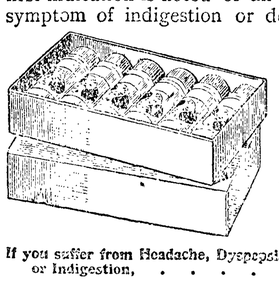
act gently but promptly upon the kidneys, liver, stomach and intestines; cleanse the system effectually; dispel colds, headaches and fevers; cure habitual constipation, making enemas unnecessary. Are acceptable to the stomach and truly beneficial in effects. A single TABULE taken after the evening meal, or just before retiring, or, better still, at the moment when the first indication is noted of an approaching cold, headache, any symptom of indigestion or depression of spirits, will remove the whole difficulty in an hour without the patient being conscious of any other than a slightly warming effect, and that the expected illness failed to materialize or has disappeared.



Disease commonly comes on with slight symptoms, which when neglected increase in extent and gradually grow dangerous.

If you suffer from Headache, Dyspepsia or Indigestion, ... TAKE RIPANS TABULES

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Ripans Tabules Regulate the System and Preserve the Health.

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SAVE MANY A DOCTOR'S BILL.

Notice for Publication.

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

In the matter of the estate of Thomas Humes, deceased.

W. K. Clark, administrator of the above named estate, having filed in this court his petition asking for the distribution of the residue of said estate to the persons entitled thereto, and it appearing to the court from said petition that all the claims against said estate having been paid and that the said estate is in condition to be closed, it is ordered that all persons interested in said estate appear at the court room of this court on Saturday, the 10th day of March, 1894, at the hour of 11 o'clock, a. m. on said day, to show cause why an order should be made herein distributing the residue of said estate of Thos. Hume deceased, to the persons entitled thereto.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks in the Democrat-Leader a weekly newspaper printed and published in said Clallam county, and of general circulation therein, prior to said March 10th, 1894.

Dated February 8, 1894.

JAS. G. MCCLINTON, Judge.

State of Washington, County of Clallam, ss.

I, A. A. Richardson, clerk of the Superior court of the state of Washington for the county of Clallam, do hereby certify that the foregoing is a full, rue and correct copy of the original order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made in the matter of the estate of Thos. Hume deceased.

Witness my had and the seal of said Superior court this 8th day of February, 1894.

A. A. RICHARDSON,
Clerk of the Superior Court.

NOTICE.

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

Peter F Kiernan, Plaintiff
vs.
The Puget Sound Co-operative Colony, a corporation, Defendant.

Notice is hereby given that in the above entitled cause and by the court aforesaid, the undersigned has been appointed receiver of the property of the above named defendant, the Puget Sound Co-operative Colony, a corporation.

Creditors are required to present their claims in writing, duly verified, to the said undersigned at his office in the city of Port Angeles, in said Clallam county, Washington, on or before the 26th day of April, 1894.

By order of said court made and entered Jan. 24, 1894.

R. C. WILSON, Receiver.

Notice dated January 26, 1894.
Date first publication, January 26, 1894.

ROAD NOTICE-NO. 743.

In the Superior Court of Clallam County State of Washington.

A. L. Wilson
Principal Petitioner.
VS.
Clallam County
Defendant.

Notice is hereby given that the report of the viewers and map of the surveyor of the road in said cause have been filed in the office of undersigned and that said court has fixed Monday, the 5th day of March, 1894, at the hour of ten o'cloed a. m., of said day at the court room of said court in Port Angeles said county as the time and place respectively when and where said court will here the petition and consider the report of said viewers and the award of damages in said cause.

JAS. G. MCCLINTON,
Judge of said Court.

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

Notice for Publication.

Land Office at Seattle, wash., Feb. 5, 1894—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 U S circuit court at Port Angeles, on Tuesday, April 3rd, 1894, viz:

GEORGE H WILCOX,

under Hd App No 15,727, for lots 25, 26, 27, 28, sec 6, tp 30 north of range 9 w.

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

Frank S Machintosh, H C Miller, Thomas Gould and James Gould, all of Gettysburg, wash.

Wm D O'Toole, Reg.

Notice for Publication.

Land Office at Seattle. wash, Feb 7, 1894—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 U S circuit court at Port Angeles on Tuesday, March 20, 1894, viz:

CHARLES JACKSON, (Indian)

Indian App No 15,792, for the nw ¼ nw ¼, sec 34, and lot 4, sec 27, twp 31 n of r 7 w.

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

Warriner E Smith, Victor R Smith, E B Mastick and C L Niles, all of Port Angeles, wash. Wm D O'Toole, Reg.

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M. J. CARRIGAN, Agent, Port Angeles, Wash., or
E. S. ECHOLS, Agent, Port Townsend, Wash.
A. D. CHARLTON, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agent, Portland, Oregon.

Timber Land Act, June 3, 1878.

Notice for Publication.

United States Land Office,
Seattle, Wash, Jan. 24, 1894.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the states of California, Oregon, Nevada and Washington Territory," as extended to all the public land states by act of August 4, 1892, Michael J. Carrigan, of Port Angeles, Clallam County, State of Washington, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 6413, for the purchase of the lots 7 and 8, Sec. 14, and lots 1, 2, 3 and 4, Sec. 23, in township No. 30 N, range No. 9 W, and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber and stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of this office at Seattle, Wash., on Saturday, the 31st day of March, 1894. He names as witnesses:

W W Dedman, A E Tower and A A Smith, of Port Angeles, and George E Michell, of Fairholme.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 31st day of March, 1894.

Wm. D. O'Toole, Register.

Notice of Sheriff's Sale.

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

Kelly, Dunne & Co.,
Plaintiffs.
VS.
E. E. Fisher, M. A. Gunst & Co., Joseph Steiner, and Kreielsheimer Brothers,
Defendants,

By virtue of a special execution issued out of the Superior Court of Clallam County Washington, dated the 8th day of February, 1894, upon a judgment of foreclosure of mortgage rendered and entered in the above entitled cause in the said court on said date, and to me the undersigned, as the sheriff of said county directed and delivered wherein and whereby I am commanded to levy upon and sell all the following described lands situate in the said county to-wit: Lots No. 29 and 30, in block 65 of the Puget Sound Co-operative Colony's subdivision of suburban lot No. 23, of the townsite of Port Angeles, to satisfy said judgment in favor of said plaintiffs and against the defendant, E. E. Fisher for the sum of $433.70, and costs of suits, taxed at $26.20, I have this day in the manner prescribed by law duly levied upon all of said lands.

Notice is therefore hereby given that on Saturday, the tenth day of March, 1894, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, and at the north front door of the court house of said county, situate in the city of Port Angeles, therein, I, will sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash all of the above described lands, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy said judgment and costs.

Dated February 9th, 1894.

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

Benton Embree, Attorney for Plaintiffs,
Date of first publication, February 9th. 1894.

Notice for Publication.

In the Superior court of the state of Washington, for the county of Clallam.

In the matter of the estate of Thomas Humes, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that W. K. Clark, the administrator of the above named estate, has filed his final account as such administrator and that Saturday the 10th day of March, 1894, at the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the court room of said court, has been appointed as the time and place for the hearing and settlement of said account.

Any person interested in said estate may appear and file his exceptions, in writing, to said account and contest the same.

Witness the Hon. James G. McClinton, judge of the above entitled court and the seal of said court hereto affixed this 8th day of February, 1894.

A. A. RICHARDSON,
Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of Washington, for the county of Clallam.
SEAL

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

Notice for Publication.

United States Land Office,
Seattle, Wash., Feb. 9th, 1894.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the Act of Congress of June 3. 1878, entitled, "An Act for the sale of timber lands in the states of California, Oregon, Nevada and Washington territory."

GEORGE E. MICHELL,

of Fairholm, county of Clallam, state of Washington has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 6425, for the purchase of the Lots 18, 23, 24, 25 and 26, of section No. 30, in township No. 30 n, range No. 9 west, and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes and to establish his claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of this office at Seattle, washington, on Tuesday, the first day of May, 1894.

He names as witnesses: M. J. Carrigan, Iver Estensen and Horace White of Fairholm, wash., and William Dedman of Gettysburg, wash.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above described lands are requested to file their claims in this office or or before said first day of May, 1894.

Wm. D. G'Toole, Reg.

Probate Notice.

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

In the matter of the estate of George W. Davis, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that letters of administration on the estate of George W. Davis, deceased, were granted to the undersigned, on the 29th day of January, 1894, by the Superior court of Clallam county.

All persons having claims against said estate are required to exhibit them to me for allowance, at my home in Port Angeles, within twelve months after the date of this notice, or they shall be forever barred.

Dated this 28th day of January, 1894.

JAMES B. DAVIS,
Administrator aforesaid.

James Stewart, Attorney for Ad'm'r.

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

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T. H. GOODMAN,
General Passenger Agent.

RICHARD GRAY,
Gen. Traffic Manager, San Francisco, Cal.